## Majuba Hill.

Majaba Hill is a dark spot in British South African history. It marks one bitter and ever galling British defeat at the hands of the Boers in 1881. For the Boers, on the other hand, it has been an inspiration, for it seemed to prove their superiority to the soldiers of the Queen. For nearly a score of years the record of the battle has stood, a menace to peace, because it rankled in the British heart, at the same time giving to the Boers a posibly ill-founded assurance of their power to do their will, whatever it might be. As this is written the issues of Majuba Hill are being fought over again, and the result no one may wholy see.

General Sir George Pomerory-Colley was in command of the British forces in that battle of Febuary 27, 1881. Just before starting on his periloas undertaking he wrote a letter to his wife in which this passage is found:

"I am going out to night to try and seize the Majuba Hill, I leave this behind to tellyou how very dearly I love you, and what a hapiness you have been to me. Don't let all life be dark to you if I don't come back to you. It is a strange world of chances" even he within a few hours of his doom' shriked that word destiny and out it in a lighter phaase-"one can only do what seems right to one in matters of morals, and do what seems best in matters of judgment, as a card player calculates the chances. Good-night, darling. How I wish I could believe the stories of pur meeting again hereafter. Think of our happiness together, and our love-not a common love, I think-and think lovingly and sadly, but not too sadly or hopelessly, of your affiectionate husband." Not on his own striving, not on his own wishing, would follow the facts and the faiths of the man, the already dying man who wrote that letter. "There seems to be a kidd of fatality labout my staff" he said-forbiding in the same breath, the arousing of his aide-de-camp and brotherin-law Lieutenant Bruce Hamilton. "I don't mean to take him tonight.

happen to him it would kill his sister." Then he sat out on the moon-light march that took him to his catastrophe.

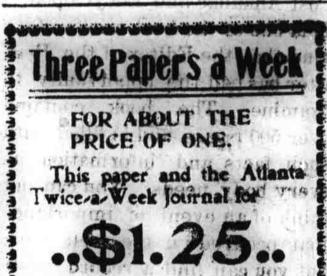
From the top of Majuba Hill, successfully reached' the British force looked down on the camp of the enemy below. Then they sawa strange sight. Of a snddep all the Boer laagars were studded with lights. It was the Sabbath morning and all the burgers had arisen, before the dawn to read their Bibles, to offer their public prayers. The British force, as it looked down, seemed to held its foes in the hollow of its hand. Tommy Atkins shouted down exultantly "Come up here you beggars!" and they came. As they marshaled themselves at the base, it could be only to fiy' thought the British. But no; thay began the ascent of the practically impregnable height. Under cover of bushes, of rocks and of hollows. they climbed and climbed, and the British soldier at the top, if he looked over the top of his high plateau, fell back with a bullet that had gone straight home, fired by an adversary he could not discover.

yet no doubt as to thh result of an assault was felt until that assault suddnly came. The Boers had scaled the heights and made an inrush before which the British soldiery fell back. The General, moving toward the point whence came the fire, met his retreating forces. What happened exactly will never be known; but this is said for certain that no order to retireever crossed his set lips. "Oh, my men, do not run!" It was thus says his friend and biographer, Sir William Butler, that he had given twenty years earlier, the last words of a Kaffir chief And now, if Pomeroy-Colley had spoken, those words had been his own-"Oh, my men, do no runl" A few lingered about him for a moment. Then he was left alone. "The General," said a car, poral, when the story of the dark day's doings came to be told. "never moved from where he was when our men retired. 'He stood there trying to rally the men, and one of the Boers shot him stright in the forehead some If anything were to time after the day was lost.

## THE BRIDGE.

stood on the bridge at midnight As the clocks were striking the hour. And the moon rose O'er the city, Behind the dark church tower. I saw her bright reflection In the waters under me, Like a golden goblet falling And sinking into the sea. And far in the hazy distance Of that lovely night in June. The blaze of the flaming furnace gleamed redder than the moon. Among the long, black rafters The wavering shadows lay, And the current that came from the ocean Seemed to lift and to bear them away; sweeping and eddying through A.H. them, Rose the belated tide, And, streaming into the moonlight, 111 M. O. HAMMOND, ATTORNEY AT LAW Asheboro Prompt attention given to all business. Office in Ross and Rush build ing. JOHN T BRITTAIN ATTORNEY AT LAW, Asheboro, N. C.

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