

had at the time. Out of the first twenty the Boers brought down nine, but Lady Florence brought down no less than fifteen. Lady Florence was dressed so that the Boer thought it was a man he was firing against; and it can easily be imagined how small he felt, when the best shot in all the Transvaal was beaten by a Scotch lady. All the world knows the shooting propensities of this fine lady, and it was only the other day I read in the papers that she is now pinning over the many beautiful stags and other game she killed in her hunting tours all over the world.

When stationed at New Castle, a small town near Mount Prospect, a lot of Highlanders and blue jackets were down town for a day's fun. By this time everything was all settled, and we were commencing to forget the days gone by. I must state first that Highlanders and blue jackets were very thick, and it was seldom you could see a tar going to town without some of the "Jocks" with them—Jocks was what the sailors called us Highlanders, and we, in return, called them Jacks. It was on an afternoon some time in September, I think, a lot of us had two and three days' pass. After getting into town, and making some purchases, a lot of us made for the Phoenix Hotel, where we intended to put up. As soon as we entered a rush was made for the billiard table, where we played several games. About 7 p.m. Boers and all kinds of people crowded in, and seemed to enjoy looking at the Highlanders in their bare legs playing with the sailors. The best of goodwill prevailed all round, for none of the sailors or Highlanders would call a round except all joined in. About 10 p.m. the Scotch whiskey was commencing to show itself, and of course the Boers could not hold their tongue about Majaba, for their eyes were red with the gin. Their boasting continued, notwithstanding the appeals of Mr. Munro, the manager of the hotel. At last Sergeant John Macfadyen, of the Highlanders, stood up on a chair and swore if there were any more such talk he and his comrades would clear the house. This was received with groans. Before the sound of the groans ceased the sailors were in among them, with the "bare 'ands" hitting hard, right and left, and the

Highlanders with their belts. The numbers were about equal, and the fight was, to say the least, fought with a vengeance by us. At the first go off we cleared the house in fifteen minutes, but they commenced to gather again. Meantime our men came crowding down, all the doors were soon closed, and we continued our fun, but there was not a whole chair in the place. About an hour or so after the scuffle they (the Boers), commenced to break the windows, and crying for us to come out. After making arrangements about how we should give them a hiding, the back door was opened, when we all rushed out, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the Highlanders and sailors were at them again, Jack hitting right and left, and his brother Jock with his belt knocking them into fits. The battle continued about twenty minutes, and never a crowd of men got such a flogging as did these Dutchmen. That night the writer was cut badly on the face, and the mark always reminds him of the boys in the red and blue. Nearly every man of us had a mark of some kind, while almost all our Boer friends had to be carried home, and four died over the affair, so that we did not leave the country altogether without being avenged for our many dead comrades which we left behind us.

Yes, we are now homeward bound, and what is sweeter to a soldier who has fought through shot and shell, than the news of peace and home? I am now fourteen years absent from home. I have told you many things I have seen and done, but nothing inspires my Highland blood greater than the thought of home, and that I shall see my native hills again, where in my boyhood my happy days were spent. Oh! such happy memories go flowing through my brain, all at the thought of home.

I have often wondered how it was that I loved Scotland so much which gave me and mine so little, for my father was a poor man and his fathers before him, and yet the very name of Scotland has a charm on me. I have heard it said that a Scotsman does not show any love to Scotland till he leaves it, and from my own experience I believe this to be true. At any rate I am proud of the race, and can well testify to their deeds and daring in the field of battle. Their devotion to do

their duty far
their most co
So much for n
and before a
must say a w
front of an e
the only mus
battle. They
and out of
fighting line
blow up w
bayonets go
work indep
pipers to his
must be
even double
fifty yards.
took some t
this, but the
do it to perfe
as they lik
courage of th
fall if it wer
pibroch. B
active serv
struments a
of the quar
bandmen i
bandmen a
rear. On t
they are t
doctors how
and how to
In a Highl
seldom use
are gener
serving out
line which
in the field,
prettysafe
an example
men killed
So now it
life abroad
and tell y
boys that
years before
street. Oh
as I am abo
burst with
of the twel
When I th
feel strang
India, thre
in Kanda
asleep on
When on
visited all
how their
thefoe. P
who lived
when she