

done on the battlefield, especially by Mr. Lynch, of the *Illustrated London News*. But the battlefield and the "fighting-line," in our days, are two different things. This heroic war artist is even beaten in audacity by a war correspondent who has lately enlightened his readers with a description of the battle of Magersfontein. But that this article appeared in a sedate London daily, and was copied in the colonial papers here, as by a "master-hand," I would not refer to it. One cannot help admiring the *sang-froid* of the writer. He does not hesitate for one moment, but lets his imagination run riot through three columns of the most soul-stirring blood-and-thunder—as Mr. Atkin's would say—"tommy-rot." At the outset he starts in with, probably the most flagrant inaccuracy a correspondent can be capable of. This for instance: "At every point of vantage, Cronje, with consummate generalship, had posted his artillery," and, "At the bottom of the kopje, right under the muzzle of his guns."

Now, for a fact, Cronje had *no artillery* at Magersfontein till many hours after the battle. I myself saw the first shot fired about 5.30 of the evening of the day of the battle from a solitary gun in the centre of his position. Then this correspondent rants on: "The Boer forces were estimated at from 15,000 to 22,000 men." Never did any sane man admit that there were more than 5,000 of the enemy. He is also just as much astray regarding the number of men on our side. Then comes the following drivel, I say drivel for it absolutely borders on insanity: "Our forces, estimated at about 11,000 men of all arms, including the never-to-be-forgotten section of the Naval Brigade, to whom England owes a debt of gratitude too deep for words to portray, for their steadiness, valour, and accuracy of shooting saved England from disaster on this blacker (*sic.*) day that Scotland has known since the Crimea." This surely can only be the ravings of a lunatic. We had *one* 4.7 naval gun, firing Lyddite, and, to this day, it is mere supposition regarding the damage to life that gun was capable of. Then comes the disaster to

the Highland Brigade, and death of Wauchope, which would be almost comical but for the sadness and seriousness of the incidents portrayed: "The best, the bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down, riddled with bullets, yet gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chieftain raised himself on his hands and knees, and cheering his men forward," etc. Can the public for a moment believe a man riddled with bullets and bleeding from every vein could take any interest in passing events? For a fact, not a soul knew what had become of the General for two whole days. Some were in hopes that he was a prisoner and only wounded. His body was eventually found far ahead of his men, dead and alone. He was the first man to carry out his own order, and he died in the van. For the love of sanity I hope the British public will not believe this idiotic trash—for one can hardly speak calmly of this folly. In speaking of the Guards, he says: "They got within hitting distance of the foe, swept through brisket and breast-bone. Out of their trenches the Guardsmen tossed the Boers, as men in English harvest fields toss the hay when the reapers' scythes have whitened the corn fields." The Guards may number some big men among them, but the Boers are not a puny people. The only trenches that the enemy vacated were two held by the Scandinavian Contingent, and there was "no tossing." Then followed this picture of Cronje: "Cronje knew the metal of our men, and an ironical smile played round his iron mouth, and still he stayed within his natural fortress. But death sat ever at his elbow, for our gunners dropped the Lyddite shell and the howling shrapnel" (I wonder if the writer has ever heard shrapnel. It never howls—nor does it bark) "all along his lines until the trenches ran blood, and many of his guns were silenced." But Cronje had no guns, and I am afraid that metallic smile was too far off to be viewed by any one not possessing second-sight, at least. Then this interesting correspondent describes: "In the valley, behind his outer line of hills, his dead lay piled in