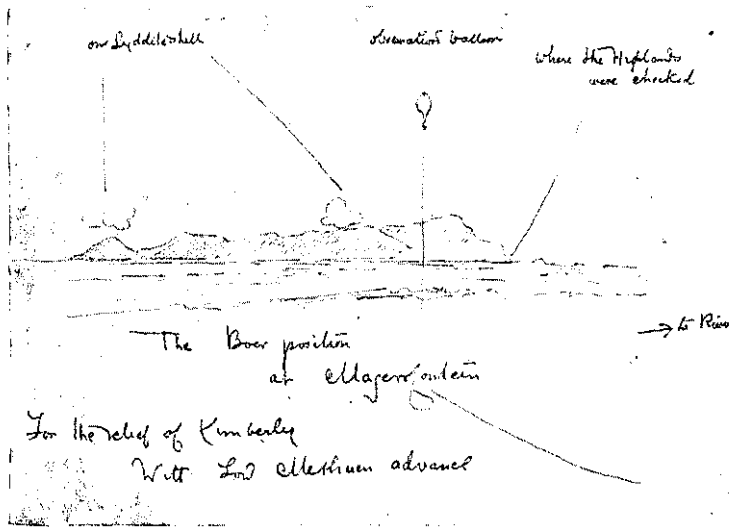


light of the moon strong arms, with almost feminine tenderness, stretched out to receive the maimed, suffering and exhausted travellers, who, stricken down at dawn, had lain patiently under the torrid sun all day, hardly daring to stir to raise their water bottles till darkness came, for the vigilant, remorseless foe, safe and snug behind his cover of rock, fired on all that moved. There was no classification of the wounded that night; the injured men lay shoulder to shoulder. A reverend father was soothing the last moments of one poor fellow, whilst the surgeon was trying to save the life of his immediate neighbour. The breath of the night was sweet and cool after the feverish

tortured Highlanders, and if a man could speak it was always in a cheery, hopeful strain, his sole wish being to pull trigger and use bayonet again. One young trumpeter, with a face moulded and coloured like that of a beautiful girl, had a curious experience for his baptism of fire. When the Brigade was about to break under the terrible cross-fire of the enemy, a young officer (not of his own regiment) ran up to him, and, asking him whether he was game to follow, ordered him to sound the charge. A number of men readily responded to the call. They ran forward a few yards, when the plucky young officer was shot. The trumpeter then stumbled and fell headlong into a trench.



THE POSITION AT MAGERSFONTEIN, SKETCHED BY THE AUTHOR ON THE SPOT.

turmoil of the day. The slightly wounded stood in groups nursing their maimed hands and arms, swathed in bandages, while they whispered over the terrible events of the morning, wondered why they had been led into that veritable death-trap at Magersfontein, and hoped that their beloved leader was still alive; for there had been no news of General Wauchope since he dashed forward into the jaws of death at break of day. I never felt so proud of being a Britisher and claiming the same nationality as that brave warrior, than on that memorable night after the battle. There was hardly a murmur or a sigh from the feverish and

Three Boers grabbed him and took him prisoner, when two Highlanders dashed in, bayoneted the Boers, and dragged him out of the trench. One of his rescuers was shot down, while he and the remaining Highlanders crawled along the open. But the searching fire from the trenches found them out. A bullet seared his thigh, and he lay feigning death till the heat caused him to feel for his water bottle. In the act of drinking a bullet passed through his arm, and another struck the water bottle and seared his lips and face. A long dark smear marred the beauty of his nut-tanned cheek, but, with a merry twinkle in his large blue