

# BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET

VOL. II.—No. 19.]  
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Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert C. O. Plumer has had some previous experience of South African warfare, though last time he was leading his Mounted Rifles against the natives in 1896. He is forty-three years old, and fought in Egypt in 1884, getting more than the usual number of distinctions. He is keeping the Boers in order in the Gaberones, and is expected to relieve Mafeking shortly—if he has not done it already

OF NUMBER 18

## BLACK &amp; WHITE BUDGET

*the First Printing Order was*

600,000

St. Paul's Cathedral, to the top of the Cross, is 404 feet high.

No. 18, stacked, makes a column eight and a-quarter times higher than St. Paul's.

Placed end to end, last week's issue reached from London to Bournemouth. Look at a map and see what this means.

Week by week we shall show how the BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET column grows, and St. Paul's becomes smaller.

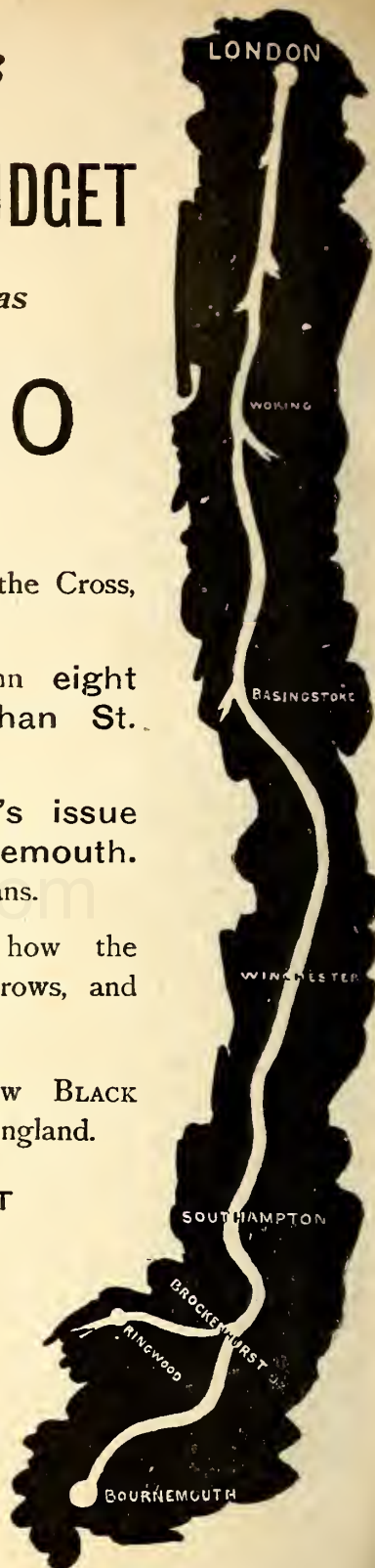
Week by week we shall show how BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET extends through England.

AND WE SHALL NOT STOP AT

600,000



ST. PAUL'S

LONDON TO  
BOURNEMOUTH

The portraits in this Budget are by as follows:—Lieut. Champion de Crespigny, Bassano; Drivers Wright, Woodward, Nugent, Hawkins, Knight; Lieut.-Col. Buchanan-Riddell, Barnett; Col. Plumer, Bassano. All the pictures are by Our Special Correspondents, with the exception of types on board the "Winifredian," which is by Priestley and Sons.

600,000 Black & White Budgets stacked make a column  $8\frac{1}{4}$  times the height of St. Paul's which is 404 feet high.

## “BLUE-LIGHT BOBS”

MORE details of the defence of, and retirement from, Spion Kop have come to hand since last week. It appears that it was Colonel Thorneycroft, of the Mounted Infantry, who succeeded General Woodgate in command of the force which had seized the hill-top, and that he defended the position, while it appeared tenable, with conspicuous gallantry and courage, and that he retired at the right moment, in the right manner, and with the approval of a General whose praise is worth having. Colonel Thorneycroft—or Major Thorneycroft, as he still is officially—has added by this service to laurels won in the Zulu and previous Transvaal wars.

The whole retreat south of the Tugela was conducted in the same masterly manner. There was no panic. The enemy, taught to respect us, were not allowed to press. General Lyttelton, with the Light Brigade, held the head of the bridge, and, when all the troops had crossed, himself followed. The whole movement was carried out as if on the parade-ground.

What is to be the next move in Natal we cannot say. We can only hope that Sir Redvers Buller will be as good as his (reported) word. If he does not succeed it will not be for want either of precaution or of skill. It will merely mean that the enemy are too many and in too good a position for us. The Intelligence Department in Natal, ably organised by Colonel Sandbach, has been providing us with some interesting information as to the strength and disposition of the Boer forces. It appears that 7,000 men are watching Ladysmith, and that the same number are occupying the trenches that lie across General Buller's path; while 5,000 are being kept in reserve. That is to say, 12,000 men will meet our army whenever it attacks on ground of their own choosing. To dislodge them would require—according to modern military theory—36,000 men. Yet troops have ceased passing from Cape Town to Durban. Can it be that the relief of Ladysmith—the comparatively trivial importance of which we pointed out last week—has been abandoned in favour of some larger and bolder plan? It looks like it.

Yet there is no need to take it for granted that because Lord Roberts is planning a march to Bloemfontein General Buller need remain idle. He has 35,000 men with him, and there are 10,000 shut up in Ladysmith. The Boers in Natal are the flower of their army. It is obviously the cue of the British General to keep these men occupied. A turning movement on the East

might be as unsuccessful as the turning movement on the West, but it will not be action wasted if it is carried out with the same dash and determination. At the least the Boers will suffer and be chained to Natal, while they are itching to look after the unexpected movements about Colesberg and on the Free State Border. At the most Ladysmith will be relieved. Let us hope for the most.

Whatever may be the reason, the Boers in Natal are getting anxious. Every available bit of cannon from Pretoria has been sent to the front, and the forts in the Transvaal capital are said to be completely denuded.

The Boers are also said to be removing guns from Magersfontein to Norval's Pont. This bridge is on the line from Colesberg to Bloemfontein. The Boers seem to be expecting an advance in that direction, and as far as we can see they will not be disappointed. General Brabant, whom Lord Roberts has made a Brigadier-General, made a speech the other day at Queenstown, the base for Sterkstroom and the Stormberg district, which made it clear that the north of the Cape was going to see the development of a big attacking plan of the Field-Marshal. “The glutton for fighting,” he said, “will be amply satisfied.” Generals French, Kelly-Kenny and Gatacre are in splendid positions to clear the way for an advance into the Free State. They ought to be able to command the Orange River at more points than one. “Bobs” is evidently going to give the soldiers a big lead soon, and they will be glad to take it.

“E's the Duke of ‘Aggy Chel,”  
E's the man as done us well,  
And we'll follow him to 'ell,  
Our Bobs.”

No confirmation has come of the relief of Mafeking, but it appears that all is well with the “healthy and cheerful” garrison. Kimberley still stands, and may yet be the first to be relieved, if it be true that “Fighting Mac” is moving. Cronje, like Joubert, seems uncertain whether to keep all his men to hold Lord Methuen in check or to go off to prevent the invasion of the Free State. Whatever move the Boers make, they will uncover a line of attack. By the 1st of March we shall have more than one hundred thousand men in South Africa. This number of men ought to be able to take advantage of such a dilemma, especially under the direction of “Blue-light Bobs.”

## NOTES O' WAR

THE war is apparently not a hardship for everybody. A private in the Durban Light Infantry has written home to his parents in England to the effect that, though he has been roughing it and has slept in his boots for a month, he weighs 11 st. 8 lb. against only 10 st. 4 lb. when he started! A member of the Natal Mounted Police writes home that he is now as hard as iron, and that "the experience has done me good physically." It is the same warrior who, speaking of our soldiers when fighting said, "In the moment of battle there is something God-like in those men; their faces change to iron, and they seem like Fate itself."

It is stated on good authority that one of the dead artillerymen of the two batteries captured at Colenso had no fewer than sixty-four wounds on him! This gives one an idea of the hell that existed round those guns. According to a Pretoria telegram a Boer at Colesberg, who was killed by a shell, had twenty wounds on him. A few years ago, during the Indian frontier wars, a Sepoy received thirty-one wounds, and, what is more wonderful, still lived to receive the Chitral relief medal! It takes a lot to kill a Sepoy, however, and the brave fellows will do anything so long as there is a medal at the end of it.

THE Lancashire regiments have been the greatest sufferers at Spion Kop; the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers lost 39 officers and men killed and 98 wounded; the 2nd Lancaster Regiment lost 34 killed and 98 wounded; and the 1st South Lancashire lost 5 killed and 23 wounded. These three old and famous regiments have fought together on previous occasions, notably at Vittoria, under Wellington, in 1813. The Fusiliers (20th Foot) dates from the year 1688, the Lancasters (4th Foot) from 1680, and the South Lancshires (40th Foot) from 1717. During the Spion Kop fight the 2nd Middlesex (77th Foot) lost 23 killed and 62 wounded. It dates from the year 1787.

MAJOR CHILDE, who was killed at Spion Kop, had, it will be remembered, a strong presentiment that he was going to fight his last fight, and asked that the following epitaph be placed over his grave: "Is it well with the child? It is well" (2nd Kings, 4th chap., xxvi. verse). Sir John Astley told a similar Crimean story. It was just before an attack, and "Crow" Corbet went to Sir John, who says, "I think I never saw so sudden a change come over a brave man. He took me on one side and said, 'I feel a strong presentiment that I shall be killed before morning. Will you take care of my Derby winnings when they arrive?' I did all I knew to cheer him up, but all to no purpose. When the storming party fell in he wrung my hand. We never met again."

WHEN the Boers were firing so heavily on the unfortunate batteries at Colenso, our gunners, though their ranks were thinning every minute, affected to make "catches" of the spent shells as in cricket, at the same time crying out "How's that, umpire?" In Sir John Astley's reminiscences, there is a capital story of the same sort. It was at Sebastopol, and Sir John's regi-

ment was going into action when a round shot came bounding along. The ranks opened to let the ball go through, when Astley shouted to some one called Duff, the regimental wicket-keeper at cricket, "Duff! you are keeping wicket; you ought to have taken that." Duff turned round and said, "No, sir! It had a bit too much pace on, and I thought you were long stop, and I left it for you." This banter occurred when they were marching into a battle in which many, including Duff, were killed!

AFTER a battle, what the soldiers, wounded or otherwise, require is a joyous drink of water. After that dreadful day at Magersfontein, when the Highlanders lay in a blazing sun fearing to move, the demands for water were pathetic in the extreme. One of the Scots Guards states that some of the Highlanders offered tenpence for a drink of water. A large number, instead of waiting for the roll-call, wandered off in search of a spring, and they were consequently posted as "missing." A wounded man is always seized with a terrible thirst, which causes intense suffering.



The German idea of Lord Kitchener  
(From "Lustige Blätter")

THERE is only one regiment that has so many as four battalions at the front, and that is the old 60th Foot, or King's Royal Rifles. There are the 1st and 2nd Battalions with White in Ladysmith, the 3rd Battalion with Buller, and the 9th Militia recently arrived at Cape Town. Though now largely an Irish regiment, it was originally raised in America in 1755, and was called the 62nd Loyal American Provincials. It naturally saw considerable service in the War of Independence, and also went through the Peninsular War and the Indian Mutiny. The Rifles were at the Cape in 1850 when they fought the Kaffirs.

DISCUSSING the character of the wounds received on the battlefields in South Africa, a well-known surgeon has pointed out that experience of the present campaign would seem to show that the only absolutely fatal region is the heart. To even this, however, there are exceptions, for there is more than one man now living who has been shot through the heart. Colonel Sloggett, Military Director of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, has had the experience, and at the Battle of Omdurman he was laid out among the dead, and would have been buried had he not begun to show signs of life. In itself, the heart is a very tough piece of organism.

A SOMEWHAT amusing incident happened at the Colenso fight, of which an account is given from a soldier's letter from the front. The Boers started firing at the ambulance men, and though the bullets hailed around them, it did not prevent the men doing their duty. To show his contempt at the mean action, one of the men halted about half way, and in spite of the hundreds of bullets flying around, leisurely proceeded to light his pipe. Strange to say, not one of the party was hit. During the war of 1870, a Prussian cavalry regiment once galloped into action with all the troopers smoking pipes and cigars!

THE fact that the ammunition of our troops assaulting Spion Kop gave out at one time and allowed the enemy to come up to the point of the bayonet recalls an exploit of the 1st Wiltshire Regiment. When defending the Castle of Carrickfergus against the French in 1760, their ammunition gave out, so the Wiltshires forthwith tore the buttons off their uniforms and used them as bullets. For this deed they are now allowed to wear a splash on their buttons to commemorate the event.

It is safe to say that every other man met with in Cape Colony is a friend of the enemy. The recent

captain of the transport *Golconda*, taking the 3rd West Kent Regiment to Malta, shot himself when his ship arrived at its destination. Of all the great fleet of transports only two have been wrecked.

QUITE a thrill of pleasure ran through the public mind on reading that forty of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein, reported killed and buried by the enemy, are after all prisoners at Pretoria. At the War Office, of course, there will be several entries to renew. There was once a British soldier reported killed and crossed off the books, when it was found to be wrong. So the



Dr. Leyds

Dr. Leyds, Transvaal Representative in Europe, and his Secretary. Taken at his rooms at the Rue Scribe, Paris

clerk made the entry, "Died by mistake." Eventually, however, the man died in the hospital, so a fresh entry was made, viz., "Re-died by order."

ONE of the war correspondents tells a funny piece of news concerning the Boers around Ladysmith. In one of the camps men were being taught bayonet exercise with British Lee-Enfield captured at Dundee and elsewhere! The instructor was a captured sergeant of the Irish Fusiliers, who was giving his services under compulsion, needless to say. The spectacle of a sedate and undisciplined Dopper making a ferocious lunge at an imaginary enemy is enough to make a mute die of laughter!

A STATEMENT has been made that any captain of a transport could win £10,000 or more by agreeing to wreck his vessel. One captain is said to have accepted a first instalment of the money, and then to have resigned the command of his vessel and quietly disappeared. Just recently, it will be remembered, the

OXFORD UNIVERSITY is about to decree that all undergraduates who volunteer for South Africa shall be allowed to put off their "Honours Schools" for a year.

"GENERAL GATACRE is in the thick of everything, and knows a bit too, for he doesn't wear his medals, and goes about wearing an old slouch hat like a farmer." Thus writes an artillery-man. The logic is quaint, but the sentiment is excellent.

THE Free Staters hoisted their flag over the Town Hall at Dordrecht, but they did not intend to provide fancy handkerchiefs for the Cape Mounted Rifles. This is what they did, however, for the gallant Colonials soon had the flag down and cut up into little bits to serve each of the troopers as a souvenir of the little affair. The piece of flag which we reproduce to-day was obtained in this way. It was twelve feet by four.

THE week before last we published a photo of three brothers in the Imperial Yeomanry. They are not alone in their distinction. There are three brothers, T. G., W., and A. G. Abbotts, in the Staffordshire Company which sailed from Liverpool in the ss. *Cavona*, on January 28th. Seaton Carew, West Hartlepool, has also sent out three brothers of the name of Muers, in the Northumberland detachment of the Yeomanry. The eldest is a corporal, and the other

words sing well. Here is the second verse and the chorus:—

"Who are the boys leaving all behind them,  
True to the call have sailed far away?  
Fiercely fighting 'gainst odds next we find them,  
While wives and children, at home, weep and pray:  
Why the lads who form the thin red line,  
Foes cannot break, tho' they combine.  
Yes, the lads who form the thin red line,  
Foes cannot break, tho' they combine.

Then cheer for our noble Army, our Navy and Volunteers;

With sons so loyal, staunch and true, our Empire nothing fears;

By foes they are never daunted, to friends they are ever true,

So cheer! boys, cheer! for these lads so dear, the lads of the Red, White and Blue."

It will be observed that the chorus introduces the three branches of the service.

#### A PLEA FOR TOMMY'S DUMB FRIENDS.

*To the Editor of "Black and White Budget."*

DEAR SIR,—Can nothing be done to help the wives of those who are now serving at the Front, to enable



White

Piece of the Orange Free State Flag taken from the Court House, Dordrecht, by the Cape Mounted Rifles

Yellow

two privates. They are the only sons of their mother, who is a widow.

"NOT to fall into the hands of the Boers till empty" was the quaint legend written on the cases of plum-puddings sent to the Devons at Chieveley Camp.

A ROYAL ENGINEER with Lord Methuen writes an interesting account of some of his adventures. He describes the Modder River battle in a few words, but an incident that followed gives him an opportunity for an amusing little word-picture:—"We were just settling down," he says, "to a feed of fruit and boiled peas, when a shrapnel burst over our heads, wounding several of our men. The situation of peas and shrapnel was too funny for anything and we roared with laughter at the scramble that followed. When night came on it was found that we couldn't retire, so as we had not had a bite to eat since morning, we explored the farm and came across a lot of poultry and a bullock we had shot, so we had chicken and beef to last us several days."

AMONG the many things sent to the soldiers in South Africa, music was not forgotten, and proved most useful for camp sing-songs and entertainments. Messrs. Phillips and Page sent a supply of their new war song, "The Lads of the Red, White and Blue," composed by W. Fabian Rose, to the City of London Imperial Volunteers. The tune has a swing about it, and the

them still to keep their dear dogs at home, so that *they* may be amongst the "home party" to welcome the wanderers on their return home when "Peace" shall be proclaimed?

Could not the Revenue grant Free Licences to the dogs belonging to the men now so gallantly serving our country in the cause of justice and right in South Africa?

The men in letters home continually ask after their dogs, and now that the licences must be renewed, how can the poor wives pay the necessary 7s. 6d. for each licence?

Are they to lose their dumb friends as well as their gallant soldiers who have gone forth at duty's call? Will not the Revenue come forward in this matter, and help as they only can, and so preserve to the men the lives of their faithful and tried friends, and may I add that granting Free Licences will not be a financial loss to the Revenue, as it is feared that in many homes the dogs will have to be sacrificed, as the *poor* cannot pay the 7s. 6d.; therefore the Revenue will not lose by granting Free Licences, but will at the same time cause rejoicing in many a soldier's home?

Who has not derived comfort and help from the love and sympathy so unstintingly given by our dumb friends?

Yours,

THE DUMB FRIEND'S PLEADER.



Lieut. Alfred Burt, 3rd Drag. Guards—  
Too smart for the Boers, Rensburg, Jan. 25



Major Arthur Forde Pilson, R. Dublin  
Fusiliers—With Colonel Plumer



Lieut.-Col. R. G. Buchanan-Riddell, 3rd  
K.R.R.—Killed, Spion Kop, Jan. 24

### FACES AND FACTS

LIEUTENANT ALFRED BURT, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, was one too many for a party of Burghers near Rensburg on January 25th. He is General French's remount officer, and on this occasion was nearly cut off with his servant by twenty of the enemy. Instead of giving in, this gallant young officer actually captured one of the enemy, a Free Stater, and brought him safely into camp. Lieutenant Burt is twenty-five years of age.

MAJOR ARTHUR FORDE PILSON, of the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, is with Colonel Plumer's gallant little band that is harassing the enemy far away north in the country of the Gaborones, and is making periodical excursions into the Transvaal itself whereby it is laying up a vast store of information which it is hoped will be useful in the near future. Major Pilson knows something about warfare in South Africa, and especially in the districts in which he is now engaged, as he took part in quelling the native rising which followed Doctor Jameson's raid. For his able services in this matter he was mentioned in dispatches. He is just the kind of officer wanted in South Africa.

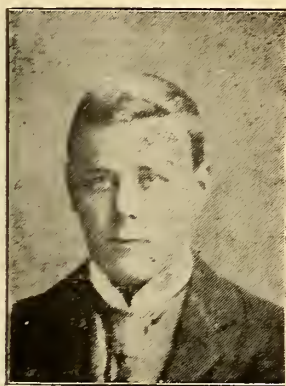
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT GEORGE BUCHANAN-RIDDELL, of the 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Captain Gilbert Macdonald Stewart, of the 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, were among those who fell in the stubborn attempt to hold Spion Kop on January 24th. Colonel Buchanan-Riddell was born in 1854, and entered the Army through the Militia a

quarter of a century ago. He had fought the Boers before in 1881 and was in Egypt in the following year, when he received the bronze star and a medal and clasp. He was also in the Soudan campaign of 1884. From 1890 to 1895 he was an Adjutant of Volunteers. The command of the 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps was given to him in December, 1898.

CAPTAIN STEWART had not seen active service, having been stationed at Malta almost ever since he entered the army in 1893. He was born in 1873, and obtained his company only last year.

AMONG the members of the Imperial Light Horse killed in the action in defence of Ladysmith, on January 6th, were Sergeant Arthur M. Robbins and Mr. E. W. Mocatta. Mr. Robbins, who was the only son of Colonel Robbins, R.A.M.C., was twenty-two years of age. He was educated at Westward Ho! College, North Devon, the celebrated seminary of "Stalky and Company," and joined the Imperial Light Horse in Pietermaritzburg. He also served for two years in the Cape Mounted Rifles.

MR. ERNEST W. MOCATA was the youngest son of Major-General D. Mocatta, late Bengal Staff Corps. He was in his twenty-eighth year, and was educated at Sedbergh School and at the Oxford Military College, Cowley. He had been four years in Durban, and was holding a good civil position when the war broke out, but he immediately threw in his lot with the gallant Colonial Corps. He was present at Elandsplaagte.



Serg. A. M. Robbins, I L.H.—Killed,  
Ladysmith, Jan. 6



E. W. Mocatta, I L.H.—Killed, Lady-  
smith, Jan. 6



Capt. G. M. Stewart, 2nd Lincs Fus.  
—Killed, Spion Kop, Jan. 24



Lieut. H. F. Pipe-Wolferston, 2nd K.O.S.B. — Killed, Spion Kop, Jan. 24



Lieut. Champion de Crespigny, 2nd Life Guards — Saved a trooper, Rensburg, Jan. 19 — Probable V.C.



Driver W. Wright, 7th R.F.A. — Wounded, recommended for Distinguished Service, Colenso

LIEUTENANT HUMPHREY FRANK PIPE-WOLFERSTON, of the 2nd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, who met his death at Spion Kop, was in his twenty-sixth year. He entered the Army in 1894 and saw his first service with the Chitral Relief Expedition in 1895, when he received the medal with clasp. In 1897-98 he distinguished himself with the Tirah Expeditionary Force in the operations on the North-West Frontier. For his services there he was mentioned in dispatches. He was regarded as a most promising young officer.

LIEUTENANT CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY is 27 years of age. He entered the 2nd Life Guards from the Militia five years ago, and got his lieutenant's commission in the following year. His recent gallant deed in rescuing a wounded trooper under a heavy fire has rightly been recognised as one of "most distinguished bravery." He will probably be one of the new V.C.'s. The gallant Colonel, his father, has just started for the front.

DRIVERS WOODWARD, WRIGHT, HAWKINS, and ALBERT NUGENT, of the 7th Royal Field Artillery, have won the great honour of a mention for distinguished service in General Buller's dispatch from Colenso. The last-named was unfortunately killed before this reward of his bravery.

THE Rector of Mafeking is the Rev. W. H. Weekes, a popular specimen of muscular Christianity, standing 6ft. 3½in. in his socks. He has written an interesting letter to *St. Sidwell's Parish Magazine*, Exeter, where he was formerly a curate, describing the siege. Sunday in the beleaguered town is thus described:—"Sunday makes a welcome change; the Boers never fire on that

day, and we are able to walk out as in peace times. Yesterday was the seventh Sunday since we were besieged. Sunday is spent in rather a Continental manner, and enlivened with concerts, and cricket, football and polo matches. However, as it is the only day when the men can stretch their legs, this cannot be avoided, and is indeed necessary. Of course I hold services as usual, but the congregations are not large."

WE mentioned last week with approbation the fact that the mill hands of a certain firm were engaged in making socks for the Tommies. It appears that the idea originated with the employees of Messrs. J. and P. Coats, and that these devoted girls absolutely refused the offer of their firm to supply them with wool for the purpose. The two firms between them have turned out 7,000 pairs of socks. To each pair of socks some little present is added—often a photo of the maker!

THOMAS ATKINS clothed in khaki appears to be a source of grave danger to cyclists at the Cape. He is not very conspicuous in daylight, but at night he appears to be positively invisible. The other day a lady was bruised by running into a soldier who was strolling back to camp on the cycle path at Cape Town.

THE use of cycles for war purposes seems impractical at present. At least no "cycle sections" have been made use of. The nearest to the field are the "Dukes," and they have been for a couple of months at Duffontein, just south of De Aar.

WE are glad to be able to say that there appears to be no truth in the report of the shooting of Englishmen in the market square at Harrismith. It is gratifying that we should not be fighting barbarians.



Driver Albert Nugent, 7th R.F.A. — Killed, recommended for Distinguished Service, Colenso



Driver C. J. Woodward — Recommended for Distinguished Service, Colenso



Driver A. C. Hawkins, 7th R.F.A. — Recommended for Distinguished Service, Colenso

COLONEL SAM B. STEELE, who is to command Strathcona's Horse, is the son of a Trafalgar hero who died some forty years ago. He is himself about fifty-two years of age, and is a man of magnificent physique, standing 6 ft. 3½ in. in his socks. At first he followed his father's career on the ocean, but border life had superior attractions for him. Upon the outbreak of the great Indian Rebellion in Canada, he did splendid work under the present Commander-in-Chief as leader of Steele's scouts. He received no fitting reward for his services, but the proverbially bad official memory did not forget him, and besides filling many other difficult and important posts, Colonel Steele was chosen for the difficult task of maintaining order in the Yukon District of the North-West. Amongst all the recriminations and abuse of officials in Dawson, Colonel Steele alone received the tribute of absolutely universal respect. There are throughout Canada thousands of his old troopers who would follow "Old Sam" (as he is lovingly called) through the gates of death, and there is but little doubt that those whom he is to lead to the front will prove worthy of his choice and of their country.

WHEN going into action the bravest man experiences a feeling which is hard to describe. "It is not exactly funk, you know," said one Guardsman after Omdurman, "but a kind o' shaky feeling, and you don't want to eat much. But when the firing commenced we didn't think of anything but killing." One of the correspondents calls it "fright fever," and says that it makes the victim helpless till the attack is over. A soldier writes home on the point, and says that he was scared nearly to death till a bullet went through his trousers, when he at once recovered and went to the front. Quite a little liver pill, in fact!

SIR REDVERS BULLER told his soldiers that the only order was "Advance," and that there was "No going back." As it happens, the last-mentioned phrase is the motto of the 5th Dragoon Guards, which are with White in Ladysmith. The motto is "Vestigia nulla retrosum," which in English can be expressed as follows: "There is no going back." The 2nd Dragoons, or Scots Greys, have as their motto, "Nemo me impune recusat," which means, "No one provokes me with impunity." Unfortunately, the enemy do not give the gallant Greys any opportunity of striking up a close acquaintance.

In our list of footballers at the front we certainly should not have omitted the name of Trooper-Sergeant "Jock" Gillespie, the brawny full-back of the Queen's Park Football Club, Scotland's premier amateur team. Few men are better known in Scottish football circles. A friend writes of him: "As a dashing horseman I should say he has few equals in his particular detachment of Yeomanry. A very giant in build and of a fearless disposition, he should give a good account of himself at the front."

WHEN the House of Commons met on Tuesday, January 30th, many well-known faces were missing, and in almost every case the war accounted for their absence. Chiefly, of course, the absentees were members of the Government. Amongst those who had gone or were proceeding to South Africa were Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett, Lord H. Bentinck, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Carlile, Mr. Cochrane, Lord A. Compton, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Sir J. Dickson Poynder, Mr. Douglas-Pennant, Mr. W. R. Greene, Captain A. Hill, Mr. Kemp, Mr. H. M'Calmont, Mr. Mildmay, Viscount Milton, Sir S. Scott, Mr. A. Stanley, Lord Stanley, Lord E. Talbot, Viscount Valentia, Sir Howard Vincent, and Major Wyndham-Quin. Mr. Pirie, Mr. W. Allen, and a few other members of the Opposition were also fighting their country's battles at the Cape.

THE lack of provision for Reservists at Aldershot seems almost worse than the Reading scandal to which we drew attention some weeks ago. It does not seem good policy, to say the least of it, to lay the foundation of ague and pneumonia in men about to start for the front by making them sleep in damp blankets, on floors and verandahs, and keeping them on parade for an hour in a cold fog and drizzle with only tropical serges on. As a result of this treatment the illness at the Cambridge Hospital for January has been double that of the same month last year. The East Lancashire alone had seventy-seven Reservists in hospital, and, it is stated, they have left a score behind unable to go out to the front. No doubt the difficulties have been enormous, but really this kind of thing is a little too bad.

CERTAIN members of the Militia regiment at Edinburgh Castle got an amusing rise out of a certain popular Yeomanry officer the other day. This gallant officer has a great belief in his own possibilities as a general, and this weakness afforded an opportunity to the choice spirits of the garrison. One of these rushed into his establishment, breathless with excitement. "O, Colonel So-and-So!" he said, "have you heard the news? You are ordered for active service

immediately!" The Colonel was ready but astonished. "Good heavens!" he said; "has Roberts been killed already?"

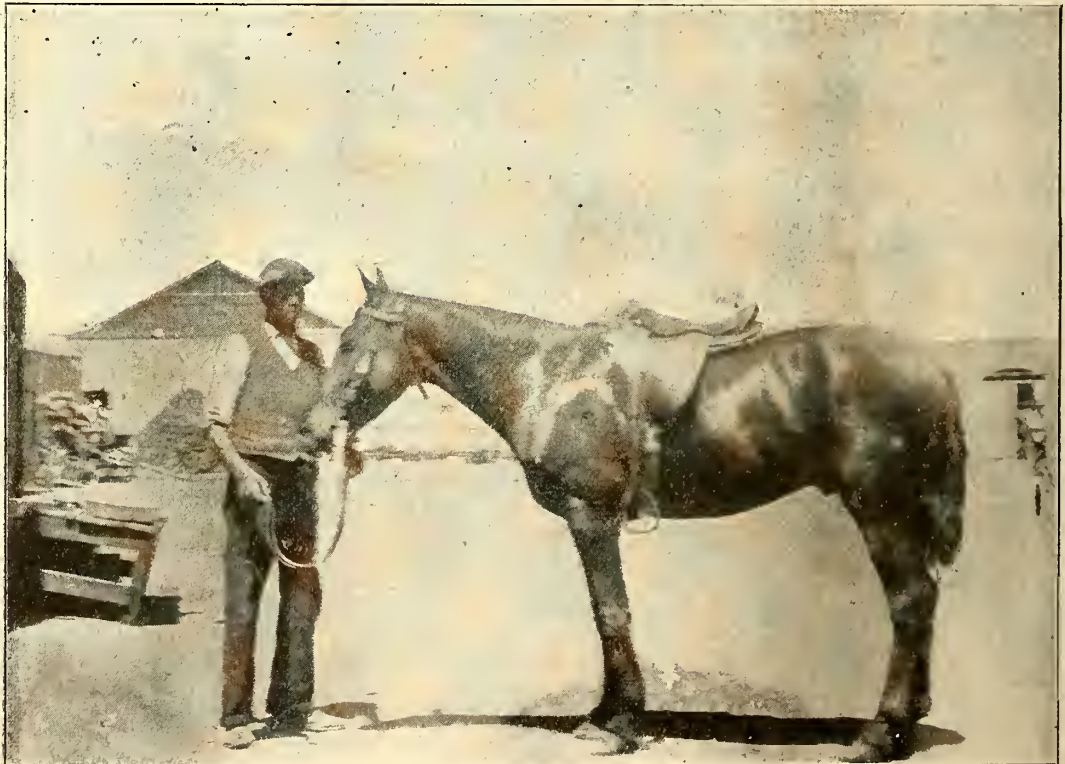
ANOTHER Piper Findlater has been discovered in Sergeant Kenneth M'Leod, who, during the charge of the Gordon Highlanders (92nd Foot) at Elands-laagte, was struck by bullets in the arm and side, but continued to play and advance with his comrades. When bullets came and smashed his drones, his chanter, and his windbag, however, the gallant piper had to desist. There was more than one piper killed at Magersfontein. Findlater was with the 1st Battalion (75th Foot) at Dargai, and was playing the "Heights of Cromdale" when he fell, while Piper Milne, shot in the lung at the same place, was playing "Cock o' the North."



Colonel Sam B. Steele, Commanding Strathcona's Horse



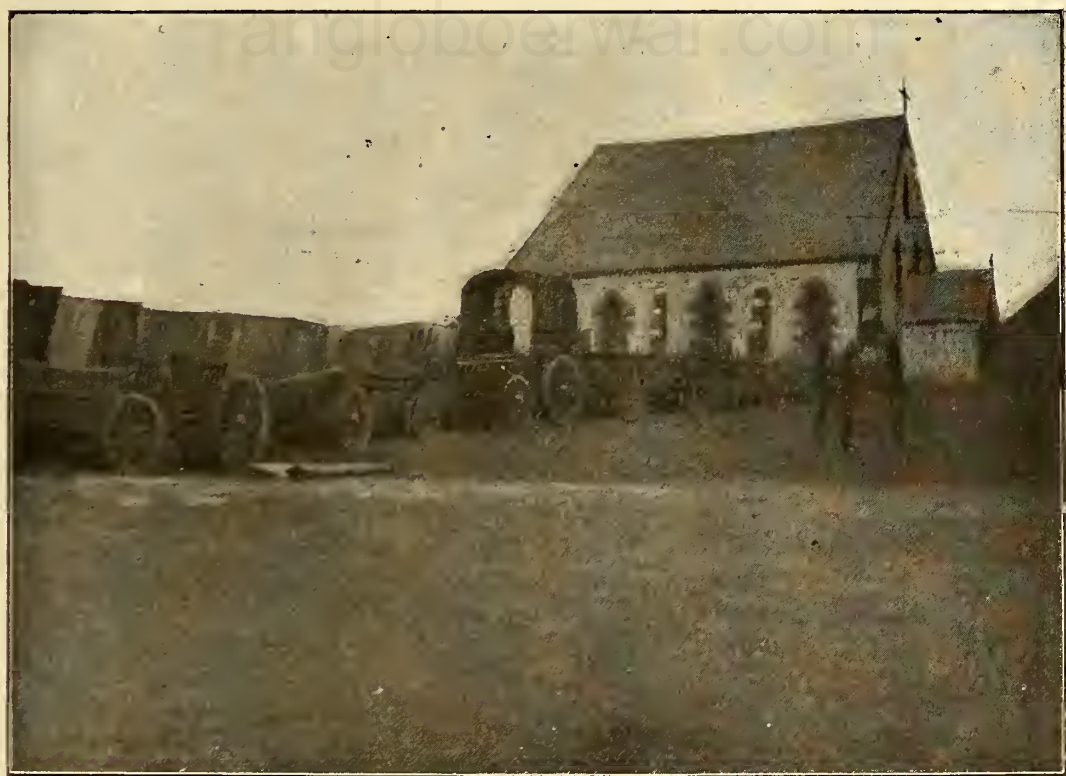
The Western outposts of Mafeking : Exterior area of Native Reserve



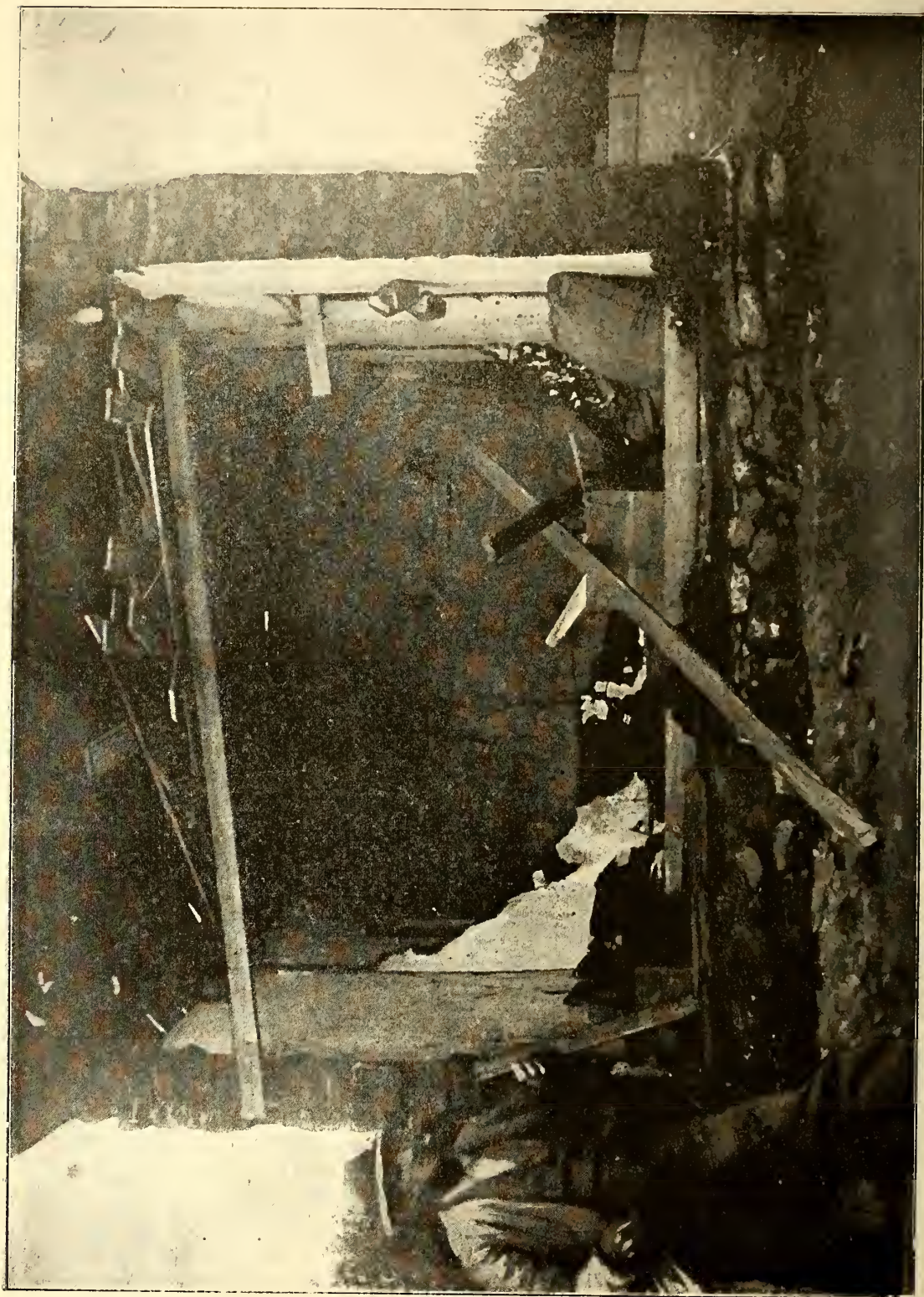
"Blackie," Our Correspondent's bomb-proof stallion pony and his boy Peter. (Photos by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Colonel Baden-Powell)



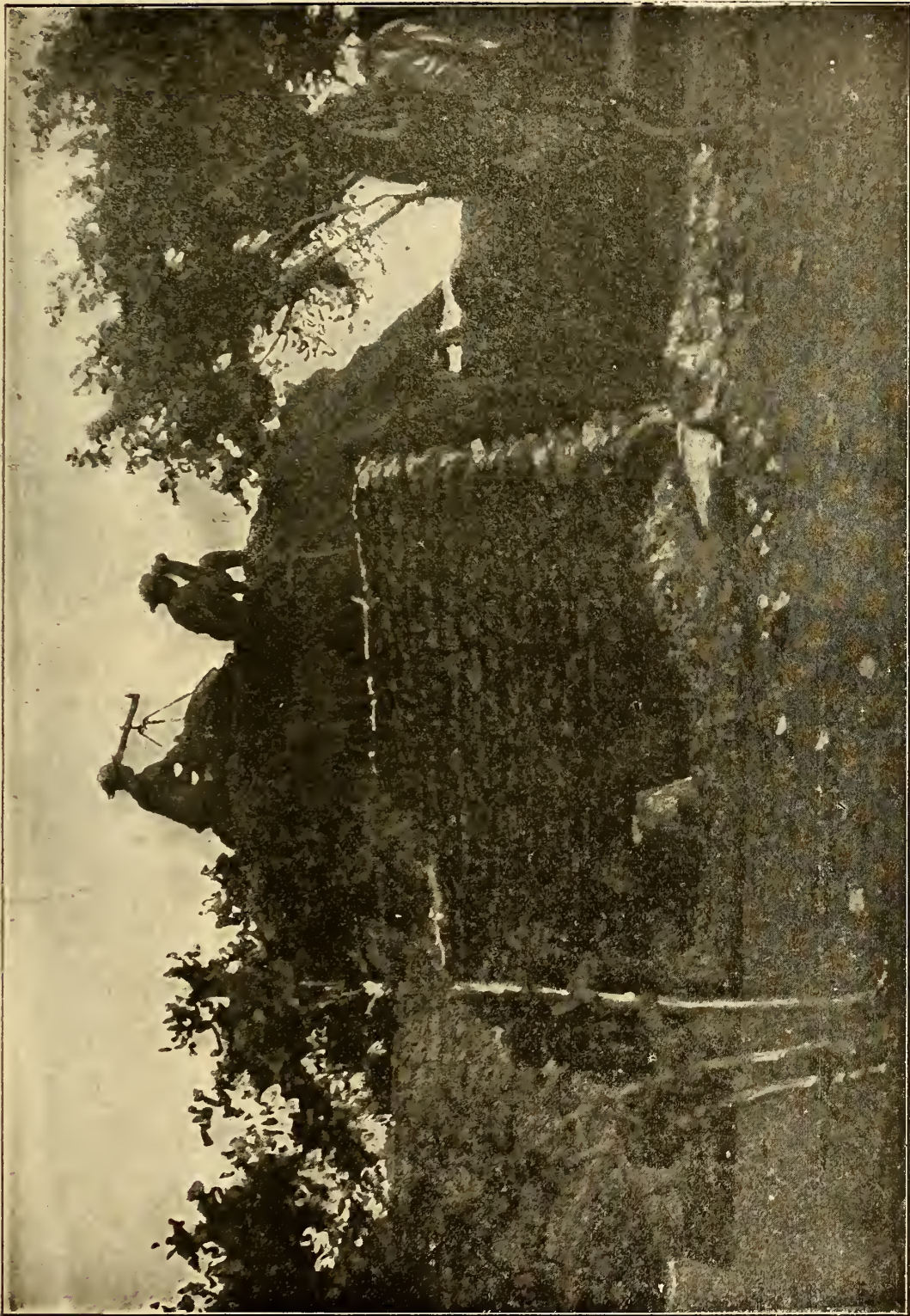
The Siege of Mafeking : The English Church in peace



The Siege of Mafeking : The English Church in war. (Photos by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Colonel Baden-Powell)



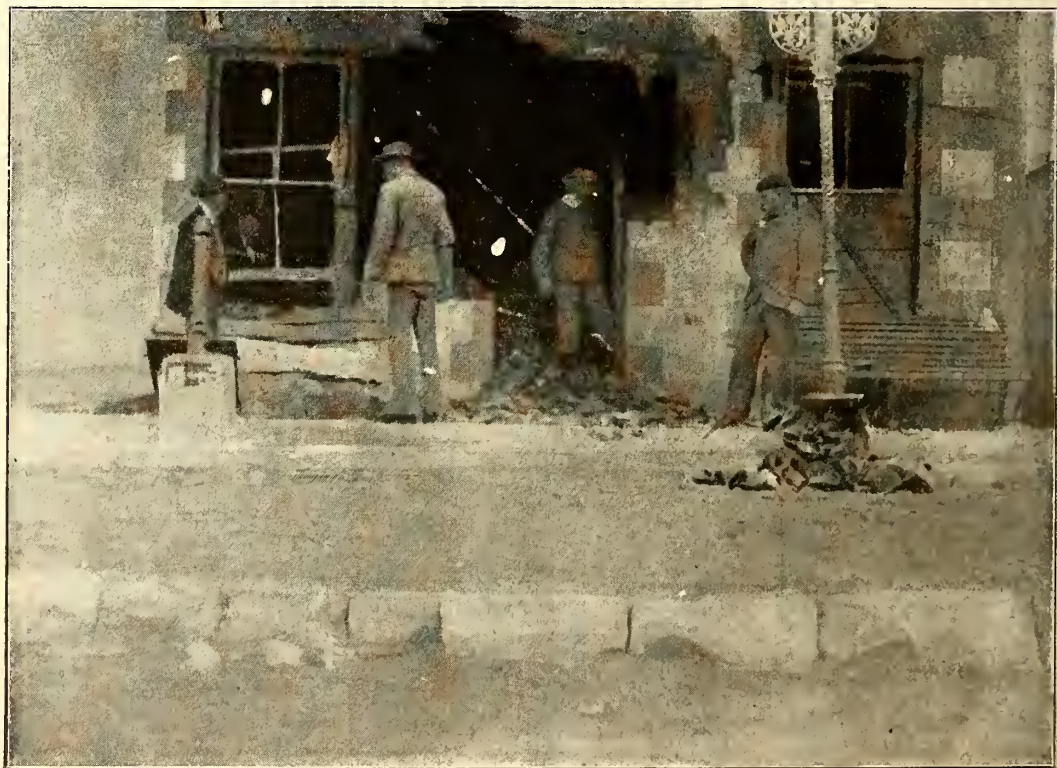
Now closed for repairs : The effect of the Boer shells. (Photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Colonel Baden-Powell)  
THE SIEGE OF MAFKING



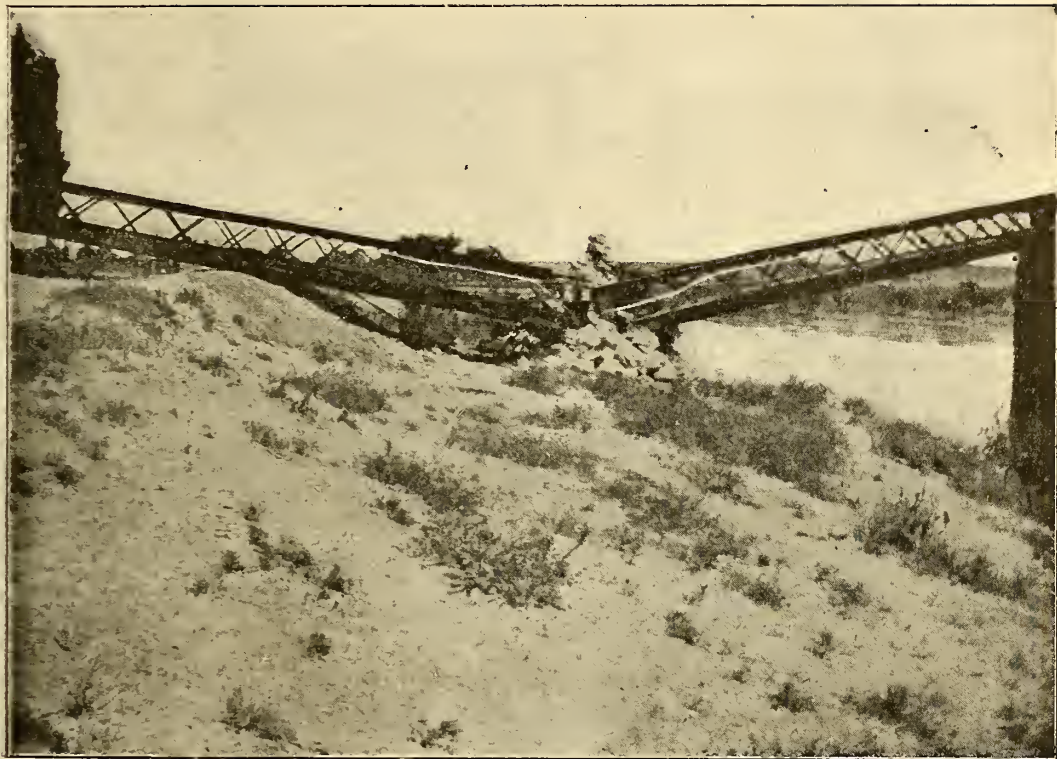
On the look-out : Major A. J. Godley (Royal Dublin Fusiliers) of the Western outposts  
Correspondent with Colonel Baden-Powell  
THE SIEGE OF MAFERING  
(Photo by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special



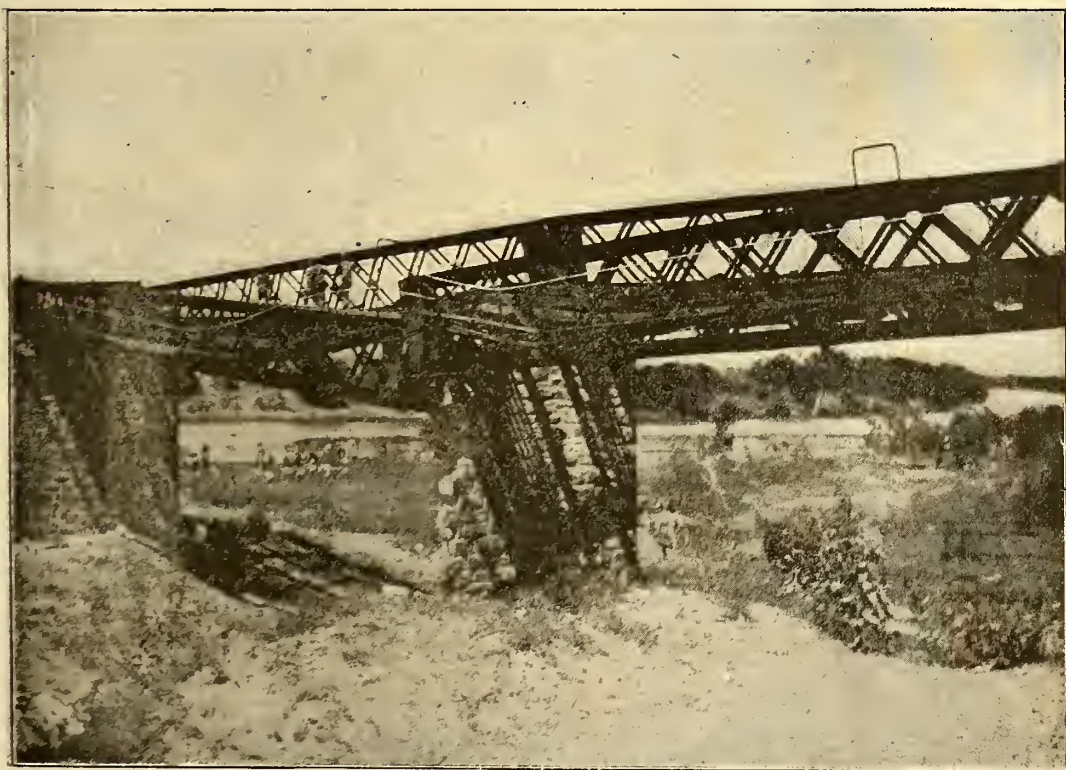
The Headquarters : " B.-P.'s " bomb-proof palace at Mafeking



Riesle's Hotel, Mafeking : The drawing-room after a shelling. (Photos by J. Angus Hamilton, Our Special Correspondent with Colonel Baden-Powell)



Blown up by Boers : Modder River Bridge, first span



Blown up by Boers : Modder River Bridge, north span





*Rimington's Scouts, or "Rimington's Tigers," so called from the strap of leopard's skin worn round their hat, are a picked body of Colonial horsemen serving with Lord Methuen, and have a thorough knowledge of the country. The fine scouting they have done has earned for them the name of the "Eyes and Ears of the Brigade."*

#### RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS RECONNOITRING

DRAWN BY STANLEY L. WOOD FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT

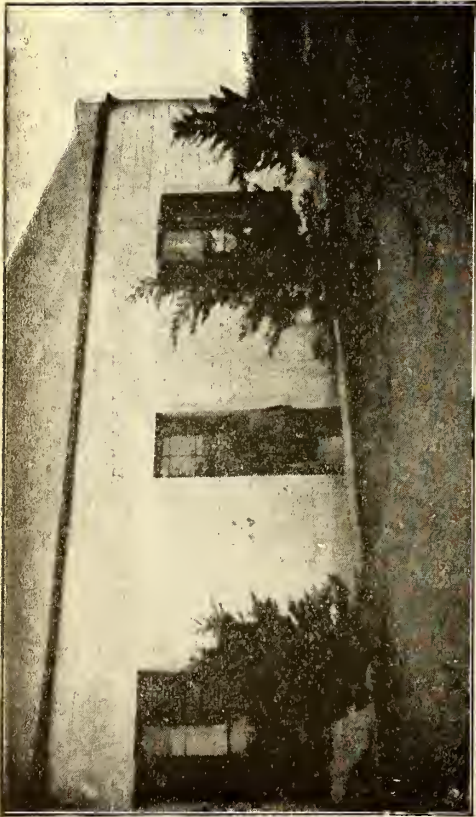




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#### RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS RECONNOITRING

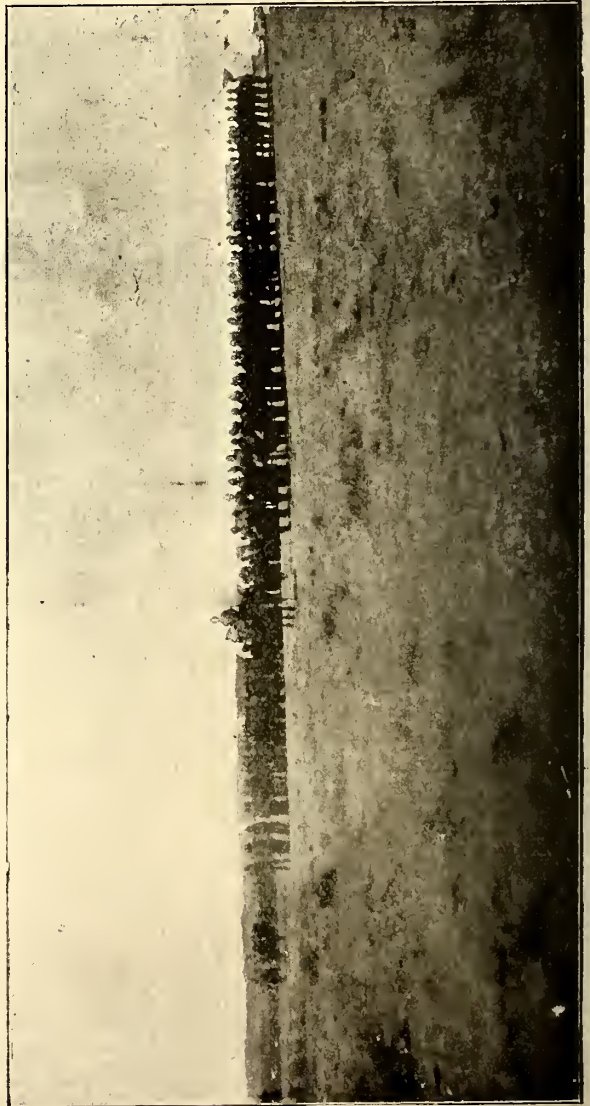
DRAWN BY STANLEY L. WOOD FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT



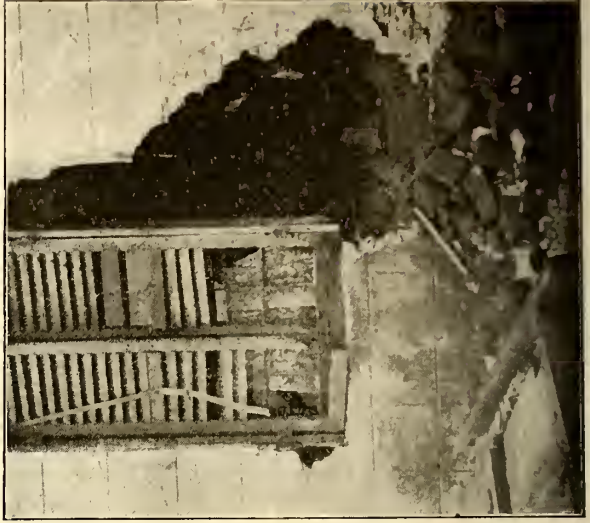
Farmhouse belonging to a rebel farmer, shelled by R.H.A. during the fight at Jasfontein



Suffolk Regiment Cyclists' Column



Suffolk Regiment on parade before the fight at Jasfontein  
WITH GENERAL FRENCH NEAR COLESBERG



Effect of a shell which fired a rebel farmer's house, Jasfontein

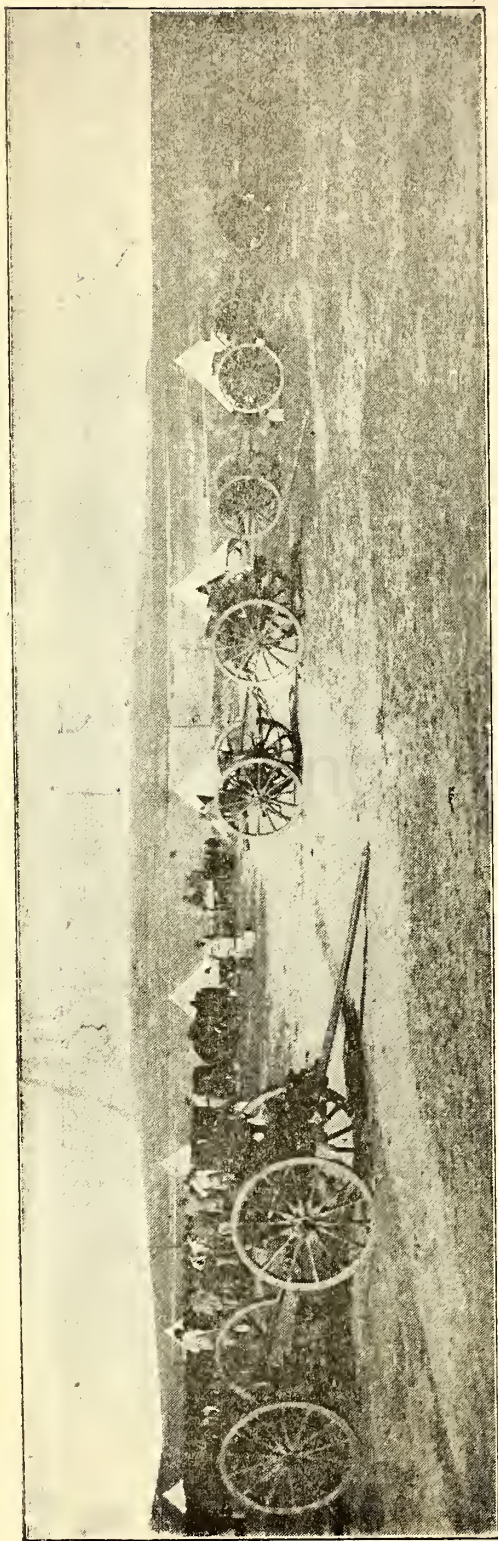


Lieut. Gosset, Berkshire Regiment, Capt. Tennant, D.A.A.G., and  
Lieut. T. Ward, Royal Scots. Capture of a Boer Spy

WITH GATACRE IN STORMBERG



Colonel Payler, the Adjutant, and some of the officers



Durban Field Artillery Camp



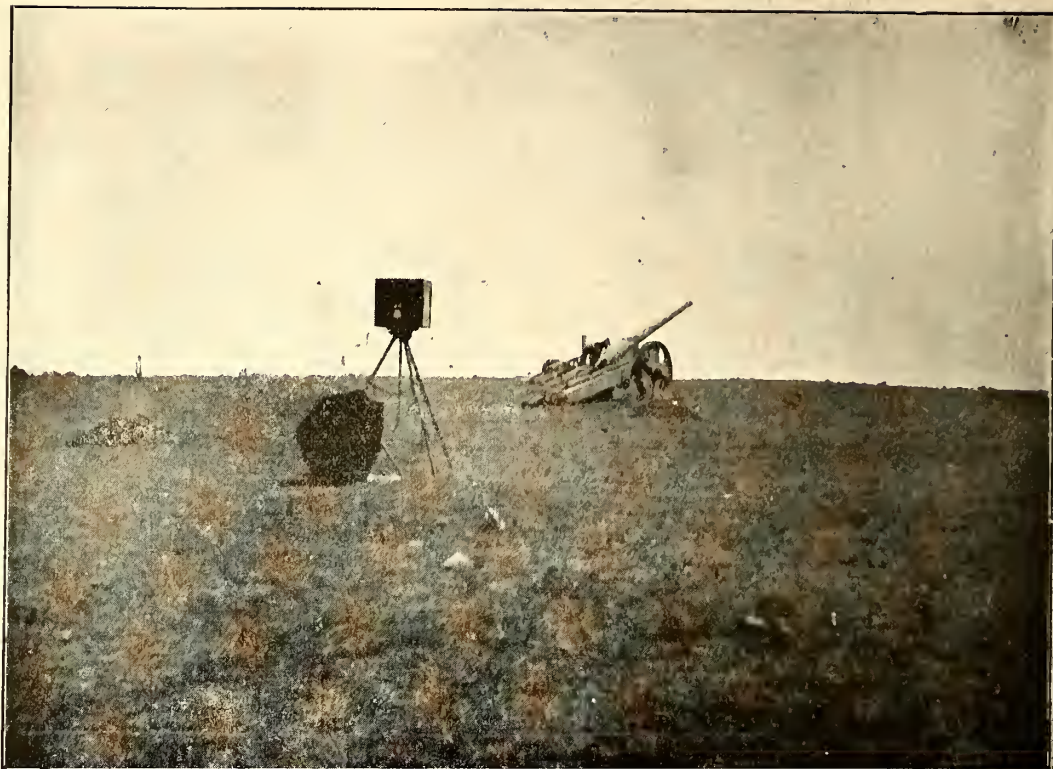
Cape Town (Volunteer) Highlanders. (Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



Boer prisoners at Frère. These men were caught red-handed looting one of our farms



D Squadron, Imperial Light Horse. (Photos by René Bull and D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondents on the Eastern Border)



Two fearful weapons on the battlefield : The Naval 4.7 gun and the biograph machine



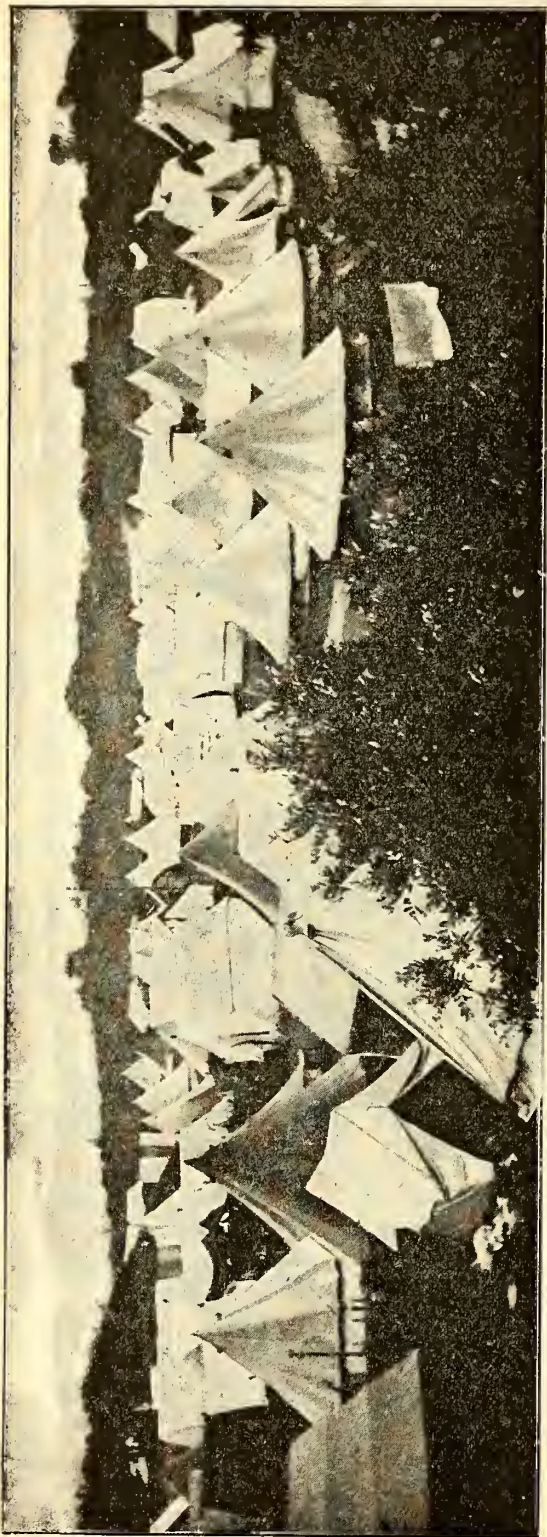
Culvert blown up by the Boers, Chieveley. Mended the day before the battle of Colenso



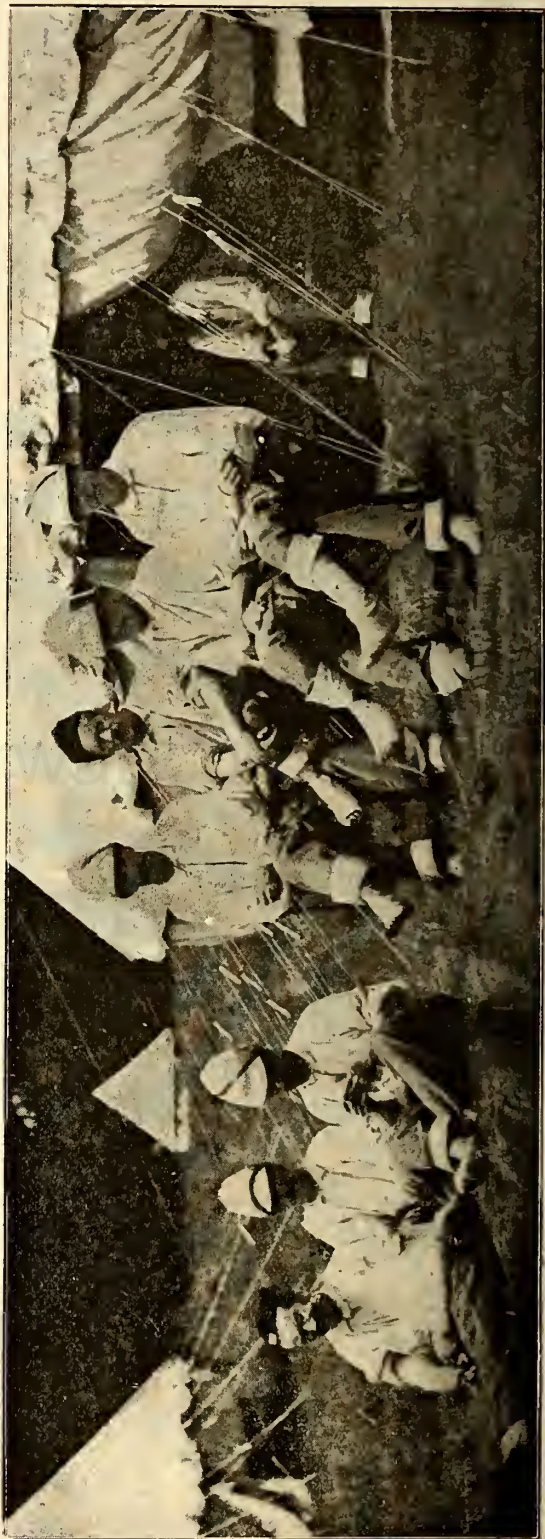
Doctors and nurses at the Camp Hospital, Pietermaritzburg



Doctors at Fort Napier Hospital, Pietermaritzburg. (Photos by René Bull, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



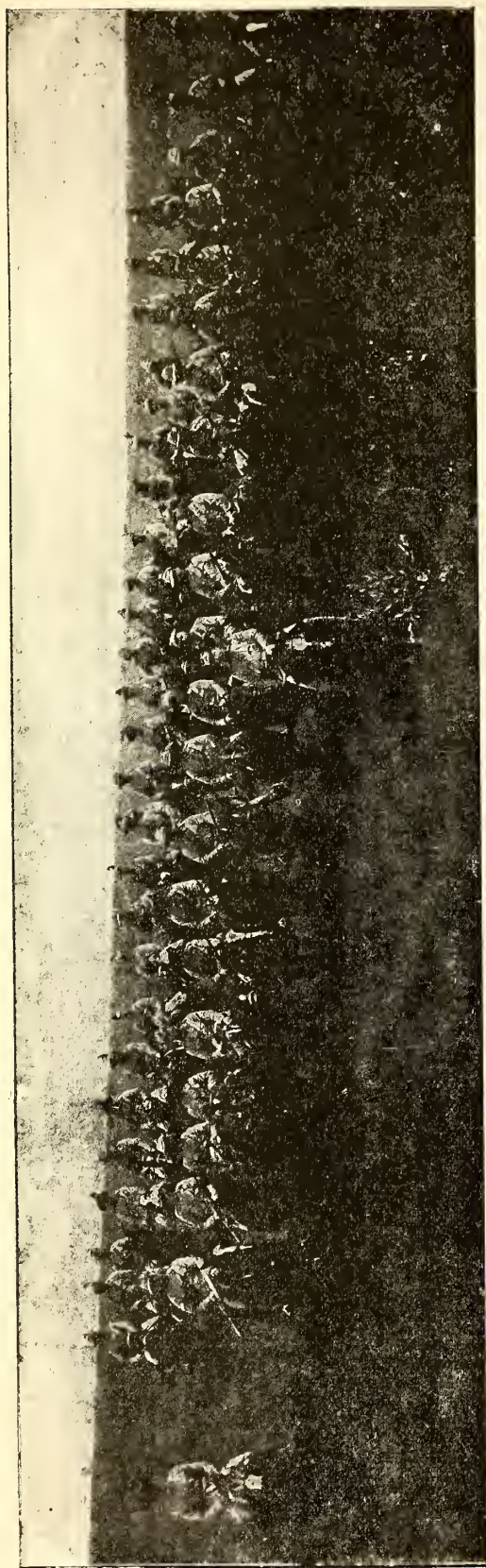
Camp of Refugees, Durban



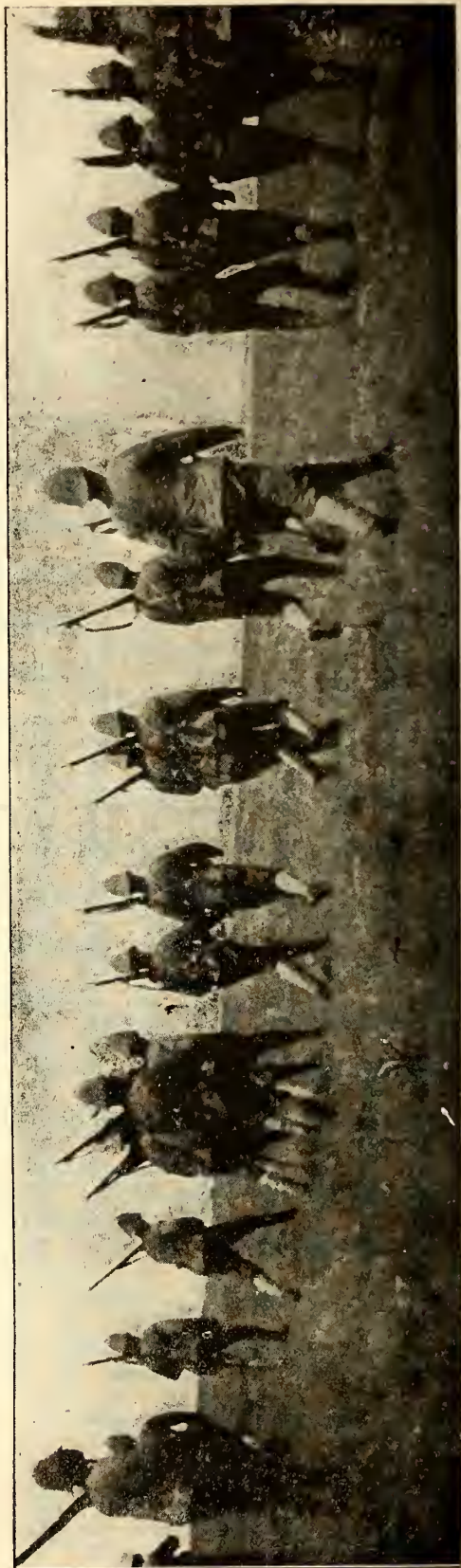
Wounded Dublin Fusiliers from Colenso at Pietermaritzburg College Hospital



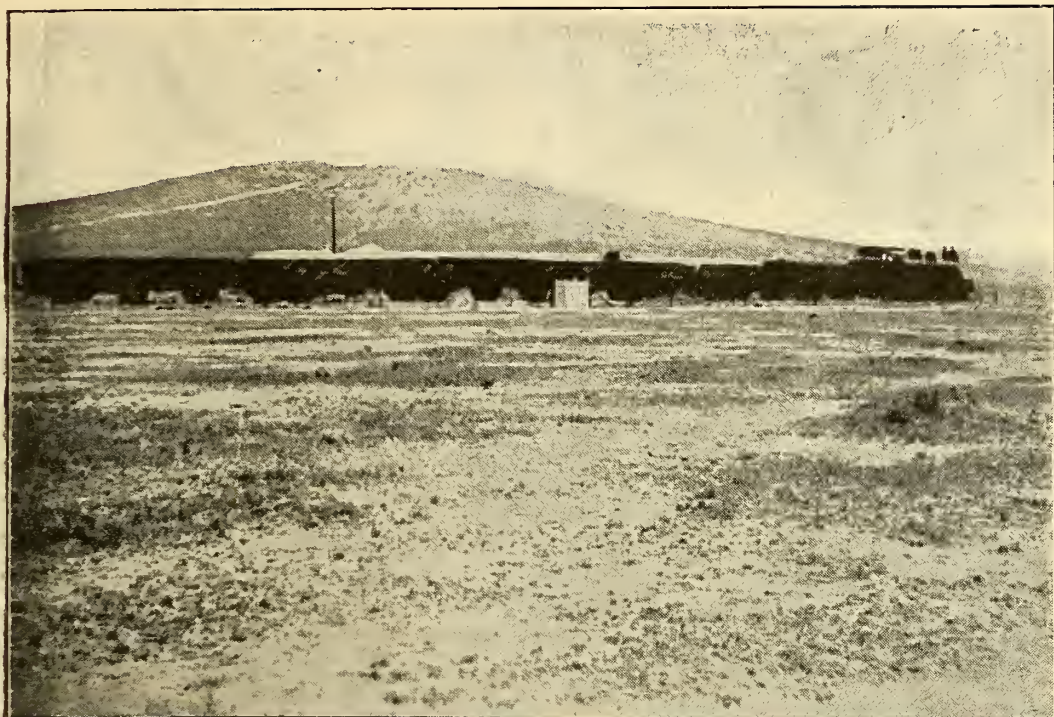
Bennet Burleigh ("Daily Telegraph"), General Hildyard, and Major Prince Christian Victor. (Photo by René Bull, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



Some of the South African Light Horse, raised at Cape Town

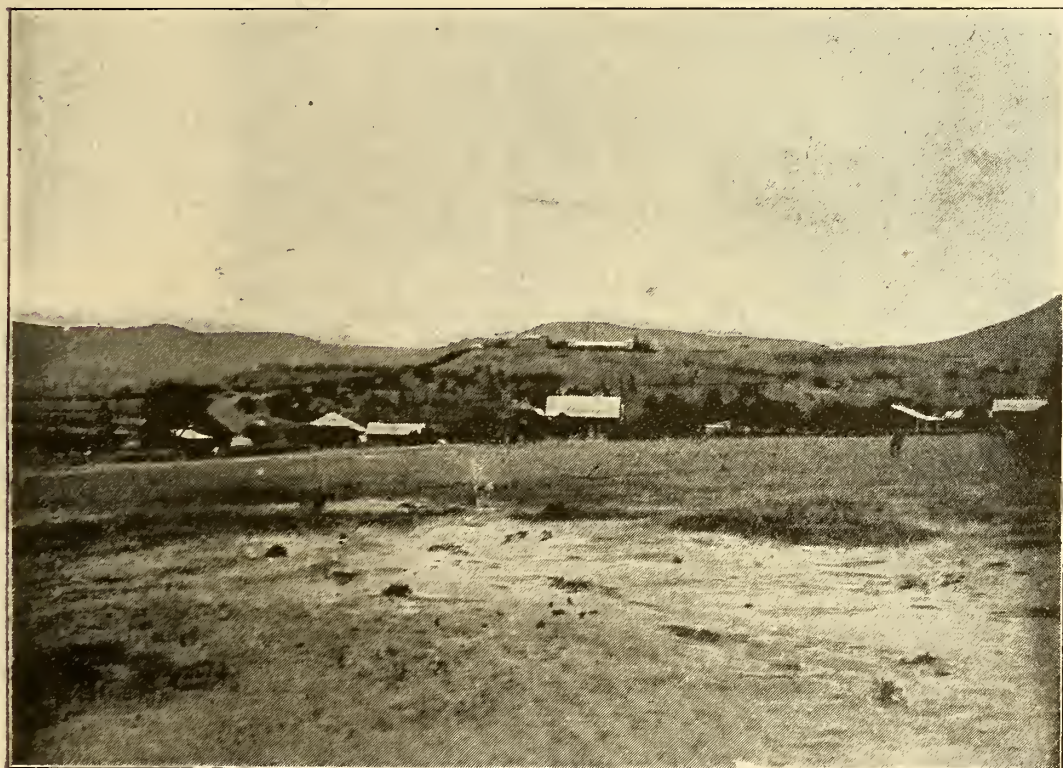


Advancing in skirmishing order at Frere. (Photos by D. Barnett, Our Special Correspondent on the Eastern Border)



Hill with waterworks, Estcourt

angloboerwar.com



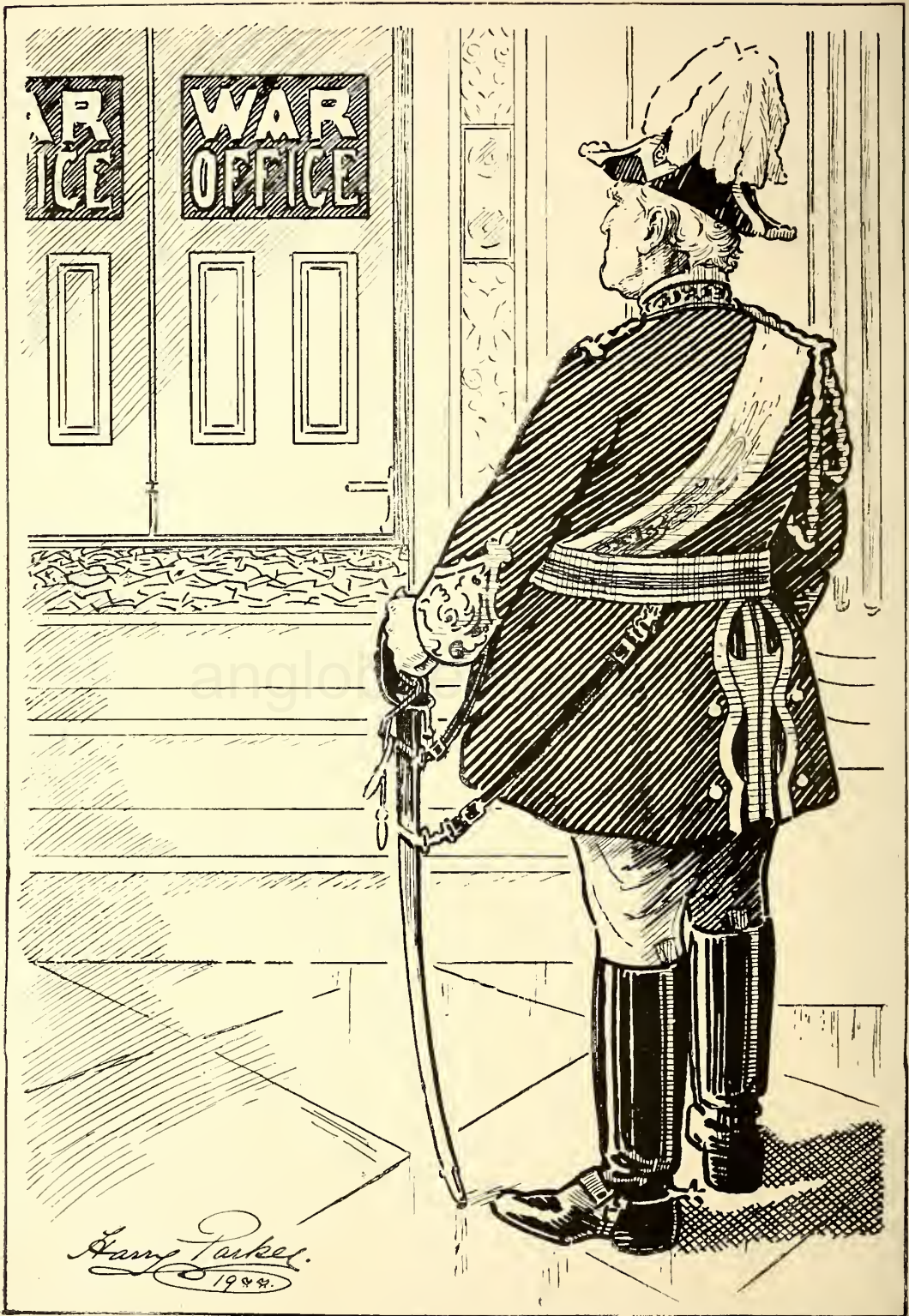
Fort Durnford, Estcourt



The Prince of Wales bids God-speed to our brave Yeomanry at the Albany Street Barracks, and the Yeomanry, led by Lord Chesham, respond with three ringing cheers



Imperial Yeomanry on board the "Winifredian" at Liverpool, Jan. 28



John Bull soliloquising: "There's going to be a *real* spring cleaning here!"

# PLAIN SOGERS

No. I.—“A FOINE DAY!”

“You always wor fresh, Dugan, anyhow!”

“Aw, shut yer fat head, Kelly, and let him go on.”

“Yis, shut up. Go on, Dugan!” echoed a straggling chorus of voices.

So Private Kelly, of Company F of the Irish Foot, said sulkily, “All right; go ahead, Dugan;” and Private Dugan that was, formerly of Company F, but now sergeant of Company K, proceeded.

“Well, afther th’ intheruption,” with a bit of a wrinkle of his eye in the direction of Kelly, “I think I’d better begin all over again.”

“Go ahead,” answered the voices, “go ahead!”

“Will, thin, as I wor just sayin’,” he went on again in his rich brogue, “yes, all know what a big bit of a man th’ Kernol is. Will, this day we wore all up on the foirin’ line, and I’d been layin’ on me billy on th’ top of a little hill accordin’ to ordhers pottin’ away at thim Boo-ers for about twenty minutes, when who should happen along but th’ Kernol. Sure th’ fun had been great, aven if we didn’t have much to ate, and I worn’t reshponsible; so whin he passes by, why—

“‘A foine day, Kernol,’ says I.

“‘Go to blazes,’ says th’ Kernol.

“‘I haven’t toime, Kernol,’ says I, ‘but I’ll sind a substitute.’ And wid that I let dhrove at a feller what just poked his head over a rock, and he pitched straight over.

“The Kernol followed th’ shot wid his eye, and thin—

“‘I’ll have it out wid ye later on,’ says he, and thin passed on.

“Gard’ner, th’ man who lay nixt to me, says, ‘You’ve got a bit of a nerve;’ but at th’ toime I didn’t give a hang one way or th’ other, and just kept on foirin’.”

And Company F laughed, and Dugan joined in.

“Well,” continued Dugan, “in th’ afternoon we advanced our position, as ye’ll remember, and toward avenin’ began to dig up tranches. Well, th’ Kernol cum along th’ loine to see how th’ work wor progressin’, whin he spied me.

“‘O there ye are,’ says he, comin’ over.

“‘I grounds me shovel and salutes.

“‘It’s a foine day, isn’t it?’ says he.

“‘It wor, sor!’ I replies quite reshpectful.

“‘Will, whin ye’re through diggin’ report to headquarters,’ says he, and again I salutes.”

This seemed awfully funny to Company F, for again were they wakened to laughter, Dugan always with them. He then continued:

“Gard’ner, who wor shtill aloive, says, ‘Well, now ye’re up agin it for fair;’ but I just kept on diggin’.

“‘Well, whin we wor through diggin’ thim tranches I wor pretty toired, but I goes and gives me bitches a shift, and thin reports to headquarters.

“‘I found me Captain wid th’ Kernol there, and afther I’d saluted, th’ Captain asks me in. Before he could say a word, though, th’ Kernol turns to him, and says:

“‘Is this man in yure company, Captain?’

“‘Yis, sor,’ replied th’ Captain.

“‘What sort of a soldier is he?’ asks th’ Kernol.

“‘Well, he’s only been in my company a short toime,’ replies th’ Captain, ‘so I don’t know; but I’ll sind for me sargeant.’

“‘Never moind yer sargeant,’ says th’ Kernol; ‘but this man wor disreshpectful to his superior officer this mornin’, and I’m goin’ to sind him on dangerous duty fer punishment.’

“Th’ Captain salutes; and I just shtood there at

attintion, thinkin’ to meself it wor just loike th’ ould man.

“Now most officers whin they have dangerous duty make a whole lot of fuss about it, and call for volunteers on dhress parade, and all that sort of thing; but not our Kernol, me b’yes, not on your shwate loife.” And Dugan’s eyes stopped dancing for a minute.

“Well, I shtood there at attintion, shtill thinkin’—this toime that whin ye’re a privit, yure own considerations and falin’s don’t matther whin there’s somethin’ to be done—whin th’ Kernol turns and says:

“‘What’s yure name?’

“‘Dugan, sor,’ says I.

“‘Well Dugan,’ says he, settin’ back, ‘at two o’clock in th’ mornin’ I want ye to get up and go around th’ right side of th’ hill ye saw in front of where ye wor diggin’ th’ tranches. I want yez to foind out if there’s any Boo-er intrinchments along th’ road; if ye don’t foind any, kape agoin’ to yure left until ye do foind some, and thin remember how far away they are. Also notice how th’ roads are, and look fer other roads; notice thim carefully, and if yez want to save yer skin ye’d better dodge yer way through th’ brush, or pretty near it. Ye’d also better take my pistol wid ye. Be back about four o’clock, and if ye can’t foind me, report to th’ Ginerel Commanding, and tell him what ye found out. Don’t tell anybody what yure goin’ to do. Th’ countersoign is Victhry. Ye’d better turn in now, and tell th’ two o’clock relief to wake you. Captain,’ turnin’ to the Captain, ‘See that this man doesn’t have any guard duty to-night. That’s all!’ And wid that he returns me salute, and I goes out.

“At four o’clock I reports to headquarters wid a Dootch picket I found on th’ way, and foinds th’ Ginerel Commandin’ wid th’ Kernol, and reports me reconnoissance. Afther I’m done, they goes through th’ Boo-er fer all he knows, and thin tells me to go to me quarters.

“After I got back there me Captain asks me what I found out, and when I’d finished tellin’ him he goes off to headquarters; and whin he cum back, he tells me that in future I wor to be a lance-corp’ril.

\* \* \* \* \*

“In th’ afternoon th’ Kernol comes along th’ loine, and whin he sees me,

“‘A foine day, sergeant,’ says he.

“‘Yis, sor,’ says I.

“‘Ye needn’t go to blazes!’ says he.”

“What did you say?” shouted the crowd.

“Nothin’,” said Dugan. “I just saluted.”

BERTRAM A. MARBURGH.

THOSE who are interested in what is being done for the spiritual as well as the material needs of the soldiers at the Front, cannot do better than get a little booklet published by the South African General Mission. It is called *At the Modder River*, for it is with Lord Methuen’s column that these devoted missionaries are doing their most active work. The mission undertakes, with other useful work, the distribution of note-paper to the troops arriving at the Cape, with, in one instance, this gratifying result:—“On one of the boats on which the note-paper was given away (before the ship sailed up the coast with troops), the men got together on the deck and gave three ringing cheers ‘for the man with the note-paper!’” The address of the Secretary of the S.A.G.M. is 17, Homefield Road, Wimbledon, S.W.

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## ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE

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THERE'S a lad upright and stalwart, no longer to be seen  
About in town and country, in the uniform of the Queen :  
The barrack squares are empty, the drill-sergeant's voice is dumb—  
Hes gone "on Her Majesty's Service," to the sound of fife and drum!

Yes, he's gone "on Her Majesty's Service,"  
Without any sort of fuss ;  
And Her Majesty says "God bless him,"  
And so say all of us!

He may be a grizzled colonel, or a private—nothing more :  
No matter, he'll do his duty, he's done it oft before :  
His wife and children 'll miss him, whichever he is, I know ;  
But he's gone "on Her Majesty's Service," and glad enough, too, to go.

Yes, he's gone "on Her Majesty's Service,"  
Where fighting's to be done ;  
And his country says "God bless him,"  
For he's his country's son!

Countryman, Cockney, Colonial, Highlandman, Fusilier—  
Wherever he happens to hail from, he'll do his best, no fear.  
There's many a heart that's aching, in village and in town,  
Now he's changed his coat of scarlet for a suit of khaki brown!

But he's gone "on Her Majesty's Service,"  
To guard her Empire's fame ;  
And they all will pray "God bless him,"  
And we will say the same!

Cavalry or Artillery, Infantry or Marine—  
It matters not which his name is, for all of them serve one Queen!  
He heard his country call him, and answered straight and true,  
So he's gone "on Her Majesty's Service," and gone with a God-speed too!

Yes, he's gone "on Her Majesty's Service,"  
He's showing his true side thus,  
And Her Majesty says "God bless him!"  
And so say all of us!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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*N.B.—Permission to recite the above poem must be obtained from the Editor of BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET, 34, Bouverie Street, E.C., and envelopes containing requests for permission should bear in the left-hand top corner the word "Recitation."*