

"basin" of the Stormberg, whence, from the spiral terraces encircling the range, the enemy had easily "sniped" the main body of incoming troops, who, finding themselves in the trap, endeavoured to retreat through the gulch and over the pass by which they had entered, but were met, of course, by the forces following in the rear, and were again caught in the back by the gloating guerillas who until that moment had kept well out of sight.

Disloyalty had again played its double game as it did at Waterloo a hundred years ago, when, according to Victor Hugo's masterpiece, *La Coste*, the Belgian guide, on the night before the great battle, assured Napoleon with a negative nod that there was nothing else in the neighbourhood to be anxious about after he had surveyed the prospective positions of the opposing armies. The hollow road of Ohain, which Napoleon had overlooked and the guide had not disclosed, proved the undoing of the famous French Chasseurs in their final charge, and into the trench the foremost ranks fell furiously as in their gallant headlong rush they could not distinguish the trench that nature had made as if a very trap for the flower of Napoleon's finest Guards—and three thousand Cuirassiers and chargers became the living bridge over which ten thousand of their comrades thundered heavily to a more glorious death. God, not Wellington, Blücher or von Bülow, had won the battle of Waterloo centuries before, and Destiny had marked the man of ambition for her own even ere he had turned crestfallen and chagrined from the fiery flames of Moscow amid the pealing of the great bell "St. Paul," since Europe and the World would never suffer the domination of an overweening personality or the spirit of powerful presumption which the ambitious little Corsican had too frequently manifested in his dealings with his kind. And Destiny will use her guillotine again ere long if "somebody" doesn't watch out.

But it was the elusive element which counted on that fateful day, or rather the evening before. *La Coste's* disloyalty had disarmed the calculating strategist whose plans had scarcely ever gone awry before. It was disloyalty on the part of the guide whom he trusted that led to Gatacre's reverse and consequent heartbreak; it is disloyalty that to-day hinders the progress of the present