

they were ordered to surrender, but refused, and died fighting, but took three of the Boers to bear them company. Two men who went to search for these met a similar fate. While in this valley the column was subjected to rather severe shell fire by the Boers. During one day there were 250 shells, weighing on an average about 50 pounds fired at the British force, which was well within range. The total casualties were two men slightly wounded. When you calculate that over six tons of metal were required to wound two men out of a force well within range and having no artificial protection, merely that of slight unevenness of ground, you will obtain an idea of the ineffectiveness of modern artillery fire. The outlet to this valley, a position of great natural strength, was vacated by the Boers on the eve of the attack and an undisputed way left to Lydenburg. Following the rule laid down in Wolseley's Soldiers' Pocket Book, we marched through Lydenburg and camped on the side next the Boers. This was in full view and within range of the enemies' artillery. After a field hospital had its tents nicely pitched, the artillery opened fire. After a few attempts to carry patients to a place of safety the Indian attendants left. The position of patients lying on stretchers with shells passing overhead was not pleasant, but no one was hurt. In the morning our camp was shelled again but, as usual, no wounds. Later in the day a company passing over the same ground did not extend and the one well-aimed Boer shrapnel shell, I have seen, burst almost over them, killing five and wounding 13 more.

Our advance now lay over very rough country. A mountain called the Moutchberg succeeded by hills termed the "Devil's Knuckles." It was a road that could be traversed only one way. The Boers never attempted to stop the advance, merely delayed it. We were now in the region where the reserve stores of the Boer army were, so our fare became more plentiful and varied. The men occupied their spare time in washing for gold in the streams. Some of them secured quite an amount. They commenced working a gold mine when stopped by the commanding officer. Next past Spitzkop, about the highest spot in the Transvaal. Through Pilgrim's Rest, a thriving mining town and the present seat of the Boer government. Up to Kruger's post where we were shelled during the night as an adieu by the Boers..

We then turned southward again rather disappointed, and reaching Machadodorp, were ordered to turn in our horses, being now fully convinced that the war was over, so I turned in my ambulance and stores. Then by rail to Pretoria, a sleepy spot surrounded by hills, on which are situated very strong forts. I stayed here for two days. The water supply is poor, so enteric and dysentery commenced to develop again. We had been almost completely free from this since leaving Cape Town.