

BLACK & WHITE

BUDGET

VOL. III.—No. 35]

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

[JUNE 9, 1900

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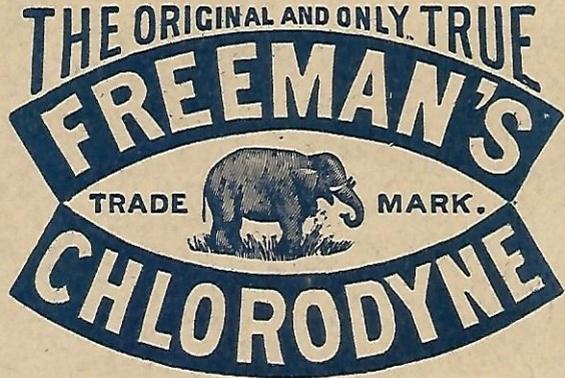
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Warren's successor in the command of the Fifth Division, which has done such splendid work under him in driving the Boers out of Natal, is in his fifty-fourth year, and, like French, tried the sea first; for he was educated at the Royal Naval Academy at Gosport, entering the Navy in 1859. Eight years later, however, he joined the Army, and in 1876 he became a captain in the Highland Light Infantry. He served with distinction in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, being present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, receiving several decorations and being made a Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel. Then he became D.A.A.G., and A.A.G. at headquarters, A.A.G. at Aldershot, and, from 1893 to 1898, Commandant of the Staff College, a capacity in which his versatility enabled him to be no less successful than he was previously on the field of battle. In '98 he took up the command of the Third Brigade at Aldershot, going to the front last year with the Second Infantry Brigade, whose battalions were among the first troops to embark.

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The Editor particularly requests that no Poems be sent for consideration.

NOTES O' WAR

THE extreme heaviness of our soldiers' boots has been attracting attention lately. The soles are five-eighths of an inch thick, and steel bills are fastened at the bottom! In his memoirs, General Marbot, a Frenchman, tells how his light boots once saved him from being killed by Austrian Lancers. He led some Cuirassiers against a regiment of Croats, and, hurriedly retiring after the charge, Marbot had his horse killed. Two mounted soldiers, however, gave him their hands, and thus, half lifted from the ground, Marbot was carried at a great pace into safety. A fellow officer, who had the ordinary army boots on, was killed because he could not keep pace with the horses in attempting the same feat.

WHEN the late Villebois-Mareuil was killed and his foreign legion captured, the horse of the deceased Frenchman was secured by Trooper Henman, of the Berkshire Yeomanry, and he now rides it. He intends, if possible, to bring it home after the war. Old Commandant Wolmarans, who was taken with Cronje, asked "Bobs" to be allowed to keep the horse he had ridden for so many years, and the Commander-in-Chief not only readily assented, but also instructed that the animal should be kept in Cape Town at the expense of the Government till the old man comes marching home again!

SEVERAL more instances have occurred of Boers being seen in khaki. Four men of Brabant's Horse were recently wounded near Winburg by Boers thus dressed, who had been able to get to close quarters without causing suspicion. However, a few days previously the enemy hurriedly evacuated Christiania owing to a report that the British were holding Scholman's Drift, and it turned out that the men in question were their own zarps dressed in khaki! At the beginning of the war some of the Australians and Canadians had narrow escapes, because they then wore smashers hats like the Boers, and were mistaken for such by our men.

THE success of Lord Roberts in his great march on the Transvaal capital is mainly due to the rapidity of his movements. He marches twenty miles a day with his army, constantly outflanking and pushing the disordered Boers before him. It was by precisely similar tactics that Napoleon, then only twenty-five years old, made his reputation in the war against the Austrians in Italy. He marched his soldiers thirty miles and fought every day, and at the end of the campaign had successively destroyed three armies and captured 40,000 Austrians and 150 colours with not more than 30,000 men!

IN a letter to the Lady Mayoress of Manchester, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st East Lancashire Regiment states that his men are "absolutely in rags, many having no shirts to their backs, and but remnants of trousers left, their boots being solesless." In the good old times they used to renew their clothing at the expense of the enemy. In the Peninsular War, the colonel of a ragged British regiment found himself opposed to a newly-arrived French corps. Shouting "Charge, men, and we will clothe ourselves," he led the attack, with so much success that nearly all his regiment got new clothes from the enemy!

THERE is some mystery attached to the Victoria Cross lately sold at Sotheby's for £105. It was advertised as the honour gained by the late Colonel R. H. M. Aitken in the defence of the Residency of Lucknow, but his widow states that the above Cross was never worn by the Colonel. It was lost before it could be presented to him in 1857, and another, now in her possession, was substituted. The V.C. first mentioned above was the property of the late Major C. B. Judge, and on behalf of his widow it was sold at Sotheby's as stated. There are several instances on record of soldiers having parted with their V.C.'s for a good sum to collectors.

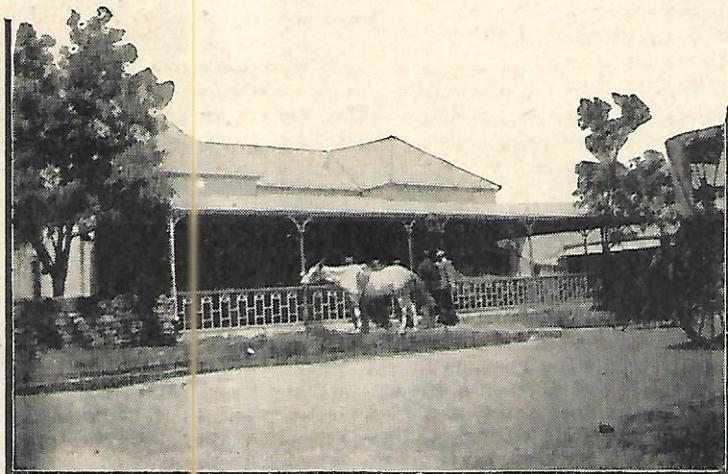


At his trick as usual: "B.-P." amusing a child on board the ss. "Mexican" (which has since gone down) in which he sailed for South Africa before the outbreak of the war

IT is interesting to note that of the 135 field batteries now in existence 45 are on active service in South Africa, and that no fewer than 41 field batteries had to be formed to replace those at the front. At present there are 52 on home service, one in Egypt and 37 in India, the latter country being two field batteries short of the regular establishment.

IT is very probable that Lord Roberts will fight his decisive battle with the Boers during this month of June, and it is a happy historical fact that the "month of roses" has seen some of the greatest of British victories—particularly against the Dutch. On the 1st, 1666, Van Tromp and De Ruyter lost twenty-five ships to the Duke of Albemarle; on June 2nd, 1653, the British Fleet under Monk defeated the Dutch under Van Tromp, and took or destroyed twenty of the latter's ships; and on the 3rd, 1655, the British under the Duke of York defeated the Dutch off Harwich, taking eighteen ships, destroying fourteen, and blowing up the Admiral (Opdam) and all his crew. Altogether, as Mr. Kruger will find out, June is a very sultry month for Dutch and Boers alike! June 18th, too, is Waterloo Day.

THE Commandant Eloff who, just before Mafeking was relieved, thought he had captured the place, and found that instead he and his eighty men had been "bagged," has an interesting history. He is a grandson of Mr. Kruger, and when the Jameson raiders were making their futile attempt, in 1896, he met them, and asked them what they were up to. For answer they arrested him, and took his horse away; and when he protested Col. Grey said, "You can protest as much as you like," but Dr. Jameson released him.



View of Kroonstad Club House: President Steyn made the town the second capital of the Orange Free State

one or two more facts concerning him. Eloff's next claim to fame occurred at Krugersdorp, in 1897, when, being the worse for liquor, he publicly applied a foul epithet to the Queen. He was reprimanded by his grandfather and tried, but, of course, he was let off lightly. Indeed, just a year later, in April, 1898, he was appointed First Lieutenant of one of the Johannesburg forts, with a salary of £300 a year and an allowance of 2s. 6d. per day for rations! Apropos of the event, the *African Critic* printed the following verse:—

BUT that is not by any means our interesting prisoner's only claim to fame; and, inasmuch as he has played a not altogether unimportant part in the history of the present war, it is interesting to relate

“ ‘ Eloff, my Eloff, oh! where have you been? ’
 ‘ At Krugersdorp, Grandpa, insulting the Queen! ’
 ‘ Eloff, my Eloff, ’tis shocking indeed! ’
 ‘ Excuse me, dear Grandpa, I’ve followed your lead! ’ ”



Opening ceremony at the Kroonstad Waterworks, showing the prominent citizens assembled in the Market Square. The man on the right of the hydrant is the Mayor, who surrendered the town to Lord Roberts on Saturday, May 19th

In view of the fact that several hundred thousand of soldiers will be receiving South African medals in due course, it may be recalled that, though the Peninsular War ended in 1814, it was not until 1849 that the Peninsular medal was issued, and then only to officers! When medals were granted to private soldiers, it was, according to Sir Algernon West, "denounced in the House of Lords as a profanation of public honours." Things have altered since then!

No sensible person now sneers at the volunteers, who are proving themselves in South Africa to be as capable as the regulars. Just recently at Kroonstad, 105 Norfolk Volunteers marched into camp after covering twenty-two miles of ground in five hours' actual marching. Not a man fell out, and they swung into camp looking so fresh that Lord Roberts was much impressed. A few days later the Suffolk Regiment arrived after doing thirty-six miles in twenty-one hours, three men falling out.

It will be remembered that at Grobler Kloof, the life of Private Humphrey, of the 2nd Lancashire Regiment, was saved by a Queen's chocolate box, which stopped a bullet. The same month, February, Private A. Hudson, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, had a bullet stopped by his watch which was smashed into atoms. Now a story comes to hand of a soldier being saved by a pack of cards! "My heart would have been dug out," says the trooper, "if it hadn't been for that blooming spade."

No correspondent at the front has yet enlightened us as to the length of time that Lord Roberts spends in peaceful slumber, though we do know that, when on the march, his bedroom consists of a humble transport wagon. Generally, however, noted commanders are remarkable for the



The effect of a shell in Mafeking: Mr. J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Major-General Baden-Powell, had his house struck by a shell, the concussion lifting him clean off his feet some fourteen feet in the air, but he happily escaped with only a few bruises. "All that remained of my kit was a slipper," he writes ruefully, and was holding it in his hand when this photograph was taken.

little sleep that they require. In one month of the Peninsular campaign, a biographer of the "Iron Duke" declares that he only slept two hours a day. Like his rival, Napoleon, who was content with four hours, the Duke could fall asleep when and where he liked. He died in 1852 in his own chair as if asleep.

It is surprising what a large number of Boer leaders there are with the same names. Hutton's Mounted Infantry recently captured a Commandant Botha near Lindley, but it is evident that he is not the Botha who succeeded Joubert as general. A certain Commandant De Wet offered to surrender a few weeks ago, but he is not the one who commanded the Boer force at Thaba



How Mafeking learned that Kimberley was relieved: The gentleman in the white shirt is Mr. Bell, the Resident Magistrate; the gentleman in the soft felt hat, Major Gould Adams, the Administrator; the native in the centre of the group is Plaachi, the interpreter; and the two remaining figures are those of the runners. (Photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Major-General Baden-Powell)

N'chu. A Viljoen was killed at Elandslaagte, but another Viljoen afterwards distinguished himself at Spion Kop.



Late Sergt-Major Heale, who had charge of the Dutch suspects, and all spies and prisoners in Mafeking. (Photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Major-General Baden-Powell)

THE views of other nations on British valour are always interesting. Mr. Julian Ralph pays us an excellent tribute from the American standpoint. "If we analyse the fighting qualities of the Briton and the Boer," he says, "we find that the Briton is always ready to rush upon death, while the Boer as religiously avoids risk; his life more than the greatest caution leaves necessary. Grant this, admit that many an Englishman now lying under the surface of the veld would have 'lived to fight another day' had he been less brave, what is there left to say for valour—pure, unreasoning, dashing valour. At Belmont and Graspan the Boer was surprised and jolted out of his lairs by this valour, but, with his accustomed fox-like cunning, he thereafter counted upon this quality in his foes, and made it serve his deadly purpose by leading his victims into his pitfalls. The German has a reliable, staying, dogged courage. The Frenchman has a brilliant courage at the call of a leader he trusts. The Turk was my ideal of a soldier up to last year, because he unites with the German sort of courage a belief that to be killed in battle is to earn a harem in heaven and a seat in a first-class carriage on the way. But British valour is a different thing. It often seems a rushing into and a defiance of certain death. It reckes nothing, avoids nothing, considers nothing. It imbues an entire regiment, brigade, army—driving on commander, colonel, captain, corporal, and private all alike. It has won all round the globe. It succeeds very often. It sometimes takes the place of strategy, it discounts enormous odds against itself; at times it upsets failure at the last moment, transforming it to success. It must, therefore, be of great value; but in judging of that we must take into account the cost of it—and its cost in human lives is very great indeed.

"To illustrate that I will quote the words of a military attaché, sent out by a nation which loves England none too well. 'I always thought the Turk was the finest soldier in the world,' he said; '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.'"

A STRANGE coincidence occurred in connection with the Grand Theatre, Fulham. On March 21st two admissions were sent to a bill exhibitor in the Putney Bridge Road, the vouchers evidently (as the stamp was not cancelled) fell into the folds of a newspaper directed to Lance-Corporal Waterworth, 1st Essex Regiment, Bloemfontein, who, finding the vouchers and possessing a vein of humour, returned them to Mr. A. F. Hender-

son, the lessee of the theatre, with the following note written on the back of the printed formula which accompanied the tickets:—

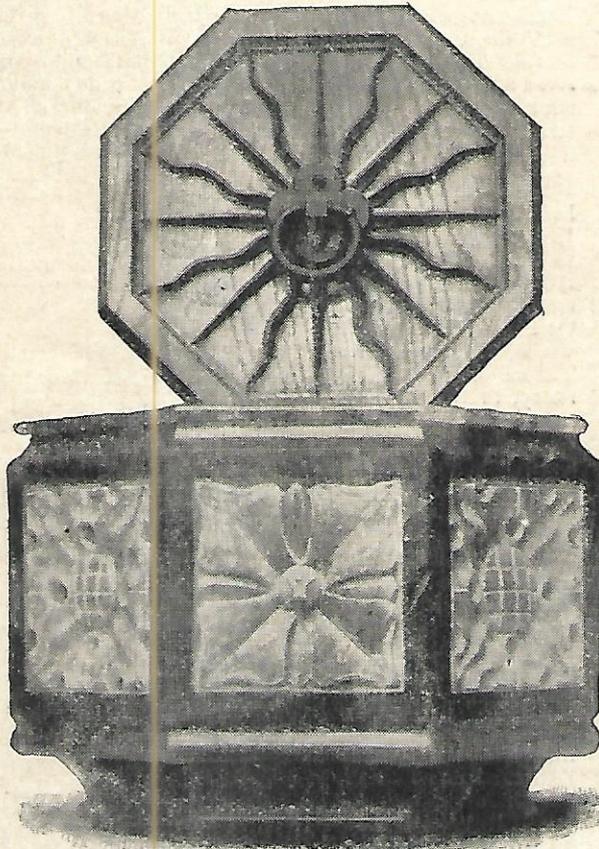
"E Company, 1st Essex Regiment,

Bloemfontein, April 15th, 1900.

"DEAR SIR,—Having found the enclosed tickets in a newspaper addressed to the regiment, I return the same herewith and will be glad to have a similar one on my return to England.—Yours faithfully,

LANCE-CORPORAL F. WATERWORTH."

When we consider that the seats were sent on March 21st, received at Bloemfontein and returned to England by May 12th, it speaks well for the expediency of the postal arrangements and for the means of communication which has been established between Cape Town and Bloemfontein.



This is the font at Mafeking Church, Bechuanaland, South Africa, where the children born during the siege were christened. It was made last year by Messrs. Harry Hems and Sons, the sculptors, of Exeter

By the recent appointment of Colonel C. K. Wood to be Chief Engineer of the Natal Field Force on Sir Redvers Buller's Staff, the unique circumstance occurs of two brothers occupying the posts of Chief Engineer to the armies of Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller, for his brother, Major-General Wood, C.B., is Engineer-in-Chief on Lord Roberts's Staff. The latter was acting as C.R.E. at Aldershot on the outbreak of the war, and was selected as Chief Engineer of the Expedition. He had previously been C.R.E. at Malta and had served in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, when he was employed on special reconnaissance up the Nile, was sent on special service to Suakim, and served throughout the campaigns of 1884 and 1885, and was several times mentioned in dispatches, receiving medals with five clasps and made a C.B. in 1885. His younger brother was acting as C.R.E. at Sheerness and was ordered to Natal, where he served as C.R.E. of the Second Division

under General Sir C. Clery, and afterwards of the Fifth Division under General Sir Charles Warren, and has since been granted the local rank of colonel on the staff while holding the appointment of Chief Engineer in Natal. He served in the Egyptian campaign of 1884-85, and received two medals.

ONE of the Volunteers, Private Lionel Pendlebury, forming the Bradford detachment to the 2nd West Yorkshire Regiment, mentions in a letter home that they have a poet in the battalion. "I enclose a specimen of his work," he says; "his comrades think a lot about it, and read it over time after time till they can sing it to their own music." Besides a poet, every British regiment has a funny man, who is tacitly encouraged by the officers and allowed considerable licence. His pranks and jokes, crude as they may seem, keep up the spirits of officers and men wonderfully.

THERE are many kinds of Boer women. There is the Tante Kruger type—homely, shiny of face with soap and water, and kindly. Tante, by the way, it will be remembered, made the stipulation when old Kruger's statue was erected at Pretoria, that the crown of his hat should be scooped out to allow the birds to bathe in the rain that fell from heaven. Then there is the thin, grim, "he" kind, who cusses the verdomme rooibatsjes loud and deep and threatens to blow his head off whenever he reaches Pretoria. Then there is the maternal kind, who thinks it a positive disgrace to have less than twenty children, and then there is the bucolic flirt, who is not particular whether she eventually marries her half-brother, nephew or cousin. Such a one was discovered recently through a bundle of letters captured on the field. This lady was in a loving correspondence with four men—three burghers and a Staa's artilleryman at the same time. She seems to favour her nephew—not an uncommon thing among the Boers—who, by his letter, is very lovesick and thinking more of the crops than "the cause." He writes as follows:—

FOR once in a lifetime this country and France have a common topic, viz., the organisation of cavalry. In England, in view of the unequal division of the various kinds of regiments—Lancers, Dragoons, and Hussars—the difficulty is to find an efficient force for foreign service; in France the burning question is the arming of the cavalry with lances. In Germany they believe in the lance, for their ninety-three cavalry regiments all carry that weapon in addition to the sabre and carbine, while our country, which boasts of thirty-four regiments only (three of those now being raised), has only six regiments of Lancers. In addition to these, seven regiments of Dragoons have recently been supplied with lances, but for the front rank only, in addition to the sabre and carbine. The Italian army has ten Lancer regiments, but to make them more formidable they carry a carbine with a bayonet a foot long, besides the sabre. Their remaining cavalry regiments, twenty-four in number, all carry the bayonet, carbine and sabre. The Austrians evidently do not believe in the lance, for their forty-two regiments carry the



Major-General Baden-Powell and his staff watching Colonel Plumer's attempt to relieve gallant little Mafeking. (Drawn by I. al Hurst, R.I., from a photograph by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Major-General Baden-Powell)

"Kroonstad, April 10, 1900.

"Dear Auntie, and never to be forgotten one,—I was pleased to receive your letter on this date, and I am pleased to inform you that to the goodness of the Lord I am well. I hope from my heart you say the same. In case you cannot say you are well, shall my heart grieve greatly. Further of general news I have little to write, but much to talk. I am longing greatly to see you, and, although I asked permission to leave the laager, I was refused. If I don't soon get it I will take it, as my heart is longing to be near you. It is dry here, and I think it shall be very good for us if we get some nice rains. Further, I am no longer on guard at the powder magazine. I am trying to get on as a reserve driver. Shall I send you my portrait; then may I receive yours? Then can I always look at you. Then is my heart full of you. Greetings to all the family. To them all do I send greetings.

"From me, your Sister's Child, &c."

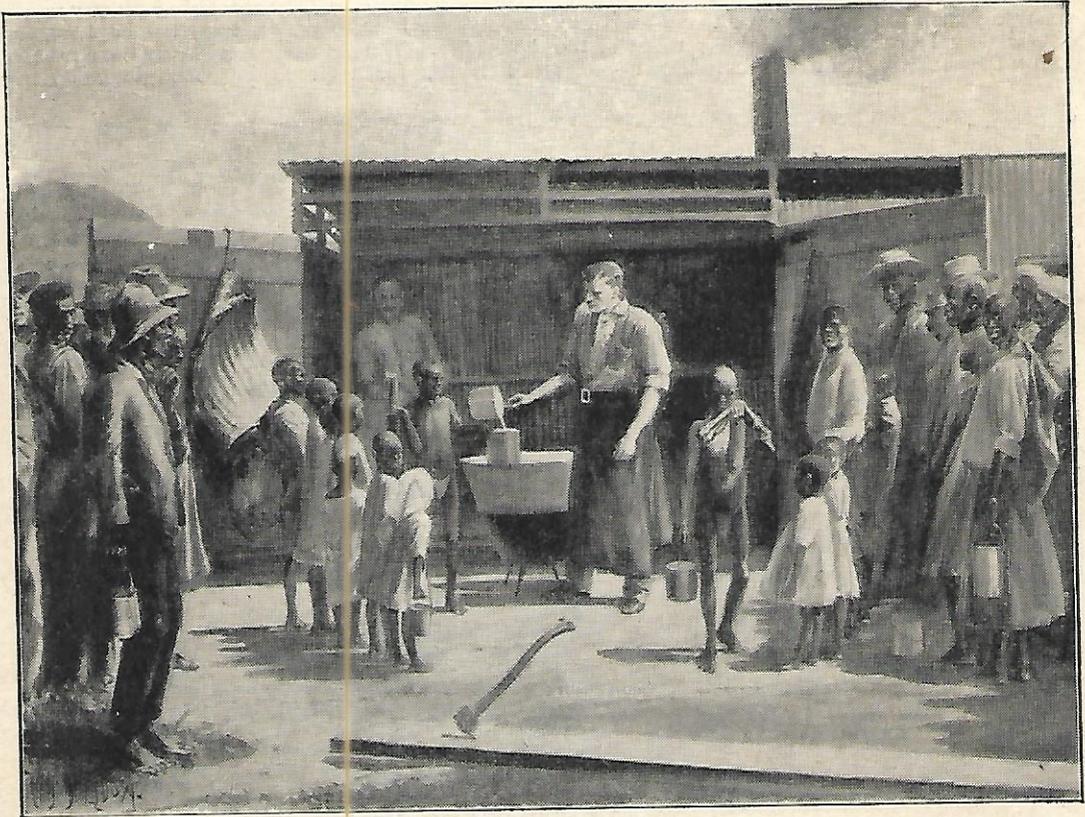
carbine and sabre only, while eleven regiments of Uhlans that used to be armed with the lance do not do so nowadays. Russia arms the front rank men of thirty-eight regiments of Cossacks with the lance, besides giving them a pistol, a dagger, a carbine, and a sabre; while six regiments of their Guards carry the lance in the front rank. Fifty-eight regiments of Dragoons are armed with carbine and bayonet in lieu of the lance, besides carrying a sabre. The fifteen regiments of Caucasian Cossacks carry no lance, but, of course, have a pistol and dagger, and like the other cavalry regiments (119 in all) are armed with the carbine and sabre. The merits of the lance all depend upon circumstances. In Egypt we had to turn our Hussars into "Lancers," by arming them with native spears to enable them to get at the Dervish hamstringers. At the same time a Lancer is a dangerous opponent to an Infantryman. The Lancer can fight on the right or the left, while a Dragoon is handicapped if attacked from the left by a foot soldier.

"A DUBLIN FUSILIER" writes to us as follows from Kimberley:—"In your issue of April 7th, I noticed in a paragraph on page 4, that some correspondent contradicted a statement that it was the Dublin Fusiliers who took Pieter's Hill on February 27th. According to him, the Dublin Fusiliers were the supports hanging back, as they always do, while the Scots Fusiliers and Irish Fusiliers stormed the hill. Perhaps it would interest him to know from one who actually took part in that attack that two companies ('B' and 'C') of the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers rushed past the regiments forming the firing line, and, supported by some more of their own companies and assisted by the fire of some companies of the other two regiments, took the hill. Of

HIS HONOUR OPENS THE RAAD

Your Honour, from your Honour's speech
I have learnt much to-day;
My uninstructed mind you teach
That you sought peace alway.
Alack! I never knew before
How deep your hatred was of war!

I learn, what else I scarce could know,
You loathed so war's alarms;
Scarce could the haught insulting foe
Force you to take up arms.
But, Paul, in grief I bow my head,
I have been dreadfully misled.



Serving out horse soup to natives in the Stadt at Mafeking. (Drawn by Charles M. Sheldon, from a photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our special Correspondent with Major-General Baden-Powell)

course, there were some of the Scots Fusiliers and Irish Fusiliers in the final charge upon the hill; but, giving honour where honour is due—the 'Dublins' was the actual regiment which had the honour of capturing Pieter's Hill, thus turning successfully the enemy's left flank. There should be no distinction in regiments out here, nor especial honour claimed for any—but when a correspondent seeks to take away from a regiment what is really their due—it is nigh time to contradict what he says. The Dublin Fusiliers are only too glad to share their honour with the two other regiments engaged on the right attack that day, but they will not be left in the cold when they are not deserving of it. I enclose my name, &c., in case your correspondent would care to question me, as I daresay he must have been an eye-witness or actually engaged in the fight when he so confidently affirms that it was not the 'Dubs.' who took the hill."

Long ere the war, your speech avers

In words the world should note,
To thirty thousand Outlanders

You would have given the vote.
What were our correspondents at?
I never, never heard of that.

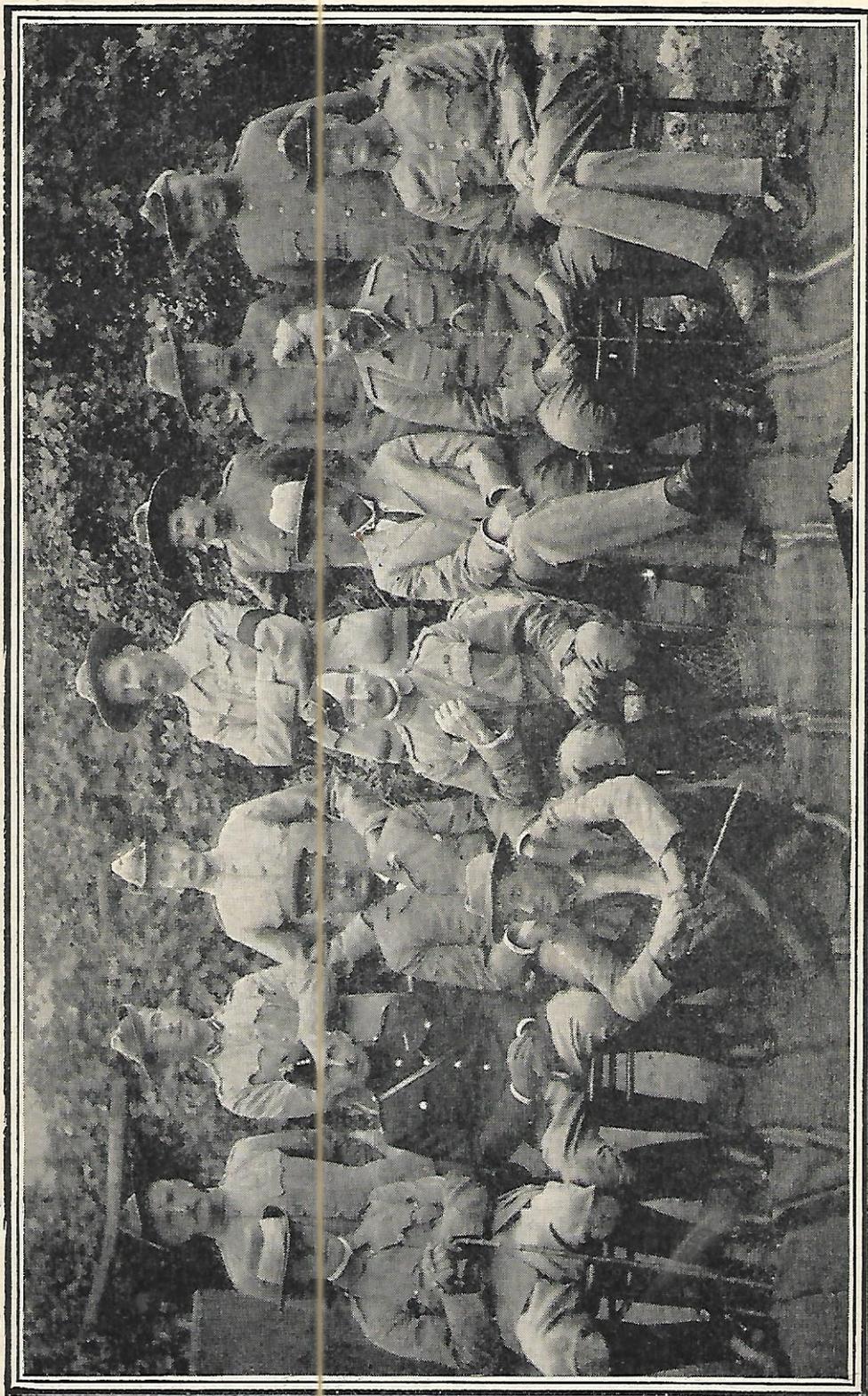
I learn—nor colleges nor schools
Could teach so much, my Paul!
As to Red Cross Convention rules,
'Twas we who broke them all.

O! Paul! forgive me, for it's true
I always thought that it was you.

I learn, and I should doubt indeed,
If truthful, Paul could trip,
That for our sins of fraud and greed
We are in Satan's grip.

I knew not that, Paul, by the Powers,
I only know you are in ours!

M. S.



The names, read from left to right and from top to bottom, are:—1. Major Panzera, Artillery 2. Capt. Ryan, Commissariat 3. Capt. Greener, Paymaster 4. Chief Staff Officer, Major Lord Edward Cecil 5. Capt. Wilson, A.D.C. Baden-Powell (Lady Sarah's husband) 6. Lt. the Hon. Hanbury Tracy, Censor 7. Capt. Cowan, Bechuanaland Volunteers 8. Major Godley 9. Col. Vyvyan 10. Mr. Bell, C.C.R.M. 11. Major-General Baden-Powell 12. Major Whiteley 13. Colonel. Hore, Protectorate Regt. 14. Dr. Hayes, P.M.O. town 15. Lt. Moncrieff, Hon. Extra A.D.C. to Colonel. "B.P." (Photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Major-General Baden-Powell)

MAJOR - GENERAL BADEN - POWELL AND THE PRINCIPAL MEN WHO HELPED HIM TO DEFEND MAFeking

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO
Fernando Monte-Serrat

THE Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in South Africa has seldom been so well described as in the following pair of verses from Rudyard Kipling's "Fightin' Bobs":—

If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs;
If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs.
For e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

* * * * *

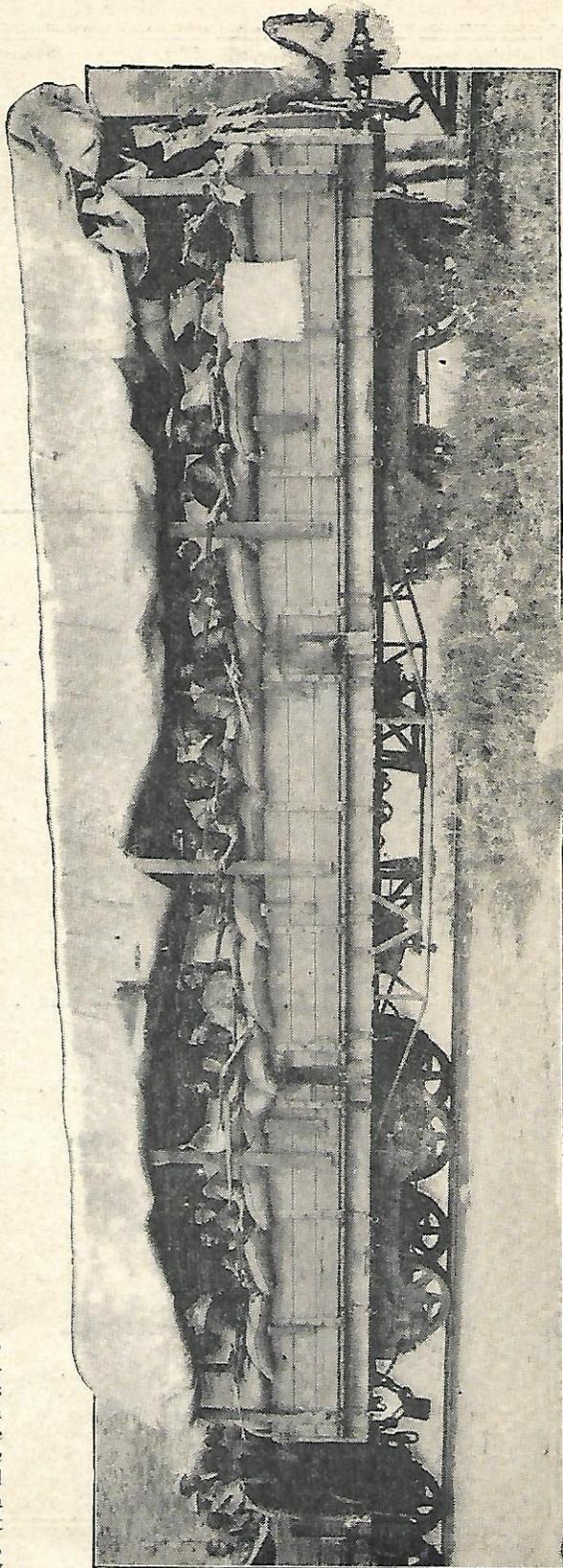
If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,
Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it thirty years,
An' amassin' souveneers
In the way o' slugs an' spears—
Ain't yer, Bobs?

MR. A. SKENE SMITH, of Newfield, Johnstone, Scotland, who is one of our readers, has written some stirring verses on the subject of Lord Roberts's victorious forward march, from which we quote the following sentiment:—

"Freedom! Freedom! is our aim
Boer and Briton all the same;
Zulus and Basutos know
Who will prove their friend,
And in face of every foe,
Will their rights defend."

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* during the siege of Kimberley:—"Owners of horses and mules suitable for slaughtering purposes are invited to bring them to the Washington Market on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. A good price for fat animals. The amount agreed upon at the time of purchase will be paid out every Thursday morning between the hours of 9.30 and 11.30 at the Town Hall. By order, H. V. Goorle, Major, Army Service Corps. Kimberley, January 26th, 1900."

PRESIDENT KRUGER's real estate places him in the front rank of Transvaal capitalists. According to a South African paper he owns 190 freehold farms in the Transvaal, many of them on the Main Reef, which he would not allow to be worked. He is a large owner of town lands in and around Pretoria; also Johannesburg. He is the largest landowner in Rustenburg district. In the Netherlands Railways, Dynamite, and Hatherley Distillery, President Kruger is the largest shareholder, although his name does not appear. Mr. Kruger owns a large and valuable estate in Cape Colony; also one in Holland and one in Germany. He has two millions sterling invested in German Consols. He has many minor interests and stocks in the Transvaal and Free State, which before the war amounted to no inconsiderable sum. Before the war of rebellion broke out, Paul Kruger's real estate was known by his own household to be worth between nineteen and twenty million sterling. These statements should, of course, be accepted *cum grano*; though we are all aware that Oom Paul is an immensely wealthy man. The war is a capitalists' war—so we are told every day—but Mr. Kruger is the chief capitalist who caused it, and he stands a good chance of being a very heavy sufferer. History is silent about Mr. Kruger's charity.

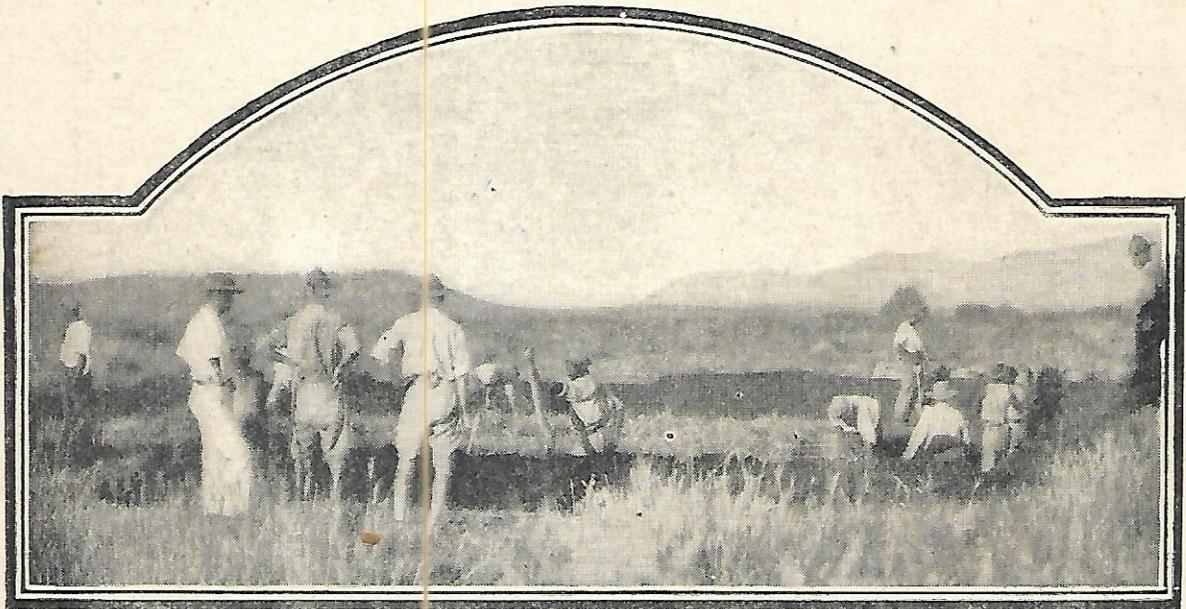


from the North: An armoured train at Crocodile Pools. By this means the gallant Colonel's men were able to reinforce their advanced guards, relieve them, and bring the supplies, as was needed. (Photo by Rausch, Bulawayo).

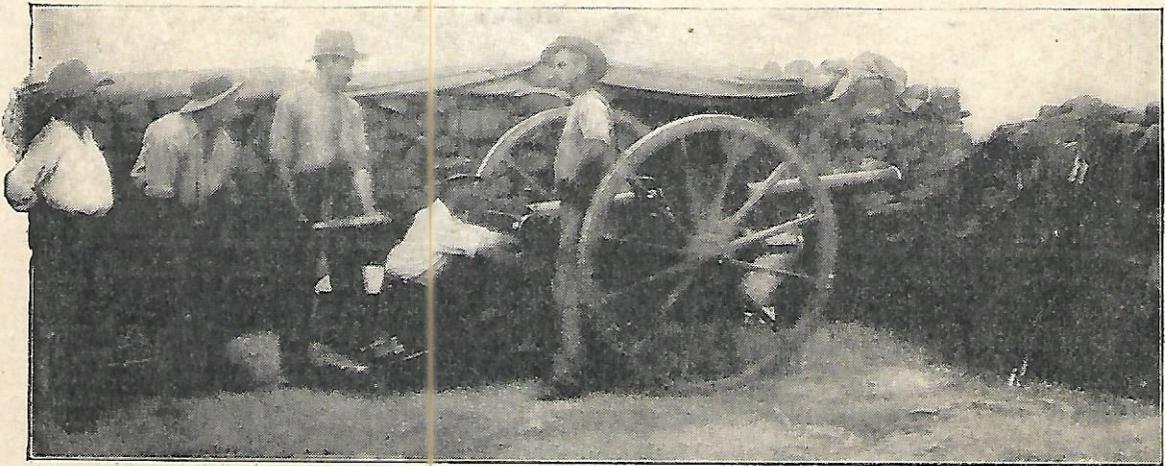
Lieut.-Col. Plummer's operations for the relief of Mafeking Crocodile Pools. By this means the gallant Colonel's men were able to reinforce their advanced guards, relieve them, and bring the supplies, as was needed.



men who can fight with the rifle or the spade: A company of Plumer's engineers photographed when they were constructing the line to Maffefina

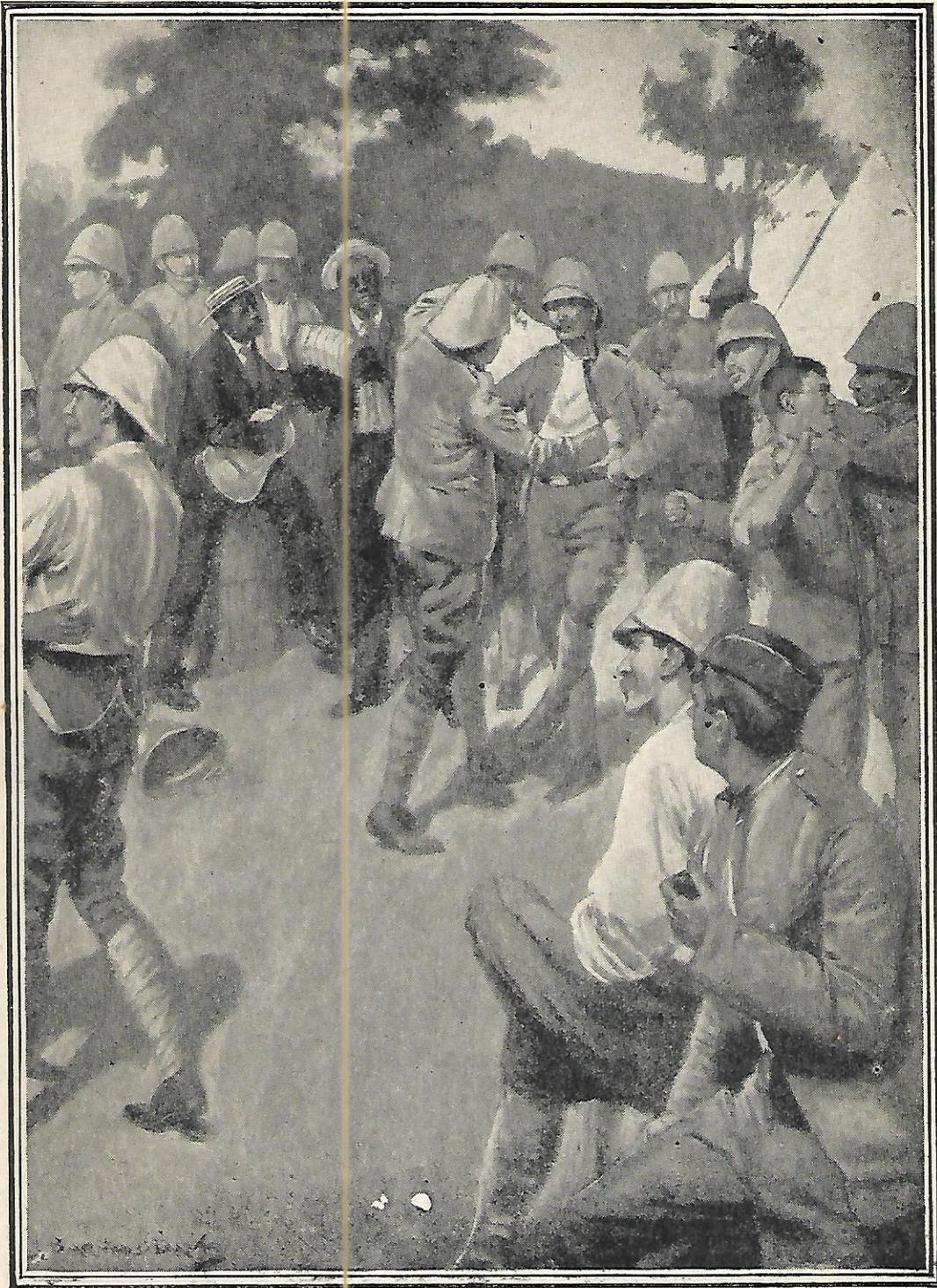


Building a fort near Crocodile Pools Station, where Plumer had some stiff encounters with the Boers



A twelve and a-half pounder at Crocodile Pools about to be fired. (Photos by Rausch, Buluwayo)

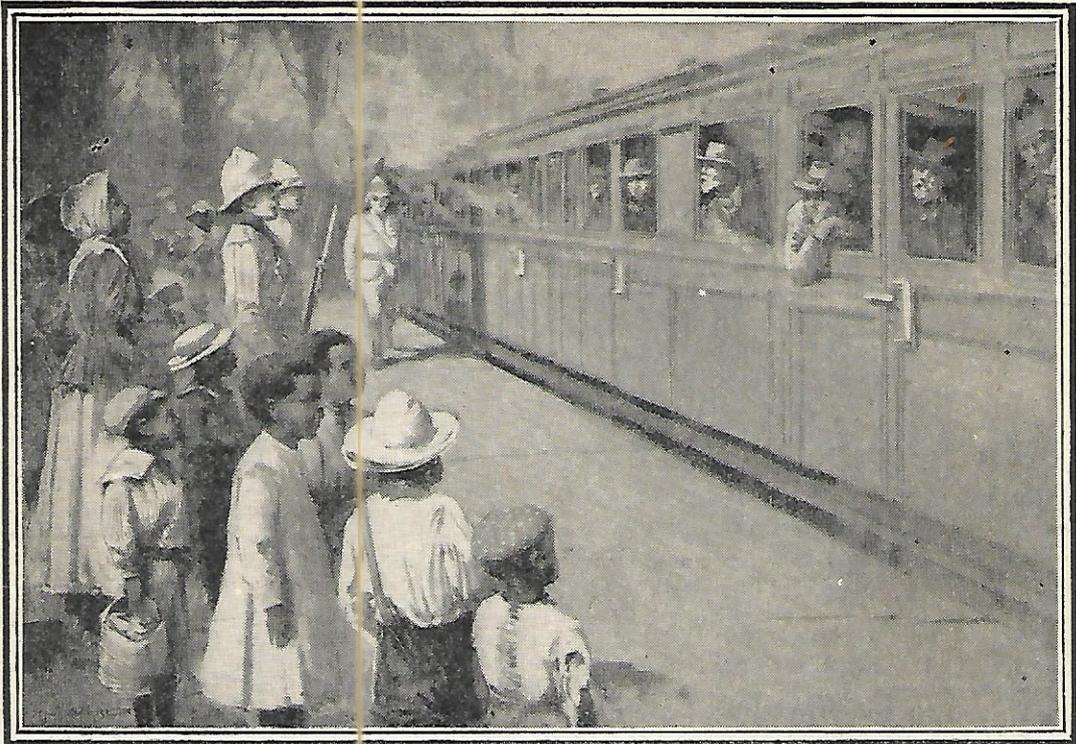
COLONEL PLUMER'S OPERATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF MAFFEKING FROM THE NORTH



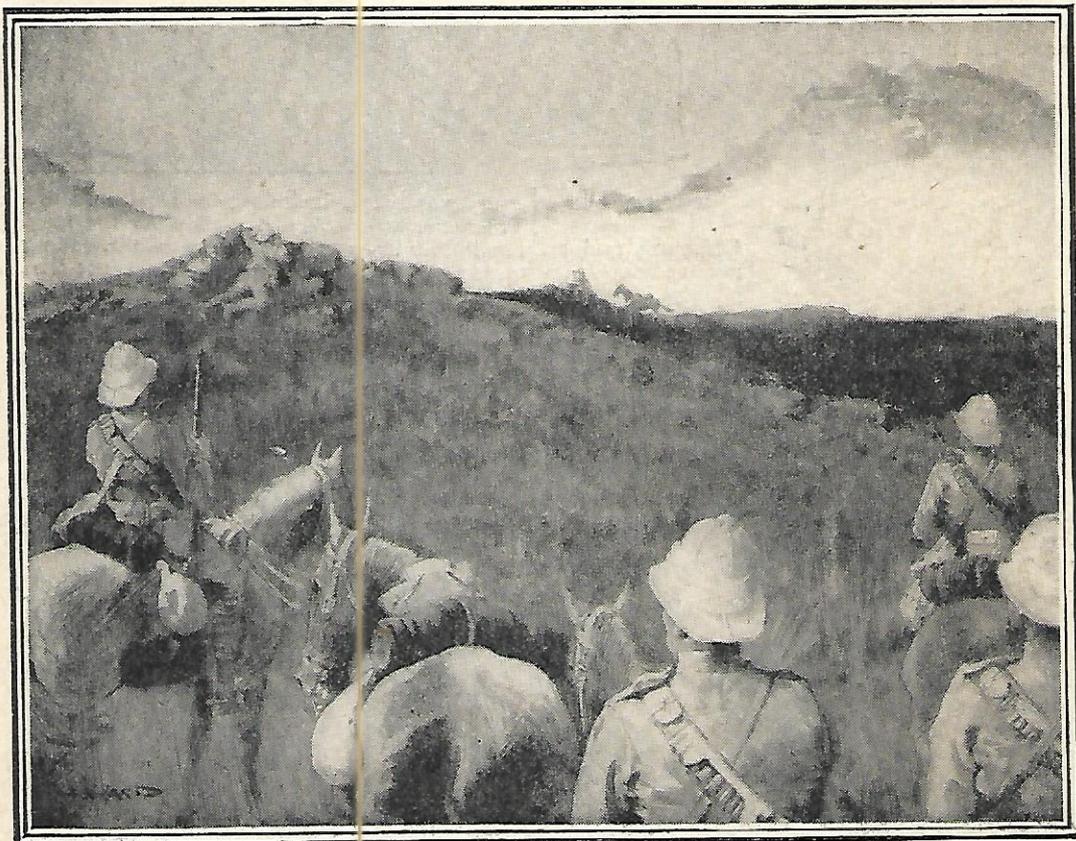
Tommy in camp : A jolly jig at Nauwpoort with real nigger minstrels. (Drawn by J. Barnard Davis from a photo)

THERE must be an extraordinary number of ambulances in South Africa, especially on the Boer side, for within the last few weeks several have fallen into British hands, necessitating their return to the enemy. For instance, a Swedish ambulance was captured north of Bloemfontein, notwithstanding the fact that the enemy had succeeded in taking away all their wounded. Several examples have been given of the Boers using ambulances for reconnoitring purposes, and the above looks like another.

A LASTING memento of the struggle for supremacy at the Cape will remain in the form of numerous little graveyards. Each of the regiments at Ladysmith had one to itself; while there are many others near Colenso and by the Modder River. Three years ago the Majuba graveyard at Mount Prospect was in a very dilapidated condition, but, at Mr. Chamberlain's initiative, the Natal Government substituted iron crosses for the decayed wooden ones, renewed the lettering, and built up the fences round the little heroic patch.

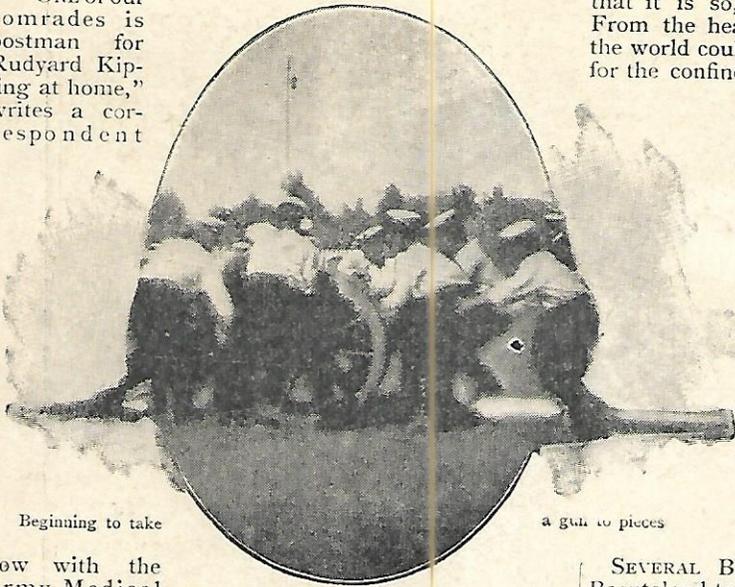


A sight that rejoices the heart of the native : A train-load of Boers on the road to Cape Town, and confinement. (Drawn by Enoch Ward, from a sketch by Captain S. E. St. Leger)



Mounted Infantry scouts watching the enemy advance on Thaba N'chu from Ladybrand. The mighty peak on the right, half-covered with mist, is Thaba N'chu Mountain

"ONE of our comrades is postman for Rudyard Kipling at home," writes a correspondent



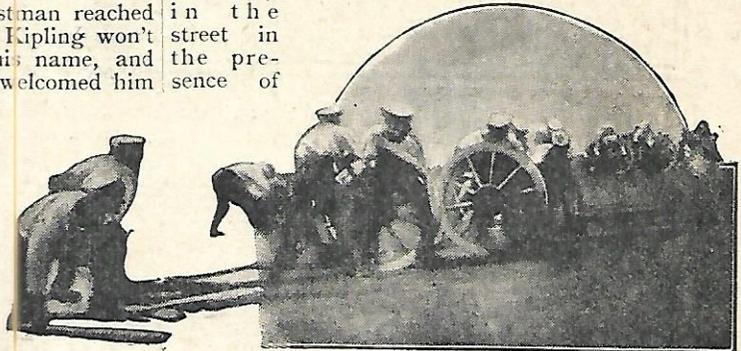
Beginning to take

a gun to pieces

now with the Army Medical Corps in South Africa. "Mr. Kipling told him to come and see him when he got out here. When the postman reached the Grand Hotel the porter said, 'Mr. Kipling won't see any one,' but the man sent up his name, and down came Mr. Kipling, and heartily welcomed him to the rooms where he was staying. There were generals there, in fact all the big guns of the day. In a chat with my comrade Mr. Kipling asked how many men there were in the 20th Bearer

that it is so, considering the climate of the place. From the health point of view, probably no place in the world could be found more suitable than St. Helena for the confinement of our prisoners of war. There is not in the whole island an insalubrious spot. The common English gorse, a good judge of climate, grows abundantly. The temperature is remarkably equable, and although the island is so much nearer the equator than is the Cape, it is yet very much cooler. The winters are much warmer than those of England, but the summer heat is rarely so great. The whole of the island is much above the level of the sea, and always breezy. The water supply (from 160 wells) is excellent, and almost all kinds of European fruits and vegetables are grown. Compared with the quarters of the British prisoners in Boer hands, St. Helena must be a paradise.

SEVERAL British residents have sought refuge in Basutoland to avoid compulsory service with the Boers. They reported that a Boer sjambokked a Britisher in Ficksburg in the street in the presence of



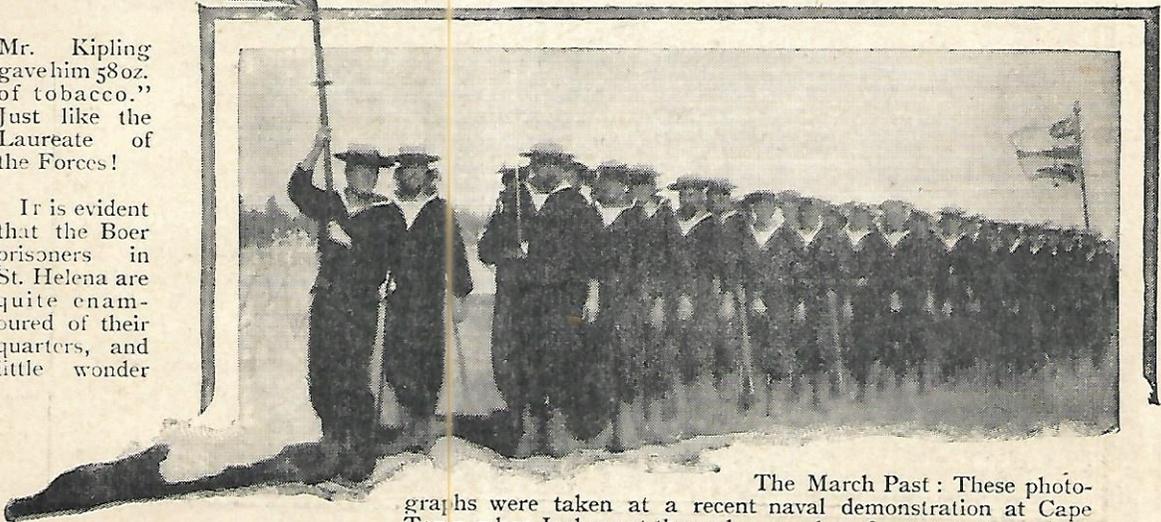
Waiting the order

Company, and on my comrade replying 'fifty-eight,'

many witnesses, including a local member of the Volksraad, who offered his whip for the purpose, and the Public Prosecutor. Several of the leading inhabitants have repeatedly threatened to shoot the English as they walked in the streets.

Mr. Kipling gave him 58oz. of tobacco." Just like the Laureate of the Forces!

It is evident that the Boer prisoners in St. Helena are quite enamoured of their quarters, and little wonder

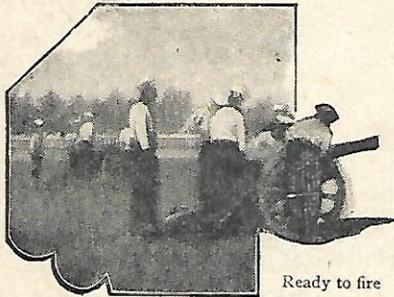


The March Past: These photographs were taken at a recent naval demonstration at Cape Town, when Jack went through a number of manoeuvres to show our Colonists some of the things he can do. (Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent)

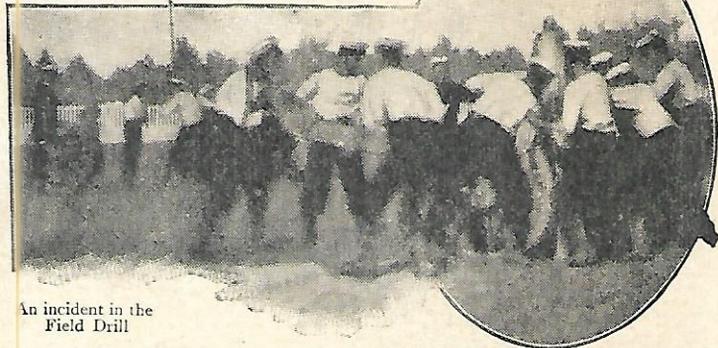
SHOWING SOUTH AFRICA HOW THE HANDY MAN WORKS ASHORE

In the course of a recent letter to the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in London, the Rev.

The question of where the Boers got their guns



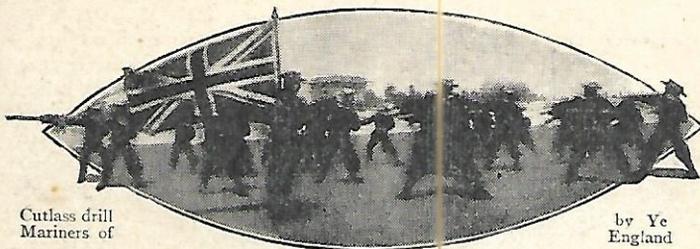
Ready to fire



An incident in the Field Drill

E. Nuttall, of Cape Town, makes the following remarks:—"You may call it 'annexation' or 'incorporation' or 'inclusion,' or any such name, but there must be no remnant or semblance of independence left

is still a subject of absorbing interest in this country. A member of the firm of Messrs. Schneider and Co., the proprietors of the famous metallurgical works at Creusot, says that the Republics of the Transvaal and



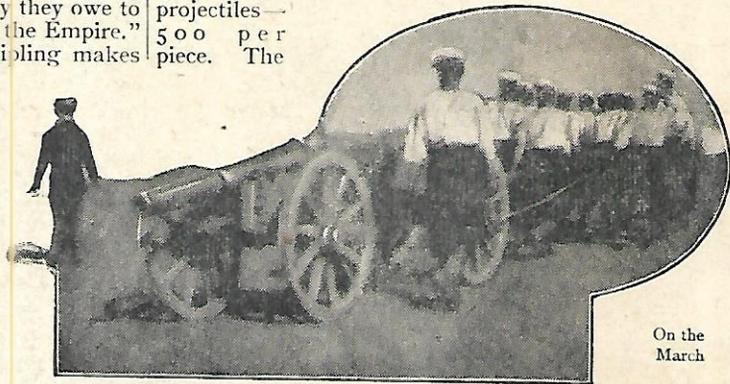
Cutlass drill Mariners of

by Ye England

Orange Free State secured their guns and their rifles in 1895, buying their war material nearly everywhere. Thus they acquired guns from the Creusot group, Nordenfelt, and Maxim; but the Creusot firm supplied nearly three-quarters, especially the 75, 120, and 155 guns of the field and fortress artillery. Altogether, the number of modern guns in their possession must be estimated at not fewer than ninety. They foresaw the possibility of the English fleet cutting them off from the outer

to the late Republics. The sovereignty of the Queen must be indisputable. We cannot believe that the people of Great Britain will shirk the duty they owe to South Africa and to the other provinces of the Empire." In forwarding the above, Mr. Rudyard Kipling makes

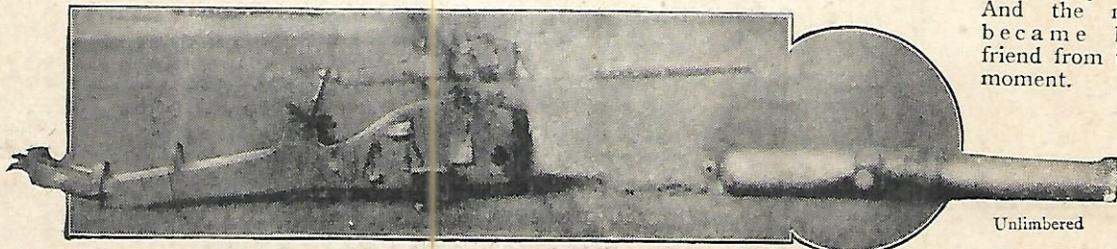
the following noteworthy comment:—"I think the enclosed speaks for itself. As Mr. Nuttall says, the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans throughout the Colony have delivered their views as congregations in a manner which should leave no possible doubt among the home churches. If, through any intellectual lasciviousness, we in England prefer to tickle our emotion by being generous once again at other people's expense, when the settlement comes, all this weary bloody work will have to be done anew from the beginning, five or ten years hence. I assume that you have full knowledge of the situation in the South, but I do not think you can realise how passionately and eagerly the loyalists look to England for a sign that the Mother-country will neither desert nor betray them to the Dutch."



On the March

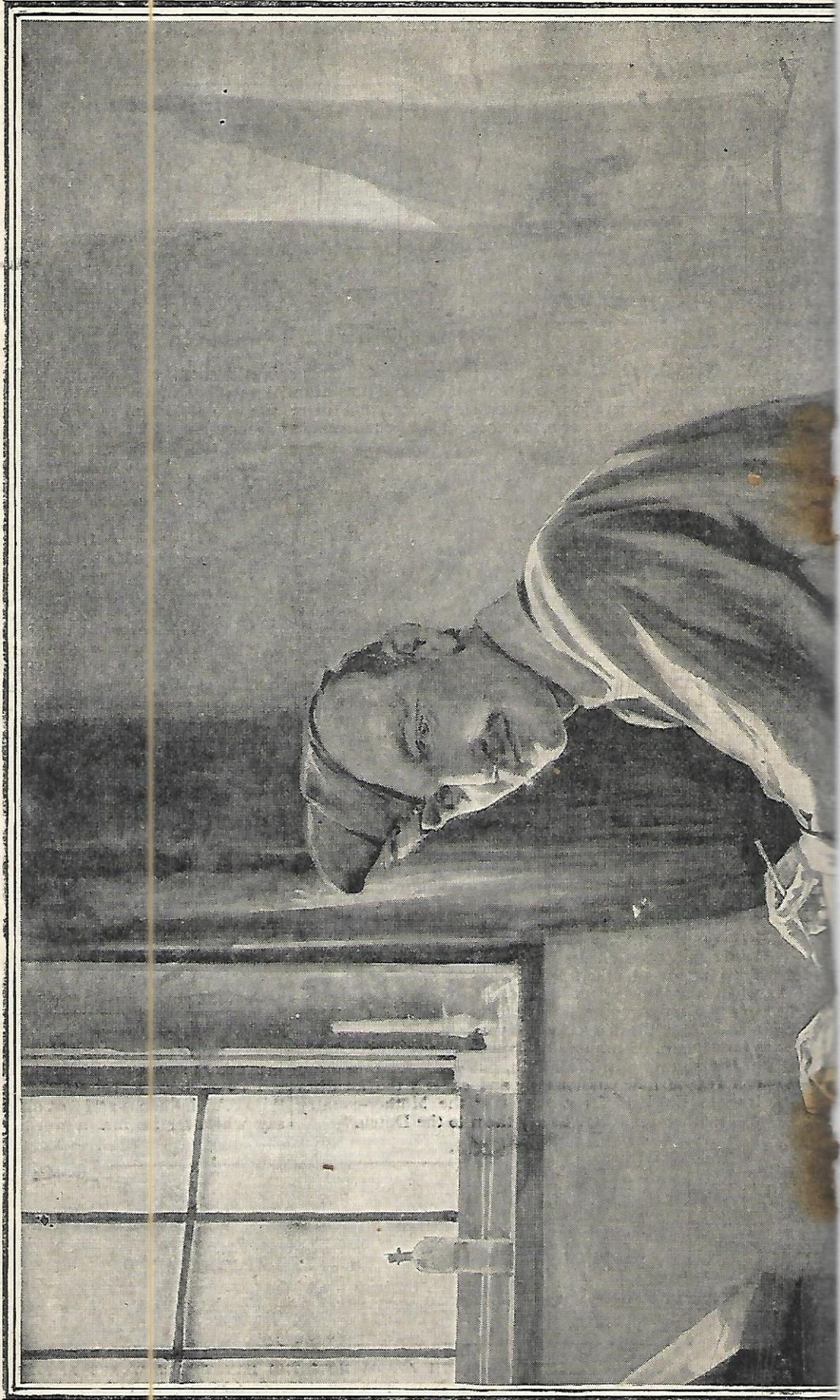
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Creusot firm also sent out with the guns and material an instructor to teach manœuvre and keep the guns in order. This is how a clergyman explains the secret of "B.-P.'s" influence: "I say, old fellow," "B.-P." would say whenever he met a working-man; "have you a match on you?" "And the man became his friend from that moment."



Unlimbered

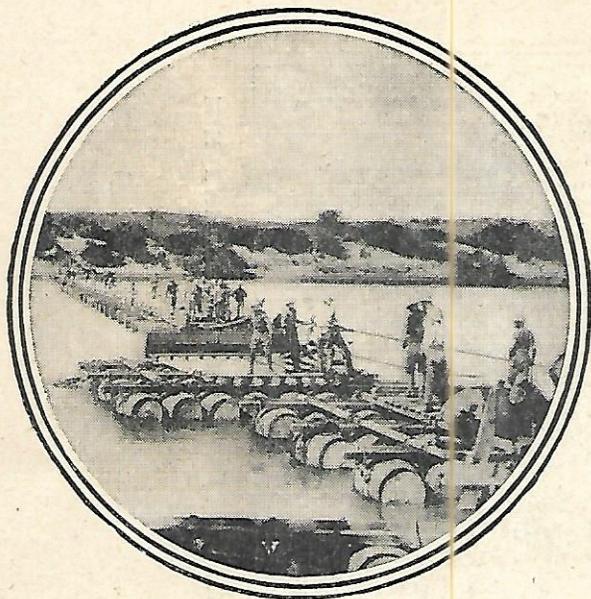
SHOWING SOUTH AFRICA HOW THE HANDY MAN WORKS ASHORE
Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent





MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL IN HIS OFFICE AT MAKEKING READING LORD ROBERTS'S TELEGRAM, ASKING HIM TO HOLD OUT TILL MAY 18TH

Drawn by John H. Bacon, from a photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Major-General Baden-Powell in Makeking)



Our Pontoon Bridge over Orange River at Norval's Pont. It was constructed by the Royal Engineers in a few days, and is believed to be the longest bridge ever made.

In our issue of May 19th, we published an interesting letter from Midshipman Wybrow Hallwright, of H.M.S. *Terrible*, giving part of his experiences with the Naval Brigade. We have been

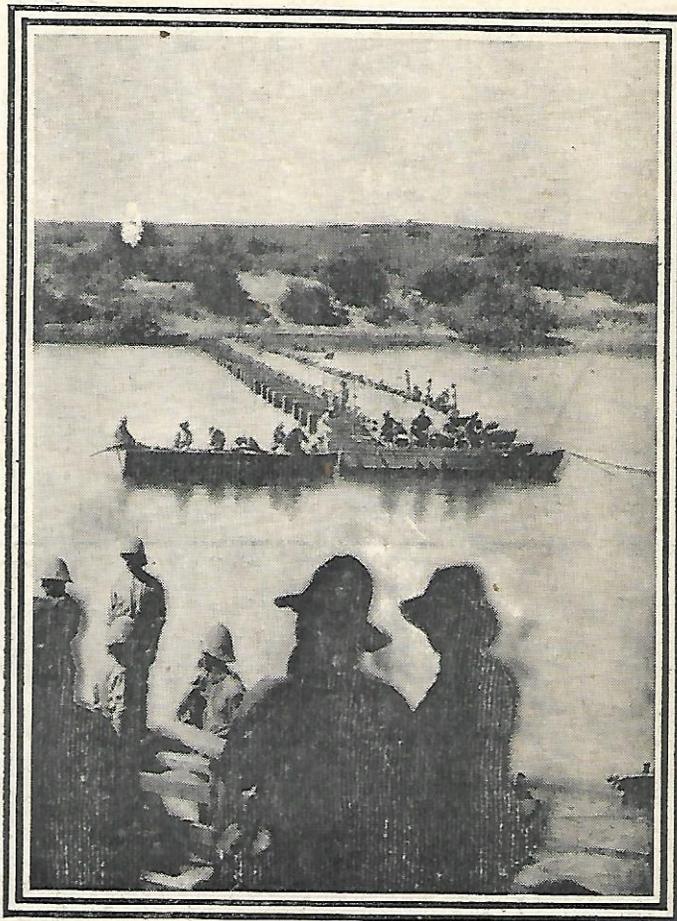
favoured with a copy of another of his epistles, in which the interesting narrative is continued. It is dated April 13th 1900, at sea from Mauritius to Colombo.

"I will continue my yarn where I left off in my last letter, which I sent from Mauritius," he writes. "We left the donga at 11.30 a.m., and recrossed the river and went to a position on Monte Cristo. Here we fired two shots before dark, and then bivouacked under some trees round a big fire. Here I received Mrs. B—'s present and also the Balaclava helmets, both of which I found very useful. We were in this position during the attack on Pieter's Hill, and the Scots Fusiliers (with whom we messed for a long time at Frere) were just below us. We shelled the enemy's positions very heavily pretty well all day. The Scots Fusiliers had a very bad time, having several officers killed that I knew, and a good many more (including the Colonel) wounded. After Pieter's Hill, one of our guns went into Ladysmith, while the others went back to Chieveley. I went to Chieveley, but the day afterwards I went up to Ladysmith for one day in an ox wagon. It took me one and a-half days to get there and one day back. The people in Ladysmith looked very ill and feeble, and the smells in the place were frightful, but as far as I could see there was not much damage by shell fire. Of course I went by Globler's Kloof and saw the pom-pom position there, and all the Boer shelter trenches as well. I returned to Chieveley the same way, passing through Colenso, which was very dilapidated. We did not do anything after getting back to Chieveley until we got into a train and journeying all night arrived at Durban at 7.30. Here the captain gave all the officers breakfast at the

Club. The Mayor and Corporation provided dinner for the men, and made a lot of complimentary speeches to Captain Scott. We slept that night in a goods shed as it was too rough to get to the ship, and came on board the next morning. We stayed at Durban about four days, and then steamed for Mauritius. We arrived at Mauritius in five days and coaled ship. The midshipmen went ashore every day. I went to the Botanical Gardens, which are very beautiful, and saw all sorts of strange trees and plants. I also went to a place called Carepipe, where I saw an extinct volcano. I also went to see the Bishop and his wife and had a game of tennis. They were both very nice, and I enjoyed myself very much. I have just been to Colombo and we are leaving to-morrow morning, and I shall just get this letter off, so good-bye, from your loving son, WYBROW HALLWRIGHT."

DOROTHY CUMMING, a little girl at Littlehampton, will be envied by all little girls of her age—and big girls too, for the matter of that. She sent a letter to the Commander-in-Chief at Bloemfontein, and here is Lord Roberts's reply:—"Dear Dorothy Cumming,—Many thanks for your nicely-written letter of March 15th. I hope it will not be long before this war is finished, when I shall look forward to return to my friends in England, and I hope that the brave soldiers who are fighting with me now will accompany me.—Believe me, yours sincerely, ROBERTS."

THE belief which prevails in military quarters that Lord Kitchener will at the conclusion of the war pro-



This is another view of the bridge, showing it just before completion. When finished it was a quarter of a mile in length. (Photo by A. D. Whatman, galloper to General Clements)



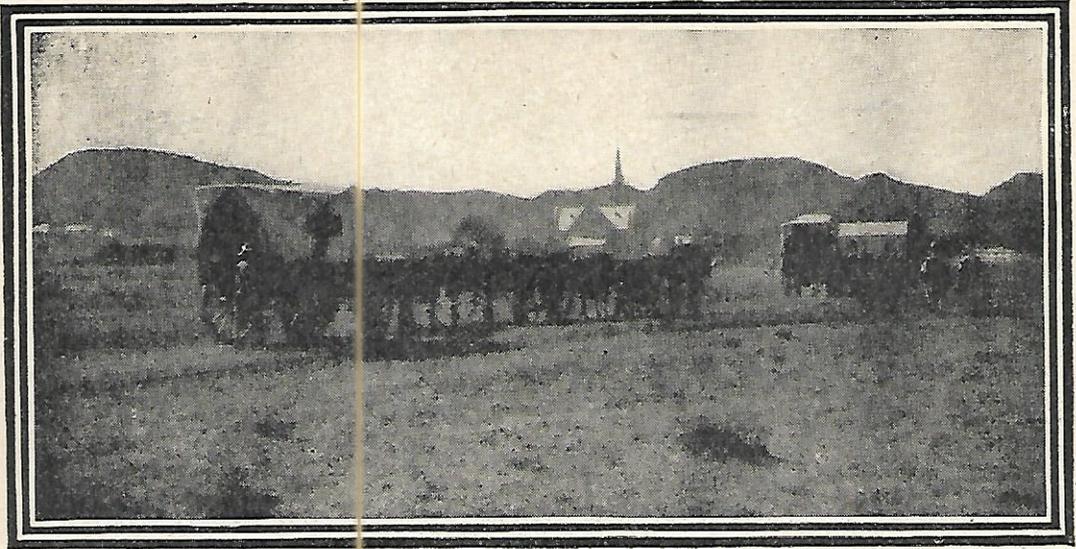
Green Howard's (1st Yorkshires) shoring their horses in camp. This was just before the commencement of Lord Roberts's forward movement which resulted in his entering Kroonstad unopposed

ceed to India as Commander-in-Chief has now been considerably strengthened. This is due to the fact that it is known that arrangements have practically been completed for retaining Sir Power Palmer in the position of Provisional Commander-in-Chief for an undefined date.

THE imports into Cape Colony for the first quarter of 1900 show a decrease of £667,988, and the exports a decrease of £5,878,474, compared with the returns for the corresponding quarter last year. The rebate trade is *nil*, against £990,199 for the corresponding period in 1899.



Certain papers amused themselves some time ago by laughing at the Duke of Cambridge's Own, saying that they were taking out a servant each and so forth, simply because they were good enough to pay their own expenses and give their pay to the widows and orphans. Here is a silent commentary on such nonsense, showing as it does how the gallant fellows are taking their part with the best of them in camp at the front. The one on the left is Trooper Jocelyn Bray, the centre Trooper P. C. Barton (Colonel's orderly), and the one on the right Trooper G. J. Watson



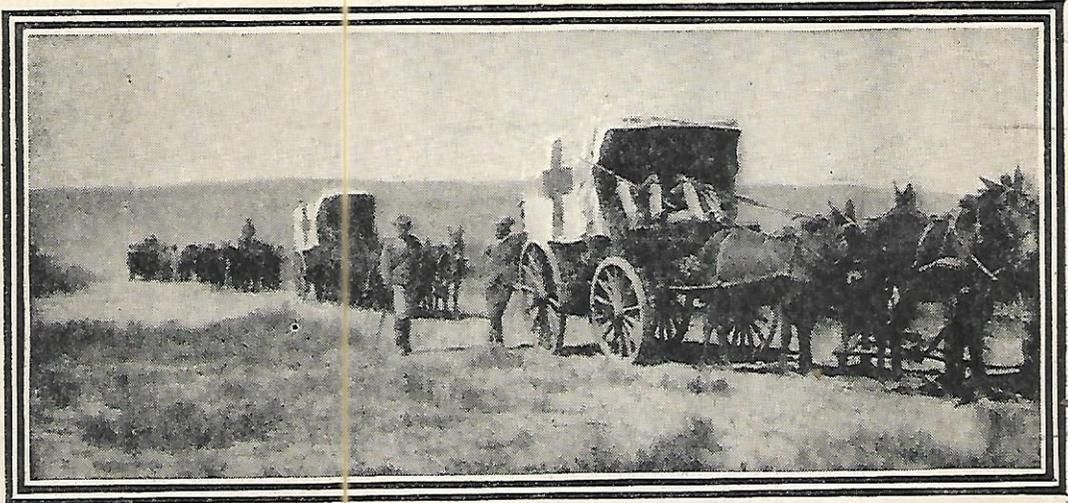
The importance of the part played by the ambulance corps in South Africa can hardly be over-estimated, though perhaps our wounded heroes are the only ones who can properly estimate their services. Here you have some ambulance wagons entering Bethulie

THE feminine influence at the War Office, which is receiving so much attention, is no new thing. When, in 1807, good old Earl St. Vincent retired from the Navy, the King sent for him and asked if the service had improved since he knew it. "Very much worse, please your Majesty," replied the Earl. "How so, how so?" "Because," answered the Admiral, "the Navy is so overrun by the younger branches of nobility that the son of an old officer has little or no chance of getting on." "I think you are quite right, Earl St. Vincent," said the King after a pause.

THE present-day soldier is nothing if not up-to-date. It appears that at Dundee, last October, the 1st Gloucesters went into action singing "A Little Bit off the Top," while many of the other regiments go for the Boers to the tune of "What Ho! She Bumps!" Most of the British regiments, of course, have special tunes,

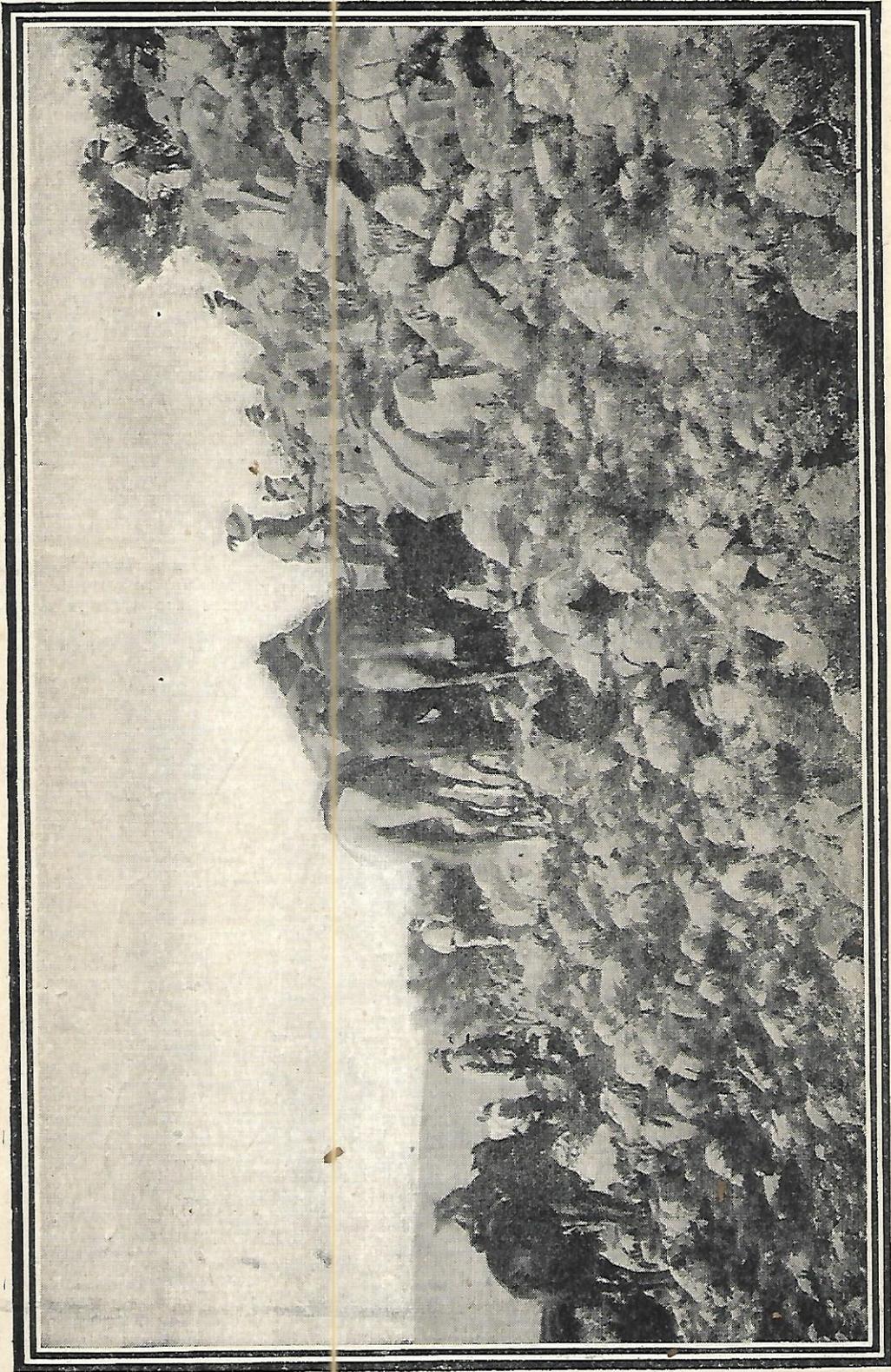
earned in open fight or otherwise. The Royal Scots, as a quick-step march, have played "Dumbarton's Drums" for more than two hundred years, while the Rifle Brigade, once the 95th Foot, march to the tune of "I'm Ninety-five."

THE war in South Africa has, in several ways, proved a source of surprise to our genial Continental neighbours. They never thought, for instance, that poor old England (and Scotland!) could put 200,000 men in the field without leaving India unguarded; but the most staggering blow to them has been the assistance so readily offered by the Colonies. South Africa has provided 20,000 men, Australia 7,000, and Canada 3,000, and it is utterly impossible to express in mere words the astonishment of the Russians and French at this rallying round the old flag. There is never likely to be any war with Russia now!

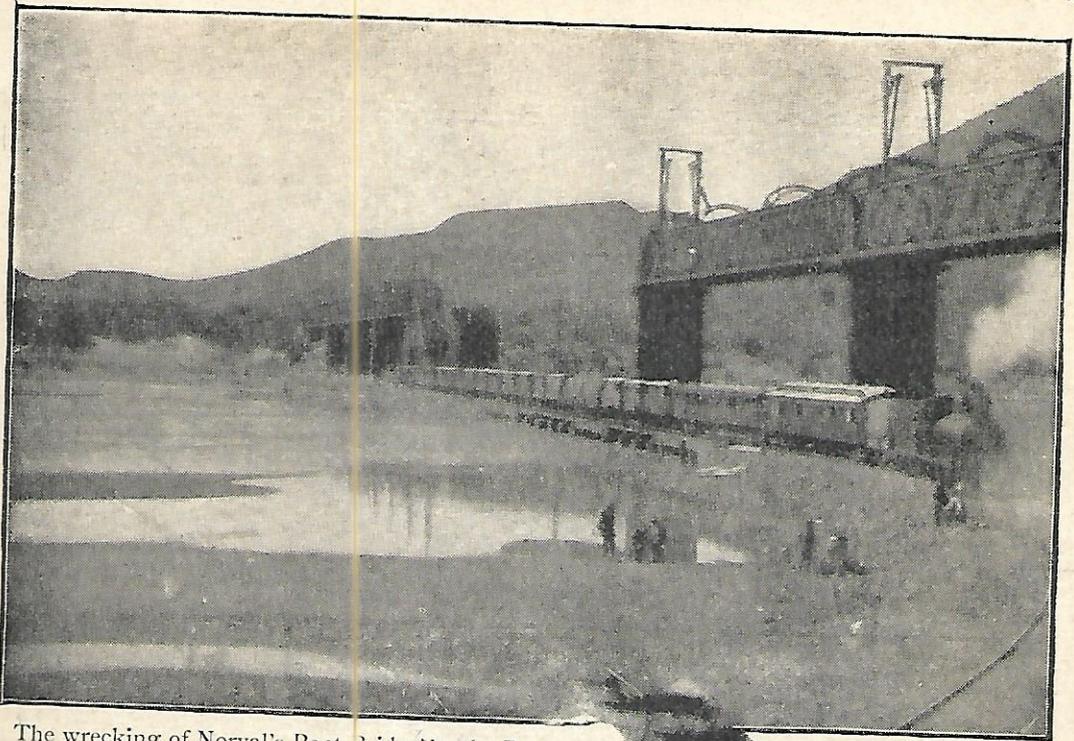


The mules who draw these wagons are wonderfully well trained, and can be kept quite quiet during the progress of an engagement. As many as ten are often harnessed to one cart, for the country they sometimes have to travel across is particularly unsuited for vehicular traffic. This photograph shows some of the wagons leaving the town of Bethulie. (Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent.)

WITH THE BRITISH RED CROSS WAGONS IN THE FREE STATE



The eyes and ears of the Army : A party of Montmorency's Scouts on the look-out for Boers. (Photo by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent)



The wrecking of Norval's Pont Bridge by the Boers :
 the way in which the Railway Pioneer Regiment
 damage, and enabled our trains to pass into the Free State across the Orange River.

This photograph shows
 temporarily repaired the
 damage, and enabled our trains to pass into the Free State across the Orange River.



The men who have helped us into the Free State : Sergeants and non-commissioned officers of
 the Railway Pioneer Regiment at Norval's Pont. (Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special
 Correspondent)



In the intervals between marches our cavalry chargers are sometimes turned loose for a while to graze, for a crop at the grass is to them what a pipe is to their brave masters. So refreshed do they afterwards feel, indeed, that it often requires some smart work to catch them again. Here we have an expert Colonial trooper rounding up a batch near one of General French's camps in the Free State. (Drawn by C. H. Taffs)

COMMANDS IN THE ARMY—FROM BAYONET TO BATON

Commissioned Officers.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| The Commander-in-Chief | Lieutenant-Colonel |
| Field-Marshal | Major |
| General | Captain |
| Lieutenant-General | Lieutenant |
| Major-General | Second-Lieutenant |
| Brigadier-General | Riding Master |
| Colonel | Quartermaster |

Warrant Officers.

| | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Staff or Garrison Sergeant-Major | Corporal-Major | Household Cavalry |
| Superintending Clerk | Regimental | Sergt.-Major |
| Schoolmaster | Bandmaster | |
| Master Gunner R.A. | Quartermaster-Sergeant | |

Non-Commissioned Officers.

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Staff-Sergeant | Corporal |
| Company or Troop-Sergeant-Major, or Colour-Sergeant | Second Corporal R.E. |
| | Bombardier R.A. |
| Lance-Sergeant | Lance-Corporal |

Bandsman Drummer
and last, but not least,
Full Private.

So many questions are being asked relative to the grades of rank in the Army, that we make no apology for again referring to the subject. Before discussing in detail the various grades we shall first deal with the query of a correspondent, who asks how many men are under the different degrees of officers? Well, the answer to that is, "It all depends." Time was when the hard-and-fast rule of so many men to such and such a rank was in vogue, but nowadays that number is more or less flexible. To begin with the lowest non-commissioned rank—a corporal's quad is supposed to consist of three men, but in certain circumstances he may be called on to command a regiment. A sergeant's party is supposed to be under twenty men, and any number above that, detailed for a specific duty, such as guard, is called an officer's duty. Roughly speaking, there ought to be two lieutenants and two second-lieutenants (known long ago as ensigns) to a company under a captain. A company may be from 60 to 100 men or more, but as a matter of fact on home service a company that can muster 30 men and boast of two officers is said to be "strong." Of course on paper the company may be formidable enough, but that is another story. A captain then commands his company. This company is divided into two half-companies, the senior lieutenant commanding the right half, the junior the left half. Each half-company is again divided into sections, so that the second-lieutenants would have a section each. As already indicated, a second-lieutenant, owing to the dearth of officers, may be in charge of the company, but he cannot punish the men until he has over a year's service—a very good rule indeed.

To proceed, a colonel or lieutenant-colonel commands a battalion or regiment. A battalion, by the way, at full strength numbers 1,009, all told. The battalion is divided into half-battalions, the senior major commanding the right half, the junior major the left half. In case of confusion, it were better to explain that every infantry regiment is composed of two or more battalions; for instance, the King's Royal Rifles has four battalions of regulars, the 5th and other battalions being militia and volunteers. Again, the Gordon Highlanders have two battalions, the 2nd battalion being with Buller, the 1st battalion with Roberts; their 3rd battalion is militia (now doing active duty at home), while the 4th and following battalions are volunteers.

Still to proceed. In the field the rank (temporary)

above a colonel is brigadier-general. A brigadier is supposed to command a brigade, which in turn is composed of two or more battalions; the "or more" is good, because it might be twenty battalions. Two or more brigades constitute a division, and this must be commanded by an officer of General rank. Two or more divisions make an army corps, and anything above one army corps must be commanded by a Field-Marshal. For instance, in South Africa, when one army corps was not sufficient, another was bundled out at once with Lord Roberts in supreme command. Thus it will be seen that the law regulating numbers under the various commands is a general one and capable of great flexibility, all the more so when it is remembered that in South Africa majors and colonels have commanded brigades and flying columns. For instance, Colonel Pilcher, sometimes called Major-General Pilcher, or General for short, when in command of the flying column at Sunnyside was really a major. True he was a brevet-lieutenant-colonel, and as he had a large number of men under his direct command he was virtually a general. Bet this leads us into the bewildering maze of the various titles which will now be discussed in detail.

With a Commander-in-Chief there can be no confusion in the public mind. The Commander-in-Chief of the entire British Army is Lord Wolseley. The Commander-in-Chief in Africa is Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, just as General Buller was before the arrival of "Bobs." With the rank of full general there can also be no confusion, but when one not intimate with the inner workings of the army hears of brevet-general, one begins to get mixed. For the better understanding of the whole affair, let it be said that the table in another column gives the substantive rank of commissioned officers—that is, there are hundreds of offshoots to the main column of degrees in rank. There is temporary rank, there is field rank, and there are many different degrees of officers on the staff. Well, then, to return to the brevet. An officer who has distinguished himself in the field may be given a brevet. For the sake of argument, say a lieutenant-general has done some clever action, and he is rewarded with a brevet—that is, the lieutenant-general is a senior lieutenant-general, but he has the chance of the first vacancy to full general. He is really a general, but, until the vacancy occurs, he has a lieutenant-general's pay. The brevet applies all down the rung of commissioned ranks. A second-lieutenant may be brevet-lieutenant, a lieutenant brevet-captain, or, if his deed was a very gallant one, he might be a brevet-major, as was the case of Lieutenant Grant, V.C., at the defence of Manipur. He won his V.C. and jumped to a brevet majority.

To return to full general. There are many kinds of generals. There are the generals in the field, there are adjutant-generals, there are commissary-generals, there are quartermaster-generals, there are assistant-adjutant-generals, and deputy-assistant-adjutant-generals, assistant-quartermaster-generals and deputy-assistant-quartermaster-generals, and goodness knows what. The list is almost interminable. They have all very responsible positions, and, put briefly, the quartermaster-generals look after the beef, the adjutant-generals after the brain; that is, quartermaster-generals are responsible for the moving and the welfare of the army in body—stores, and every conceivable thing in that connection; while adjutant-generals are more concerned with the matter of discipline and the planning of schemes for the betterment of commands. Again, it is somewhat curious that a lieutenant-general should be of higher rank than a major-general, although a plain major is the superior officer of a captain.

Brigadier-General is a field or local rank. For instance, the gallant Hector Macdonald is a brigadier—usually styled General Macdonald—but until recently he was really a major. His real rank now is full colonel, but, of course, he will emerge lieutenant-general, no doubt. Again, Colonel Douglas is a local major-general, while the brave General Ian Hamilton, who was lately gazetted local lieutenant-general, is also a colonel. As a matter of fact since the outbreak of the present war majors and colonels became major-generals on the spot, major-generals lieutenant-generals, and lieutenant-generals full generals. Thus great confusion was created in the public mind by the same officers being referred to under different titles.

Coming down to riding-masters and quartermasters, they must perforce rise from the ranks. They are made

majors to a very great extent depends the efficiency of a regiment. In the Household Cavalry the equivalent in rank of a sergeant-major goes by the curious name of corporal-major. Company sergeant-majors of the R.A. and R.E., troop sergeant-majors of the cavalry, and colour-sergeants of the infantry are of the same rank. They are the senior sergeants of their troops or companies, and are responsible for them. They keep the accounts of clothing, pay, &c.; in short, they are in charge of the companies. The only claim colour-sergeants have to "colour" nowadays is that on rare occasions, such as trooping of the colour, two or three colour-sergeants are chosen to form part of the colour party. As everybody knows, no colours are taken into the field in modern warfare. A lance-sergeant is really brevet-sergeant, just as a lance-corporal is brevet or acting-



The members of the Headquarter Staff during the occupation of Pretoria in 1879. The names are:—Capt. M. Churchill, D.A.A.G., 58th Regiment; Mr. G. Y. Lagden, Private Secretary; Lieut.-Col. Fred Gildea, Commanding Garrison; His Excellency Col. Sir W. Owen Lanyon, C.B., K.C.M.G.; Col. W. Bellairs, C.B., Commanding District; and Lieut. the Hon. A. S. Hardyng, A.D.C.

hon. lieutenants, and, as time goes on, hon. captains and majors. Quartermasters are responsible for the clothing and feeding of their battalions or regiments. They are assisted by their quartermaster-sergeants, and together they make a good thing out of it.

To come to the warrant-officers. The warrant rank is midway between the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, and is composed, generally speaking, of sergeant-majors. As may be seen by the table, the sergeant-majors hold rank according to the precedence of their corps. First come the staff or garrison sergeant-majors, followed by the sergeant-majors and conductors of the Army Service Corps. Next come the regimental sergeant-majors of the cavalry, royal artillery, infantry, armourers, and Ordnance Store Corps. On regimental sergeant-

corporal. An acting-sergeant is a full corporal doing a sergeant's duty; an acting-corporal is either a private or a lance-corporal without the pay (virtually a private) doing a corporal's duty. In the Guards and cavalry lance-corporals wear two stripes, the same as a full corporal. Stripes or chevrons for promotion are worn on the right arm, good-conduct badges on the left arm. A sergeant-major wears a small crown only just above the cuff on his right sleeve; a quartermaster wears four stripes on his right sleeve just above the cuff; all other n.c.o.'s wear the stripes on the right sleeve above the elbow. Good-conduct badges are worn just above the cuff on the left sleeve! Amongst the full privates are men on boys' service—that is, they have reached the mature age of 16½ and 17, but may be the size of half a house.



Colonel James Burns, Commander of the gallant New South Wales Lancers, who have sent a detachment to South Africa to fight the good fight for Freedom and for Empire

OOM, OOM

[The war-poets are still on the war-path, as lively as ever, and some of their effusions are calculated to give Uncle Paul a bad quarter of an hour.]

Oom, Oom,

Bow to your doom,

We are the Bards that will fill you with gloom !

Kruger, O Kruger, your doom we are writing,
Kruger, the Bards have pronounced you accurst —
Fierce tho' our kilties and khakis are fighting,

We are the ones that will wound you the worst ;
Kruger, O Kruger, your doom it is written,

Bow to the Bards or the prospect is blue —
Dire is the wrath of the Rhymers of Britain,
And to a man we are down upon you.

Oom, Oom,

Bow to your doom,

We are the Bards that will fill you with gloom !

Vain is your trust in your powder and piety,
Naught will your cannon and kopjes avail,
Hurling invectives of every variety,
Howling the war-whoop, we dash on your trail ;
Breathing out slaughter, we crimson the language ;
Cockney and cocky, we rampage in rhyme ;
Murdring our own mother-tongue in our " language,"
O, we are having a terrible time !

Oom, Oom,

Dark is your doom,

No wonder you're ill and confined to your room.

What tho' our Austin and Swinburne were rather
Hoist with their own pyrotechnic petard,
Still from all corners tumultuous gather
Countless battalions of bloodthirsty Bards ;

Big guns and small guns (O great guns!) are firing —
Rounds of such rhymes as will make your heart bleed —
Read them, O Paul, you will find them inspiring,
Painful emotions the longer you read.

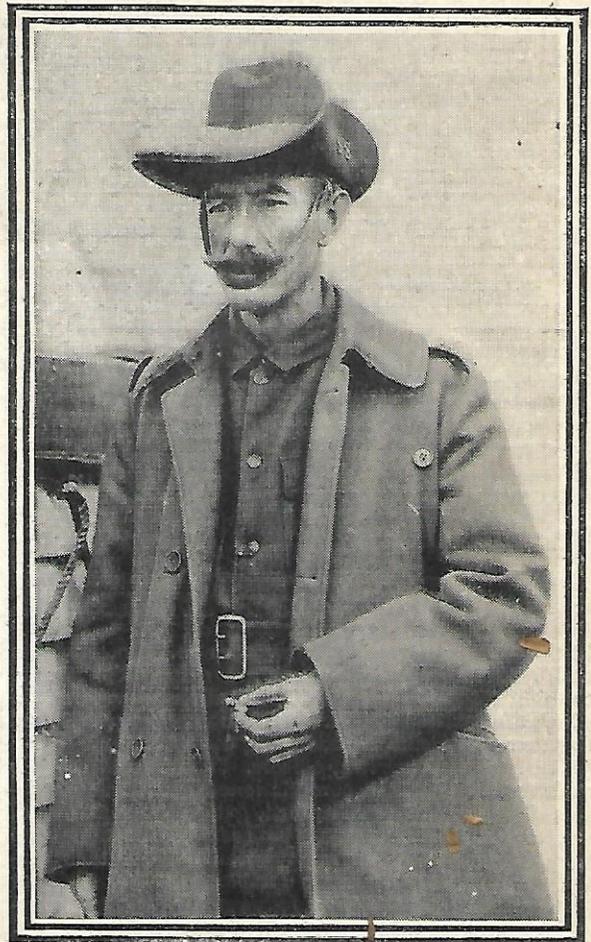
Oom, Oom,

Read, and assume

Raiment of Sackcloth and Ashes and Gloom !

A. C. MARTIN.

COLONEL JAMES BURNS, the Commander of the New South Wales Lancers, whose portrait we publish on this page, was born in Stirlingshire fifty years ago. He went to Australia when the Western Bank smashed, a crisis through which his father lost all his money. He is senior partner of Burns, Philp and Co., Limited, shipowners and merchants, of Sydney, with branches all over Queensland, and one of the best-known and highly respected firms in Australia. His house, Gowanbrae, on the Paramatta, is one of the finest in Australia. The hall is laid with white marble. The Colonel entertains largely, and is a keen Volunteer. He has done much to develop the Volunteer movement in Australia, having a private shooting range at which his regiment practise on the Saturday. In his house he has a museum of curios, particularly interesting himself in geology. Through his telescope on the tower you can read the time on a clock on the Town Hall at Sydney, twenty-four miles off. When Lord Carrington was Governor he frequently visited Colonel Burns at Paramatta.



Captain the Earl of Dunraven, who is at the front with the Corps of Sharpshooters named after him. (Photo by Gregory and Co.)



Capt. H. E. Dowse, R.A.M.C.
Died of fever, Blenheim



Lt. Rowland E. Paget, R.I.
Sussex Regiment.—Wounded
Zand River

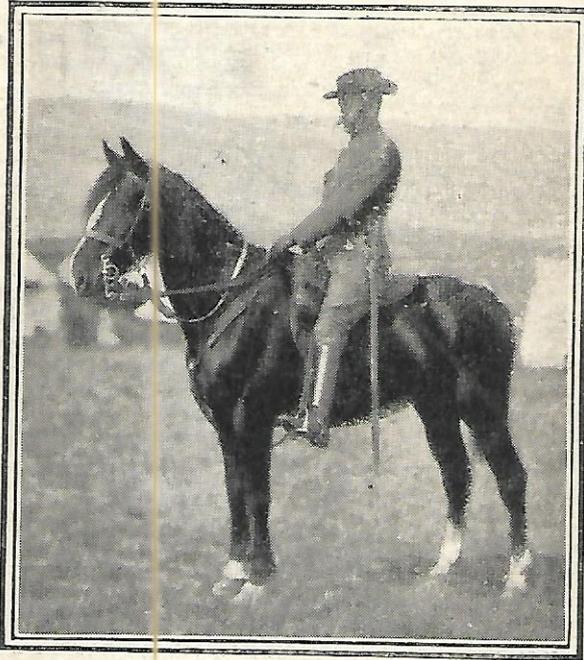


Lt. W. B. Everton, Prince
Albert's Guards.—Treacher-
ously wounded, Kroonstad



Sec.-Lt. McCutchan, Wilt-
shire Regiment.—Promoted
from the ranks

LIEUTENANT MACKAY, of the Natal Carabineers, whose portrait we publish on this page, was severely wounded at the battle of Colenso, a bullet passing through his jaws just under the eyes. He was brought in under a heavy fire by Trooper Farmer, for which brave deed the trooper was recommended by General Buller for the V.C. Having made a marvellous recovery Lieutenant Mackay rejoined his regiment at the front, and entered Ladysmith with Lord Dundonald. He is the only son of Mr. Alex. Mackay, LL.D., editor of the *Educational News*, of Edinburgh.



Lieut.-Col. Mackay, of the Natal Carabineers. (See paragraph on this page)

QUARTERMASTER - SERGEANT A. STOYLE, R.A., whose portrait also appears on this page, had a marvellous escape from death at Modder River. He wrote to Messrs. Kendal and Dent, the watchmakers of Cheap-side, to the effect that during the battle a watch of theirs he was wearing deflected a bullet, which must otherwise have penetrated his heart. He was wounded twice in the same fight but happily is now back to duty.

FIFTY of the Gordon Highlanders, under Captain Towse, were surrounded near Thaba N'chu, during the recent operations, by 250 Boers, who demanded their surrender. For reply, the gallant Gordons made a charge and swept the enemy away at the point of the bayonet; but, unfortunately, Captain Towse was blinded in both eyes by the enemy's fire. It will be recalled by history readers that John, King of Bohemia, who had become blind in 1340, fell fighting at the Battle of Cressy on August 26th, 1346.

By the recent appointment of Sir N. B. Chamberlain there are now eight British Field-Marschals, and the first ever promoted to that position in this country was, it may be noted, the Duke of Argyll, in 1736. The French title of Marshal dates from 1436, but it was Napoleon, about 1800, who brought it into full use. Of the twenty men who became his greatest Marshals, only a couple had received a fair education. Murat was a waiter to his father, an innkeeper, yet he became King of Naples!



Sec.-Lt. B. E. Cummings,
R.S.A.—Died of enteric,
Dielfontein



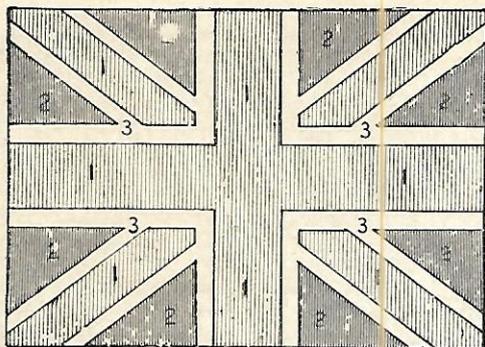
Sec.-Lt. N. V. Stoddart, Liver-
pool Regiment.—Promoted
from Corpl. and Camerons



Sergt. Currie, of the Cape
Police, who Distinguished
himself at Mafeking



Quartermaster-Sergeant A.
Stoyte, R.A. (See para-
graph on this page)



Design for a Patriotic Flower-bed. (See paragraph)

AN IMPROVED STRETCHER.

So many laudatory notices of our arrangements in the field for collecting the wounded have appeared recently that one might be pardoned for supposing that those arrangements were almost perfect. Unfortunately the opposite is the case. We are far behind the Boers even in methods of removing the wounded from the fire zone. The Boers use, among other things, carts fitted with easy springs, while we still retain the lumbering, springless cart that jolts and jars the wounded squirming in agony. This state of affairs will remain so long as there are apologists of a rotten system. Again, our stretchers—we are not talking of the Indian doolies—are of the most antiquated kind—so heavy and cumbersome that the carrying of one is a day's work alone for two men. The weight (34 lb.) is almost doubled by the unhandy shape.

However, in this matter Canada has again shown the way by adopting the "Oliver" collecting stretchers. This stretcher is the invention of Lieut.-Colonel W. S. Oliver (Hon. Deputy-Surgeon-General), Royal Army Medical Corps, at present stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and was adopted some time ago by the Canadian Militia, a contingent of which is now in South Africa.

The "Oliver" stretcher weighs only 53 oz., as compared with the 34 lb. of the cumbersome stretcher now in use, and consequently it is much more easily distributed along the firing line—that is, where only three of the heavy stretchers could be dodged up behind the line by six men, half a dozen "Olivers" could be distributed by one man. As seen in the sketch, it can be carried transversely or in the usual manner, and on this account it is specially suited to mountain warfare. Dr. Oliver has successfully designed it for the special purpose of quickly removing the wounded to a place of temporary safety or to the collecting station.

The stretcher is made of strong duck, and as it embraces and steadies the patient it also acts as a splint to his body and limbs. The poles are of bamboo, 5 feet 8 inches long, projecting 4 inches at either end beyond the duck. At the sides, 20 inches apart, are four hand spaces, by which the bearers can lift the stretcher transversely if so desired.

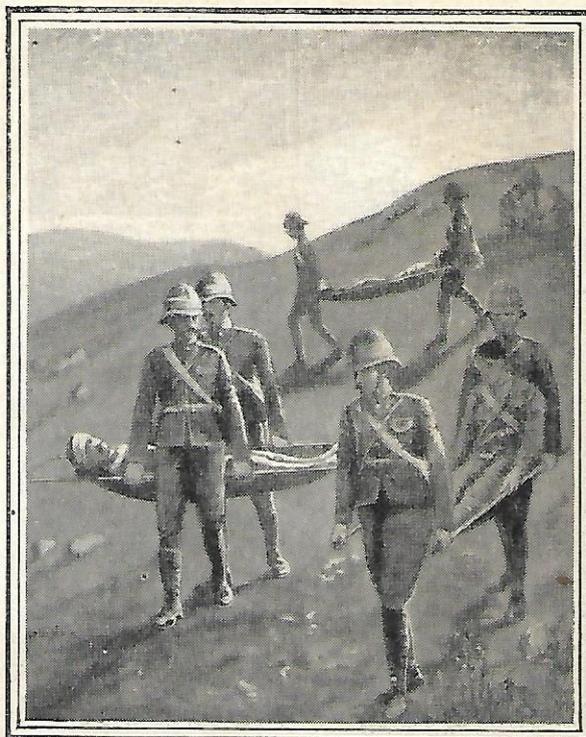
The only precautions necessary in the use of the "Oliver" are that in wounds of the leg or foot the patient would need to be carried in a sitting position, head and back resting against the bearer's body. For all other injuries the patient would be placed recumbent and carried either transversely, the bearers being in step, or in the usual manner. Of course, it is well known that bearers carrying a patient in the ordinary manner "break the step"—that is, march out of step so as to keep the stretcher steady. The various methods of carrying are shown by the illustrations. The "Oliver," it is to be hoped, will be adopted by the R.A.M.C. If such a consummation is brought about, the Director-General will receive the devout blessings of many a weary poultice-wallah.

"We all feel here," writes J. H. G., one of our Inverness readers, "that Cronje deserves a less historic prison ground than St. Helena. Why not shunt him to Ascension?" He then delivers the remainder of his sentiments in the following verse:—

Asked the shade of Napoleon the Great,
 "Who is this that would tarnish my state?"
 "He's a Modder-bed Boer,
 Sans sword or Vierkleur,
 Over-honoured in sharing thy Fate."

MRS. ALICIA NEEDHAM has arranged the old melody of "The Wearin' of the Green" to Miss Isabel Sullivan's poem, "By Order of the Queen." The verses have been sung three times by Mr. Iver McKay at the Albert Hall, and on the first two occasions he received the only encore of the evening. Mr. Charles Magrath has also sung it at the Empire Theatre, Miss Lucy Clarke at the Palace, and Miss Lillie Williams at the St. James's Hall. The song is published by Messrs. Novello and Co. Our readers will doubtless remember Mr. W. M. Elkington's stirring verses, "The British Volunteer," which appeared in our pages a few weeks ago. We are pleased to see that they have now been set to appropriate music by Atkin Furnage, and are published in London by Messrs. Swan and Co.

MANY people will be having recourse to the instructive pages of *Cassell's Pocket Gardener* at this time of the year, for the handy little book is full of useful information and hints. On this page we reproduce a patriotic design for bedding, which can be worked out in hyacinths or other flowers. It is for an oblong bed, and represents the British Flag. It will be best carried out in double hyacinths, filling the portions marked 1 with scarlet, those marked 2 with dark blue, and the remaining portions 3 with white varieties. It can be easily arranged, and will prove very bright and effective.



The "Oliver" patent Collecting Stretcher in the field
 (Drawn by G. D. Rowlandson)

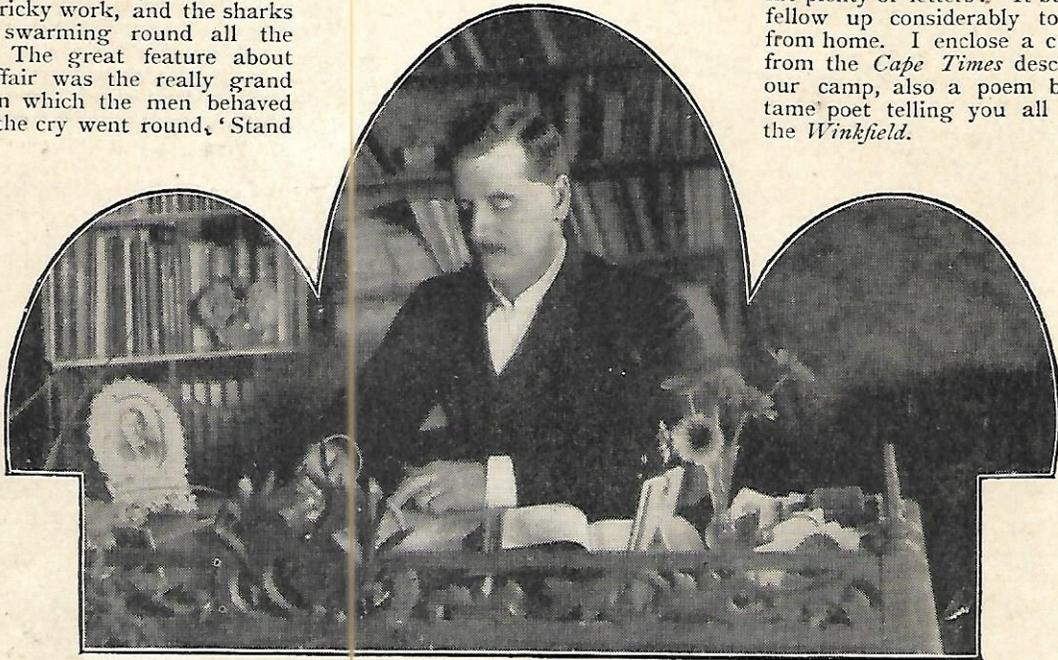
LETTERS ON THE WAR

THE MISHAP TO THE TRANSPORT "WINKFIELD"

MR. G. G. INKERSOL, a member of the Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital Force in South Africa, writes as follows from Green Point Camp, Cape Town, under date April 16th:—"Just a few lines while I have the opportunity before we go to the front. We expect and hope to go on Wednesday, but it is not certain. I suppose you have seen all about our collision in the papers. I sent you the *Cape Times* last week with an account of the smash. Also a photograph of the bows of the *Winkfield*, which I hope you will get safely. It was an awful experience. Just think. Half-past one in the morning, a dense fog and a very heavy sea running, and not knowing for half an hour whether we were going down or not. Volunteers were called for to man the boats so as to save the passengers and mails, and, of course, I was in that game, and had five or six hours of the hardest work I have ever had in my life. It was very tricky work, and the sharks were swarming round all the time. The great feature about the affair was the really grand way in which the men behaved when the cry went round, 'Stand

about the end of August. I want to go through the campaign, of course, and I want to see some fighting, but I shan't be sorry to get back to dear old England. No place like the old country in the whole world after all. I shall be glad to move up. Cape Town is rather dull. I climbed Lion's Head yesterday. It is a tricky mountain, next to Table Mountain, and one gets a grand view from the top. I was inoculated for typhoid on the way out. It makes you awfully ill for three or four days, really bad, and I would not go through it again for £10. Several men fainted repeatedly and were much worse than I was. I think my constitution is strong, and if I can only dodge the bullets I shall be all serene. We have had men down with dysentery already, but nothing touches me up to the present. There is really no news and won't be until we get with Roberts, so you must not mind a short letter. Will

you send some papers and write me plenty of letters? It bucks a fellow up considerably to hear from home. I enclose a cutting from the *Cape Times* describing our camp, also a poem by our tame poet telling you all about the *Winkfield*.



The Rev. Adrian Hofmeyer, the nephew of Mr. J. H. Hofmeyer, the founder of the Bond, who was recently released from prison in Pretoria. In spite of his relations he is a "Progressive," and an ardent admirer of Rhodes, as you may gather from the photo beside him. In consequence, he is "thoroughly hated" by the Dutch. Besides being an eloquent speaker and an all-round athlete, he has done good pioneer work in Mashonaland and the Ngami district. This portrait, which is considered the best ever taken of him, shows him in his study at Prince Albert, Cape Colony. (Photo by Charles Scott, now of Bradford)

to your boats!' The chaps simply got out of their hammocks, collared their boots, &c., and walked quietly to their stations. There was not the slightest rush or disorder, and everyone was a true man. Our Major came below the next day and thanked all of us, told us we were real men and said he was proud of us. He went up the hatchway muttering 'Damned good sorts' all the way. We are under canvas now, of course, and have jolly hard work and rotten grub, but somehow we don't seem to mind. Our tent is the best in the camp. All medical students and real good chaps we shall stick together all through the campaign. We have a lot of Boer prisoners in this camp. They howl weird hymns, have dysentery and look awful villains. The general opinion here is that the war will be over in two months from the time Roberts moves. I know that heaps of men are being and have been sent to Feira and Aliwal North, and it seems to me that Roberts is gradually surrounding the Boers and will collar them as he did Cronje. I think if all goes well that I shall be home

"Well, *au revoir*. Our camp sports are just about to commence, and I am in for the mile and also the three-legged race with a mad Irishman who is in our tent." Truly, the breezy spirit of the buccaneers of old has not died out among us yet, for it is contained in every sentence of this letter. Indeed, it is always cropping up in the epistles of the gentlemen in khaki.

A WEARY BROTHER BOER

THE following letter from a Boer shows the writer's anxiety to have done with the war:—"Artillery Corps Hoofdlaager, April 5th, 1900.—Beloved Pa,—I am sick of fighting, and should like to come back to the farm, but I am held by the law. . . . Our supplies still come in good quantity from Delagoa Bay, through Pretoria, but we hear that trouble has risen with the Portuguese and Raad meets on May 7th to consider a serious matter. The Raad members in and about the laager are to go back. We have much ammunition, but the English never come. The English come slowly, be-

cause they have so many foot soldiers. Joubert and Cronje are gone from us. That is bad for us. Oom Paul has been here. He is going round the laagers and has much to say when he speaks. He told us the English have stated they mean to take our independence. This has made the burghers wrathful and full of fight. The Vaal River will be a bloody crossing if they ever get up. We are to have big guns from further back (Pretoria?) in place of Cronje's buried ones. Dear Pa, they are singing a new song in laager since the President went away—

"Ta-ra-ra
Oom Paul het'n vark gery
Afgeval en zeerkop geky
Ta-ra-ra.

Good-day, Pa.—Your beloved Son," &c.

95 per cent. are Scotsmen—all Scotland being open to the regiment for recruiting. The other statement about Major Campbell's promotion is also incorrect. The regiment had no officers at all killed at Omdurman. At the Atbara, however, it had one captain and one major (Findlay and Urquhart) killed, and one major (Napier) died of wounds. Campbell was a subaltern at the time. His is a brevet majority. There are also several men in both battalions named Cameron, including four officers. I remember a photo being taken at Malta in 1893 of twenty to thirty 'Camerons.'

"BOBS" THE BAGMAN.

A LIVERPOOL Shipowner, writing to the *Journal of Commerce*, suggests that the following advice-note



In happier days: A souvenir of ex-President Steyn's last visit to Heilbron, which the Free Staters would have made their fourth capital had not Ian Hamilton been too quick for them. This took place only last year, when he opened the railway extension. In this photograph the famous sprinting President is seen standing on the front of the engine, whence he is addressing the crowd of worthy burghers who surround him.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

THE interest in the Cameron Highlanders seems quite exceptional. One of our readers at Gibraltar sends us the following interesting letter:—

"The statement that the 79th 'consists largely of Englishmen' is not correct. There are only about 200—if that now. When the regiment went to Malta at the beginning of 1892, England was opened to them for recruiting for a short time, as they were considerably under strength, and it was at that time that the 200 to 300 Englishmen enlisted. Since then over 90 per cent. of the men who have enlisted have been Scotsmen. The 2nd Battalion (now at Gibraltar) was started in April, 1897, and received its 8th company at Aldershot in April last year. Its strength is now 835, and about

might appropriately be sent to Messrs. Kruger and Steyn:—

DEAR SIR,—Our traveller, Mr. Roberts, is in your immediate neighbourhood, and will have great pleasure in waiting upon you; if you can make it convenient to meet him, you will doubtless get more than you want. Mr. Roberts has a large and choice selection of ironmongery with him, and a special line in bunting, which has gone very well in Bloemfontein, and which he purposes shortly to show you in Pretoria. We have large orders for this bunting from all parts of the world, and believe it will give the same satisfaction in your neighbourhood that it has given to all our other customers.

"Yours obediently,

"SALISBURY AND Co."

A DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

WITHIN the limits of the summary of the war which we published last week it was not possible to include anything in the nature of a detailed account of the events of the Siege of Mafeking. Inasmuch as our readers seem anxious for a fuller diary, and the story of Baden-Powell's heroic defence is perhaps the brightest page in the history of the campaign, we take the opportunity to set on permanent record the more prominent events of the memorable Siege. It will be borne in mind that "B.-P." was completely hemmed in on October 13th, 1899, his forces consisting of some 660 trained men of the Protectorate Regiment and British South Africa Police, besides Colonials. The total number of whites was approximately 1,150 men, 400 women and 300 children; the balance of the population including some 7,000 natives.



Major-General "B.-P.'s" Autograph

FROM OCTOBER 14th TO THE END OF DECEMBER, 1899

OCTOBER

SATURDAY, 14TH.—Patrol under Lord Charles Cavendish Bentinck and an armoured train under Captain Williams successfully engage the Boers, driving them back.

TUESDAY, 17TH.—Captain FitzClarence with sixty men make a bayonet charge at midnight into the nearest of the enemy's entrenchments, doing considerable execution.

SATURDAY, 21ST.—"B.-P." reports a four hours' bombardment of the town, with the result—"one dog killed."

TUESDAY, 31ST.—The B.S.A. Police make a brilliant defence of Cannon Kopje under Colonel Walford.

NOVEMBER

WEDNESDAY, 1ST.—After a heavy bombardment Cronje calls upon the town to surrender. "B.-P.," who was sleeping when the summons arrived, replies, "I will let you know when we have had enough."

THURSDAY, 2ND.—Mr. E. G. Parslow, the *Daily Chronicle* war correspondent, killed by Lieutenant Murchison.

TUESDAY, 21ST.—Boers creep nearer the town, and the "position grows daily more serious." Citizens lie day and night in wet trenches, not daring to put their heads above the breastworks for fear of sharpshooters.

DECEMBER

SUNDAY, 3RD.—"B.-P." advises the burghers to go home and give up a hopeless task.

MONDAY, 4TH.—Boers send in a 5-pounder shell containing a playful message, concluding, "Don't drink all the whisky. Leave some for us when we get in." "B.-P." replies that they will never get into the town by sitting down and looking at it.

TUESDAY, 12TH.—Lady Sarah Wilson, a prisoner, is exchanged for Viljoen, a notorious ex-convict.

MONDAY, 25TH.—The garrison consumed a ton of Christmas pudding.

TUESDAY, 26TH.—Gametree Fort is unsuccessfully attacked by garrison. Captains Vernon and Sandford and Lieutenant Porton are killed, together with seventeen men, while three men are taken prisoners.

1900—THE SAVING OF THE FLAG

JANUARY

WEDNESDAY, 3RD.—The Boers shell the women's laager, one little girl being killed and two other children injured.

WEDNESDAY, 10TH.—Boer fire kills a woman.

WEDNESDAY, 17TH.—Enemy pushed back on three sides well out of rifle shot, and grazing is opened for cattle on the east side. A boy named Brown is killed in the women's laager. Rations reduced.

THURSDAY, 25TH.—Boers put a 94-pounder shell through the convent used as a convalescent hospital.

MONDAY, 29TH.—Enemy's camp is shelled with complete success, and next morning Boer laager is moved back two miles.

WEDNESDAY, 31ST.—Skirmish with three of the enemy's guns. Town is bombarded from all sides.

FEBRUARY

FRIDAY, 2ND.—Telegraphic communication is restored from the north to Gaberones. Snyman "practically admits" that he ordered the shelling of the women's and children's laagers on January 27th. So "B.-P." establishes temporary premises for the Boer prisoners in the laager and hospital to protect those places.

MONDAY, 12TH.—Mr. Ball, a well-known citizen, is killed.

SATURDAY, 17TH.—Boers are reported to be leaving the district to oppose Plumer near Gaberones.

SUNDAY, 18TH.—Garrison settles down to horseflesh diet but is as determined as ever.

THURSDAY, 22ND.—"B.-P.'s" forty-third birthday. Diphtheria breaks out in the women's laager, into which Boers fire siege guns.

SATURDAY, 24TH.—Boers direct protracted assault on the town, but are driven off at all points.

SUNDAY, 25TH.—Message of encouragement is received from the Queen.

WEDNESDAY, 28TH.—A big shell bursts in the editor's room of the *Mafeking Mail*, but no harm is done.

MARCH

TUESDAY, 6TH.—The siege is prosecuted with the greatest energy. Boers claim to have captured another fort close to the town.

MONDAY, 12TH.—Plumer, with relief force, advances within forty-eight miles of the town. The Baralongs in Mafeking make an independent sortie and harass the Boers.

FRIDAY, 16TH.—Plumer's relief column at Lobatsi is hotly attacked.

FRIDAY, 23RD.—The enemy abandon their fortified positions at the brickfields, which are occupied by the British and dismantled.

SATURDAY, 24TH.—Boers prepare an ambush, but "B.-P." is not to be drawn.

MONDAY, 26TH.—The Boers' siege gun is silenced by British fire.

TUESDAY, 27TH.—The town very short of food, but not so closely invested as before. "B.-P." replies to congratulatory telegram from Ladysmith.

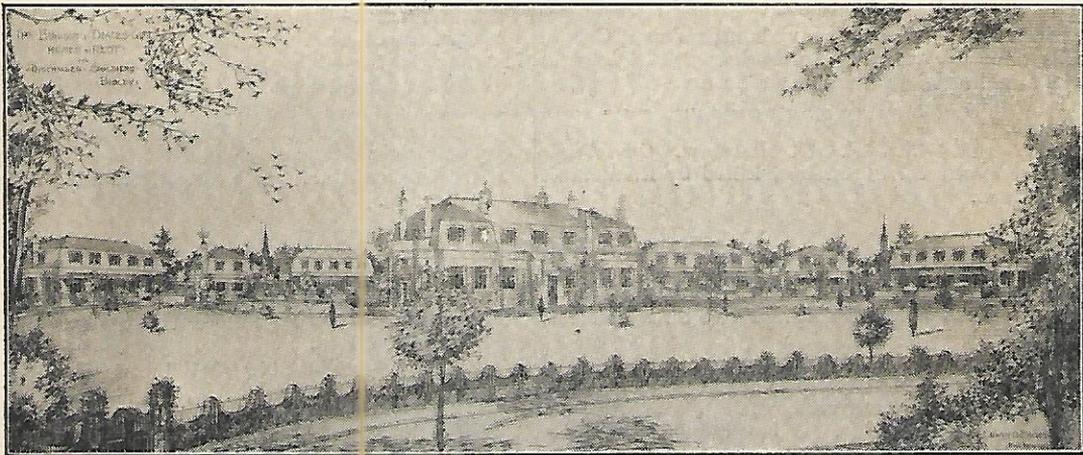
SATURDAY, 31ST.—A sortie from Mafeking and a simultaneous attack by Plumer's cavalry in the vicinity of Ramathlabama is reported by the Boers to have been repulsed. Plumer retires to his base, having lost three officers and seven men killed, and eleven missing.

APRIL

- SUNDAY, 8TH.—Lieutenant Smithen returns to Plumer, having got through the Boer lines with Imperial dispatches for "B.-P."
- WEDNESDAY, 11TH.—Enemy shell the town for five hours with eight guns and two Maxims—the heaviest bombardment so far. A small attacking force advances against Fort Abiams, but is repulsed, leaving five dead on the field.
- FRIDAY, 13TH.—Plumer tries to get a herd of cattle to the garrison, but fails. Most of the forty cattle boys are shot, the wounded being butchered by the enemy. Rations are further reduced.
- SATURDAY, 14TH.—Boers shell the town with six guns for an hour.
- SUNDAY, 15TH.—Thirteen native women endeavour to get away at night, but are fired on by the Boers, who kill nine.
- THURSDAY, 19TH.—Boers withdraw their siege gun and institute a hand-to-hand cordon. Native women attempting to pass through Boer lines are butchered in cold blood.
- FRIDAY, 20TH.—A message is received from Lord Roberts asking the gallant little garrison to hold out till May 18th.
- MONDAY, 23RD.—Horse sausages are issued for the first time to-day.
- WEDNESDAY, 25TH.—Enemy make another attack on the south front, but, mistrusting silence of garrison, eventually withdraw.

MAY

- SATURDAY, 5TH.—Boers report skirmishes outside Mafeking, British losing one soldier and three natives killed. The enemy keep up heavy volley firing on a funeral party.
- SUNDAY, 6TH.—Plumer communicates with Mafeking by carrier pigeon.
- MONDAY, 7TH.—"B.-P." reports: "All well. Fever decreasing. Garrison cheerful and food will last until June 10th."
- WEDNESDAY, 9TH.—Relief column reaches Vryburg, proceeding night and day by forced marches.
- SUNDAY, 13TH.—A storming party of Boers 250 strong, led by Eloff, rush the pickets, getting into the Stad and Protectorate Camp; and are cut off, ten being killed and 108 taken prisoners, including Eloff and nine officers. Our losses six killed.
- TUESDAY, 15TH.—Northern column, [consisting of Plumer's Colonials, and Canadian and Queensland contingents furnished by Carrington, join hands with Mahon's flying column from the south—which consists of Imperial Light Horse, Diamond Fields Horse, and detachments of Canadian Artillery—at Jan-Nassibes, twenty miles west of Mafeking.
- WEDNESDAY, 16TH.—Combined relieving forces attack enemy, inflicting severe defeat with the slight loss of three killed.
- THURSDAY, 17TH.—Siege raised after 216 days; relieving columns entering the town in the early morning.



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CORRESPONDENCE

- H. D. (Woolwich).—We agree with you concerning the invaluable services rendered by Colonel Gironde, R.E., in this campaign in making and repairing railways, &c., and trust that at some future date we may have sufficient space at our disposal to give a portrait of him.
- J. M. (Greenock).—The answer to your first question is in the negative. Thanks for your suggestion with regard to our correspondents.
- J. M'C. (Glasgow).—We are glad to seize the opportunity afforded by the receipt of your letter to point out that the proportion of prisoners of war taken so far is vastly in favour of the British, and, we are sure, it will continue to become more and more so as we get nearer Pretoria.
- G. B. writes as follows:—"In *Black and White Budget* for May 19th there is a short notice of Major-General Hector A. Macdonald. In this it is stated that the name of his birthplace is 'Mulbuie,' and that the meaning of this Gaelic word is the 'Black Mars.' This interpretation of 'Mulbuie' is, I venture to say, wrong. 'Mull' in Gaelic means a height or headland, and 'buie' stands for yellow. The true meaning therefore of 'Mulbuie' will be the 'yellow mount.'"
- J. C. (of Inverary) also writes:—" 'Mulbuie' means the yellow head, or headland, 'buie' meaning yellow, and 'mul' or 'mull' headland—see instance in Mull of Kintyre, Island of Mull, a high bold island. Black is 'Dubh' or sometimes Anglicised 'Dhu'—see Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Roderick Dhu.'"
- S. D. H. L. L. (Paisley).—The name beneath the photograph published in our issue of May 12th, which read Private David Mills, should have read Corporal David Miller.
- W. P. W. (Acton).—Thank you for your suggestion, which will receive due consideration.

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