

of the best stock in the world and would consider any display of feeling as bad form. Their stoicism, if less admirable, is quite equal to that of our Red Indians.

Every inch of space was occupied by eager spectators, with a strong cordon of police lined up to hold them back. At one o'clock we heard the throbbing of the drums and the stirring strains of the band of the Grenadier Guards, and soon the Kharki-clad troops came into view. The cheering was tremendous, and with one voice the people welcomed The Black Watch by singing "Auld Lang Syne." In spite of the police, the crowds pressed on the soldiers so that they were unable to preserve anything like good formation, and were therefore allowed to "march at ease." The detachments became thin lines of dust-color that wormed their way through the dense mass of people.

The Duke's son stood up in his stirrups and cheered; the cook's son came with his arm linked in his wife's; the son of a hundred Earls bared his head to wave the national colors. Youths and women insisted on carrying the soldiers kit-bags, rifles, and impedimenta. The enthusiasm was unbounded and one heard such shouts as these: "Ip, ip urroar;" "Them's the boys for old Kruger;" "Shoot straight for the old country;" "Pull his whiskers;" (Kruger's); "Don't forget Majuba;" "God bless you laddies and bring you safe home to your mothers." The Padre threw his silk hat into the air and didn't catch it. The result was disastrous.

There were many tear-stained faces, and hearts that ached too, for these tough-fibred sons of Mars, led out like sheep to the slaughter, for it will be a mere handful who come home again.