

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

VIVID WAR INCIDENTS

CONNECTED WITH THE GLORIOUS BATTLE IN THE SOUDAN.

How Generals, Officers and Privates Fought and Won—Thrilling Descriptions by a London Telegraph Correspondent Who was Present.

There were many thrilling incidents of the great battle of Atbara and now that the mail accounts of the correspondents been printed in London a little idea can be gained of the fierceness of the fight and the terrible slaughter of the enemy. Some of these dramatic and exciting incidents are taken from the vivid account in the London Daily Telegraph.

Gen. Gatacre, followed by Capt. Ronald Brooke of his staff, was the first upon our front at the zareba. Seizing a bush, he tried to pull it aside. A Dervish sprang from the trench to spear the General, who called out to big Private Cross of F Company: 'Give it to him, my man.' Cross promptly shot and bayoneted the Dervish, and turned again to help the General, who had not ceased to drag at the bush.

In the few momentous half seconds that intervened, while officers and men were making a passage through the hedge, their comrades covering them as well as they were able, sending a shower of bullets through the palisades and a hail of lead over them across the inner lines of trenches, hundreds of brave deeds were done. The Dervish fire was so bitter, and their lines of trenches so many behind the palisade, that the plan of attack had to be changed on the spot. Instead of the Camerons being halted to allow the other battalions to go through to the front, an operation which would have entailed delay and great loss of life, the General called upon the men to push forward. A big Union Jack, borne on high by Staff-Sergeant Wyatt, as usual marked and directed the centre of the Camerons' line. Its bearer was mauled in the knee by a bullet from an elephant-gun, and could go no further. An orderly in the Camerons gripped the staff and triumphantly carried the Union Jack forward through a storm of bullets, which left him unscathed, but checkered the flag with holes and rents.

Capt. Findlay of the Camerons, with his revolver in one hand and sword in the other, sprang in safety over the palisade and first trench, although the latter was crammed too deep with Dervishes. Shooting and bayoneting all before them, his men strove to keep up with their tall, herculean captain, for Findlay stood over 6 feet 2 inches. He had gone but half a dozen yards further when he was shot through the heart, and speared at the same moment by Dervishes in a trench. His men, who had been unable to protect him, took an instant vengeance upon every Dervish in the trench. Truth to say, the enemy were there to kill or be killed. They gave no quarter, and rarely asked for it for themselves, fighting like beasts till death relaxed their throats. A sergeant jumped from the palisade across the five foot of trench underneath and then pistolled a Dervish who had sprung up in front to spear him. Capt. Urquhart of the Camerons jumped across about the same moment and was shot by a rifleman who had lain among the dying, waiting an opportunity to slay. Hearing a gun discharged so close behind him, the sergeant wheeled about and shot the Dervish, and one of Urquhart's infuriated men bayoneted the treacherous foe as he fell. Urquhart received a terrible mortal wound through the body. As his men stopped to pick him up he said, 'Never mind me, my lads. Go on, Company F.'

Gen. Gatacre, sword in hand, found a passage way through the barrier. At the second trench, five paces forward, he was thrust at by a Dervish spearman, but parried the blow and gave the man his sword point. I got through at an opening in the zareba and palisade a little to the left of the Camerons' centre. The bullets were striking all around, coming from trenches and tukals both upon our front and left. As the ground was very rough to get a better view I mounted my horse when just outside the zareba. Private Chalmers of the Camerons dashed at an Emir, who was standing with flag and spear, shouting encouragingly to his tribesmen. The Dervishes had met the shout of our advance, as we closed at the charge, with answering cries of 'Allah, el Allah, el Akbar,' but later their voices were stilled, though they fought doggedly on. Chalmers found the Emir nothing loath to cross steel. There



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

was a rapid parry and a thrust, and the Dervish fell, gripping wildly at Chalmers' rifle, while the Cameron tore the battle-banner from his enemy's nerveless grasp.

Only once was something like a temporary check experienced. That was when the troops had all but gained the high ground in the middle of the zareba. From an inner zareba, tukals, bush, and a fort a rifle fire of great intensity was sprung upon us. The Eleventh Soudanese, the Lincolns, and the Camerons were the first upon whom burst the fury of the blast. It was Mahmoud's inner den, or keep, that we had run full against, and the place was held by a thousand more of his specially chosen followers. A company of the Eleventh Soudanese, without the least hesitation, tried to rush the north-west corner. Before a storm of bullets the company was all but annihilated, losing 100 men in killed and wounded. Other companies of the brave Eleventh Blacks sprang for ward and charged home. Piper Stewart of F. Company Camerons leaped upon a knoll, playing loudly the 'March of the Cameron Men.' Bullets rained around him, but he only blew the harder until, a minute later, he fell before a Dervish volley, pierced through and through by seven wounds.

In every tukal and trench Dervishes were hidden, firing at us openly or covertly or rushing out from among groups of their wounded to shoot or cut down a soldier. It was furious and ticklish work, as of clearing out by hand a hive of hornets. Sergeant-Major Mackay of the Seaforth's led a marvellous escape in jumping the palisade. A spearman made a furious drive at him while he was in midair and rent his kilt in twain. Mackay turned upon him angrily and gave his enemy pistol and claymore together. Lieut. Gore of the Seaforth's was killed a few minutes later. We were winning our way step by step, but over the enemy's dead and dying. Lieut. Boxer of the Lincolns, who, with Gore, had passed the last evening at Abadar in my tent, where both were happy to learn that the dreary camping ground was to be left for a battlefield, was badly hit in the leg. Col. Murray of the Seaforth's had a narrow shave, a Dervish rushing out of a tukal and firing at him. Missing the Colonel, the creature threw up his hands in token of surrender, but that was not thought to be playing the game fairly, and the Dervish was, without parley bowled over with a Seaforth's Lee-Metford. Subsequently Col. Murray was shot through the left forearm by a No. 12 round ball fired from a fowling piece. Col. Verner of the Lincolns had two singular mishaps, either of which came near enough being fatal. A bullet cut his helmet strap and grazed his cheek; another shot struck him in the mouth, gouging away part of his upper lip. He refused to retire, following his men through to the river bank.

Mahmoud's ruthless cruelty was terribly in evidence in his zareba. Numbers of manacled blacks were found dead in the trenches. These poor wretches had been chained by both hands and legs, and put

there with guns in their hands to fight and be killed. There was no escape for them. We saw others, but too late to save them, handcuffed in rows, who had been placed in the fore-front of the works, and compelled to use rifles against us. And, yet more pitiful, three or more hapless prisoners were found in chains and with forked sticks upon their necks, stretched lifeless in the open between the trenches, and before Mahmoud's den.

The Sirdar was penning his despatches when a guard of the Tenth Battalion Soudanese came up with a stalwart, bare-headed Dervish prisoner, wearing an Emir's ornate jibbeh. An officer galloped up with the news that the captive was Mahmoud himself. He approached slightly limping, his short baggy cotton drawers smeared with blood from a bayonet prod. A tall native, standing six feet, as much negroid as Arab in feature, with a thin tuft of hair on his chin, a man of about 30 years of age—this was the Taicha Baggara and nephew of the Khalifa, the supposed truculent Dervish General. He held his head up and scowled at his guard. The Sirdar and General Hunter wheeled round, and Mahmoud was brought before them.

'I was an onlooker. This is the Sirdar,' said Gen. Hunter, indicating Sir Herbert Kitchener. Mahmoud paid no special attention.

'Sit down,' said the Sirdar to him, which in Eastern parlance was a rather ominous beginning for Mahmoud—an omen of death. Why have you come into my country, to burn and to kill?' said the Sirdar.

'I have to obey the Khalifa's orders, as a soldier, without question, as so must you the Khedive's' replied Mahmoud, speaking for the first time.

'Where is Osman Digna?' was next asked.

'I don't know,' said Mahmoud. 'He was not in the fight; he went away my cavalry. Yes, all the rest of my Emirs stayed with me. I saw the troops about 5 in the morning, and instantly mounted my horse and rode around the camp, seeing that all were in their assigned places. Then I returned to my den and waited. I am not a woman to run away.'

Mahmoud was removed in custody of the Tenth Soudanese, together with two young lads, his cousins. For all his vaunting he was found hiding in sort of a cave, which he had hollowed out under a bed. His capture was effected by the blacks while searching the enemy's camp. Emir Senussi, whom it appears was with him at the moment, was first detached and shot. Mahmoud might have shared his fate had not a Dervish lad called out that Mahmoud was there, and Capt. Franks came up and assisted in having him hauled out alive.

MAKES BUFFALO KEEP HIM.

The Sentence That Schroeder Keeps up as the Result of a Vow.

When fifteen years ago Herman Schroeder made the remark that he would never again work a day, and would make the city of Buffalo keep him, he was laughed at. Such a remark is not uncommon with prisoners arraigned before the early morning Justices. Up to the present time, however, Schroeder has kept his word, and the prospects are that he will keep it up to the time of his death. He is regarded as the oddest of old characters who have found their way to the Erie County Penitentiary. Schroeder is 55 years old, and is fairly well educated. He was born in Buffalo and his father was a merchant

in comfortable circumstances. One night in 1883, Schroeder, who had never drunk to excess, attended a merry-making at the home of one of his friends, and he took too much liquor. He staggered when he got in the street, and the first policeman he met arrested him.

'Guilty or not guilty?' asked the Magistrate the following morning of Schroeder, who had given the name of Brown.

'I was drunk,' replied the prisoner, 'but it was the first time in my life, and it was a mistake. I bothered no one, and I promise that if you will let me go, I will never be here again. I have no money to pay a fine and imprisonment means disgrace to my family.'

'Oh, you men all tell the same story. I'll bet you haven't been sober in a year. Go to the workhouse and sober up. Fifteen days'll do.'

Schroeder's eyes gleamed just a little, it is said by persons who saw the scene. He glowered at the Magistrate and said:

'You're a disgrace to any city, and a city that would let you be its servant is a blot on its country. You're—'

'I'll make that thirty days, said the Justice smiling.

'You may as well make it life, for I'll never work another day in my life, and I swear before God that the city of Buffalo will support me till I die. Your injustice is responsible, and I'll carry out my threat, if it does wreck my life.'

It may have been an impulsive remark that Schroeder made, but this is how he has fulfilled his vow thus far:

Within an hour after being liberated from penitentiary, where he spent thirty days, he was in the nearest police station. He gave himself up, saying he was a vagrant, and the following morning he was sent down for three months. After serving this term he repeated his operation, and this time received a sentence of thirty days. In this way he went, on but at last the police came to know him, and they refused to lock him up. Accordingly, Schroeder went out and smashed a window in a shop. This gained his point. He was arrested on the charge of malicious mischief and was sent down for sixty days. When this term expired he hurried to an outlying station house, where he was not known, and gave himself up. He followed this plan till he had been locked up in each of the thirteen police stations and all the morning Justices knew him. Two years after his first sentence he was arranged before the Justice who had sentenced him first. The latter remembered him and said:

'You're keeping your word, I see. I'll discharge you this time.'

No sooner had the Justice said this than Schroeder struck him a heavy blow in the face. The prisoner was thereupon sent down for six months. Schroeder's sudden disappearance from home caused his family much worry. They could get no trace of him, owing to the fact that he was recorded on the police books as Brown. They decided that he had been murdered or had purposely hidden himself. About two years ago, while Schroeder was detained in the Central police station awaiting arraignment, the turnkey opened the cell door and threw in a drunken young man. The latter immediately fell in a stupor, and while he slept Schroeder watched him. When

he [newcomer] awoke Schroeder spoke to him. 'Father and son were together.'

This boy, who had developed to a loafer was ten years old when his father disappeared. From him Schroeder now learned that his wife had been dead several years, that one of his boys had been killed by the cars, and that the third was alive and respectable. This was the first information Schroeder had had of his family. He was not undone. He received the news stoically and calmly regarded the degradation of his son.

Schroeder is now in the penitentiary. For the last five years he has made it a practice to give himself up at the Central police station. If he is liberated in the morning he is back in the penitentiary before night. The Sergeants know him and all he has to do is to present himself at the desk. His name is entered on the blotter and not a word is exchanged. He appears 212 times on the police records and this record is surpassed by but one person—Josephine Mahoney, a Canal street character, who has been arrested over 300 times. Her history, however, dates from war time.

Schroeder takes great pride in his cell at the penitentiary. It is like all the rest in that institution. It is built in the wall and is about 6 feet long and 4 feet wide. It is Schroeder's home. All his earthly possessions are in it and they consist for the most part of picture cards. The walls on three sides of the cell are covered with these cards and the fourth side is utilized as a dairy. Schroeder has slept here every night but forty for the last thirteen years. Those forty nights were spent in police stations while he was awaiting to be sent to the penitentiary. Every time Schroeder is sent down he makes a note of it on his wall, together with the length of his sentence. Scrolled about the entries are the words 'Revenge is sweeter than death.' The picture cards which compose his gallery are all of a sentimental nature. He never laughs and he eschews paper pictures that are intended to cause a laugh. Speaking of himself a few days ago he said:

'I'm enjoying life. I have nothing to worry about. What if I am making a fool of myself? I am keeping my vow and it takes a man to do that. Then there is another advantage—I won't fear death when it comes. I will welcome it.'

The Cardinal's Career.

In the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne's recent book, 'Social Hours with Celebrities,' some of the best Irish stories are told by Cardinal Manning. None better, however, than the following, which the cardinal, doubtless, would have been glad of the chance to tell:

When Cardinal Manning was lying in state, an unsympathetic passer-by ventured the remark, 'I don't know why they are making all this fuss about him. What did he ever do to deserve it?'

'An' is it what did he ever do, ye mane?' said a pugnacious Hibernian near him. 'You just come outside an' take off yer coat, an' I'll show ye what he did!'

Boyle Roche Outdone.

'He is an enemy to both kingdoms,' said Sir Boyle Roche, 'who wishes to diminish the brotherly affections of the two sister countries!'

Equally noteworthy with this was the highly creditable sentiment uttered by the governor of one of the United States at the opening of an industrial exhibition recently.

'Let us hope,' said he, 'that the occasion will be an entering wedge which will bring about a more perfect unity between North and South!'

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

And what it led to.

It is not a common occurrence that a friendly word should be the means of giving nearly forty years of happiness and health to the person heeding the advice it carried. This was the case with Mary Lingard. At twenty-five she was dragging out her days in misery. At sixty-one she finds herself so active and strong she can do work that would shame many a younger woman, and looks back on thirty-six happy, healthful years of industry. But let her tell her story:

'Thirty-six years ago I had great trouble with my liver. The doctors allowed that there were tumors growing on it, and they blistered my side in an effort to give me relief. I was at that time earning my living as a tailoress, but for five years, between the pain in my side and the blisters I was in constant misery, and work was a drag to me, with no prospect of relief; fortunately for me, however, a friend advised me to take Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and finally persuaded me to take a regular course of it. When I first commenced taking the Sarsaparilla my side was so painful that I could not fasten my dress, and for a time I did not get any relief, but my friend advised me to persevere and relief was sure to come, and come it did. This happened, as I say, thirty-six years ago. My liver has never troubled me since, and during these years I have passed through the most critical period of a woman's life without any particular trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one years of age, I am active and strong, and able to do a day's work that would upset

many a younger woman. Ever since my recovery I have taken a couple of bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and am quite satisfied that I owe my good health to this treatment. I give this testimonial purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer.'

MARY LINGARD, Woodstock, Ont.

Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and who know they were cured by the use of the remedy. There is nothing so strong as this personal testimony. It throws all theories and fancies to the winds and stands solidly upon the rock of experience, challenging every skeptic with a positive 'I know.' Ayer's Sarsaparilla with its purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every form of disease that begins in tainted or impure blood. Hence tumors, sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others, but persistence with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla usually results in a complete cure. Mary Lingard began with a bottle, and went on to a course of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When she was cured she realized that a medicine that could cure disease could also prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring and kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a little book of 100 pages which is sent free by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.