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# WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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

CAPTAIN C. A. HENSLEY

YIELDS HIS LIFE FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY.

(Halifax Herald.)

At the very opening of the war Captain Hensley participated in several fierce fights with the Boers, and distinguished himself by his bravery and coolness in action, and had many narrow escapes—his comrades being shot down all around him. This was notably the case at the battle of Talana Hill on October the 20th, a thrilling account of which appeared in The Halifax Herald of January 15th. He passed unscathed through the earlier actions of the war in Natal, only to succumb to mortal wounds received in the fierce fighting which took place on Saturday. Like Lieutenant Wood, he was every inch a soldier, and his death, just when the tide of success was turning to the British side, will be a great disappointment and a source of deep sorrow to those in Halifax, who knew and esteemed him so highly for his many fine qualities of head and heart. Deep and widespread sympathy will go out to his bereaved wife and parents and relatives in Halifax, for the fact that he died a soldier's death doing his duty to Queen and country does not lessen the deep sense of bereavement which death always involves.

SPEARMAN'S CAMP, Natal, Jan. 22.—Captain Hensley, of the Dublin Fusiliers, fell mortally wounded while leading his men to seize a fresh point of vantage.

NATIVE OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

Captain Charles A. Hensley, the son of Mr. Albert Hensley, of Halifax, was born in Charlottetown September 1865. His grandfather on his father's side, was the late Commander Charles Hensley, R. N. who, after his retirement from the navy, resided for some years in Prince Edward Island. On his mother's side, his grandfather was the late Stephen W. Deblois of Halifax, well known as the senior partner in the firm of Deblois and Merket, West India merchants.

HIS SCHOOL DAYS.

While a boy he resided for a short time with his parents in Wolfville and attended school there. Afterwards he became a student at the Collegiate school, Windsor, where he remained for four years. Then he entered the Royal Military College, Kingston, taking a three years' course. At the close of his third year at college he was offered and accepted a commission in the imperial service, and was appointed lieutenant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. This was in September, 1885. Four years ago, while with his regiment in India, he was promoted to the rank of captain.

THE YOUNG SHIKARI

On account of his skill as a hunter of wild animals and a slayer of tigers, etc., he was called in the regiment, "the young shikari,"—the young hunter. He was an exceedingly good shot, his fine marksmanship having become well known before he left Halifax. An exhibition of a tiger's and two panthers' heads, which was recently made in the windows of Coleman's fur store in this city, were trophies of his prowess in the Indian jungle.

THE FIGHT AT TALANA HILL.

Describing the night at Talana Hill Captain Hensley said:

We argued about their being Boers, and I said to Bird, our commanding officer, "the first thing we know will be the sing of a shell into camp." I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when a puff of smoke came from the side of the hill, and a shell

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burst on the road about 1000 yards short; bang came another, this time right into camp, but hurt no one, and it must have been a funny sight, as we all ducked; at least I know that I did. The men had fallen in by this time, and I gave my company the order to double out and lie down on the ground away from the tents, as they served as targets to the enemy, and drew the fire. The shells were coming in pretty thick then. No sooner had I done this than every company in the battalion did the same, and formed quarter column which was of course worse than being near the tents, so I moved again. I have found that in the time of fight, where one goes the rest will follow, just like a flock of sheep. However, the order came to double into a nullah some 300 yards to the front and under shelter and there to await orders. Old Father Murphy, (R. C. C.), came rushing out of his tent, not knowing what was going on, and the plucky old chap came along with us, until

A LOT OF WOUNDED

were brought back, when we helped to look after them. Well our guns answered back in fifteen minutes, and whilst we in the infantry, that is in the 87th, 60th, and ourselves, (the Leicesters being kept back to protect the camp from a flank attack with one battery), advanced through the town, and got into a river bed parallel to the Boers position, and about 1,200 yards from it. Our guns then moved up closer and engaged the enemy. The shooting was magnificent, and at the end of half an hour a shell from one of our guns burst just under a creosot gun the Boers had, (a Maxim Nordenfeldt), the men called it the barking gun, as it sounds just like a dog. Well the shell burst immediately under it, and I happened to be looking that way through my glasses at the time, and it seemed to rear right up on its trail and turn over backwards.

We left the river bed as I have said at 7.25 a. m., four paces between files in quick time. I was one of the leading companies. As soon as we came out of the river, the

BULLETS BEGAN TO BUZZ.

We had a green field 400 yards across, as open and flat as a cricket pitch, to march over, before we could get any cover. Half way across was a barbed wire fence, and the Boers had got the range of that and made things pretty hot. We had to cut the wire. I had a small pair of cutters and was cutting and trying to cut the wire, stooping down, my color sergeant standing just behind me holding the wire, I think, when a bullet hit the toe of my boot and another man dropped close by. So I made them all climb over the top and then we went at a steady double to the edge of the wood, 200 yards, where there was another wire fence with a small stone wall on the far side. We lay under the wall for five minutes, the man on my right was

SHOT THROUGH THE NECK,

and the bullets were whizzing all about us. When we found it was the beastly hill which was enfilading us, we made a rush through the wood, and it was most weird, hearing the bullets zipping through the leaves of the trees. On the far side of the wood was a low stone wall and we lined that and opened fire for the first time at 600 or 700 yards. We remained there for some time and then the word came to advance. I was the left company, and the two lines of advance were on the left by a nullah, and on the right a stone wall, which protected them from the Maxim on the right hill, and most of the ground was dead from the top of the hill. Those who went up along the wall formed up under cover of it, it being three feet high, and ran parallel to the Boer position, about 100 yards from it and protected partly by a bend of the hill. We had the bad luck to get under the nullah, had a bad time of it, as it proved a regular death trap. The Boers evidently had thought it would prove one of the points of our attack, and consequently took

OFF THEIR CRACK SHOTS,

the Middleburgh burghers, to watch it, so that when anybody showed himself for a second, the bullets fairly sang about him. The cover was bad, and only effective when one lay flat on his stomach. We made rushes one at a time from one little side nullah to another. I had made a run forward, and a minute after, Perrean, one of our subs, came up. The artillery were

giving them beans on the top and Perrean said, "we are giving them Majuba today," when whizz came a bullet just past my head, over my right shoulder. I thought I was hit and put my hand up, and at the same time I heard a thud and Perrean staggered back, saying "My God! they've got me." He had been shot clean through the left shoulder, but afterwards it proved to be a clean wound and not very serious. He was very plucky about it, and said: "I wish they had let me alone till I got to the top." I had to go on at once to make

ROOM FOR MORE MEN

However, in time we got to where the nullah stopped and there was nothing for it but to wait until the guns hammered them a bit, as it was suicide to attempt to cross the open in the face of that awful hail of bullets. I got up once to see if there was any nullah in front, which we might make a rush for, and though I was not up for fifteen seconds the bullets came whizzing round like bees, and one hit just in front of me and knocked the mud into my face. Just to show you what the fire was like, I made a man put his helmet in the grass, which was, two or three inches high on the edge of the nullah, and before it had been there three minutes, there was a hole in it.

While the salvo was still on, I made another rush and got under cover of the wall I first spoke of and walked up along it and joined the rest. Murray, the General's A. D. C. came along and said to me, "I am the only one left of the four who dined together last night," and then he told me the general had been wounded in the stomach. Sherston, (brigade major), shot dead, and Colonel Beckett, chief of the staff, lying wounded over the wall. He then said, "let's see if we can't get to the top." We scrambled over the wall, followed by some sixty or seventy men, and then they began blazing at us from the right hill, they could not see us from the top.

BUT THANK THE LORD the Maxim was out of action. Just as we got under the cliff, there was a cry "Come back, come back! the guns are going to shell the position," and you bet we ran for the wall again. Of course there were a lot of wounded lying outside of the wall, and these we tried to get under cover of the wall. I found a poor chap of the 87th, Connor, the adjutant, lying hit in three places, and it took four of us to carry him down to a place of safety, as he weighed fourteen stone. Poor chap, he died next day. It proved to be a false alarm, for the guns opened on the right and left of us. Colonel Carleton called out, "Who's for the top?" and of course there were shouts of "Rifles," "87th," and "Dublins," and away we went all mixed up, for the top, which proved to be absolutely forsaken by the Boers, except dead and wounded, but they were still firing from the right hill. However, a few volleys soon stopped that. There were

NOT MANY DEAD

left on the top, but it was strewn with kit, rifles, ammunition, etc., and the rocks splashed with blood, showing that their loss must have been very heavy.

KIPLING AND TOMMY.

Rudyard Kipling has written the following characteristic letter to the British Guiana branch of the Navy League in recognition of a contribution to the war fund:

"Bravo, British Guiana. Seeing what they have had to contend with lately in the sugar line, they have done commonly well. Please convey to them my best thanks, first as vice-president of the League, second, as perpetrator of the Absent-Minded Beggar, and third, as a fellow contributor to the big jack pot which we are boiling up on Thomas' behalf. Have you seen Brazil and Trinidad come into the game?"

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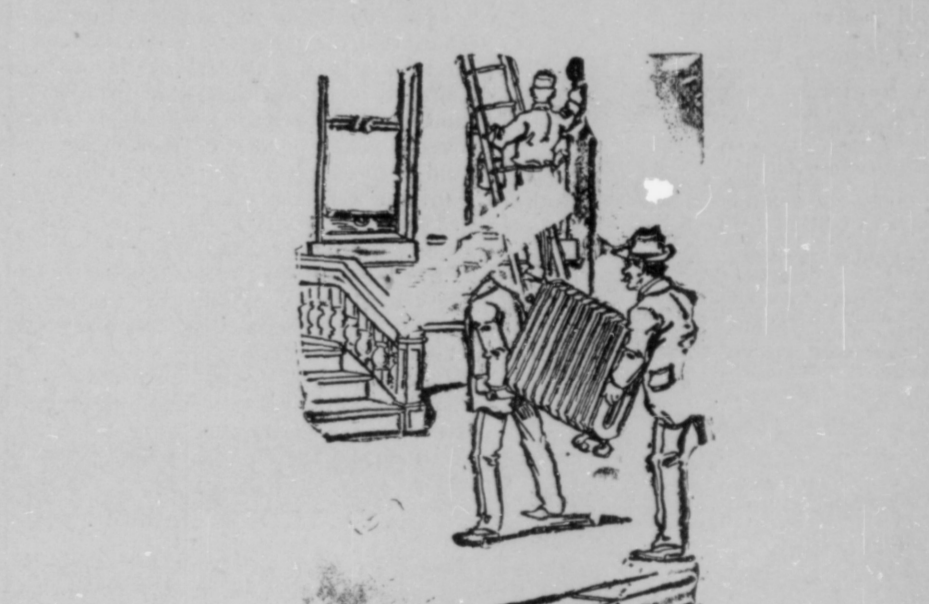
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