

Sunday last at 3 p.m., we, (I mean the Highland Brigade) all fell in in the midst of the rain and marched out of the Modder River towards a line of Kopjes about four miles away. We got pretty well wet. We shelled the little hill for all we were worth, but only saw a few Boers running. We believed them to be entrenched on the top of the hill, but after a short time we ceased firing, as we could not get them to give their position away, so we came back and turned in for the night about 8 p.m. We were then told to be on the move at midnight. It still kept pouring rain and was rather cold. We managed to get some sleep in the meantime.

Well, at twelve we got up and were off by a quarter past in one of the blackest and darkest nights I ever saw. We trudged along very slowly over the very rough ground, no trees, only a little flash of lightning to shew us to our point of operation. During the march, we were massed together in less than quarter column for if we had been otherwise we would not have been able to keep together as we did. We made for a corner of one of the hills, the one on our extreme right. We got within about 150 yards (closer than we thought) and were just beginning to develop into extended order when we heard the whizz of a bullet and then just in front of us and at the base of the hill we saw a flash of light running from one end of the trench to the other. Well, we gave a shout, a cheer and a charge, but it was of no good. We were in too close a mass. Just here one Black Watcher was unable to draw his sword, so I did it for him, how, I don't know. I gave him a clap on the back and sent him on. We had not gone very far when somebody said "Retire" (who, nobody knows) and with that there was a similar rush in the other direction by all except the Black Watch who were leading the column, they extended in some sort of a way and held their ground. Needless to say, I got back in some sort of a way and found myself mixed up with Seaforths, Argyles and Sutherlands, &c., in the great rush for the rear. Shortly after this the bullets ceased to fly at such awful speed or throw up such dust around us, but still the Seaforths, Argyles and Sutherlands were retiring. I tried to stop them but it was of very little use, so I got hold of a piper and induced him to play the "Fall in" which nearly all responded to. I soon put them into some