CAPTAIN HAGGARD.

Soldier, and Brother of the Famous Novelist,

Talks to the Sun About the New Brunswick Transvaal Contingent

The First British Flag in Pretoria—Nile Campaigns—About Some Books—Unity of the Empire.

Capt. Haggard, who has been in St. John for some days past, has an especial interest in African affairs. He has himself campaigned on the Nile but it is in South Africa he is chiefly interested, for the reason that no less than three of his brothers have sojourned there at different times and for considerable periods.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

It will interest the Sun's readers to know that it was one of these brothers, Rider Haggard, the famous novelist, who, with his own hand in 1877 hoisted in Pretoria the British flag that proclaimed to the world the annexation of the Transvaal to the empire. His connection with the incident came about in this way: A few weeks previously Rider Haggard had been serving as private secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, high commissioner in South Africa, and was invited by Sir Theophilus Shepstone to accompany him on his dangerous mission to the Transvaal. This mission, as the student of history remembers, owing to the threatening attitude of the Zulus and the bankruptcy of the Boer government, resulted in the annexation of the country to the British crown, and Mr. Haggard hoisted the flag in Pretoria. He was afterwards assistant registrar of the high court of the Transvaal, and was much associated with Chief Justice Kotze, who was dismissed by President Kruger about eighteen months ago in consequence of his refusal to admit that the Raad should have power to subvert the grondwet or constitution. Chief Justice Kotze was dismissed, with the result, as we know, of the utter impossibility of the Uitlander obtaining any measure of justice whatever. Rider Haggard took up a farm named Hilldrop, near Newcastle, and on the border of Natal and the Transvaal. It was in this house, Captain Haggard thinks, that the draft of the convention was signed after the disaster at Majuba Hill. At all events the British signatories were quartered at Hilldrop. Thus Rider Haggard saw both the rise and the temporary fall of British power in the Transvaal. More than that, he was financially a loser, for it was impossible for him and his wife to remain in occupation of the farm after the signing of the convention, in consequence of the bullying and insolent manner of the Boers in that vicinity.

BECAME A NOVELIST.

It was because of this that Rider Haggard returned to England, to become a barrister and eventually a famous writer. In his works his personal knowledge of African affairs was of great advantage. But his first book was not a novel. It was entitled Cetewayo and His White Neighbors, and dealt fully with the situation of affairs at that time. His novels The Witch's Head and Jess are of particular interest in connection with the Transvaal and South Africa. His latest book, Swallow, published last spring, treats of the old Boers and their first great "trek," in the early part of the century; and delineates the Boer character much as it can be traced today in Kruger and his compatriots.

Another brother, Col. Andrew Haggard, is well known in Canada as a sportsman and as a contributor to The Field. He has hunted game in many parts of Canada, has also seen military service, and has written books. One of these, Under the Crescent and Star, deals with the earlier Nile campaigns, and is a very interesting work.

CAPT. HAGGARD'S CAREER.

Capt. Haggard himself, though a young man, has seen active service. He was an officer in the 53rd Shropshire Light Infantry, and later in the transport service, but retired, and is now on half pay. There is a possibility of his offering his services in the Transvaal war. He served in the Suakim campaign in the Soudan, under Sir Gerald Graham, in 1885, and his regiment participated in repelling night attacks, the march to Tamai, and all through the campaign. They were for two years at Suakim, the worst place, Capt. Haggard says, an army ever was quartered in. It is now occupied by an Egyptian force. During his stay there he saw a good deal of "roughing it," in the hottest climate in the world, and also saw of what stuff the British soldier is made, and what he can do under the most trying circumstances. Of 865 men in his regiment, over 400 were lost—killed, died from sickness or were invalided. They were men, too, who had seen service in 1882 against Arabi Pasha, and won the medal and star, which Capt. Haggard also received.

The captain is likewise a literary man, and under the nom de plume of Arthur Amyand has contributed stories of military life and published three books, two of which went through two editions. The books are: Only a Drummer Boy; With Rank and File, or Side Lights on Soldier Life; and Comrades in Arms, a story of the Egyptian campaign of 1885. In these books Capt. Haggard's aim has always been to depict faithfully the inner life of the British soldier in its true colors. He has not written any for two or three years, but hopes to take up the work again some time in the future.

THE N. B. CONTINGENT.

Capt. Haggard, at the Dufferin hotel on Thursday, spoke in the most enthusiastic way about the New Brunswick contingent for the Transvaal. It was his good fortune, he said, to be in Fredericton on Monday and to witness the farewell proceedings at the City hall. He was struck by the appearance of the detachment from that town, which was chiefly composed of R. R. C. I. men. He thought, as he looked at these men (who he was informed had seen service in the Yukon), that if a whole regiment of them could go as a unit it would be very hard to find any regiment in the world their superior. The men looked hard and fit, and a trained regiment of their appearance would be a great acquisition to any army.

With regard to the contingent that went from St. John on Wednesday, so far as he was able to offer an opinion, he considered it to be of splendid material. From what he saw of their drill, and their appearance in the parade, it was evident that they possessed every qualification to make them, with training, every bit as good as the men of the R. R. C. I. already alluded to. The members of the militia he believed had already gone through a considerable amount of drill, and there could be little doubt of their attaining in a very short time a high standard of efficiency. He had no hesitation in saying that they would, when called upon, be able to take their part and share the dangers of a campaign, and not suffer from any comparison with their English comrades. If the whole of the Canadian contingent was composed of men like these, he felt safe in saying that the purely English Tommy Atkins would, on seeing them, feel proud to welcome them as comrades, and literally as brothers from across the sea. It struck him, however, as the men probably had not had much opportunity for rifle practice, they should be given a period of drill before they were sent to the front. But if that should prove to be impossible, he did not doubt that their power of endurance and their intelligence would compensate to some considerable degree for any lack in that respect. For it was evident to him that they were above the average in intelligence.

With regard to what the Canadians may have before them it was impossible to foretell. Whatever happens, should they go up the country merely to garrison Pretoria or other towns in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, neither they nor those at home must close their eyes to the fact that they will have many hardships to endure. The climate of the country is excellent, but compaigning even under the most favorable circumstances must necessarily be arduous. It is impossible, said Capt. Haggard, for an English soldier who, in the past, has learned from personal experience what has to be endured, not to admire the public spirit and self-sacrifice which has been exhibited in the ready response to the call for the cause of the empire, and the loyal feeling and the fortitude of those nearest and dearest at home, who have in so many cases urged their own to go. The event marks an era in the history of Canada and the empire. Canada may think she owes Britain a debt of gratitude for protection in the past, but Britain will feel deeply how the debt is now being repaid, and the loyal action of Canada and the other colonies must surely tend to the clinching of the bonds of imperial unity to which every true Englishman now looks forward. For it surely cannot be that the true mission in the world of the English speaking race can be brought to its fulfilment should England and her colonies be otherwise than indissolubly bound together.

Capt. Haggard feels it to have been a great privilege to have been in the city of the loyalists and to have seen the demonstration on Wednesday when the N. B. contingent departed. He expected to leave for New York this morning, and desired to say that the great kindness with which he had been treated by the citizens whom he had met would remain with him always a delightful memory.

INCREASE OF SCOTCH LUNATICS.

Disease Develops Principally Among the Farming Population.

(Edinburgh Cor. Chicago Record.)

The report of the general board of lunacy for Scotland tells of a steady rise of lunacy in the country. There were under the care of the board January 1 last 15,390 lunatics—7,233 males and 8,166 females—an increase in one year of 487. The increase of mental diseases in civilized countries is often attributed to the strain and stress of modern life, a deduction which might rightly be applied to large urban centres, but which, it might be expected, would not so readily fit the conditions of country life.

Oddly enough, it is not in great centres of population in Scotland that the largest increase has occurred, but in so remote a country as Argyle, where the railway as yet has hardly penetrated. The reason will possibly be found in the fact that Argyle has a great many poor people, and poverty and lunacy often go hand in hand.

Farmer Fahnstock thinks he owns the stock he is so proud of. But as a matter of fact the stock owns him. He is the humble servant of horse, cow and pig. He looks after them better than he looks after himself, and feeds them before he feeds himself. That is why it so often happens that just about the time that Farmer Fahnstock has reached the place where he can take things easy, he breaks down.



No class of people have been more quickly appreciative of the tonic properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery than farmers and stock raisers. They have found it prevents as well as cures disease. It keeps the stomach in healthy operation, stimulates the organs of digestion and nutrition and increases the secretions of the blood-making glands. The use of "Golden Medical Discovery" at seasons when the strain of work is greatest, keeps the system in perfect working order and prevents the break down which comes from over drafts on the strength.

"I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend Broadwater Co., Montana. "Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief, as I had suffered so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me no good. I got down in weight to 125 pounds, and was not able to work at all. Now I weigh nearly 160 and can do a day's work on the farm. I have recommended your medicines to several, and shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant.

A single item of medical knowledge when life is at stake has a value past computation. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser has 1008 pages of priceless paragraphs. This great work is sent *absolutely free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for paper-bound edition, or 50 stamps for edition in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y

W. H. TREWARTHA-JAMES.

In conversation at the Dufferin with W. H. Trewartha-James of London, the Sun learned that he had spent two years in the Transvaal. Mr. Trewartha-James courteously consented to an interview.

"It was in 1889, 1890 and 1891," he said, "that I was in that country. There were no railways and travelling was done by coach. I went from Cape Town to Kimberley, Klerksdorp, Potchefstroom, Johannesberg, Pretoria and Barberton, the last named place being, I think, about a hundred miles from Delagoa Bay and close to the border of Swasiland. From Barberton I went to Standerton, Newcastle, Pietermaritzberg and Durban. I have been once alone around the country on this trip, and once was accompanied by my wife and child, then ten months old.

A HEALTHY COUNTRY.

"We found the climate exceptionally good, the difference in temperature from day to day being very slight. In the Transvaal the hottest summer day did not exceed 90 degrees Fahrenheit, and I do not remember anything under 50 degrees in the coldest winter weather. I was rather surprised to hear that among some of the people of St. John the Transvaal was regarded as an unhealthy country. I have been pretty well over the world, including South America, the United States, Mexico, Africa, India and Australia, and I do not hesitate to say that all the portions of the Transvaal through which I passed were regarded as exceptionally healthy. Our little boy thrived wonderfully, and we never had a moment's illness during our two years there. I suppose the idea that it is unhealthy has arisen from the fact that in the early days of Johannesberg it was a "tinpot" town, with no sanitary arrangements of any kind, or municipal authority. There was a rush of thirty thousand people, who settled down in tents and houses built of galvanized iron, with no sanitary precautions or arrangements, and as a consequence several bad outbreaks of typhoid fever occurred. I do not know the death rate in Johannesberg today, but am perfectly certain the place would compare favorably as to healthfulness with any mining town in the world.

OOM PAUL KRUGER.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Oom Paul Kruger personally, and though I consider him entirely unfitted to administer the government of the country, since the influx of such an enormous white mixed population, I cannot deny that he has many remarkable traits and is in many ways a striking character. He works very hard, and is a man of tremendous will power, which, unfortunately, is allied with great obstinacy—and pig-headedness. To the latter I attribute the present position of affairs. I think his native judgment would have led him to avoid the present crisis, but he has been influenced and advised by certain Dutch and German houses, who have been sucking the blood of the gold mining industry for years.

BADLY ADVISED.

"Up to the time of the Jameson raid, and the crisis which followed, it must be admitted that he had acted with great astuteness and discretion, but slowly his advisers worked on his feelings and made him suspect the complicity of Mr. Chamberlain in that affair; and in this way a deep rooted antipathy to England, which already existed, but which was concealed by his astute diplomacy, was fostered till it burst the bounds of self-control. I could give one instance from personal knowledge to show how this worked out. A German friend of mine represented parties interested in the dynamite mononoply. They were making enormous sums out of the usurious terms imposed. My friend was summoned from London to give evidence at the enquiry before the Chamber of Mines. He told me, before he left London, that there would be no abolition of the dynamite monopoly, and that he was going back with positive instructions to put the price still higher, and thus show the agitators that not only would Kruger ignore their grievances, but would make their burdens harder. This programme, however, was not carried out.

THE JAMESON RAID.

"When the Jameson raid broke out, three-fourths of the world appeared to be astounded at a movement of which nothing apparently was known. But as a matter of fact, as far back as 1890 arms were being imported and men secretly drilled, to my personal knowledge, and one of the managers of my firm's mines in Africa had been requested by one of the noted reform leaders to organize and ultimately to lead a rebellion against Boer authority. The movement collapsed, as it was hoped that constitutional means would secure the end in view, but the dissatisfaction existed then. As to the Jameson raid, few people know how near that movement came to being successful. A little more precaution, a little more delay, and the arsenal at Pretoria, guarded by only a few men, would have fallen to a band of fifty. There was no other centre of supply for ammunition in the whole of the Transvaal, and the country was utterly unprepared for the contingency.

"Speaking from personal knowledge, I have been consistent for years on this point, namely, that neither by arbitration not concessions, nor by any show of magnanimity could Great Britain have avoided the present trouble. Gladstone's mistake was a fatal one, and all the efforts of diplomacy were baffled by the astuteness and lack of honor among the Boer officials. It was of no use taking their word or promise for anything.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"At the time of the Jameson raid there was an opportunity which was clearly seen by Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder, and some others, but of course it was none of their business, and never should have been. But then was the time when a well laid plan, backed, as I claim it should have been, by the imperial government, would have settled forever the Transvaal problem. Ten thousand men would easily have done it, and probably less; and I don't think it would have cost five hundred lives; for, as I said before, the Transvaal was quite unprepared.

"But there is one thing to count on now. There are thousands of Natal boys who will remember Majuba Hill, and in this campaign will avenge themselves for their brothers who were slaughtered there. I do not think the Transvaal and Orange Free State have together over 40,000 men, and of these not over 20,000 to 25,000 have ever been trained in military movements.

"As to racial feeling between Boers and British, it was the policy of the nation rather than individual feeling that developed the race hatred which is admitted to exist now.

"As Mr. Chamberlain said, our magnanimity in 1881 produced only one effect on the ignorant Boer population. It made them think lightly of the prestige and fighting power of the British nation. There was but one way to regain that prestige, and in my opinion no other policy than that pursued by Chamberlain was possible. Personally, while negotiations were pending, I dreaded lest some European complication should have enabled Kruger to back down from his position without giving adequate redress to the Outlanders' grievances, and thus make still harder the retention of British supremacy in South Africa. If Kruger could only have been wise in time he would have seen that the acceptance of Sir Alfred Milner's proposals would have assured the independence of the Transvaal forever. The franchise would have been accepted by men who recognized the great mistakes that have been made in colonial policy by directing details from Downing street, and who would have voted for an absolutely independent Transvaal subject only to a proper definition of her majesty's suzeralnty. Today there is no question of that. The result of the war must inevitably mean the annexation of the Transvaal and Orange Free State by Great Britain, and probably the formation of a Dominion of South Africa, under a governor general representing the queen, with internal affairs regulated by a provincial legislature.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

"I have been delighted to hear on every side in Canada such expressions of loyalty to the empire. While it was nothing more than I expected from Anglo-Canadians, I must say that my travels in the United States had prepared me to mistrust somewhat the disposition of the French-Canadian element. On this point, however, my mind has been disabused, having heard the feelings of the Quebec people voiced by Mr. Bergeron and having read in the press such firm expressions of loyalty.

"There is one phase of the subject arising out of the present situation that has not, it seems to me, received the attention it deserves. I mean the opportunity afforded by the sending out to South Africa of a regiment of men who are the pick of the Canadian militia. Their going affords them an opportunity which they do not at present fully appreciate. Their offer of service has been prompted only by feelings of patriotism and loyalty to the empire; but I fully believe every Canadian who goes and cares to stay in South Africa after the war is over (and I think the end is even now in sight) will get such a cordial reception and be given such opportunities of advancement in mining or commercial business that he will be well repaid, and learn that loyalty there as here is more than a mere sentiment. They will find, I firmly believe, the opportunity of a lifetime to make a start in that vast country to the north of the Transvaal—Rhodesia, Matabeleland and Mashonaland—waiting to be settled, and I believe any clever Canadian who applies to Cecil Rhodes will be able to get a position in that northern country where he will be a pioneer with opportunities to make his fortune. In fact, to attempt to explain the great opportunities awaiting intelligent enterprise there would require much more space than the Sun could afford to place at my disposal."

"I have spoken for the moment of the country north of the Transvaal, because that is where you Canadian contingent, who are born pioneers, will find the best scope for their energy. There will, however, be another opportunity, namely, the settlement under new conditions of that wealthy tract of land now known as the Transvaal and Orange Free State, names soon to be blotted from the face of the map. The diamond mines, mineral resources and agricultural wealth of the Orange Free State have never yet been attempted to be exploited by any serious combination of capitalists.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

AT UPSET PRICE.

Sale of Assets of the Londonderry Iron Co.

MONTREAL, Nov. 1.—The assets of the Londonderry Iron Co., covering about 30,000 acres of mineral land town lots at Londonderry, N. S., together with the plant and machinery now contained in the building and on the property of the company, the property known as Chignecto collery and situated at Maccan, N. S., as well as all outstanding claims, unsold material, stores, goods and any rights belonging to the company on the 25th of last September, were sold today to H. S. Holt of this city, representing certain interests, for $153,000 cash, upset price.

REFLECTED GREATNESS.

When, as a boy, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited the Island of Barbadoes, his washing was done for him by a negress named Jane Ann Smith, who was over 6 feet in height. She was so puffed up at being patronized by royalty that she claimed precedence at once over all the other washerwomen, and retained it for many years.

Yesterday's customs revenue was $2,415.

WE ARE COMING!

We are coming, Queen and Empress,
Coming at the Empire's call;
For Britain's ancient honor
We triumph or we fall!
O'er changing leagues of azure sea,
O'er miles of dusty plain,
From mountain crest and hillside home,
From the islands of the main,
Where the east wind and the south wind
And the west wind freshen blows,
From the prairies, dells and woodland cots
Of "Our Lady of the Snows."
We are coming, Queen and Empress,
Our swords in battle keen,
Our anthem "Rule Britannia,"
And our cry "God Save the Queen!"

J. H. M.

"GOOD-BYE: GOOD LUCK."

Prince's Farewell to Sir Redvers. Buller.

Stirring Scenes at Waterloo Station and at Southampton.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—For the second time within the week, Waterloo station was, on Saturday, the scene of a great demonstration of popular enthusiasm, of which the hero was General the Right Hon. Sir Redvers H. Buller, V. C., who left to take command of the British army in South Africa.

It was a scene in which pomp and ceremony found no place, in which there was no brilliancy of color, no proud display of martial strength or of imperial power, but a scene which the absence of all attempt at stage-management rendered the more humanly impressive.

It was a popular send-off, if there has ever been one. Last Tuesday's farewell to the Australian Lancers faded from memory in presence of the eager thousands who congested Waterloo station and the streets around it in the hope of catching a glimpse of Sir Redvers Buller and of giving him a ringing British cheer. They saw him, and they cheered, and no one who witnessed that scene of excitement, and heard the great shout of welcome and then of farewell, will forget for many a day Sir Redvers Buller's leave-taking, or doubt that the official choice of general to command our forces in South Africa is popularly approved.

The public determination to make the occasion worthy of the brilliant, resolute soldier who was going to the front undoubtedly was strengthened by the knowledge that

ROYAL PERSONAGES

would be among the last to say God-speed, and offer a last wish of good luck to Sir Redvers and the officers of his staff. So Waterloo station filled up a couple of hours before the general was due to leave, and even the railway folk admitted that so many thousand people had never squeezed themselves into the space before. Outside, the streets were full to overflowing, and the surplus disposed itself on housetops and at windows.

The only open space in the whole area was the Southampton departure platform, which was rigorously railed off, and there, too, a crowd began to gather as the hour of departure drew near—a crowd of privileged and distinguished persons, whose arrivals roused rounds of preliminary cheers.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary for war, accompanied by Lady Lansdowne, George Wyndham, M. P., his able lieutenant; Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief; Sir Evelyn Wood, Powell Williams, financial secretary to the war office; Lord Ampthill, Mr. Chamberlain's chief private secretary; the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Granby, Lords Loch, Rowton, Halifax, Methuen, Falmouth, Pirbright, General Trotter, General Lane, General Williams, General Marshall, General Clarke, Major-General Sir John Ardagh, Sir Henry Brackenbury, General C. Grove, General Godfrey Clarke, General Oipherts, the Hon. Maurice Gifford, Sir Howard Vincent, and many another, made up the farewell party. Outside was many a distinguished officer and civilian, without the necessary order of admission.

Shortly before two o'cock the thunder of cheers rolled up into the station. Every hat waved in the air and every man shouted his loudest, as from a carriage there stepped Sir Redvers Buller, V. C., in long, heavy overcoat and plain felt box-hat, accompanied by Lady Buller and her daughters and Lady St. Levan. The figure was that of an elderly country squire, but as Sir Redvers turned with dignified deliberation and raised his hat in acknowledgment of the ovation the features of the soldierly face showed the real man—features as strong as steel, token of a brave and resolute spirit, an inflexible will. But the stern face smiled as the crowd roared again, "Good old Buller—hooray, Buller—Buller, Buller—hooray, good old Buller!" It was

A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE,

the grim, stolid warrior, facing the broadsides of cheers from the crowd.

A few minutes passed, during which Sir Redvers shook hands warmly with old friends, and then another outburst ushered in the royal carriages, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge appeared. They received an immense greeting. Only a few minutes remained, and the prince and the general gripped hands for several moments. "Good-bye, Buller, and good luck to you," said the prince, while the old duke clapped his hands on the commander's shoulder and whispered his last advice and farewell. Everybody shook Sir Redvers's hand, while the people outside cheered and sang "God Save the Queen."

Then Sir Redvers moved towards his saloon, and the prince shook hands again, saying, "Good-bye, again Buller, and good luck." The silk hats rose in the air, the roar outside redoubled, and Sir Redvers had gone.

But moving as was the scene at Waterloo, it was perhaps eclipsed by the final farewell which was taken of the general by British men and women as the Dunottar Castle left Southampton quay. The fine ship was crowded with soldiers, civilians, women, and children. Forward were ninety men of the ranks, and half a dozen chargers, including Ironmonger and Biffin, the general's own. The decks swarmed with officers in mufti waving to friends below, perhaps, a last farewell. Women with bright eyes, from which the tears could barely be suppressed, trooped off as the siren hooted.

Then a loud cheer arose from the thousands on the quay as Sir Redvers and his staff officers, in their staff caps, stepped from the special train and went aboard. Again the imperturbable soldier smiled faintly as

THE CHEERS RANG OUT.

Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, General Sir Baker Russell, General Dacre, Major General Stewart, Colonel Creagh, Colonel Stackpole, and other staff officers in uniform, and the mayor of Southampton greeted Sir Redvers, who walked arm in arm with the mayor up the gangway on to the ship. The general shook hands with Commander Rigby, of the Dunottar Castle, in front of the biograph machine which is to record the campaign, and then disappeared for a while.

A quarter of an hour more and the last of the baggage was on board, and then Lady Buller and her daughter stepped ashore, and the shrill whistle gave the signal for casting off the ropes. For a moment there was almost dead silence—a woman's sob here and there was the only sound—and then arose the greatest cheer of all that rousing day.

Almost imperceptibly the liner, standing high out of the water, began to glide from the quay side. Sir Redvers, the only quiet man aboard, stood like a man of iron at the end of the captain's bridge, gazing with unmoving eyes on the scene of heart-throbbing enthusiasm beneath. Handkerchiefs and hats waved farewell, men and women cheered as they had rarely cheered before, and the ship drew gradually away, leaving the sea between the brave men aboard and their dearest friends ashore.

Even cheers were unequal to the occasion: for ten minutes the great crowd sang "God Save the Queen" and "Rule, Britannia," while Sir Redvers, standing alone, moved not a line of his face. He raised his hat, slowly—almost automatically—and to the last he looked the living symbol of the unbending, irresistible, all-powerful force which he will lead against the Boers."

"Rule, Britannia," were the last words that rang out across the water as the Dunottar Castle sailed away, and the never-moving, bold, and sturdy figure of the gallant general on the bridge seemed to say in answer, "Rule she shall."

SIR REDVERS BULLER.

General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, V. C., G. C. B., K. C. M. G., etc., commander in chief of the British forces in South Africa, was born in 1839, but he carries his three-score years well.

He commenced his military career forty years ago as an ensign in the 60th Rifles, and received his first baptism of fire in the Chinese war of 1860. In the same year he also received his first step in promotion. In 1873 he underwent the hardships of the Ashantee war, and was present at the capture of Coomassie. For distinguished conduct in that engagement he was honored with a C. B., and was promoted brevet-major.

It was in the Zulu war that he earned his V. C. In command of his Light Horse, he fought in a billy-cock hat and shooting-jacket, and proved himself a born leader of men. Archibald Forbes has drawn Buller at this period of his life: "Buller was a silent, saturnine, bloodthirsty man; as resolute a fighter as ever drew breath."

March 28, 1879, was a memorable day for Buller. At dawn he led a small body of troopers up the Inhlobane Mountain, where they were surprised by an overwhelming number of Zulus. For some hours the fight waged fierce and deadly.

IN THE THICK OF IT

he saw one of his troopers hemmed in by Zulus, and making a brave stand against fearful odds. Buller promptly cut a way for himself through the swarming blacks and rescued the hard-pressed soldier, who, however, was destined to be killed later in the day.

This gallant act on the part of Buller would in itself have gained him the V. C., but it was only the forerunner of a series of brave deeds which he performed during that same tussle with the Zulus. So crushing were they in number that Buller saw it was necessary to retire, and the Zulus rushed down the hill in hot pursuit. Seven men, with Lieutenant Everitt in charge, were deputed to cover the retreat of the main body. Suddenly Sir Redvers saw that Lieutenant Everitt's horse had been killed and that the officer was in imminent danger. Thereupon Sir Redvers pluckily galloped back, and dragged Lieutenant Everitt out of reach of his pursuers. Then snatching a carbine from the lieutenant's hands, Sir Redvers began to blaze at the on-rushing blacks, being gallantly supported by three troopers, and thus the quartette kept the Zulus at bay until the safety of the lieutenant was assured.

While galloping back to the main body, Sir Redvers espied a dismounted trooper, whose fate seemed to be sealed. Buller dashed to the rescue, took the soldier on his own horse, and rode forward.

Yet another officer, Captain D'Arcy, was saved by Sir Redvers that day, and at night before snatching a brief rest, he went out to look for men who,

FROM SHEER FATIGUE,

had fallen out of the ranks. These he successfully brought into the camp. Sir Redvers earned the V. C. many times that day.

It goes without saying that he has a very high standard of duty. When the Prince Imperial's tragic death was reported to Sir Redvers Buller by the officer was was acting as the Prince's companion, Buller turned on him and, in a tone there was no mistaking, asked: "But how is it that you are alive?" The effect on the unfortunate officer was crushing.

Martinet though Sir Redvers is, he can unbend at times. A certain principal medical officer attached to Sir Redvers's command in Africa asked as part of the equipment for the field hospitals two fire engines! This extraordinary request, on being forwarded to the headquarters staff, caused no end of amusement, which was added to by this minute in the handwriting of Sir Redvers Buller: "Will P. M. O. kindly state his reasons for wanting fire engines? Is it to extinguish the burning sands of the desert?"

Such is the man to whom has been deputed the duty of securing equal rights to all white men in South Africa, and no one is better fitted for the position.

WAS STATIONED IN ST. JOHN.

Gen. Sir Redvers Buller was stationed in St. John for a time in 1868, when he was captain of the fourth battalion of the 60th regiment—the King's Royal Rifles.

G. S. Mayes will shortly sink another Long wharf crib.

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