

ambulance corps, the King Williamstown Volunteers, which, next to the Guard's Ambulance, was doing the best work on the field. Wounded arriving at the ambulance were immediately seen to, given a cheering cup of beef tea, cocoa, or other stimulant. when they were lifted into the ambulance waggon, and taken to the Hotel Dieu at Modder River, where they awaited the coming of the ambulance train, and were eventually taken on the first stage of their journey, *en route* for Capetown. At the Orange River the various cases were sorted and arranged, the more serious and hopeless being treated in hospital there, and the others forwarded to the base hospital at Wynberg, Capetown. The Red Cross trains have every comfort within them that a saloon passenger enjoys on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The wounded soldier hobbling or carried toward this car has likely never seen or enjoyed, or even dreamt of the comfort and luxury which awaits him, when faint and weary from the long waiting, huddled next to dead and dying in the shade of the Hotel Dieu, he is tenderly lifted on to the train, and placed in a sweet, snowy white berth, and, if possible, is undressed and sponged and made comfortable with a cigarette and some soothing draught. Womankind are busy about the cars, in the shape of brisk young Netley nurses, sporting the bright scarlet jacket of that Institution, and soon a hot meal is prepared, the delicate cooking of which Tommy has probably never experienced in all his life. Surgeon Major Flemming, recently of Soudan fame, is responsible for all the little dodges and inventions in these marvellously fitted ambulance trains, the description of which I must denote more space to in another letter.

For three days the dead, the dying, and the wounded thronged the Crown and Royal Hotel, and when the sun declined, the steady tramp of men, with reversed arms, was heard moving towards a little spot about a hundred yards west of the hotel, where the dead were interred. By the side of fifty of his gallant Highlanders poor unlucky Major General Wauchope, the idol of the Brigade, was laid

to rest. Next to him was buried the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Goff, of the Argyle and Sutherlands, who fell near him on the fatal morning. I could not refrain from stepping up to look at Wauchope's grave—I had been with him in many campaigns and loved him as one of the finest soldiers of the Empire. In a soldier's shroud—a blanket—lay the great Highland chief and hero of many campaigns, with a rough wreath of flowers upon his breast. Wauchope seldom faced the foe without being wounded. The last Soudan Campaign, I believe, was the only time he returned home without some visible and tangible sign of his pluck and endurance. With a heart as tender and as sweet as a woman's, he had the courage of a lion. His men adored him as the Russian soldiers loved Skobeloff, and would do his bidding unflinchingly. We feel there must have been some grave mistake at Magersfontein, for Wauchope was the first in the trenches, and the first to fall, and those trenches were not taken. So poignant was the grief of his men as they pressed forward that many choked with their dry, heart-broken sobbing. Some anxious to get a glimpse of the body before the earth was filled in nearly slipped me into the chasm. It was some time before I could get out of the crowd, but from what I heard in sullen tones from those surging around me, I know there is a fixed resolve to avenge their fallen chief when the next chance comes

Mr. Glover and his sons, the proprietors of the Crown and Royal, still tried to keep up the appearance of an hotel by kindly preparing food for odd war correspondents and others stranded at Modder River. Two smart young women busied about in the kitchen, and tried to make tasty things out of tinned salmon and bully beef. It must have been a trying experience for these girls, suddenly confronted with the most terrible phase of warfare, for the wounded and dying were thronging every passage and sideway of the building. These girls were the only refreshing touches of light to the gruesome picture. They seemed to go about their work absolutely indif-