

BULLER'S SPEECH.

Which Resulted in His Dismissal From Office.

VETERAN GENERAL TALKED TOO FREELY,

Admitting Publicly Much That Was Charged Against Him.

The following is the Pall Mall Gazette's report of the famous speech delivered by General Buller at Queen's Hall, Westminster, on Oct. 10, which resulted in his dismissal from the command of the First Army Corps and his retirement on half pay:

Sir Redvers Buller said he thought he had good reasons to complain of the attitude taken up by a certain section of the press in relation to the war. The work of the troops was very seriously handicapped when they knew that at home they were exposed to unjustifiable criticism. He said the above with regard to the army generally.

He mentioned the case of Colonel Gough, the "good little Gough," the gallant Gough, as they used to call him, who had fought with great bravery through two long years that had been condemned without having a hearing. The speaker knew the country where Colonel Gough was ambushed, and twenty-two years ago he refused to take a convoy through it without five hundred men. This was not the way to give heart to the men. How could the army be expected to surmount their enormous difficulties without being decently supported?

He himself had cause of complaint, and while he did not care for himself what was said about him, he was told that the army was furious in consequence of it. In the Times it was stated that he wrote a telegram in which he ordered Sir George White to give up Ladysmith and destroy his stores. It was true that he had written a great many telegrams, and wrote one telegram which might partially be so described. He could not disclose all the telegrams he had written, because an officer in high command was merely a partner in a large concern, and he would be the last man to stand forward and say he was not guilty simply because somebody else did something, especially with the war still going on.

God forbid that he should try to defend himself at the expense of anyone, but with regard to the particular telegram referred to.

He stood absolutely alone and therefore he had not, the least objection to give them the facts. He attacked Colenso on December 15, and he was unsuccessful. It was a very trying day. He had been at work thirty hours, and it was the hottest day of the year. He had had, moreover, rank [bad] luck. Having failed, he had to consider not himself, but the garrison shut up in Ladysmith. There was a good man in command at Ladysmith. He had testified to that in a report he sent to the War Office on the very day the garrison was beleaguered.

But horse sickness was prevalent, enteric fever was growing more epidemic on the Tugela, and he believed the Boers were putting dead horses in the water from which the garrison would have to drink. He was unaware what supplies they had, but he had heard that they would not last beyond the end of the year, although he had since learned that he had made a mistake at that time. Therefore there were only another fifteen days to go. He prepared a message to Sir George White in which he said he had attacked and failed, that he could not possibly make a further attempt for another month, and that then it would have to be by slow fighting. After reading it over several times he said to himself, "That's a mean thing to send a fellow."

He knew that his was the responsibility and that if it came to the last moment with Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith could say that Sir Redvers Buller was in favor of giving way. In the telegram he also put some questions, and in the middle of them after thinking the matter over, he suggested that it might be necessary to surrender, and also what Sir George should do when he surrendered, and how he should do it. He thought it would be some sort of cover to a man whom he believed to be in greater difficulties than himself.

He wanted to bring the man who said that he had counselled Sir George White to surrender down into the ring, and for that purpose he challenged him to bring forward the telegram. He knew where the telegram was. It was in the hands of the editor of a magazine who had made himself notorious some years ago by rak-

ing over the garbage of a story fifty years old and dishing it up hot. The telegram must have been stolen because it was in cipher, addressed to Sir George White, and perfectly private. He challenged the production of it and how it was got. He would then publish the telegram in full, and let the public judge.

Sir Redvers also related a curious story of a man whom he described as an international detective calling on him at Aldershot and strongly advising him to give up the Aldershot command, because there were men who were determined to get him out of the way. He said he replied that he was a fighting man, and what he had been told would only make him the more resolute to remain. A fortnight ago, curiously enough, a few London papers came out on the same day with a bitter attack upon him. It might have been accidental; it was certainly a coincidence. The papers said he was not fit to be in command of the First Army Corps, and one reason given was his reckless courage. He would like to have reckless courage, but he had not; and he asserted he would one day prove that he would not lose a single man unless he thought he might get something for it. If there was to be a row he wished no other man to be blamed for him. He asserted that there was nobody in England junior to him who was more fit to command the Army Corps, and he challenged his critics to name the man if they could.

MILLIONAIRE WITH FLAG.

An American Procession in the Heart of Montreal Paying a Wager.

With a banner flying, a procession marched solemnly up St. Helen Street to Notre Dame, Montreal, Thursday, along to St. Peter and then up to St. James to the post office. Then, like the King of France it solemnly marched back. On the way back the procession got very dry, and a licensed home of refreshment benefited. The procession was headed by a man and a flag, it was closed by a man with a flag—it consisted of a man with a flag. In fact, Mr. J. R. Simon was the procession. He is a wealthy silk dealer and importer of New York. It is said he is worth two million dollars or less, and his name is familiar through the silk world. Thursday he was in the Corticelli silk agency Montreal with half a dozen other local silk men, and was drawn into a discussion regarding the Boer war; then into a wager, and he lost. What the wager was or what the loss, it is not necessary or discreet to tell, but fifteen minutes later, teamsters, brokers, messenger boys and everyone else on St. James Street stopped to watch Mr. Simon and the Union Jack go by. Mr. Simon is short, forty, florid and well dressed. He staggered a little when he saw the size of the flag he had to carry, and did not look pleased when he heard that he was to be accompanied by one of the party who was there to see that the meteor flag of England flew over a wealthy citizen of the United States through the principal streets of that patriotic city. The first shock over he bravely shouldered his banner and set out. He started to walk on the sidewalk, but his guardian said: "You are not a common foot passenger; you are a procession, and processions are not allowed on the sidewalk here." So Mr. Simon got out in the centre of the street and "proceshed." The flag and the color bearer were given royal salutes all along the line of march. The first was from a teamster, who nearly drove over Mr. Simon, and then asked if he thought he was the Royal Scots. A newsboy offered him "ten cents for der rag," and a toothblack offered to relieve him of his burden and march ahead of him with it. Some one said, "The bloomin' dook is coming back," and at the post office Mr. Simon was severely eyed by three big policemen, which gave him more concern than any of the disparaging remarks he had heard.

When he returned to the Corticelli silk office he was welcomed by half a hundred wholesale men who had been notified of the joke, and were on hand with tin horns and thirsts.

Mr. Simon said afterward it was a great honor to march beneath the Union Jack, but he did not think he would aim so high in the future.

John Charlton, M. P. in addressing the Ontario Sabbath School Association at Toronto, Thursday, deplored the absence of purity and morality in public affairs, and impressed upon teachers the duty of inculcating the principles of political morality. Elections were not won, he said, by prayer, but by influences that are debasing and offensive to the moral sense of the community. The method of raising election funds is incompatible with the spirit of God, which is excluded from modern elections. There was a lack of public sentiment in regard to the matter, and any man who took a stand in the Legislature against political corruption and made an effort to elevate the standard of political life sealed his own political doom, and would never be selected for political promotion.

MONTREAL MURDER.

Boy Killed for Money Which He Did Not Have.

PLEA OF DEFENCE WILL BE INSANITY.

Murderer Sent His Regrets to Victim's Family.

(Special to Daily Herald.)

Montreal, Oct. 28.—Thorwald Hansen, murderer of young Marotte, is a peculiar character, and his defence will probably be insanity.

He said he would like to see his spiritual adviser, and Rev. Mr. Johnson, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, visited him.

The murderer sent his regrets to the family of his victim, saying this was all he could do to atone for the crime he had committed.

A despatch from Quebec says that Hansen worked in the Chateau Frontenac for six weeks and was regarded as sober and industrious. He was paid, when he took to drinking and was eventually discharged.

Montreal, Oct. 28.—Tobie Hanson, a Dane, 34 years old, is locked up for a brutal murder committed Saturday night. Hanson met Samuel Marotte, aged 12, son of Samuel Marotte, a well-known citizen of Montreal, on the street near his father's home, Westmount. Hanson deliberately knocked the boy down, cut his throat and threw the body on a high pile of stones where it was found some hours afterwards.

Hanson walked into police headquarters yesterday and gave himself up. His explanation is that he wanted money but got only a few cents which the poor lad had on him. Hanson has been in Canada only a few months and had worked for some time on the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

Buckwheat Meal.

New western grey buckwheat meal received today at G. T. Whelpley's.—d.

A Convenience.

The Herald is for sale every evening shortly after publication at the stores of Miss Dunlap, Cor. Northumberland and Brunswick Sts., and A. E. Eardley, Cor. St. John and King Sts.—d.

IN POUND.

One red and white yearling Heifer. If not claimed before 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday, 28th inst., will be sold to defray expenses, unless same are sooner paid.

JOHN B. HAWTHORN, Poundkeeper.

Fredericton, Oct. 21, 1901.—dii.

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