

BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET

(TRANSVAAL SPECIAL)

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St. Andrew's Day, 1899. Dinner of the Gordon Highlanders, at which General White said that though sitting tight during a siege might not be lively work, at least they had the satisfaction of knowing they were playing the game

Every Friday

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Our large staff of Special Correspondents in South Africa are now sending home pictures which, from the point of view of accuracy and picturesqueness, are absolutely unrivalled. The BEST pictures by the BEST men.

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IN THE GRIP

THE reverse of General Gatacre at Stormberg has been followed by a serious check to Lord Methuen north of the Modder River, an engagement in which we have lost, among other brave officers and men, one of our most honoured Generals, and the Premier Marquis of England. It is gloomy news to receive about Christmas time; but as we read of the bravery of all engaged—"the dead, who died for England, the living, who happier lived, if happier be to live"—we feel a thrill of satisfaction, and a certain knowledge that such men must ultimately carry all before them.

The enemy were entrenched in the Magersfontein Hills, and their front extended for about six miles towards the Modder River. It was necessary to dislodge them before the column could advance any further to the relief of Kimberley. The advance of Lord Methuen's full division began at dawn on the 11th. The Highlanders were marched up to the foot of the kopje, there to wait till the guns had paved the way for their assault. Not that they would wait, if they saw any way of occupying their time; and an opportunity occurred before it was light, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. This resulted in the capture of a Boer rifle pit; and the first point was scored by our troops. With daylight, our thirty-eight guns began to speak, and never stopped all day, firing superbly, and doing damage of which we have yet to learn, but which must have been enormous. The Highland Brigade was supported on the right by the Guards, and the Mounted Infantry and the 12th Lancers patrolled to the north. The attack of the Highland Brigade is thus described in the pithy phrase of Lord Methuen's telegram:—"Attack properly timed. Attack failed." But it was more than the failure of an attack, for gallant General Wauchope, who was commanding the Brigade, one of the stoutest fighters England has ever had, fell in the action.

The Gordons were sent at 1.15 to support the Highland Brigade, and made an heroic attempt to retrieve the failure; they advanced to within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, but their Colonel was mortally wounded, and the attempt had to be abandoned. At dusk the enemy seemed worn out, but so were our men. Human effort could do no more. They fell asleep on the battlefield, and many seem to have been shot as they slept. It was a great battle against a brave and desperate enemy. We have no fear that Lord Methuen, who was able to entrench his position next day, will get to Kimberley yet; but the Boers have given us a good fight, for which we honour them.

From the central column the news since the Stormberg disaster has been more satisfactory. No serious developments have taken place. General Gatacre has not had to fall back far, and many of the missing men turn up daily. The Boers are obviously unable or disinclined to leave the strong position from which we were unable to dislodge them.

Ladysmith has **not yet been relieved**, and so the serious check at Magersfontein lacks neutralisation. Sir Redvers Buller has met a disastrous reverse at Colenso, losing many men and guns; but the news that Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are now to take the campaign in hand will restore confidence in our arms, and bring hope to the weary waiters in the field. They will, no doubt, initiate a new and more cautious plan of attack. May success attend their efforts!

There is no real cause for anxiety, though there may be much for sorrow at the necessary loss of life. For, whatever be the cost, the victory must be ours. Pray God it come speedily, and bring relief to the anxious watchers at home, whose hearts are beating high for fathers, husbands and sons, spending their Christmas on the field of battle.

NOTES O' WAR

LIEUT.-COLONEL DOWNMAN was mortally wounded in leading the attack with which the Gordons tried to retrieve the failure of the Highland Brigade. He was in the Soudan in 1884, in Chitral in 1895, and in the North-West Frontier in 1897. He had a reputation as a distinguished and promising officer, and succeeded Colonel Matthias in command of the 1st Gordon Highlanders. At Magersfontein he led his men with tremendous dash, and was among those who got nearest to the enemy, an honour which cost him his life.

ANOTHER victim of the great fight at Magersfontein was the Marquess of Winchester, England's Premier Marquess, who was in the prime of manhood, being just forty years of age. He was the hereditary bearer of the Cap of Maintenance—a cap of dignity—carried before the Sovereigns of England at their coronation, and was a D.L. for the county of Hampshire. Being unmarried, he will be succeeded by his brother, Lord Henry William Montague-Paulet. It was only a month ago that he reached the Cape.

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW G. WAUCHOPE, C.B., -C.M.G., who was killed at Magersfontein, was one of the bravest officers in the Army, and one of the most popular men in Scotland. Ever a fighter, even in peace, he went for Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, and "Andra" nearly succeeded in wresting the seat from the "People's William." He entered the Army in 1865, and served under Lord Wolseley in Ashanti in 1873, and again in Egypt in 1882. He fought in the Soudan in 1884-85, and won golden opinions there last year, when he commanded a brigade. The prophecy of the drill-sergeant of the Black Watch is being remembered now:—"That red-headed Wauchope chap wull sitten gang tae the de'il, or he'll dee Commander-in-Chief." Who knows whether, had he lived, the latter possibility might have come true. As it is, he dies in the midst of a career which he was making more glorious every day.



Col. Downman, Commanding 1st Batt. Gordons — Dangerously wounded, Magersfontein



Late Marquess of Winchester, Major, Coldstream Guards—Killed, Magersfontein



Late Maj.-Gen. A. G. Wauchope, Commanding 3rd Brigade, 1st Army Corps—Killed at Magersfontein

OUR losses up to date are about 580 killed, 2,000 wounded, and 2,000 missing. This represents about two-thirds of the total loss at Waterloo, and about double of those at either Inkerman or Alma.

A GUARDSMAN, writing from the Orange River, complains of the overcrowding. Fifteen in a tent is certainly a large order, and when ten of them are writing at the same time to catch the mail, the confusion must be intense.

STRANGE things often happen on a night attack, but seldom so strange a thing as an attack by a "non-com." on his commanding officer. In the confusion of the brilliant sortie from Ladysmith, on December 8th, a sergeant seized General Hunter by the throat, crying, "Who the devil might you be?" And he was not so mightily relieved on finding out who he was!

CONSIDERING that only a matter of twenty miles of "silver streak" separates France from England, Frenchmen have some funny ideas of English matters. Thus, recently one paper has admitted that the "Cold Cream Guards" showed splendid valour at Belmont. The same "Cold Cream Guards," it may be incidentally mentioned, killed and wounded 10,000 of the enemy at Waterloo in the repeated French attacks on Hougoumont. Cold Cream? Rather!

It is not generally known that there is an armoured train in England belonging to the 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery. It is made up of an engine, a truck and mounted gun, a men's truck with Maxim gun, an ammunition truck, and a carriage. It is armour-plated to the thickness of $\frac{5}{8}$ in., and has been tried on the South-Eastern Railway line, between Canterbury and Folkestone. Since the various disasters, however, in South Africa armoured trains are distinctly out of favour with the general public at present.

THE amusing stories of the various fights are beginning to come to hand. There is Private Mulcahy, who is in a certain part of South Africa which had better not be indicated, and who says: "I'd been pegging away all day, loading and firing, without stopping for bit or sup. It was jist beyant sundown when the Ginerel came riding along. He jist watched me awhile, and thin sings out, saying, 'Private Mulcahy,' says the Ginerel, 'go to the rear; you've killed Boers enough for one day.'" Be jabbers, Private Mulcahy!

A HAPPY Christmas to the brave soldiers in South Africa ! Our festivities at home will be saddened by thinking of their sufferings, but brightened by recalling their bravery.

A PRIVATE of the 1st King's Royal Rifles tells a peculiar incident of the fight at Glencoe. "We were picked off one by one, and worse than that we had a flat piece of ground to get over right in the open," he writes. "Our men were dropping down wounded, and our Colonel thought they were retiring. He turned round, revolver in hand, and said that any man retiring under the Boer fire he would shoot. Almost immediately he received a bullet in the heart and fell never to get up any more." This was Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Gunning.

THE pluck of wounded British soldiers is proverbial, and it has always been the same. "Your countrymen," said a Belgian lady to Sir Walter Scott immediately after Waterloo, "are made of iron, and not of flesh and blood. I saw a wounded Highlander stagger along the street supporting himself by the rails, and said to him, 'I'm afraid you are severely hurt. 'I was born in Lochaber,' answered the poor fellow, 'and I do not care for a wound ;' but ere I could complete my offer of assistance he sunk down at my feet a dying man."

THERE is a good story going the rounds about General Gatacre's connection with the 77th Foot. A soldier was being flogged for some serious offence, and was screaming a good deal. Ensign Gatacre shut his eyes and turned white in the face, remarking afterwards to his colour-sergeant, "If I see much more of this I'll sell out. The non-com. replied, "You'll get used to it in time, sir." "Used to it!" answered the future General, "I'm sure I never shall." Fortunately he did not have to, for flogging in the Army was soon after abolished.

A CORRESPONDENT breaks into verse in protesting against irresponsible criticism of our Commander-in-Chief in South Africa :—

Redvers Buller has gone away
In charge of a job to Table Bay ;
In what direction Redvers goes
Is a matter that only Buller knows.
Whatever you think, whatever you feel,
Give a chance to the Man at the Wheel.
If he's right, he'll pull us through ;
If he's wrong he's better than you.
In any event you might well do worse
Than shut your mouth and open your purse.

IN fighting a defensive campaign, without coming to close quarters, the Boers, of course, have chosen their only safe course. This was the way the Romans fought against Hannibal, who was anxious for a stand-up fight, and found it denied him for a considerable period by his mobile foe. Under present-day methods such a style of tactics can only have one result, as, owing to the elaborate methods of communication, it is difficult long to evade a foe. The Boers will probably use wire entanglements extensively to stop the rushes of the British. It was used by the Confederates in the American Civil War with great advantage to themselves.

"THE Boers have sworn death to all British Lancers," says someone in a private letter, in speaking of the Lancers' charge at Elandslaagte. Well, the Lancers will only be too glad to see the enemy as often as possible. When the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the 2nd Battalion of which is at the Cape, were fighting the American Colonies, they surprised and cut to pieces Wayne's Brigade at Brandywine Creek. The Americans, therefore, vowed to give them no quarter. The Cornwalls expressed their gratification, and inform that the enemy might make no possible mistake, mounted red feathers. This gave them their nickname, "The Red Feathers."

THE sole fear of the soldiers who are going out late is that the war will be over before they arrive and have a chance to win a medal. Among the privates of a Lancashire regiment are two sergeants who have forfeited their stripes that they might go. A few weeks ago 130 mobilised Reserves of the 5th Dragoon Guards were paraded at Colchester and informed that only 100 could be taken to South Africa. When a call for volunteers was made the whole lot stepped forward. Eventually lots had to be drawn, and the unfortunate thirty who drew blanks were greatly upset.

SOME readers will probably be interested to know that the 2nd Rifle Brigade, now in Natal, was at Waterloo. During the desperate charges of the French cavalry each English regiment threw itself into nearly a solid square, which the horsemen entirely failed to penetrate. During one of these occasions the Duke of Wellington was near, and he took temporary refuge in the 2nd Rifles' square, calling out as he did so, "Look out, Rifles, or by Heaven, you'll be cut to pieces !" The Rifles, however, survived the attack, and several more like it, too, before the day was over.

THE 2nd Battalion Bedfordshire, who are going out with the Sixth Division, are very glad to be able to do so. They are called the "Peacemakers," because it is said that they have no battle honours on their colours. But this is a distinct libel, for ever since they were raised in 1688 they have taken part in most of England's battles. They were at Namur, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, and scores of smaller conflicts. Therefore, let it be thoroughly understood that, though they are the "Peacemakers," the Bedfords are of the energetic and warranted-never-to-retreat description.

At the Modder River, some Boers in a farmhouse, after hoisting the white flag, allowed a section of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders to pass and then commenced to fire on them. But a second section of the same regiment was coming up at the time and witnessed the dastardly act, and they at once stormed the house and bayoneted the traitors to a man. This reminds one of the Battle of Assaye, of which the Duke of Wellington said : "We took their (the Mahrattas') guns, which were in the first line, and were fired upon by the gunners afterwards, who threw themselves down pretending to be dead, and then rose up again after our men had passed ; but they paid dearly for the freak. The 19th cut them to pieces." The 19th, or 1st Yorkshire, is fighting at the Cape now.

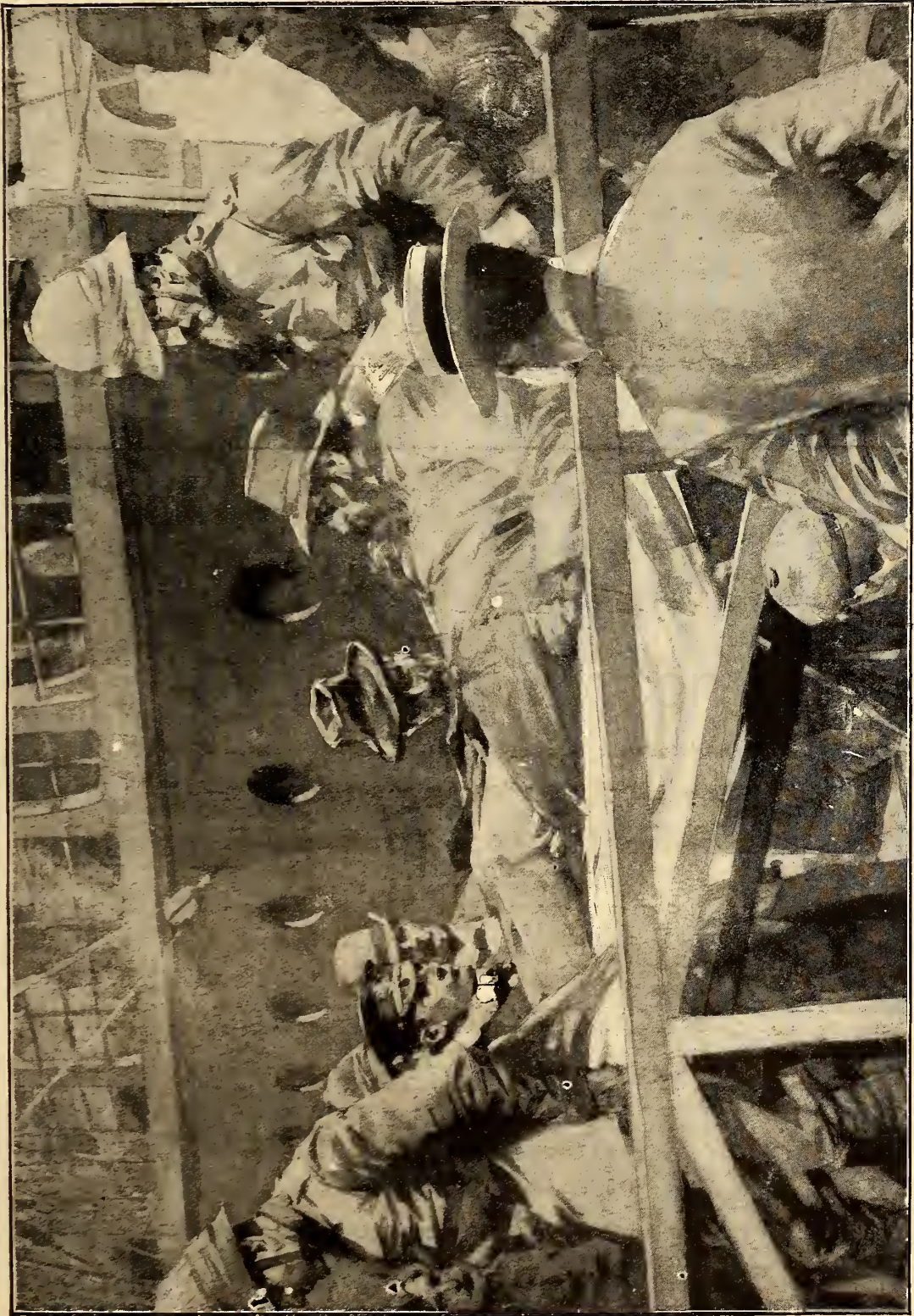


Major Prince Christian Victor, on special service with General Clery. He was honourably mentioned in the Ashanti Expedition, and mentioned in dispatches in the Nile Expedition of last year

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Captain Ronald Brooke, of the 7th Hussars, who fought at Chitral, Mashonaland, Tirah, and the Nile Expedition of 1898, where he got his D.S.O. He is A.D.C. to Sir George White, and was shot in the eye and leg, but is now practically well again. (Photos by Our Special Correspondent, René Bull)



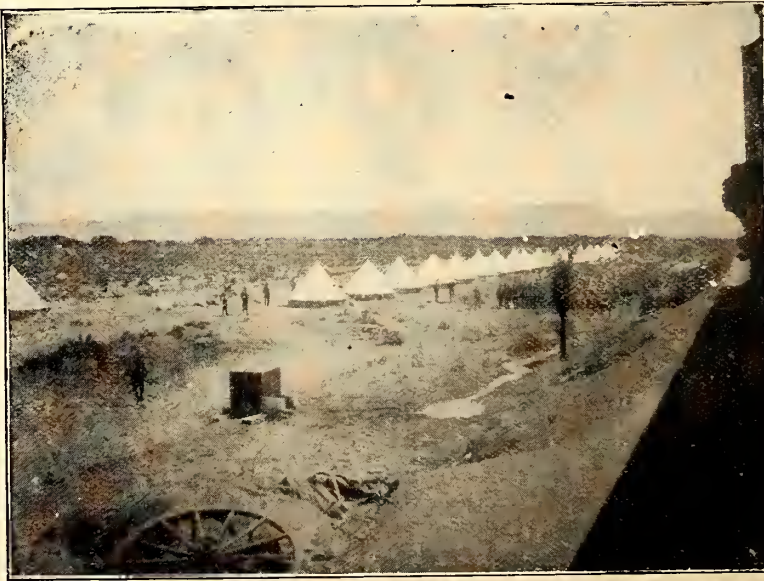
The son of Pretoria's founder. Landing Commander Pretorius at Cape Town, wounded and captured at Elandslaagte



Armoured train in Stormberg Station



Leaving Stormberg for a reconnaissance towards Burghersdorp



"A" Company guarding the railway line near Victoria West.
(Photo taken from a passing train)

STORMBERG : WHERE GENERAL GATACRE'S ATTACK FAILED



Col. E. C. Knox,
18th Hussars—Dis-
tinguished, Lady-
smith Sortie, Dec. 8th



Maj. E. C. Bethune,
16th Lancers—Com-
manding Bethune's
Horse



Col. G. D. Chamier,
R.A., Able Garrison
Artillerist



Capt. J. S. Cayzer,
7th Dragoon Guards
—Heliographist



Maj.-Gen. T. Kelly-
Kenny, Commanding
Sixth Division



Maj. H. L. Hender-
son, A. and S. High-
landers — Wounded,
Ladysmith Sortie,
Dec. 8th



Capt. Cyril Cameron,
Late 9th Lancers,
Commanding Tas-
manian Contingent



Lieut. G. C. de C.
Wright, 12th Lancers
—Wounded, Enslin,
Dec. 7th



Lieut. M. H. Tris-
tram, 12th Lancers—
Wounded & captured
near Modder River



Sec.-Lieut. Leslie, 3rd
Gren. Guards—Died
from wounds received
at Belmont



Lieut. E. J. Christie,
2nd R.I.R.—Wound.
Stormberg



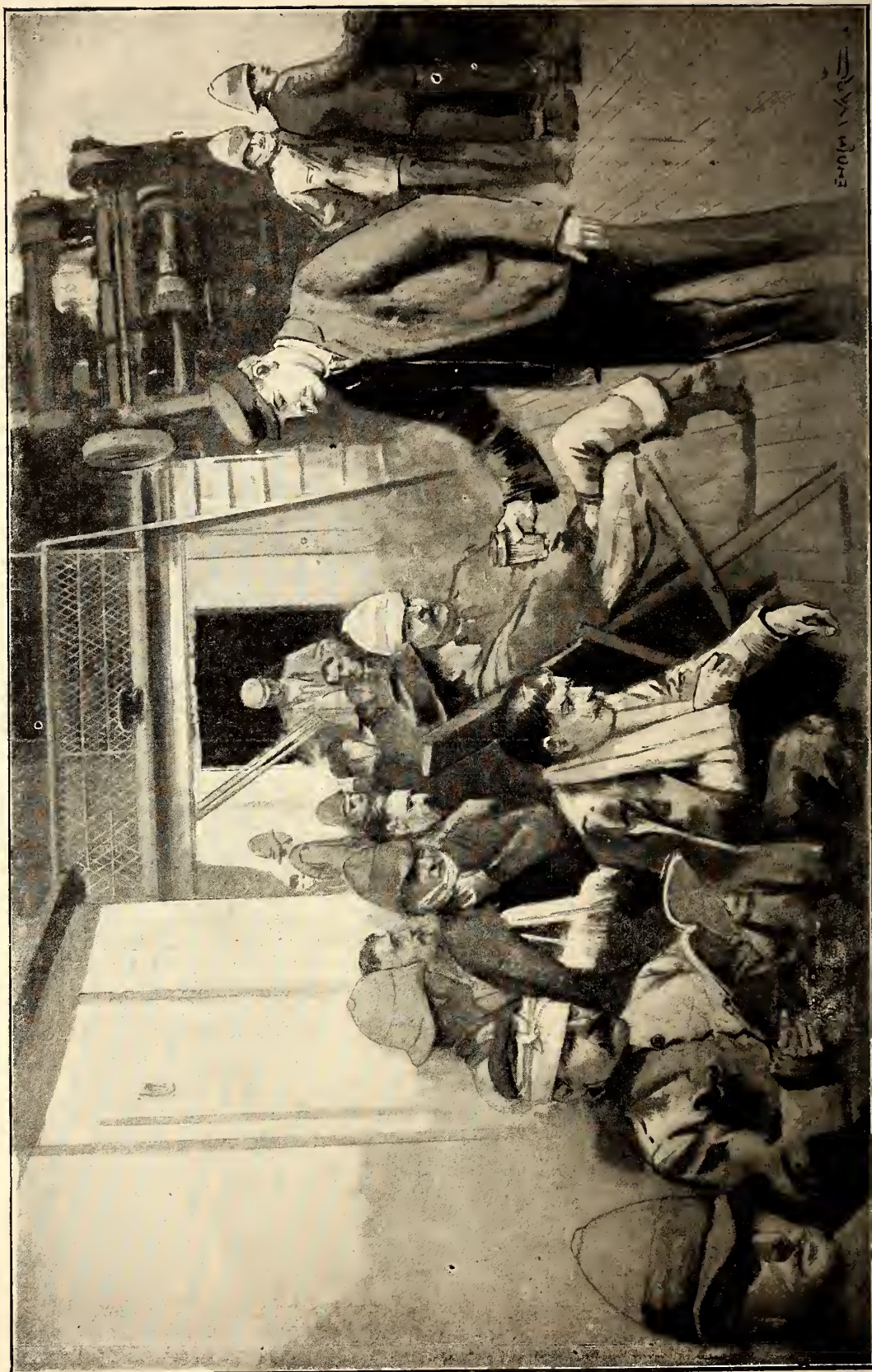
Lieut. W. K. Clifford,
1st Loyal N. Lancers.—
Wounded and distin-
guished, Kimberley



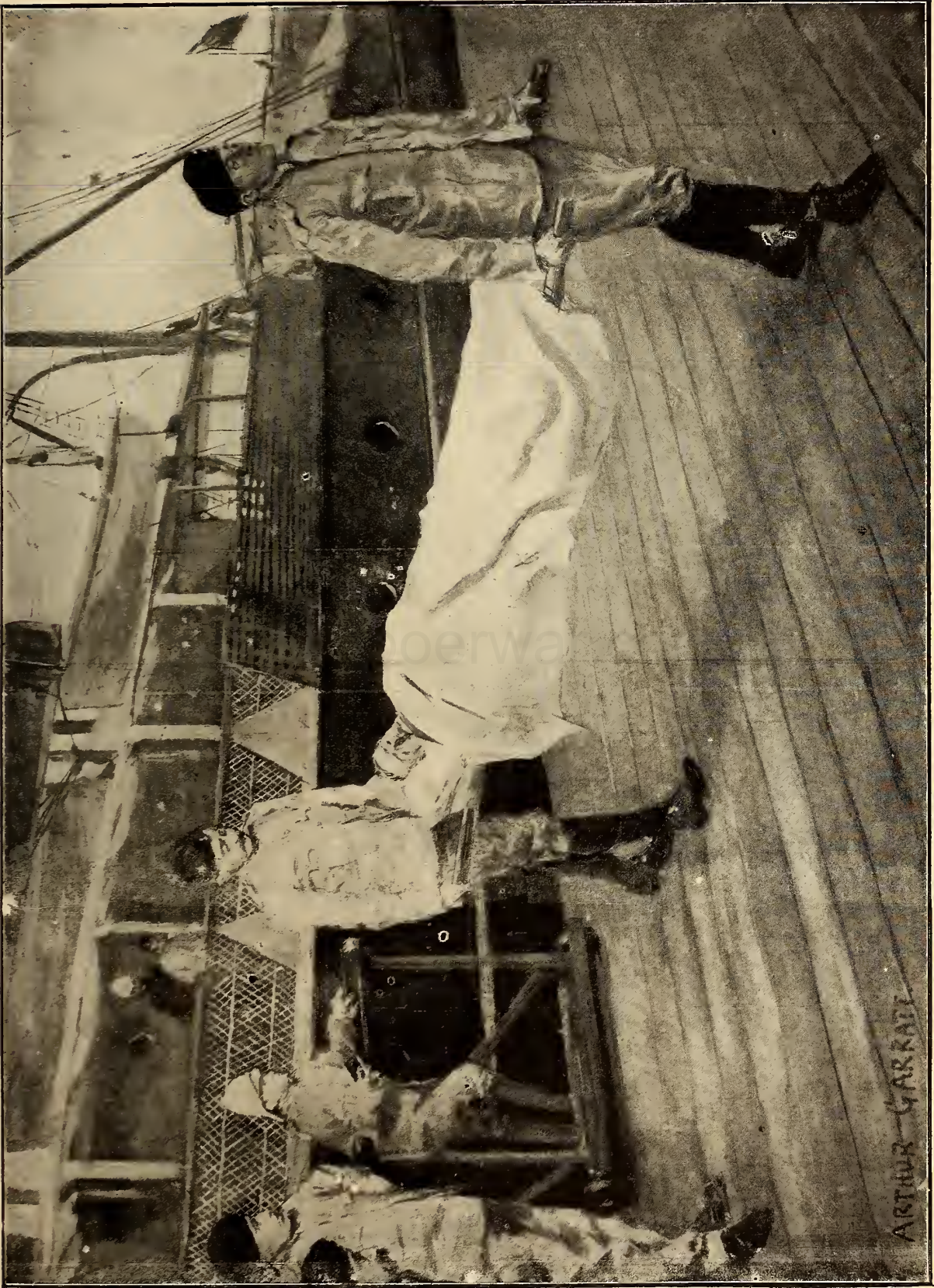
Lieut. R. W. M.
Stevens, 2nd R.I.R.
Wounded, Stormberg



Lieut. W. A. M.
Temple, 1st Gloucesters
— Captured
Nickolson's Nek

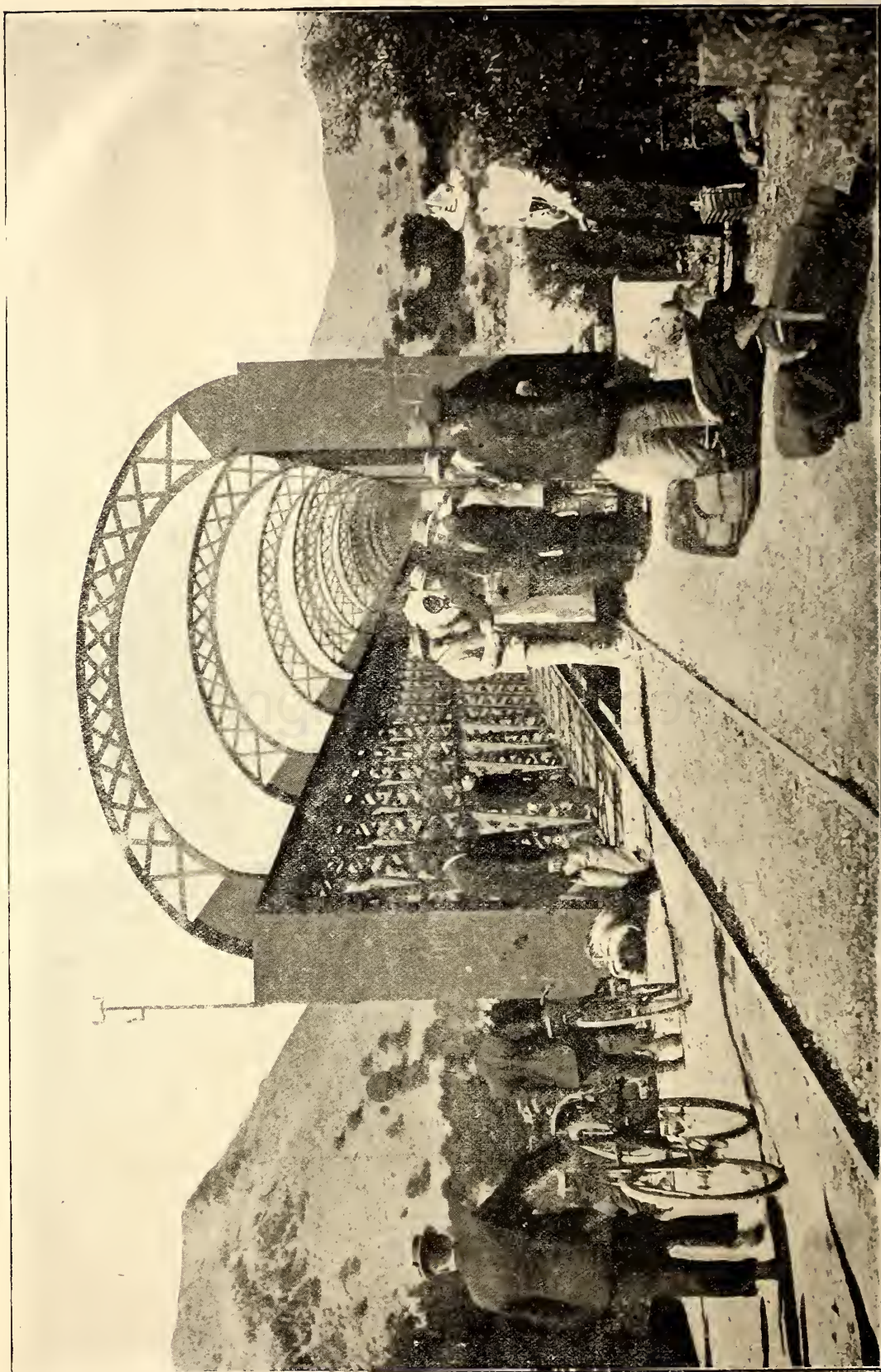


No more fighting for the present ! Wounded men, who fought at Dundee, on board a transport at Cape Town



ARTHUR GARRATT

The chances of war. After the Battle of Dundee; landing wounded officers at Cape Town



Good-bye, daddy! A burgher's farewell to his family. (Photo by Our Special Correspondent, D. Barnett)



indians and natives fleeing from Colenso after it has been captured by the Boers. (Sketched by Our Special Correspondent, René Bull)

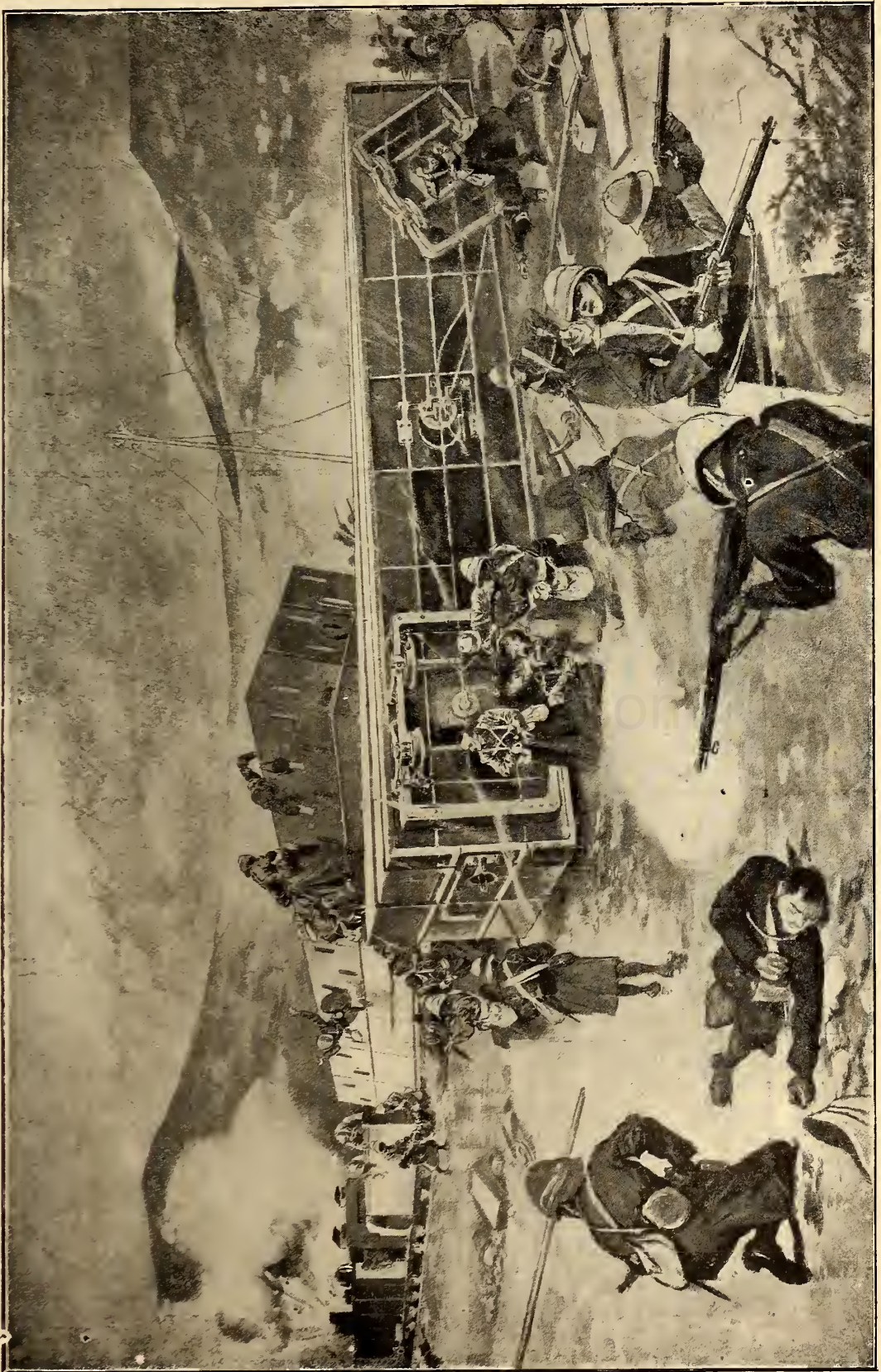


Royal Field Artillery landing baggage, Durban



1. René Bull, Our Special Correspondent. 2. Bennett Burleigh, Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph"

Coolies loading up truck at Estcourt with rails and tools for repairing the line broken up by the Boers between Colenso and Pietermaritzburg. The truck was afterwards attached to the armoured train



The attack on the armoured train at Chieveley, November 15th. See "Notes o' War." (Drawn by Our Special Correspondent, René Bull)

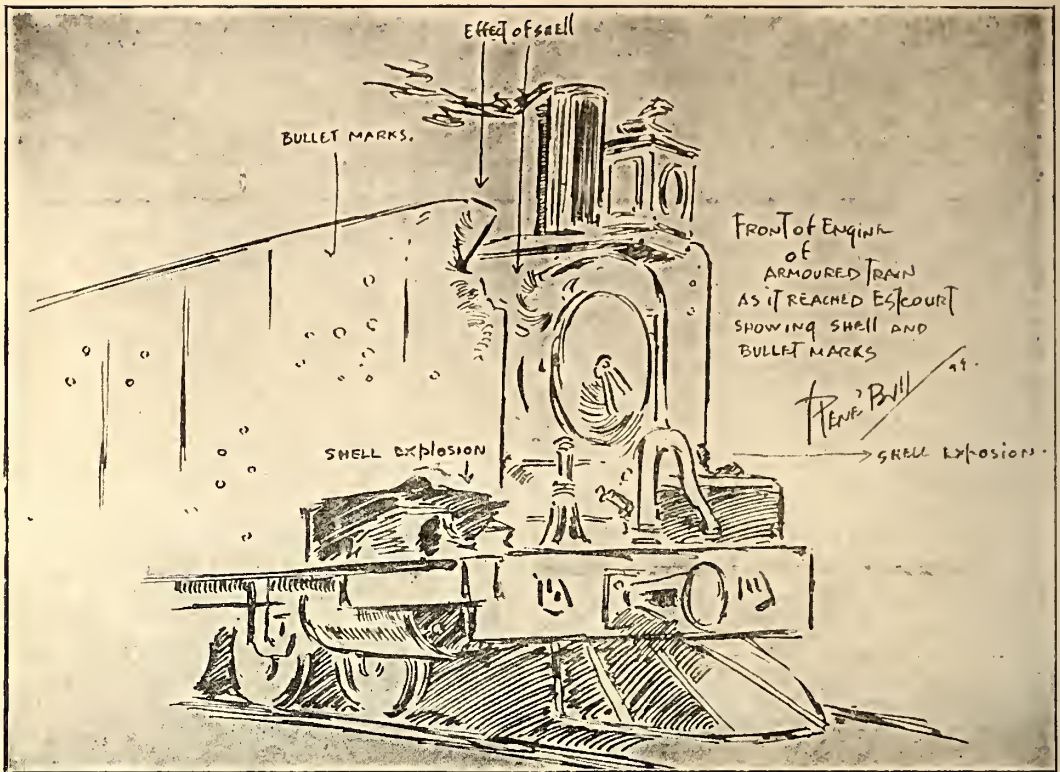




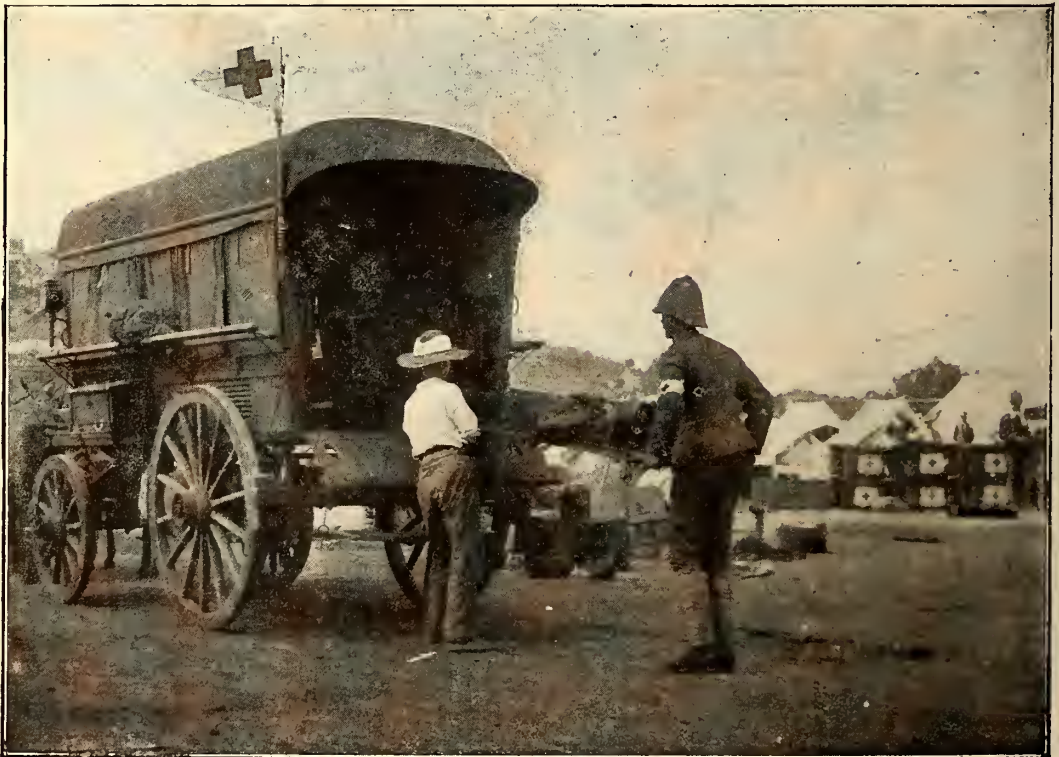
E DAY'S WORK



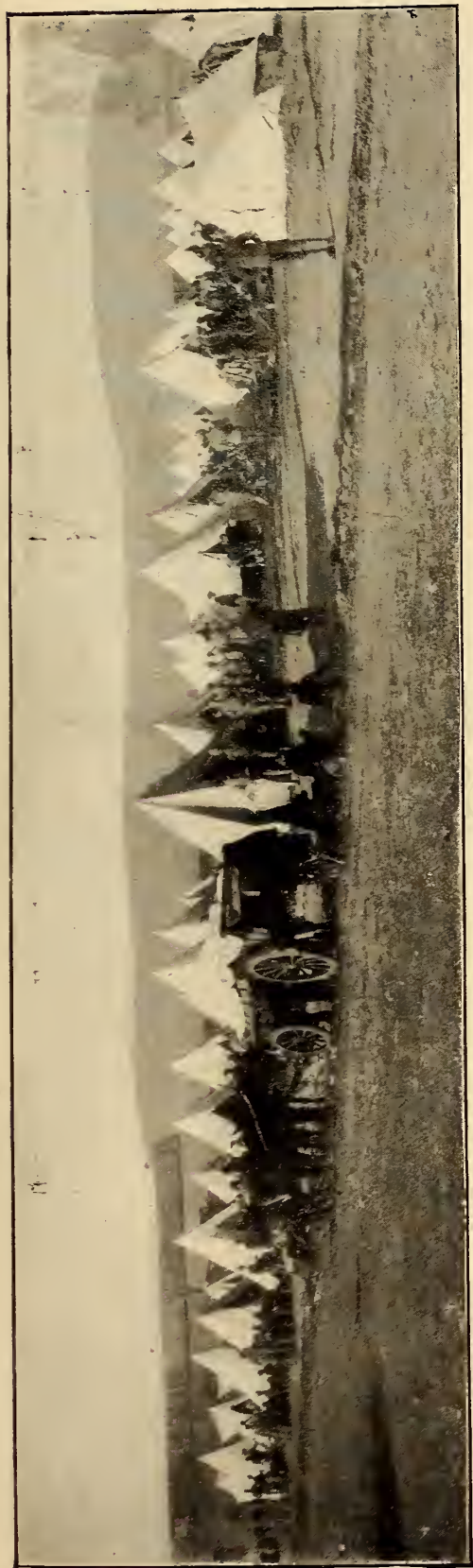
AFTER THE DAY'S WORK



The armoured train disaster at Chieveley, November 15th, where Mr. Winston Churchill was captured. (From a sketch by Our Special Correspondent, René Bull)



After the battle. The wounded arriving at the Camp Hospital



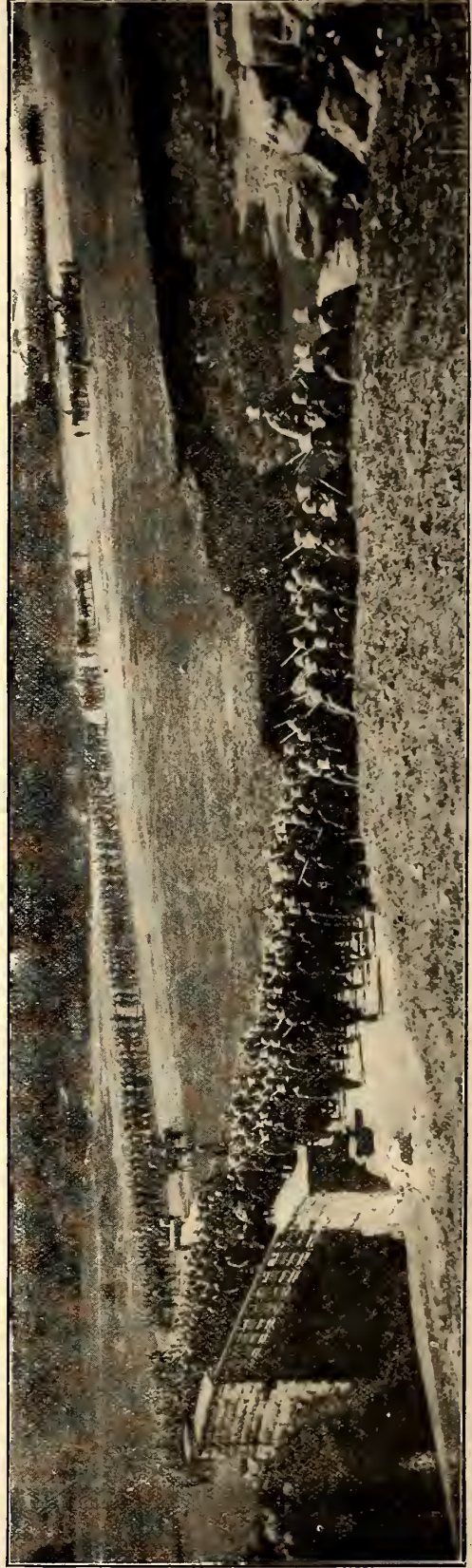
A war view of the gallant Dublin Fusiliers (the "Fighting Devils") at Estcourt



Out to the relief of the wrecked train, November 15th. The Imperial Light Horse crossing the bridge to the north of Estcourt which the Boers are threatening to blow up. (Photos by Our Special Correspondent, D. Barnett)



Durban Field Artillery setting off on the same errand



Also the Durban Light Infantry and the Dublin Fusiliers (in the rear) going to help their comrades. (Photos by Our Special Correspondent, D. Barnett)



Will they tell? Kaffir spies brought up to General Murray's headquarters for examination



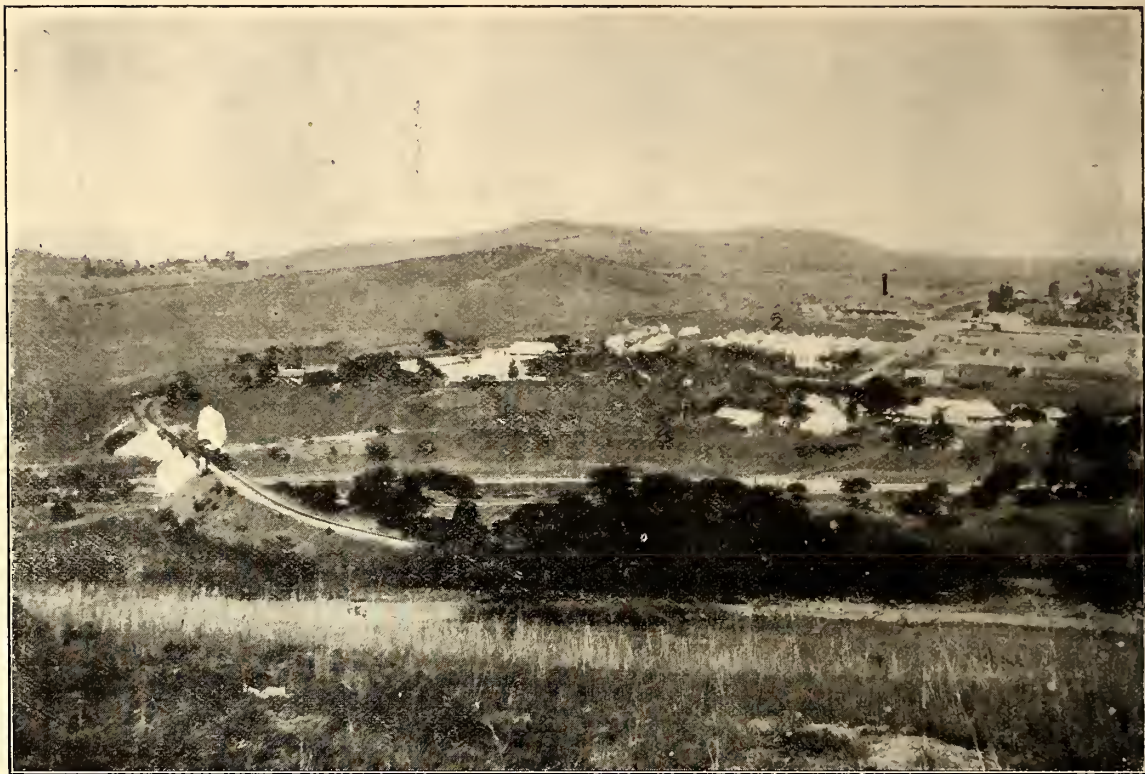
Unpromising witnesses. Boer prisoners who were arrested on the railway line near Estcourt, waiting for General Murray to ask them a few questions



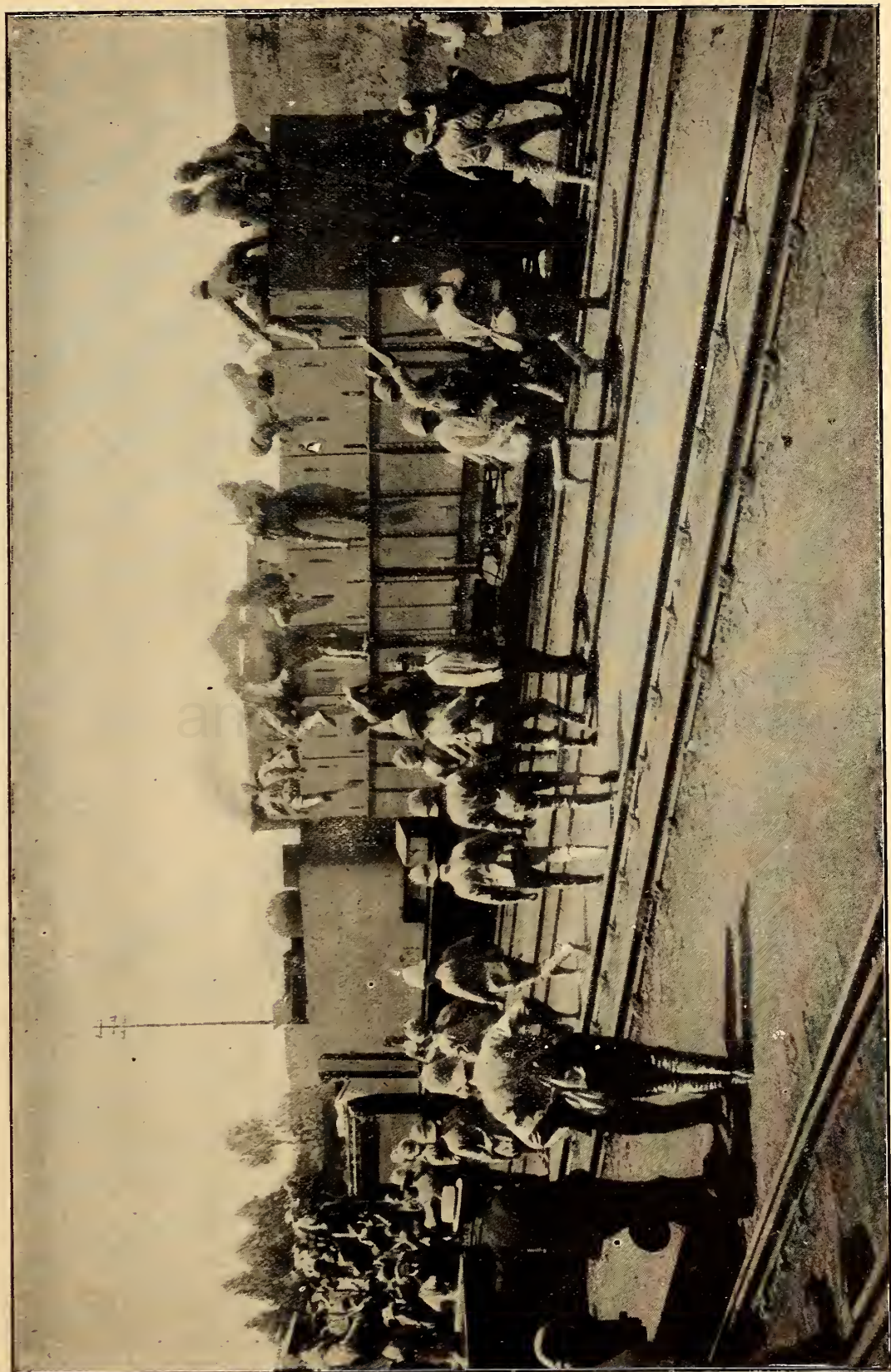
Preparing for their fatal journey. The Dublin Fusiliers just before they embarked on the armoured train, November 15th. (Photos by Our Special Correspondent, D. Barnett)



British Military Camp at Estcourt, which has been so well organised by General Hildyard, and is now being reinforced for the relief of Ladysmith. This is a continuous picture from left to right



The above shows, read from left to right, a panorama of Estcourt, the base of the operation for the relief of Ladysmith. (1) The Camp of Dublin Fusiliers. (2) Camp of Durban Light Infantry. (x) Camp of "A" Squadron of Imperial Light Horse. (Photo by Our Special Correspondent, D. Barnett)



Before the disaster, November 15th. Men of the Dublin Fusiliers embarking on the armoured train. In the truck on the left is Our Special Correspondent, René Bull, snap-shooting



C" Squadron of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry

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Sergeants of the same. Pietermaritzburg Fort on hill in background

An Uitlander Corps organised by Colonel Thorneycroft. (Photos by Our Special Correspondent, D. Barnett)



1. Ready to stand. 2. Colonel Thorneycroft and his Adjutant. 3. Colonel Thorneycroft and officers in the field at Natal
Thorneycroft's Corps has had many brushes with the enemy, and scored well at Willow Grange, November 19th. (Photo by Our Special Correspondent, D. Barnett)



Getting the rations from the cooks. A scene in the camp kitchen

been the same old story for years. The soldiers were not allowed to have any money, and they were not allowed to have any food. They were not allowed to have any of the things that they needed. They were not allowed to have any of the things that they needed. They were not allowed to have any of the things that they needed.



Beguiling the tedium of the siege. A soldier's sing-song



They know the neighbourhood. Staff-Sergeants and Sergeants of the 13th, 67th, and 60th Batteries, R.F.A., who have been stationed at Ladysmith Camp since July, 1897, and were in action at the Battle of Glencoe under the late General Symons



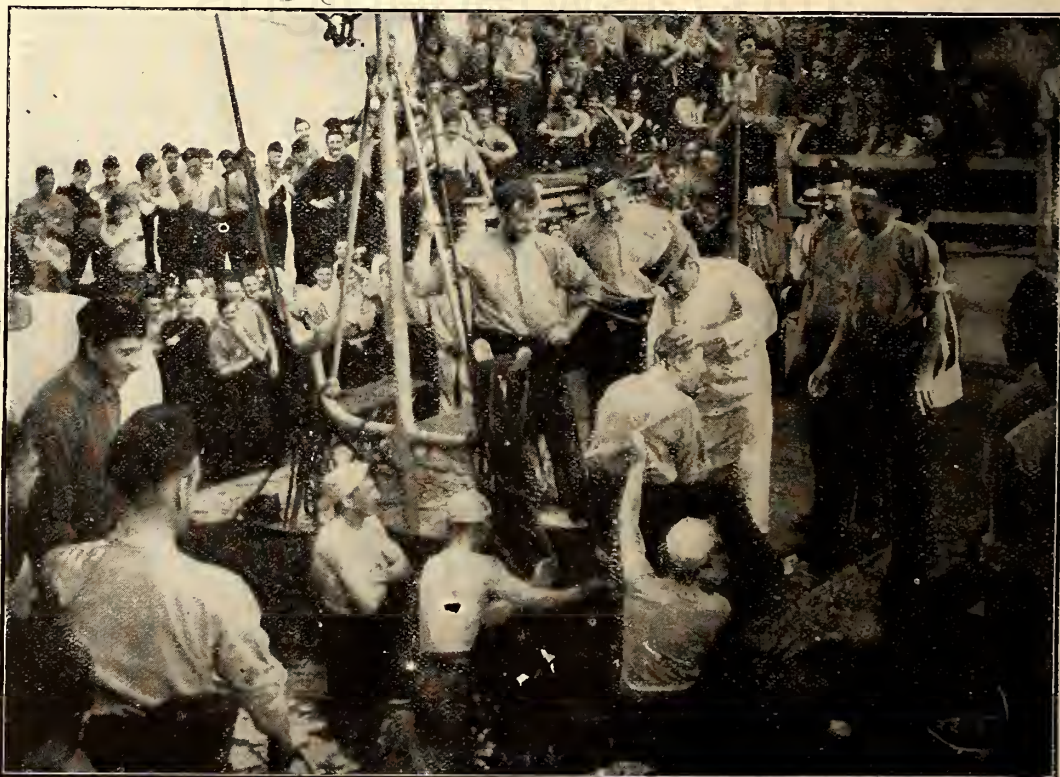
Making the most of the voyage. Hurricane deck of H.M.S. "Nubia"—the officer's side



Getting their eyes in. Rifle parties practise shooting at bottles on H.M.S. "Nubia"



A time-honoured custom being observed on H.M.S. "Nubia." Father Neptune upbraids his conquerors on crossing the line



And all who do it for the first time have to submit to the attentions of the barber and a plunge in the tank