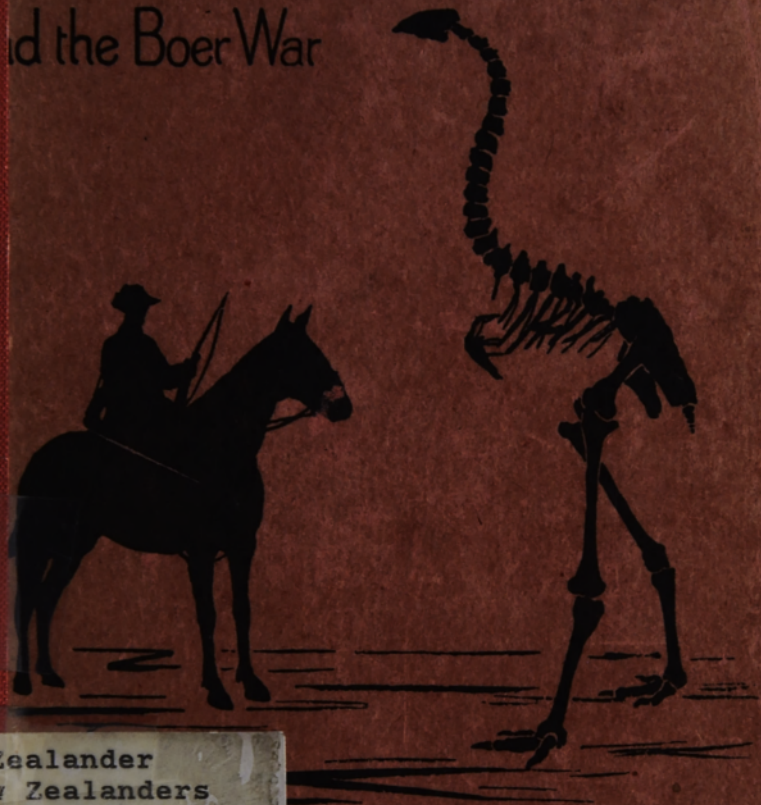


NEW ZEALANDERS

and the Boer War



New Zealander
New Zealanders
and the Boer War,
or, Soldiers from
the Land of the
Moa

the
Land of the Moa.

by

A New Zealander.

This eBook is a reproduction produced by the National Library of New Zealand from source material that we believe has no known copyright. Additional physical and digital editions are available from the National Library of New Zealand.

EPUB ISBN: 978-0-908328-04-8

PDF ISBN: 978-0-908331-00-0

The original publication details are as follows:

Title: New Zealanders and the Boer War, or, Soldiers from the land of the moa

Author: Hawdon, Sarah Elizabeth

Published: Gordon and Gotch, Christchurch, N.Z., 1907

NEW ZEALANDERS
AND THE BOER WAR

NEW ZEALANDERS
AND THE BOER WAR



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

[HAWDON, Mrs]

NEW ZEALANDERS AND THE BOER WAR

OR

SOLDIERS FROM THE LAND
OF THE MOA

A. R. Kirk.

BY

A NEW ZEALANDER

(Mrs Hawdon)

N.Z. GOVERNMENT
COUNTRY LIBRARY SERVICE

PUBLISHERS

MESSRS. GORDON AND GOTCH

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

NEW ZEALANDERS
AND THE BOER WAR

SOLDIERS FROM THE LAND
OF THE MOA

BY
A. W. S. S. S.

268.2

37129

30 Jan '40

✱

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
PIONEERS OF NEW ZEALAND

WHO TAUGHT THEIR SONS
TO ENDURE HARDNESS
TO LOVE FREEDOM
AND TO BE LOYAL
TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY
THIS NARRATIVE
OF THEIR DESCENDANTS' SERVICE
IN HER CAUSE IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

THE author fears that if he has any readers who are connected with the press, and they peruse this book attentively, they will be likely to remark that it should have been named simply "Scissors"—that expressive word in "Journalese."

And, indeed, the compiler of this little volume is almost inclined to entitle his production "Contingent Clippings," so well aware is he that it is largely due to the writings of others in private letters and the public press that he has been able to write this narrative of the New Zealand Contingents' doings and sufferings.

He can only hope that all concerned will accept this acknowledgment of his indebtedness, and be content if this publication preserves the interesting records of what New Zealanders saw and did in South Africa in a form likely, it is hoped, to be a little less ephemeral than that of a newspaper paragraph.

The use of colonies is not to abuse them. A colony well treated and liberally governed is certain to repay the Mother Country with interest to-morrow—with commerce in peace, and sympathy in war.—SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.

Now, this is the faith that the white men hold

When they build them homes afar :

“ Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons,

And, failing freedom, war.”

We have proved our faith—bear witness to our faith,

Dear souls of freemen slain ;

Oh ! well for the world when white men join

To prove their faith again.—KIPLING.

(From the “ Friend ” Newspaper, Bloemfontein.)

EXTRACTS FROM "THE TIMES" HISTORY OF THE
WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA (VOL. III.)

"With such a spirit in the colonies—and New Zealand does not stand alone in this respect—who can say that the federation of the British Empire into a single great community is an impossibility?"

"Of the services of the New Zealanders in the field it is unnecessary to speak at this point, but it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that after they had a little experience they were by general consent regarded as, on an average, the best mounted troops in South Africa."

NEW ZEALANDERS AND THE BOER WAR

CHAPTER I

Where her warriors are fighting, as the bravest only dare,
For the birthplaces of freedom and the liberties of man ;
Then New Zealand shall be there,

In the van,

Young New Zealand shall be there—

Her rifles from the mountain and her horsemen from the plain,
When the foemen's ranks are riding o'er the slain :

Few in number, stout in heart—

They will come to take their part

In the dangers and the glories of the brave,

To share in their triumphs or their blood-stained grave.

C. C. BOWEN (1861).

I THINK it was the " St. James's Gazette " which some time since told the story of the statesman who asked where New Zealand was, and suggested that perhaps it was the capital of Sydney. But, seriously speaking, I believe that to many English people not so long ago it came as a surprise when they were told that New Zealand is as far from Australia as London is from Rome. But, though surprised, I fancy that our English relations were not much concerned when they did receive the information. It was all the same to them—both Australia and New Zealand were " abroad " somewhere. I found when I was in England that " going abroad "

2 New Zealanders and the Boer War

did not mean on the Continent, as in my ignorance I had supposed, but indicated departing to the unknown far lands of the Empire—North America, the East, South Africa, the colonies, quite indifferently were all termed “abroad,” out of the ken and interest of the happy people who lived in the Old Country. It has surprised me to find brothers and sisters, and even fathers and mothers, remaining contentedly ignorant of the simplest geographical facts concerning the land in which various members of the family had made their colonial home, and even taking a kind of insular pride in proclaiming their ignorance.

Now all this is changed—at least, those who lived under the shadow of the war cloud which for more than two years lowered over South Africa, hiding from the straining eyes of the agonized home-stayers—fathers, husbands, and sons, fighting, starving, and sickening with fever side by side with their brethren from “abroad,” now feel remorseful for this self-engrossed indifference, and proclaim their wish to know more of these colonial kinsmen and their surroundings. Indeed, in its self-reproach and generous recognition of the value of the services so spontaneously proffered by these half-forgotten brothers, the English public seems in a fair way to overwhelm with kindness every representative of its colonies, and the greatest interest is taken in all details connected with them. I need offer now no apology for prefacing my story of the New Zealanders’ contribution to the army in South Africa with a short chapter on the colony’s history.

New Zealand is an island, or rather three islands, separated by narrow straits, and of about the size altogether of England and Scotland, and also, as they are situated nearly at the antipodes of Great Britain, of much the same climate. The southern portion of the South Island recalls to the Scotch, with whom it is chiefly

populated, the stern beauty of their native land, and favours them with the same bracing cold and storms ; while in the north one can fancy oneself on the sheltered coasts of Old England. The climate of the Northern Island, however, more nearly resembles Italy, and the Maoris are rather like the Italians in their sensuous and pleasure-loving, and yet fierce and brave, natures.

All the more important tribes inhabit the North Island, but a few of the natives are seen in the South. As to the Europeans, the climatic peculiarities of the various parts already differentiate, in some degree, as in Great Britain, the settlers of the warmer from those in the cold districts, though three generations only have grown up in the country. And, as in Great Britain, all, in spite of modifications, show themselves members of the virile Anglo-Saxon race in strenuous industry and hardy, active habits.

The Government of New Zealand is virtually democratic, in spite of the allegiance paid to the Crown through its representative, the Governor ; and when I returned from some years' residence in England I was greatly struck by the independent spirit of the people—a spirit rather ostentatiously displayed on small and great occasions by old and young. Another thing I specially noted, even among the cultivated classes, was the absence of interest in military matters ; the small wars almost always going on in some part of our Empire were not so much discussed as in England, books treating of them were less read than others, and our own volunteers, once a popular body in our principal towns, were very much neglected. Of course, the absence of that military display which “ at home ” attracts the attention of high and low had something to do with this ; but I feared that the struggle to “ make the country,” and, *inter alia*, to make one's own way, was absorbing

4 New Zealanders and the Boer War

the thoughts of all to the utter exclusion of self-denying patriotism.

This seems now an absolutely absurd misjudgment of my countrymen, "the gallant New Zealanders"; but I think they so misjudged themselves then, and would in those peaceful days of '96 have laughed at the idea of leaving their work or lands and rushing to arms to help the Mother Country to uphold her prestige; and still more would they and did they, most of them, laugh at the idea of the volunteer training fitting anyone for real warfare.

New Zealand had no commercial interests to protect in South Africa, few of her sons had ever been so mistaken as to prefer the fields of industry there to those of their own colony; but familiarity with colonial life gave an interest to the stories they heard of the Uitlanders' struggles, and the loyal New Zealander's blood grew hot at the licence permitted in Cape Colony to the disloyalists in both Government and populace.

The progress of the negotiations between Kruger and Sir A. Milner was watched with keen anxiety for the dignity of the Empire; war was soon seen to be inevitable, and to be the only cure for such a diseased state of affairs among communities which should naturally have been one.

I think that in the colonies the difficulties of such a war were sooner apprehended than in England. In some of these colonies had perhaps been seen the unfitness of regulars to cope with the unexpected in such struggles; the present generation might have heard their fathers describe how rough, undrilled volunteers had succeeded where the soldiers failed in the strife to subdue the natives; and often while the negotiations were pending, and the backward state of England's preparations in South Africa for possible eventualities began to be apprehended, was Wellington's old rule referred to, of

striving always to be the one to "dictate the ground" for a struggle.

Be that how it may, we now know that, on July 10, Queensland led the way in offering the help of her volunteers should war ensue, Victoria and New South Wales following her example, in spite of the Imperial Government's cold reception of the suggestion; and on September 28, 1899, our Premier proposed in the House of Assembly that New Zealand should request permission to send 250 men to South Africa.*

The proposal was received in New Zealand with immense enthusiasm; indeed, it was soon evident, to the surprise of some people, that Mr. Seddon only gave voice to the country's desire, and the sequel proved how heartfelt and deep that desire was, for it was carried out by a sacrifice of money, not only Government money, which may be thoughtlessly voted away, but by private subscriptions, which from such a money-making and comparatively poor community (for real wealth is uncommon in this land of equality) proved its sincerity in a way only second to the sending of their sons.

Only those in the Old Country who also sent volunteer sons can estimate that sacrifice. Those who have brought up their sons in the steps of their forefathers to serve their country by land or sea, look with jealous eagerness for the chance of active service for them; not so the parents of young men in civil professions. When they offer their sons to fight for Old England's honour, they see all the risk with horrifying clearness—it is tearing

* On 3 October, in answer to the offer made by the colonies, Mr. Chamberlain cabled the conditions of acceptance and service, noting at the same time "the generous offer of New Zealand to furnish pay in addition to transport," though the rules of the Imperial Army forbade its acceptance.

It is of interest to New Zealanders to note that, by the arduous exertions of all concerned, their contingent was landed in South Africa earlier than any other colonial troops, except the few New South Wales Lancers who had come from England.

6 New Zealanders and the Boer War

out their heart-strings ; but filial love to the Mother Country compels them to let them go.

And the young men, true sons of the pioneers, went cheerily forth, and returned (those of them who had not laid down their lives on veldt or in hospital), after their year and more of marching, fighting, starving, and fever, cheerily and modestly home, the place of each contingent withdrawn from the front being filled by another of young New Zealanders as eager as the last, in spite of the fuller knowledge of what they went to endure.

Their value in assisting the regulars, especially since the guerilla phase of the war began, has been proved ; and those who, in their jealousy for the honour of the revered Old Country, had thought it presumption for little New Zealand to offer the first contingent, have seen the second, and third, and even a tenth, accepted by the War Office, and welcomed by the commander in the field.

Great credit must be given by all the inhabitants of New Zealand, however diverse their political opinions, to the Premier and Defence Minister, who so gauged the mind of the people as to enter with unfaltering step on this new road for the destinies of the country, and who had the foresight and boldness to go further in the way of service to the Empire than almost any other colonial politician would have ventured. Politician, indeed, is not the name to call him by ; in this connection Richard Seddon has proved himself of statesmanlike ability and courage. But it must not be thought that all the credit is due to him alone for the spirit of loyalty which New Zealand has so conspicuously displayed. He, it is true, recognized and furthered it ; but to the pilgrim fathers of the colony must be credited the birth and fostering of that spirit. The old saying is here exemplified, that "the future comes not from before to meet us, but streams up from behind over our heads." The teach-

ings of those pioneers, of whom Mr. Seddon said in his speech on the occasion of the Canterbury (New Zealand) Jubilee, of December, 1900, " Their epitaphs are written in our hearts, their labour, lofty purpose, and perseverance will stand for ever," sowed the seed of the colony's loyalty of to-day.

At that same jubilee celebration Sir John Hall said : " The first settlers came from the Old Country with great attachment to it, but doubts have often been expressed as to whether the new generation, which had never known the Old Land, would entertain the same feelings. The experiences of the last year had entirely removed these doubts. They had shown that young New Zealand entertained the same feelings towards her Mother Country as their fathers had done ; that they appreciated the privilege of belonging to an Empire such as the world had never seen before, and could never see again, which had protected them in the past. And the old settlers would now go to their rest knowing that in the time to come, not only would the colonies depend upon the protection of the Mother Country, but if the Mother Country in time of need required assistance she could depend on its coming from her children in every part of the world."

The Honourable C. C. Bowen, one of the most honoured and able of those pioneers of Canterbury, and later Minister of Justice, and one of the founders of the colony's educational system, published in a volume of verse inspired by the great Crimean struggle a remarkable foreshadowing of what has come to pass—lines which will be found at the head of this chapter. Mr. Bowen left Cambridge to join his father in emigration, under the auspices of the high-idealed Canterbury Association, and was secretary to John Robert Godley, while that great and good man was representative and agent of the Association in the infant settlement. With such

8 New Zealanders and the Boer War

men laying the foundations of Church, State, and Society as Mr. Godley, the Bowens (father and son), James Edward Fitzgerald (the talented first superintendent of the province), the Wards, and, later, the three-times elected and beloved superintendent, William Rolleston, the revered Dr. Harper (Bishop of Christchurch), and the brilliant W. Moorhouse, it is little wonder that Canterbury youths were taught to cherish as a precious birth-right their sonship to Great Britain. Nor were the other parts of New Zealand without their noble early fathers to train the first generation of the native-born to revere the filial tie which bound them to the Mother Country. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, to whose genius we owe the colonization of all New Zealand, had sent his brothers to establish at the ports of Wellington, Taranaki, and Nelson, parties of emigrants selected for high character and ability to transplant the best traditions of the English life, of both capital and culture, into the new country so like the old.

To Otago had come a body of Scotchmen, keen to make their chosen land "just a bit of the auld countree." To name only two—Captain William Cargill and the Reverend Thomas Burns were men who will ever be remembered with gratitude by the Scotsmen of Otago.

Auckland had the privilege of the teachings of the noble band of pioneer missionaries, headed by the king-like Selwyn; teachings spread throughout the land, and all round its coasts during the apostolic journeyings and voyages of the bishop and his followers. Auckland also was the home of Sir George Grey, the far-seeing statesman, who previously had had to resign the governorship of the Crown Colony at the Cape, in consequence of his advice being so unpalatable to Downing Street—advice that, it is strange to think, in connection with the New Zealand share in the South African war, would, if followed, have in all probability prevented that war ever

occurring. Strange, too, it is to think of this same imperial-spirited, aristocratic old soldier, Sir George Grey, as having been our first great Radical, of whom Richard Seddon claims to be the disciple.

New Zealand, generally speaking, and Canterbury in particular, were colonized by enthusiasts of widely liberal views—happy homes for the millions, free speech and action for the working classes, liberal land laws and extended franchise, were favourite visions; even the magic words, “manhood suffrage,” may have been whispered by the most eager. The missionaries who, in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, settled among the Maoris (chiefly in the far north), spoke to them of universal brotherhood; equality in all things was a Christian precept the haughty Maori Rangatira (aristocrat) found it hard to accept; but the ethical theory as a “counsel of perfection,” gradually permeated the native mind, and formed public opinion. In like manner the democratic theories of the Wakefields and their congeners affected the anticipations of the colonists they sent in their thousands during the middle part of the last century to both North and South Islands. Men of all classes emigrated from the Old Country with the idea that the parting from home and friends was to be compensated for, not only by the chance of making a better living, but also the making of it under conditions of greater freedom from the domination of the powers that be, whether of Church or State, capital or society. All old rules, many of them thought, were to be relaxed, and other and more easily fitting ones substituted by their free will only. Sir George Grey, the great pro-consul, even at the time he represented the Queen in New Zealand, was doubtless at heart a far-seeing democrat, and for many years after he had ceased to be Governor, and retired to enjoy scholarly seclusion in the beautiful island of Kawau, in Auckland Harbour,

he issued forth again to fight the battle of the people as a member of the House of Representatives.

And yet for many of the early years, so intent were the settlers on making their living (and in many cases fortunes) in this land of plenty, that they could hardly be induced to take any interest in politics, and willingly left the making of their laws in the hands of the scions of the English ruling class who had emigrated with them, and who, with the instincts and traditions of that class strong in their blood, were willing to go, at great sacrifice of their time and means, all the way to Auckland in wretched little sailing vessels, for the sessional months, and endure besides the drudgery of legislative routine in the various provincial chambers.*

A good story is told of the difficulty the first editor of the first newspaper in Canterbury (the "Lyttelton Times") experienced in raising public interest in political matters—that indomitable Irishman, Mr. James Edward Fitzgerald, himself writing brilliant attacks on the opinions of the paper, and then as editor replying to his correspondent with ingenious arguments and scathing satire.

With the country at large thus indifferent to the law-making, it is to the credit of these early legislators that their enactments were steadily and progressively liberal.

The young New Zealander often, I fear, ignorantly or with prejudice, sums up all these early fathers as conservative old identities, without considering who would have taken the reins in hand if they had refused them.

But Radical, Conservative, or Liberal, all taught the people to remember that they were but a little part of the great nation of Englishmen, whether their fathers were Celt or Saxon—a little branch from the old oak, struck in new soil to grow up by and by into a tree which

* Members were not then paid.

should give shade in its turn, but never forget the root from which it sprang.

One of the early New Zealand settlers, the scholarly Dean Jacobs—for many years headmaster of Christchurch Collegiate Grammar School—published in the little collection known as the “Canterbury Rhymes,” the following sonnets, with which I think I may well close this chapter, in which I have tried to note some of the influences which have formed, however unconsciously, the sentiment of the present-day New Zealander for the Mother Country.

GREECE IS WHERE THE GREEKS ARE

“ ’Tis Greece where Greeks do dwell ! ” so spake and thought
That ancient race. The isle-embroidered sea
Was sprinkled with their towns ; lo ! spreading free,
One Greece in many lands. May we be taught
By them to love our country as we ought !

’Tis not thy soil, O England ! nor thy scenes,
Though oft on these home-wand’ring fancy leans ;
’Tis not alone the historic fervour caught
From old association ; not thy marts,

Nor e’en thy grey cathedrals, nor thy wells
Of ancient learning, though for these our hearts
May fondly yearn ; true love of country tells
A better tale—thy church, thy laws, thy arts !

’Tis England where an English spirit dwells.

(*November, 1863.*)

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE

Behold, O England ! from thy sea-girt throne,
The daughter nations gathering to thy feet ;
From east and west, from north and south they meet—
Those thou hast rear’d, and claimest for thine own.

Bid them draw near, survey them one by one ;

See, last of all, before thee trembling stoop

The youngest daughter of the circling group ;

By filial look and close resemblance known,

She kneels before thee and thy blessing seeks !

Heir of thy glorious past, she craves to be

Heir of thy virtues, all that hist’ry speaks

Of brave, large-hearted, noble, wise in thee.

Thy truth, thy justice, and that light which streaks

Thy foulest page, thy native piety. (*April, 1854.*)

CHAPTER II

For the sake of the dear old flag, my boys,
The brave old British flag ;
The world apart, we are one in heart,
And will die for the dear old flag.
Three crosses in the Union,
Three crosses in the Jack,
And we'll add to it now the cross of the South
And stand them back to back.
Tho' other skies above us shine
When danger's tempest lowers ;
We'll teach the world that Britain's friends
And Britain's foes are ours.

Patriotic song by a New Zealander.

ON 28 September, 1899, in the New Zealand Parliament at Wellington, the Premier rose to propose the motion of which he had given notice : " That a respectful address be presented to his Excellency the Governor, requesting him to offer to the Imperial Government for service in the Transvaal a contingent of Mounted Rifles, and that in the event of the offer being accepted, the Government be empowered, after selection by the Commander of the Forces, to provide, equip, and despatch the force." In a powerful speech, that was most attentively listened to by all parties in the House, the right hon. gentleman spoke of the necessity that had arisen for taking the action proposed.

" Some of the flower of our young men," he said, " who would go to the Transvaal might never return, so the matter was one they would have to approach with a full

responsibility." Proceeding to give details of the proposal, he said that the volunteers would be asked to provide their own horses. The personal expenses of the men were estimated at £100 per head, and this the Government intended to provide. The force would consist of 210 officers and men. . . . Whilst doing this, he would say, let them do it well. The cost should not be taken into consideration, and we should provide shipping and all expenses, such as the cost of passages, etc., so that we should land our force clear of expense in the Transvaal. . . . He had no wish to under-estimate the expenditure. They were, in respect of transport, equipment, and other charges, committing the colony practically to an expenditure of £20,000. . . . We were taking this course, feeling that we were part of a great Empire, and that the flag that floated over us would protect also those of our kin who were being oppressed in the Transvaal. There were New Zealanders, Australians, English, Irish, and Scotch there—people of our own race and our own kindred. As one coming from the goldfields, he knew what tempted many of our countrymen to go to the Transvaal and the colonies. It was the fact that civil rights and liberties would be granted to them ; but our kinsmen in the Transvaal were now deprived of those rights—a hundred and fifty thousand of them. He said their demands were righteous. Every opportunity had been given to the Boer Government to fairly consider this question by Sir A. Milner, a man of whom every Britisher should be proud. The British Government had hesitated. That hesitancy, in his opinion, had weakened the position ; but 'twas better to wait, better to hesitate, before the dogs of war were let loose ; and now the civilized world commended the British Government for the course it had taken. Not only that, but with him and with the members of that House, the civilized world, the other nations, said the demands

14 New Zealanders and the Boer War

were just and reasonable. Under these circumstances, and actuated by Imperial motives, he hoped there would be no going back, no receding. In the words of Mr. Chamberlain, our hands were put to the plough, and there was no turning back. We in New Zealand must strengthen and support that course. In the past in the Transvaal our flag had been flouted and dragged in the dust, and the Government in power had not secured peace with honour.—(An hon. member : That was the Liberals.)—We had our kindred scattered in different parts of the globe, and wherever they were there was a feeling of affection and a bond of existence, which, as the years rolled by, grew stronger and firmer. It was ties such as these that paralysed the other nations of the globe. Two years ago our people were gathered together from all parts of the earth to do honour to our good and gracious Queen. In that pageant a lesson was given to the world, and it did honour to our constitution and to the greatest and best woman living. It proved that far distant and in many climes there was a bond between us that would never be severed. In that pageant our colonial troops acquitted themselves well, and now on the battlefield, when the necessity arose, the civilized world would admire the course taken. The efforts of our men would be watched with anxiety, but he had no hesitation in saying that as they had acquitted themselves creditably at the Jubilee celebrations, so they would acquit themselves creditably on the battlefield of the Transvaal. The flag was our protection, and it was to our interest to support the Empire to which we belonged. Our first line of defence was the Australasian squadron, to which we paid £20,000 a year ; but that was a contribution small indeed to what the British taxpayer contributed to the cost of that squadron, but was there ever a single complaint from the people at home ? The answer was ' No.' Therefore we should prove to

those of our race and those in the dear Motherland that we were prepared, outside all questions of expense, to help them on this occasion. In this he felt sure he was voicing the feeling of the people of this colony.—(Hear, hear.) That was evident from the comments in the Press ; but if any further proof was necessary it was to be found in the fact that such large numbers of our volunteers had asked that arrangements should be made. Talking to a leading citizen the other day on the subject, he was asked if the Government could get a sufficient number to volunteer. Why, there were 2000, let alone 200, in our colony prepared to go and do battle for us and the Mother Country.—(Hear, hear.) He was sorry the native race could not comply with the conditions laid down by the Commander of the Forces. . . .”

He asked the House to pass the motion unanimously, and resumed his seat amid loud applause.

Captain Russell, the Leader of the Opposition, then rose and said : “ It was no part of his duty as an Englishman to inquire deeply into the cause of the trouble. He believed the Government at home would never precipitate war if it could possibly be avoided. He was there as a citizen of the Empire, and as such it was his duty to support the Premier in sending troops to the Transvaal. However remote the colony might be, they were loyal at heart to the Imperial idea.—(Hear, hear.) They had proof in former years of what New Zealanders could do. Our troops had done good service in their own colony, and he had no doubt they would prove themselves capable of fighting alongside the most distinguished corps in the Imperial Army. The great object in view was to help forward the cause of Imperial federation, the solidarity of the Empire. It was not merely sending a few men, for the power of England was far more than enough to cope with the trouble in South Africa. He

16 New Zealanders and the Boer War

hoped the British flag would float over South Africa. Shakespeare had said :—

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

On this occasion we shall have three-quarters of the world on our side, for troops will be sent from South Africa, Canada, and Australasia to fight under the Imperial flag. The present proposal would do more to consolidate the Empire than the efforts of statesmen or the speeches of politicians, and if the troops went, though he hoped war might still be averted, he felt sure their sufferings would be appreciated by the whole colony, and after the war was over he had no doubt the country would be as generous as any one could wish them to be." (Applause.)

The Hon. William Rolleston said " that as an old colonist he would gladly have sat still on the present occasion, and what had been said left little for him to add. It was no question for debate, and he felt that this resolution involved a very heavy responsibility. On this question the rank and file of the House, as well as the leaders, were entitled to make their voices heard, and to show that they felt the sense of responsibility that attaches to the motion now before the House. They had to decide upon the resolution as if the decision of peace or war rested with them, though that matter really depended upon those better qualified to judge. The resolution would carry their deliberate determination that in a critical time the people of New Zealand, in common with other parts of the Empire, were determined to join in a great national emergency. They wanted to show their recognition of the tie of common kinship and affection with the Mother Country. Their sympathies were with their own flesh and blood in a struggle for freedom and equality of rights in a distant

country. It was a striking illustration of the federal tie that was weaving itself round the hearts of British people throughout the world. That tie had grown and was still growing, and by the resolution they would show that they were desirous of making for civilization and peace, though peace depends at times on opening the gates of war. They felt that, in regard to what had passed, the limits of forbearance had been reached before the British Government had taken the action they had taken, and what New Zealand was going to do should be done promptly. It was no use to wait until war commenced. If you wish for peace you must make ready for war. Demonstrations such as this would lose effect by any hesitancy, for trembling hands make bloody work; but whether it was peace or war, by passing that resolution they would show the Empire was bound together by ties of kindred and blood. He hoped the Government would have the support they were entitled to in this matter." (Applause.)

Mr. Hone Heke, the leading Native Oppositionist, said: "The Maoris had been under the protection of the Crown since 1835, and the Maoris he represented appreciated this protection, and in return would be ready to support the British Government in South Africa or anywhere else. There would be no lack of patriotism in that quarter."—(Applause.)

The motion was then very fully discussed, the dissentients being two or three who could not believe the war was going to tax the resources of Great Britain, and two pro-Boers (not New Zealand-born); and contrasting with these last were the speeches of Mr. Wi Pere (a Maori member), who supported the resolution, and said that he was ready to lead a contingent of 500 Maoris, if necessary; and the Hon. Mr. Carroll, a half-caste Maori, and Minister for Native Affairs. Mr. Carroll said: "We should not cavil at the question of expense—let us send

18 New Zealanders and the Boer War

the best men, and afford them the best of equipments. There were many Maorilanders who, no doubt, were also oppressed in the Transvaal, and, apart from the Imperial sentiment, we would be doing well in going to their aid. He hoped the selection would be made in the first instance from the volunteers, and that some Maoris would be enabled to join the contingent."

The result of the division was as follows : Ayes, 64 ; Noes, 5—the announcement being received with an outburst of applause, the House and gallery standing to sing the National Anthem, and ending with three most hearty cheers.

* * * * *

Two years and nine months have passed since that resolution was announced by the Press to New Zealand, and it is difficult now to realize the enthusiasm with which it was welcomed ; not that the enthusiastic loyalty to the Mother Country has lessened since then, but that it has become wider, deeper, quieter : a thing of cost well counted, a course persevered in with increasing conviction of its rightfulness—a settled determination to work in with the Empire, a determination that can display itself without excitement or fuss.

The enthusiasm all through New Zealand during these last months of 1899 was eager, youthful, inexperienced, and heightened by party spirit—one set of people advocating one mode of giving effect to the universal desire to help ; another, some fresh one, the promoters of leagues, funds, etc., all with patriotic intent, vieing with each other in gathering subscriptions, not a little aided by the ancient rivalries between the principal towns and provinces.

Dunedin's public meeting raised over £3000 in the room. Wellington and Christchurch must not be behind them. One rich squatter offered a valuable horse to

mount a trooper, another would mount all the men chosen from his estate. From the first the women were busy with their needles or subscription lists. Soon they longed to go too, and were only satisfied when trained nurses had been sent from Christchurch and from Dunedin. Alas! for human vanity. When the "Duke and Duchess" came to New Zealand a Dunedin nurse was noticed and decorated, and his Royal Highness did not seem aware that any had gone from Christchurch, though Christchurch initiated the movement and sent hers first.

If this sending forth of sons and daughters to the scene of war does nothing else for New Zealand, it will have done much in drawing together the hearts of all classes, for we have been all these two years and more united in that strongest of all bonds—a common anxiety.

And what good it must have done to the young men who have spent long months together on rough transports, in tent and battlefield, or dreary veldt, or side by side on sick beds—all sorts and conditions of men, learning to understand each other and know the worth of each simply as man to man. The pale city clerk and his prosperous employer, the sport-loving, rich young squatter and the shepherds and rabbiters off his run, the tradesman, the groom, the members of learned professions, and artisans—all shared the coarse and scanty fare, the hard work, and submission to orders that make up the stuff of a soldier's daily life at the front.

It must be said for them that "our boys," as we loved to call them, met all in a cheery, manly spirit, of which we have had fair cause to be proud. Proud of them we have been—not too proud, we hope; but when such commanders as Lords Roberts and Kitchener, Generals French, Plumer, Hutton, and Ian Hamilton praise troops warmly and often, their country may rejoice without boastfulness.

20 New Zealanders and the Boer War

It is to be feared that some of the young men had their heads a little turned by the praises of their resourcefulness and power of initiative, and one regretfully heard of those who thought it showed their fine colonial independence to begrudge the ordinary civility of salute to officers. General Ian Hamilton is said to have shamed one of these foolish fellows properly by offering him his hand with effusion (after inquiring where the trooper came from who did not salute him), saying that of course if he had known he was a New Zealander he would not have expected it.

But to return to our First Contingent. All haste was made to select the men and give them what training was possible, and they were dispatched under the command of Major Robin, at the end of a month, in the s.s. "Waiwera," from Wellington. The parting was rather a terrible business for relatives, but the public was determined to give them a good "send-off," and the men themselves felt they were heroes indeed—New Zealand's first soldiers on foreign service—and their only fear was lest they should arrive too late for any fighting.

The voyage was uneventful, though the time of both officers and men was well occupied with endeavouring to give or take all instructions possible at sea in the military training so hurried over before leaving, and also with the care of the horses and shooting at a floating mark. The good feeling shown by all in their novel and somewhat trying surroundings was conspicuous. A letter from one lad to a relative who kept lodgings in Wellington contained this suggestive remark: "My word, it would make you smile to see George M. laying table and washing up," G. M. being the son of a gentleman of high political position who lodged during the session of Parliament with the writer's relative.

On 23 November they found themselves berthed in Capetown Harbour close to a troopship, so close that

soon the excited colonials and deeply curious Tommies were shouting questions and answers across; and the topic of food coming up—as when does it not when soldiers meet?—biscuit was tossed over for the New Zealanders to sample. “Do you eat this? Why, we have fresh-baked bread three times a week,” was their astonished cry; and later, when they found themselves *en route* for the front in the same train as regulars, and were buying extra food at the wayside stations, great pity was expressed for the poor Tommies, who could not afford any addition to their ration of bully beef and biscuit. The time was to come ere long when they had all learned to be thankful for full rations of any sort. A good story illustrating this is told of one trooper, a well-to-do squatter at home, who, when asked on his return if he had ever felt really hungry at the front, said: “Hungry! Well, all I know is that when your old Charlie”—Charlie being a very stout farm labourer of his interlocutor’s who had gone in the speaker’s troop—“was orderly to our captain, I was thankful to eat bread and butter which he had boned from the officer’s table. He pulled it out from under his jersey, saying, ‘Be’s you ’ungry, Mr. A.?’ And though it felt rather warm I did not say ‘No.’”

The New Zealanders were not detained long at Maitland Camp, only just long enough to get the stiffness out of their horses’ legs and for the men to fraternize with their first acquaintances among Imperial troops, the Inniskilling Dragoons, for whom they conceived a great admiration. On the 27th Major Robin took them to De Aar, and thence, on receiving fresh orders, to Naauwpoort, to join General French’s command. On the way to De Aar their train stopped for some minutes beside an ambulance train from Belmont. The sight of the wounded (many of them navals) and the news of the heavy losses suffered by Lord Methuen’s force only made

22 New Zealanders and the Boer War

them more eager to join in the struggle. On 29 November they arrived at Naauwpoort.

While at this first camp the young colonials, new to the whole life, and surrounded by other troops, Imperial and colonial, strange in ideas and manners to them, naturally wrote home voluminously to give their friends their first impressions. In some cases they wrote with much innocent brag and some invidious criticisms, and their friends, excited too and elated at the interest shown by the public in their boys' experiences, published these effusions with little enough discretion. As one returned trooper remarked later: "The sorriest men in South Africa now are the men who wrote home freely at the beginning of the war!" And well they might be when they met, for instance, the New South Wales Lancers, who had been in the Colesberg district with them, and of whom one of them had complained that "the Lancers' lack of discipline" in getting up too late for a rendezvous one morning had lost the New Zealanders a "show."

But we in New Zealand would not willingly have missed those delightfully naive troopers' letters, some of them giving such excellent descriptions of the country and the troops' movements as did credit to the good education all New Zealanders get; many brightened with touches of humour and shrewd comments—all helping to bring before us some picture of the strange realities of campaigning life. We shall quote three accounts of the incident of New Zealand Hill, not the first bit of glory our boys won, for they had gained favourable notice earlier in the month by the gallant manner in which they had carried out, under hot fire, the destruction of the supply train which had been abandoned near Arundel; but it was the best-known and also the most important engagement in which they were concerned, as if the Boers had taken the hill it would have rendered the Slingsfontein position un-

tenable, and General French's efforts in extending his eastern flank and encompassing the enemy would have been frustrated. Of these three accounts, one is extracted from a dispatch of General French, another from "Our Own Correspondent" of a New Zealand paper, and the last from the letter of a trooper, of the name of Mark Edwards, of Leeston, whom one may guess to be a farm hand, as he says, in comment on the sad sight of the dead and wounded after the bayonet charge: "I felt just now that I would rather have a pair of sheep-shears in my hand than a bayonet, but after yesterday we would follow Captain Madocks through anything and wherever he would lead." General French's account, in his dispatch, is as follows: "About 27 December the enemy began to show signs of yielding to this continual pressure on his flank and rear, and on the 29th finally evacuated his position and fell back on Colesburg. . . . At day-break on the morning of 30 December I left Arundel with a small force of cavalry and artillery to reconnoitre towards Colesburg. . . . Overnight I had ordered Colonel Porter, 6th Dragoon Guards, to move out from Rensberg with the force named (two guns R.H.A., two squadrons Carabiniers) to Porter's Hill, which was held by one squadron of the Carabiniers and one company of New Zealand Mounted Infantry. His orders were to ascertain the state of our operations at daybreak and to co-operate. This he did throughout the day, with the greatest effect at Porter's Hill and along the southern face of the position. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles made a most gallant attempt to effect a footing in the south-western corner, but were obliged to retire before greatly superior numbers. . . . On 15 January an attack was made by the enemy on my advanced post at Slinger's farm. This is a high and rather steep hill surrounded by a good deal of 'dead' ground. The first was held by one company Yorkshire Regiment and one company New

24 New Zealanders and the Boer War

Zealand Mounted Rifles, and was in charge of Captain Orr, Yorkshire Regiment. For some time during the morning of the 15th the enemy engaged in heavy and continuous firing at long range from the whole of his position opposite this post. At about 10 a.m. a movement was developed which appeared to indicate an attack on the east side of the hill. . . . Whilst this threat was in progress the firing from the enemy's main position was continued with great vigour. When the attention of our troops was chiefly engaged in watching for this attack on the east it was suddenly reported that a large body of the enemy had established themselves at the foot of the western slope, which was very steep, and were creeping up the hill, taking all the advantage of cover from rocks, etc. When the Boers found that their real attack was thus apparent they opened a hot fire from their position on the western slope. Captain Orr at once fell, badly wounded, and the sergeant-major was killed. The enemy came on briskly, and the moment was critical. Captain Madocks (New Zealand Mounted Rifles) saw the critical situation of the Yorkshires, and that they were practically without a leader. With the greatest promptitude he took a few of his men to the west side of the hill and rallied the troops holding it. He caused them to line their entrenchments and withstand the enemy's advance, which had now become very bold, several of our men having fallen from their fire. Captain Madocks then jumped up, gave the order to fix bayonets, and charged down the hill, upon which the leading Boers immediately turned and ran down the hill, followed by many others who had been under cover of rocks, etc., unseen. Our troops poured many well-directed volleys on the retreating enemy, who left twenty-one men dead at the foot of one hill, and it is estimated that their loss in wounded could not be less than fifty.

"The greatest credit is due to Captain Madocks and his New Zealanders for their prompt action."

General French proceeds to mention the arrival of Major-General Clements, D.S.O., and that he has placed him in command of all the troops at Slingsfontein, among which were one company of New Zealand Mounted Rifles; also that he has sent another company of New Zealand Mounted Rifles with a small force, under Major Rimington, to Kleinfontein, whence he is to watch and patrol the valley to about six miles south-east of Norval's Pont. He then goes on to say: "Major A. W. Robin, commanding New Zealand Mounted Rifles, deserves special mention for the frequent occasions upon which he and his men have performed signal service during these operations. I have already mentioned one of these affairs on 15 January (the attack on New Zealand Hill), and with it the name of Captain W. R. N. Madocks, whose services on that occasion are well worthy of recognition."

"Our Correspondent" with the New Zealanders mentions that New Zealand Hill was held overnight by two companies of the Yorks and half a company of New Zealanders under Lieutenants Chaytor and Canavan, and that it had not been intended that more than this half company of New Zealanders should do duty on the hill; but that Major Robin being informed that he could exercise his discretion, two additional divisions—viz. half of the No. 1 Company, under Captain Madocks (Wellington) and Lieutenant J. Hughes (Napier)—were despatched before daylight on Monday to reinforce their comrades. Thus the major's well-known anxiety for the safety of his men in all probability saved the New Zealanders and Yorkshiremen from annihilation, and the General from the loss of this important position. "Our Correspondent" says: "All the morning the rattle of musketry was heard, and about eleven o'clock the Boers

26 New Zealanders and the Boer War

attempted to carry out a cleverly arranged and daring programme. Under cover of the fire from the top of their kopje and the tableland they pushed up on the left front of New Zealand Hill. The severe fire from other points taxed the energies of the New Zealanders and Yorks to the utmost, and the first movement was not noticed by the defending forces. Captain Orr, whose men were making a gallant stand, was about this time shot in the abdomen, and a moment later his colour-sergeant, Roberts, one of the crack shots of the regiment, was killed. Other non-com. officers and men of the Yorks fell back wounded, and the corps became somewhat demoralized. Not that the men lost courage; on the contrary, they returned every shot sent at them, but they were without a leader. Noting the confusion into which the Yorks had fallen, the Boers attempted to force the position. The party that had crept over the space between our hill and their main position appeared over the crest of the kopje, and, firing rapidly and independently, made a wild rush for the ramparts. Just as the Yorks hesitated and the Boers appeared at close quarters, Captain Madocks rushed up, realizing the gravity of the situation. 'Make a charge, my lads!' ordered the captain, and the Yorks, steady as rocks under the word of command, obeyed with alacrity, and the assailants hesitated, wavered, and at the sight of the bayonets fled. But they were not yet beaten off. Encouraged by the smallness of the force opposing them at this point—a dozen men against thrice their number—they charged again. 'New Zealanders, reinforce! reinforce!' shouted the captain in desperation. Up dashed three New Zealanders—Lieutenant Hughes (Napier), Sergeant Gourley (Dunedin), and Private Connell (Auckland), while others called out words of encouragement as they toiled up the hill. Sergeant Gourley and Trooper Connell fixed bayonets and ranged themselves alongside Captain

Madocks, who picked up the bayoneted rifle of the dead colour-sergeant of the Yorks. Lieutenant Hughes had no bayonet, but, with carbine loaded, he also stood beside his leader. Some of the Yorks pushed forward, and with a shout and cheer the four New Zealanders leaped over the parapet and dashed at the enemy, who scrambled over the rocky slope like mountain goats. Then came a murderous volley from the Boers, and Sergeant Gourley was seen to spring up in the air, turning half round, and falling with a crash on the rocks. No less than six bullets went through his hat. . . . Trooper Connell fell a few seconds later, shot through the heart. On dashed Captain Madocks and Lieutenant Hughes, bullets whistling around them. That they escaped being riddled with bullets was miraculous, for the poor Yorks behind them suffered severely, though partly protected by a breast-work. . . . Captain Madocks, fighting like one possessed, rushed at a Boer—apparently an officer—who stood, with rifle to shoulder, taking aim at him. The captain had no time to bring his rifle to his shoulder, but as the Boer leader pulled the trigger of his Mauser the New Zealander * rested his rifle against his hip. The reports rang out together. Captain Madock's hat was pierced by the bullet from the Boer's rifle. The Boer received his death wound, and, throwing his rifle in the air, fell to the ground. Still the captain followed the Boers, and when his ammunition was exhausted stood in the centre of the fire from the Boers on the opposite kopje, and hurled stones on the heads of the retreating enemy beneath him. . . .

“ Captain Madocks, in following the Boers down the

* As a matter of fact, we cannot lay claim to Captain Madocks as a New Zealander. He was an artillery officer on leave, and holding the position of second in command under Colonel Pole-Penton, of the New Zealand Militia, when the war broke out. The gallant officer is a grandson of Lord Napier of Magdala.

28 New Zealanders and the Boer War

hill, right through the zone of fire, had done splendid work. As the Boers rushed away they exposed themselves to the fire from the parties of New Zealanders under Lieutenants Chaytor and Canavan, who did excellent shooting, and succeeded in driving the enemy right across the tableland to their main position, a defeated body with their ranks sadly thinned. The Yorks also did splendid practice. The right flank of the position being held by the men under Lieutenant Chaytor, the Boers were prevented from coming up on that side, and so the position right along New Zealand Hill was held intact. Lieutenant Canavan and his men rushed from their position in answer to the shout of the captain, and, though not actually in the charge, did gallant work. In view of the strength of the Boer force, an anxious hour was passed in waiting for reinforcements that had been signalled for. At length another detachment of Yorks, under Lieutenant Neave (until a few weeks ago an officer of the New Zealand contingent), toiled up the hill, and enabled the New Zealanders to return to their old positions. The Boers still worried our men, but two 12-pounders of the R.H.A. were sent out from camp and compelled them to make for their main laager. Their retreat was turned into a rout, and victory was ours."

The loss of the two New Zealanders, Gourley and Connell, who fell on this occasion, was very deeply felt by their comrades, both from their personal popularity and because it was the first actual experience of the sad consequences of war, as Bradford, the man who fell wounded at Jassfontein Farm, died in the hands of the Boers; but the wonder only is that so few men were hit, especially as they returned from their pursuit of the Boers still under heavy fire. Even so early in the war the New Zealanders showed great quickness in making use of every scrap of cover. Very proud were some of

those men when later, near Brandfort, they, from their well-chosen lurking-places, heard their lieutenant sharply reprimanded by a staff officer for not stationing men on that kopje, as he had been ordered, and much they enjoyed the astonishment of that staff officer when, at the lieutenant's word of command, up rose the hidden men.

Many of our lads wrote home in great admiration of the R.H.A., with whom they were often sent out, and with the men of the 6th Dragoons (Carabiniers) they also made great friends. We cannot omit the account of the skirmish at Jasfontein Farm, by Trumpeter Fox, of the First New Zealanders, it gives so naive an account of the sensations of a young soldier when first under fire, though the affair took place a month before the attack on New Zealand Hill, and was in itself hardly worthy of description. Writing from Arundel Camp on 1 December to his parents, Trumpeter Fox states: "I have had one of my old sore throats for the last few days, but will not go on the sick list in case I miss something. These Boers are going to take a lot of shifting. Yesterday morning we turned out at six o'clock, and with a battery of Royal Horse, six guns were in position at daylight. They shelled a farm owned by a rebel who shot the officer of the Inniskillings. Then our fellows advanced in skirmishing order, and found it unoccupied. Lieutenant Lindsay, with four sections, was to occupy a small kopje to the left of the farm. Whilst he was going the enemy were observed on another about 400 yards to the left. I volunteered to go and tell Lieutenant Lindsay, and the enemy opened fire. I may tell you I expected every moment to be my last. When I got to him I found the sergeant trying to pull a wire fence down. The men were in position on the kopje, but fired only about one shot in a dozen from the Boers. I said I would go back for wire-clippers, being exposed for about a quarter of a mile to the fire, which was getting

30 New Zealanders and the Boer War

warmer every moment. The Boers then opened with their "Long Tom." The major, in company with General French and staff, were under cover of a farmhouse, and when I went for the wire-cutters the major told me to tell our men to retire. I can tell you I felt for my bugle then, but he said, 'Go and tell them.' So away I went for a third time, knowing that I had to come back. I thought it was a case. Well, I got there all right, and yelled 'Retire!' sore though my tonsils were at the time. I then started to return, the bullets whistling uncomfortably close to my head. I could recognize a dum-dum when one came near by the beautiful crescendos and decrescendos he made. When I got back to the major my horse stopped, and I was so weak I went straight on, turning a complete somersault. One of the staff asked me if I was hurt, but I told him, 'You can't hurt wood.' Then began a disorderly retreat. One fellow was shot in the thigh, and another had his horse shot under him, both of our division. Lieutenant Lindsay made them stop and pick up one, and asked if there were any more, and some one said, 'No.' So on we went, unknowingly leaving poor Bradford in a ditch. He was taken prisoner, we afterwards found out when we sent the ambulance for him. We found he was wounded, and not dead, and received a promise that he would be well treated. I used to see fellows come down in a bicycle or hurdle race, and thought it a great joke; but when we were retreating yesterday, and occasionally a horse would come down, and somebody would have to stop and pick the fallen one up, I began to think there was not so much fun in it after all. If the staff officer who was sent for the guns to come up had got them there smartly we should have been able to hold the farm easily. I may tell you I was not too dignified to hang my head alongside my horse's neck; I was not studying appearances just then. The General complimented the

men on the way they had worked. The major said, 'Where's my trumpeter?' with the accent on the 'my'; then he said I was a good lad. Plenty of fellows came up and congratulated me on my escape, at the same time they reckoned the major might have allowed me to sound the 'Retire.' I have not mentioned it before, but all our orders are given by sign with the hand. I have not blown a note on my bugle since we left Naauwpoort. . . . This is a great country, it only wants more water and better society. A squadron of the 10th Hussars were doing a little drill in camp. Talk about moving together—they are like clock-work! It does a fellow good to see them. The Royal Horse Artillery had an alarm about three nights back, and in nine seconds and a half were ready for action. Of course, the harness is always left on. We have to leave our saddles on all night in case of an alarm. I often lie in my tent and think of the good times I often thought were hard. Talk about a 'hard-time social'—I will be able to run one properly when I come back."

In this First New Zealand Contingent were serving three Christchurch lads, friends before they volunteered for the war, named C. H. Flavell, J. T. Wilson, and H. T. Dickinson, and nicknamed on their return by the admiring townsfolk "The Three Musketeers," in allusion to the adventurous and marvellously lucky career they had all through the contingent's wanderings. Alas! Dickinson afterwards fell in the gallant stand the Seventh Contingent made at Bothasberg.

Trooper Wilson, when being interviewed on their return to New Zealand, spoke, among other things, of their acquaintance with the New South Wales men at Naauwpoort, who, he says, were "a first-rate lot of fellows in every way. Tall, slim, well set-up fellows, regular cavalymen, and very good horsemen." He says: "It was great luck getting under the command

32 New Zealanders and the Boer War

of General French "; and of the R.H.A. O Battery, he says : " You can't rub the Royal Horse out—they are wonderful chaps." Then, speaking of the disaster to the Australian Light Horse, he says : " I saw the place two days after, and it was evident they made a big fight for it." Our " Musketeer " does not give at all a dramatic account of French's famous ride to Kimberley, in which most of the First New Zealand Mounted Rifles had the good luck to join. We should have welcomed more details of this historic forced march. When they were withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Colesberg they had no idea whither they were bound. When, after two days at Hopetown, they started northwards with a large force, it began to dawn upon them that " something important was in the wind," as one lad expressed it. They were marching for the first time without tents. Our " Musketeer " says : " At Witteput's we had a big fight, trying to take a line of kopjes ; it was one of the hottest days under rifle fire we had during the whole campaign. We reached Zoutpans, at which place our company was detailed to escort a big convoy of military stores to Reit River. We got through all right, but the same stores were subsequently captured. We then rejoined French's column, and saw some trying times on the march, having to carry water for our horses in their nose-bags. On this march I gave five shillings for a canteen of water. We used to just fall off our horses, and with bridle-rein tucked in our belts snatch an hour or so's sleep. The horses suffered terribly, but we lost very few men. When we reached the Modder the music of the guns was all round us, and Lord Roberts's army of 60,000 or 70,000 men were hard at it. Each man of us had left everything behind but three days' allowance of bully beef and biscuit, and 36 lb. of oats for his horse, so that we might push on to Kimberley with all possible speed. It was between 6 a.m. and 7 a.m. when we

dashed through, and at four o'clock we heliographed Kimberley." Another New Zealand trooper (Trooper P. Fitzherbert, of Roberts's Horse) fills in the gaps of this account. "On the 13th," he says, "we started off again (from Reit River), now only about 15,000 strong, as we were leaving detachments along the line to guard our communication and at the same time to hem in the Boers. About midday once more the music began, and the boom of guns and the rattle of musketry kept up an incessant din. The fighting went on till about four, when we came to the banks of the Modder, about fifteen miles to the north-east of Methuen's position. Here we dislodged about 3000 of the enemy, took their tents, and every mortal thing they had. They were caught napping; the prisoners that were taken cried like babies, and stated that they were thunderstruck at the sudden appearance of so large a force.

"We camped on the Boer position and made use of their tents. Next morning, as we all expected, a sharp battle took place. I learnt that day what artillery fire is, and what a grand experience it is to hear seventy-two guns wiring in for all they are worth, backed up by the rat-ta-tat, rat-ta-tat of the Maxims and the popping of thousands of rifles. The Boers were not dislodged that day; but early next morning (the 15th of February) the R.H.A. were pegging in again from the slight rise in front of us. Suddenly the Lancers got the word to sweep round the eminence and charge, with us behind them, if necessary, to cover their retreat. But no necessity arrived, for the 16th Lancers swept all before them, and we rode on. We had slight fighting all day till mid-day, when we rested at a farm. Half our regiment we left to guard our communication.

"We started off again at about two o'clock. At three-thirty I was half asleep on my horse, when I was awoke by a mighty cheer, and, looking up, I saw

34 New Zealanders and the Boer War

the cause—Kimberley was in sight, and the heliograph was flashing its welcome. We then put on the pace, and instead of going straight into Kimberley we circled round it. The Boers threw four or five shells unpleasantly close to us from their big gun, which most fortunately did not burst. You understand, there were only 7000 men now in the column, and we were marching in half-squadron column, all of us being mounted men, when those shells came into us. We camped that night under the wing of Kimberley. Next day out again with 2000, north-west of Kimberley, and were soon engaged. We had a very stiff fight during our advance under cover of the splendid R.H.A. I learnt there what a 'hail' of bullets is like. We drove the Boers into their laager that night, and, leaving the New Zealanders and Queenslanders to hold the position, the remainder of the column retired to Kimberley.

"The whole time we were marching from De Aar we had no tents and no blankets, only a thin mackintosh. We slept on the hard ground, with our saddles for pillows. As the nights are bitterly cold, you can imagine it was only utter exhaustion that kept us asleep, to wake, shivering, in the morning.

"We had now had five days of continual fighting while marching, so you can easily imagine both horses and men gave in for a rest at Kimberley. And a rest we got! The first day it simply rained in torrents (no blankets, no tents). The camp was two feet under water. Moved to higher ground, slept in sopping wet clothes. Next day it rained even harder (no blankets, no tents); and so on for four days, and all this on one meal—two ounces meat, eight ounces bread, one teaspoonful tea, coffee, and sugar—a day. The consequence was I got ill—a touch of rheumatic fever with dysentery. What annoyed us all was the fact that Kimberley had plenty of tents and fresh provisions and meat, and yet

we were allowed to live for the best part of a week worse than swine. We had no money to buy with, as no pay had been or could be (or would have been, could it have been) obtained for us. The major part of our regiment had gone on, being fit; and so, you understand, the sick were left behind and treated so. What finished my disgust was the fact that, after explaining our exact position to tobacconists in town, I could not raise a cigarette or a pipeful of tobacco. This to men who had relieved Kimberley!"

It may be noted here that this New Zealand trooper was not alone in commenting upon the extraordinary callousness and selfishness shown by the inhabitants of Kimberley. It was complained of by many others of the Mounted Infantry. And though, perhaps, the evil plight of the sick New Zealanders may have been owing to red tape, or to friction between Cecil Rhodes and the military, leading to unintentional neglect of one unit, this does not account for individual cases of churlishness, such as the tobacconists' in our trooper's plaint, nor for the general impression Kimberley society left on the mind of such an observer as "Subaltern," who in his letters to his wife remarks: "The next morning I had to leave purse-proud, hub-of-the-universe Kimberley, and the one abiding conviction I took away with me was that, amid a narrow, greedy, sublunary society, the nature of Cecil Rhodes glittered like a diamond in the clay."

Meanwhile all those of our New Zealanders who, with their horses, were at all fit, had left with French's column to form part of the cordon which was to entrap Cronje and his doomed followers in the laager at Paardeberg. The promptitude with which French went on after his terrible four days' march to Kimberley, and the decision and rapidity with which he headed Cronje's force, and took possession of the Koodoosrand's Drift over the

36 New Zealanders and the Boer War

Modder, for which Cronje was aiming, thus forcing him back on Paardeberg, was one of that great cavalry leader's most brilliant achievements, and New Zealand may be proud indeed to have had a few of her sons in the movement.

The New Zealanders camped beside the Queenslanders, forming part of the outpost picket line. Our "Musketeer" says: "We were not in the fighting, but we saw the surrender, which you have heard all about. Those ten days were a great and not-to-be-forgotten time. The fire of the musketry and big guns at night-time was truly awful, and the stench of dead animals indescribably sickening."

At Paardeberg Second-Lieutenant A. C. Neave, of the First Yorkshire Regiment (and late of the First New Zealand Contingent), was killed in action, leading his company in that sanguinary attack on the trenches ordered by Lord Kitchener. Mr. Arthur Neave was the son of a well-known resident of Christchurch, New Zealand. He was a fine specimen of an upright and promising young man, and beloved by all who knew him. When the war broke out he had been serving in the Christchurch Mounted Rifles (New Zealand), and had just sent home his examination papers for one of the commissions annually offered to the colony. He went to the front with the New Zealanders, with whom he showed himself a useful and gallant officer. A writer to the press later in the year drew attention to the fact that Lord Roberts's despatch of 4 September to the Secretary of State for War, giving the names of those officers and men who, he says, have rendered "special and meritorious service," included in the list that of Second-Lieutenant A. C. Neave (deceased), which is doubly noticeable from the few deceased officers' names mentioned, and the small proportion of second-lieutenants included.

The mother of Mr. Neave was the recipient of a most

touching letter of condolence from our late gracious and tender-hearted Queen. After the surrender at Paardeberg the New Zealanders had some fighting under French at Osfontein, Poplar Grove, and Abraham's Kraal, or Dryfontein. Trooper C. M. Lewin gives us a vivid description of the march to Bloemfontein.

He says: "Shortly after daybreak the order came to 'Saddle up,' and the scene of the short, decisive, and exciting engagement at Barber's-pan was soon left behind us, as we steadily advanced on the Free State capital. Ominous rumours of sixty guns, great and small, to be encountered circulated in the ranks, and report said that the French compound, melinite (sister to the British lyddite), would most likely shower her overwhelming attentions upon us. However, any anxiety upon this score was counteracted by the knowledge that our imposing siege-train was close at hand. It is true that some said the city would be taken without a shot being fired, but they were regarded as being unreasonably optimistic. Meanwhile we rode on with implicit reliance on General French, and that backbone of the British army, the R.H.A. The confidence inspired in the ranks by the presence of that magnificent branch is tremendous. Under the heaviest hail of shell or rifle fire the men work on with what seems a supernatural coolness, exciting the deepest respect in both friend and foe.

"We halted in the middle of the morning to water and feed our horses and the cattle of the convoy, which drew up close behind us. At noon the march was resumed, the spirits of all buoyed up by the expectation of a salutary and satisfactory ending to the long and tedious advance from Kimberley. The hills behind which Bloemfontein snugly nestles showed blue in the far distance, but gradually loomed large and more distinct as we crept over the grassy plain before us. Here

38 New Zealanders and the Boer War

a man was to be seen on foot driving his worn-out horse, and there another stripping a more hopeless case of saddle and bridle, perhaps preparatory to leading his old companion to one side to end his troubles with a friendly bullet. The night was falling when we at length neared the railway south of the city. A party of cavalry proceeded in advance to our left front, and some engineers to our right. Several explosions followed, signifying that the latter had effectually blown up and interrupted the line. Still no shells tore up the ground in front, and no boom of heavy guns broke upon the expectant silence of our advance. We crossed the line, and at last the tension was relieved by a rattle of rifle-fire directed at our advanced party of cavalry from a kopje on our left. This was soon supported by the roll of a pom-pom (Maxim-Vickers) and an occasional shell from a heavier gun, no doubt a Nordenfeldt.

"A body of mounted infantry lined an adjacent kopje and answered with several ringing volleys, and some guns trotting over to their support immediately engaged the enemy. As the main body took ground the well-known flip-flop of the Mausers continued on our left, the bullets puffing up the dust on the veldt about us. The intermittent rollings of the pom-poms were followed by the spiteful crackle of the shells, which, fortunately, burst harmlessly among the men and horses; an odd shell from the Nordenfeldt flew overhead to burst in the grass beyond. The setting sun flamed for a moment and sank in clouds of inky blackness gathering in the west, and a slight shower of rain began to fall. We drew up under a low kopje and bivouacked for the night. The fire from our artillery continued for a time, and effectually silenced the lighter guns of the enemy. After that we passed the night undisturbed till daylight, when we were once more in the saddle, clearing the country to the south-east of the city. The R.H.A. fired a few

shells at a remnant of the reported 'four to fifteen thousand' defenders of the capital. A small party of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles exchanged a few shots from a more advanced position with some stragglers, who soon retired out of range.

"An hour afterwards a white flag rose and floated above the city, showing that the capital of the Orange Free State had formally surrendered. We did not cheer and shake hands as we had done when Cronje surrendered, we simply looked at each other. Some laughed a half-credulous, unsatisfied little laugh, and the smokers' old request arose that the fortunate possessor of a match should produce one."

Meanwhile, the New Zealanders who had been left at Kimberley to refit and recuperate, camping first at the compound and afterwards at Kenilworth (the De Beers Company's property), started for Bloemfontein (leaving seventeen still in hospital) on the 5th—Major Robin in command, with Captain Madocks, Major Davies, Lieutenants Matthews, Gormstone, Lindsay, and Hughes—as escort to a convoy of 800 wagons, travelling very slowly in order to avoid the heat of the day for the 1200 oxen. Paardeberg was reached on the 8th, where they found Cronje's late laager still a terrible sight and the stench most awful. From Poplar Grove they acted as rearguard to one of the largest convoys that trekked in the course of the war. It consisted of over 800 wagons, besides naval guns and howitzers, and extended over many miles. "Our men," says "Our Correspondent," "who had been on half rations for several days, were praying that Bloemfontein would be reached, as they were very hungry and almost worn out. On the 14th the men suffered terribly. The wind blew a hurricane, the whole convoy was wrapped in dust; horses and men were nearly dead beat when the convoy arrived at divisional headquarters that night.

40 New Zealanders and the Boer War

"The safe arrival of this important convoy greatly pleased Lord Roberts, and he expressed his satisfaction at the fact. The work of the New Zealanders had not, however, by any means concluded. They were forced to march all night before they reached their camp. Heavy rain fell and a thunderstorm raged; horses and men were quite worn out. Still, every man was cheerful, and anxious to have another brush with the enemy."

On 18 March Major Robin wrote to the New Zealand Defence Office saying that the New Zealanders,* with about 2000 cavalry, mounted infantry, and artillery, were that day to move off somewhere to cut off a commando of the enemy. The somewhere was found to be the neighbourhood of Thaba 'Nchu, and the commando the astute De Wet's, with General Louis Botha playing into his hands from another point. All the world knows of General Broadwood's abortive one-night occupation of Thaba 'Nchu and hasty evacuation, followed by the slow retirement towards Bloemfontein, the column fighting a rearguard action all the way.

The First New Zealand Mounted Rifles shared in this, and of the disastrous Sanna's Post, or Kroonspruit, ambush in which it culminated, several of them having given us good accounts. Sergeant Pitt was captured with all the New Zealand mails, and escaped, bringing in his charge in safety. Sixteen New Zealanders were taken prisoners to Pretoria, and Corporal Coutts won a Queen's scarf for a conspicuous act of valour.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh, in his account of the ambush and the gallant stand made (of which he was an eyewitness), says of the New Zealanders, who, with Roberts's Horse and the Burmah Mounted Rifles, were the first to make a stand, "they behaved with their usual gal-

* Robin had about eighty men with him, and Captain Madocks, Lieutenants Chaytor, Lindsay, Bartlett, and Hughes, and Staff-Captain Burns.

lantry." * Coutts won his scarf by carrying a wounded Burmah mounted infantryman, assisted by Sergeant Morgan (N.Z.), nine miles under fire before an ambulance could be found. During the two months' necessary delay of the main part of the army at Bloemfontein Lord Roberts had not forgotten little Mafeking, and it is gratifying to think that some fifty New Zealanders were included in the formation of the flying column, about 2000 strong, which the Commander-in-Chief dispatched on 17 April, under Colonel Mahon, to the relief of that heroic garrison.

In Lord Roberts's official dispatch he mentions that the fifty New Zealanders, with some infantry, were left to hold the White House Farm some seven miles out of Mafeking.

At Bloemfontein Lieutenant M. Lindsay, son of Captain Lindsay, the Commander of the Canterbury Yeomanry (N.Z.), having received a commission in the 7th Dragoons, left the First New Zealand Mounted Rifles, from all of whom he had won golden opinions.

As the corps had a large proportion of officers, Captain Madocks now joined General Ian Hamilton as A.D.C., to the regret of the whole contingent. In the last week of April the New Zealanders, under Major Robin, were directed to join, at the Waterworks, General Ian Hamilton's column, which had been sent from Bloemfontein towards Thaba 'Nchu to endeavour to capture De Wet, who was being driven north by French, Rundle, and Chermiside, after the occupation of Dewetsdorp and the relief of Wepener, Botha, with a large commando, being believed to be coming from the north-west to strengthen De Wet and Olivier. At the Waterworks the New Zealanders were put as escort to convoy in Smith-Dorrien's brigade; later they were attached to Colonel

* See Appendix A for Mr. Valentine's thrilling account of the fight before the New Zealanders were captured at Sanna's Post.

42 New Zealanders and the Boer War

Ridley's brigade (afterwards Colonel De Lisle's corps), and joined in the movement on Israel's Poort, but had little part in the engagement there. However, on 1 May they participated in a very stiff engagement at Hoek's Nek, and acquitted themselves well, holding a kopje all day under heavy fire, and next day wresting an important position from the Boers. It was at Hoek's Nek that Lieutenant Parker, of Kitchener's Horse, and late of the 2nd New Zealand Mounted Rifles, fell. He was a son of a sister of Lord Kitchener's who lives in South Canterbury, New Zealand.

A portion of the New Zealanders were then sent to escort the convoy, and they proudly report that on the fourth day they brought it into Winburg, where the rest of their comrades had already arrived with Ian Hamilton's force, without the loss of a single wagon.

De Wet, of course, had given them the slip, to the great chagrin of all, from general to trooper. Before the war was over the English had got used to De Wet giving them the slip—indeed, we have heard of the magic letters "D.S.O." having been explained to a new chum colonial as meaning, "De Wet seen once."

At Winburg the wounded were attended to by the N.S.W. medical corps, than whom none were better in the army of South Africa.

On 9 May Hamilton's column left Winburg, and after brisk fighting crossed the Zand River, and, marching north, came into touch with the main army at Kroonstadt. Here the First New Zealand Contingent met the Second, under Colonel Cradock, who had brought them up via Norval's Pont and Bloemfontein, after their wearisome and futile trek in pursuit of rebels through Griqualand. Both contingents were to be in Hutton's Colonial Brigade, and it was now arranged that Colonel Robin should command the First, Second, and Third Contingents, while Major Jowsey, of the Third (who had

been senior to Robin in New Zealand), by orders from headquarters, was attached to the artillery division. Thus ends the history of the First New Zealand Contingent as a separate unit, with the exception of the story of those details who had been left at Bloemfontein under Major Davies. Their adventures before they rejoined their comrades were curious, and must now be related. The men who had been left to regain health and receive fresh horses and outfit had a wretched time at first, from the bad choice of a site for their camp made by Colonel Pilcher—the dashing hero of the capture of Douglas, and now their commanding officer—and no remonstrances from Dr. Burns, the New Zealanders' excellent medical officer, availed for some time to obtain a removal. The camp was an absolute quagmire; three days in it caused fifteen men to go sick, officers as well as troopers falling victims.

While here the New Zealanders expressed regret at parting with Captain Ward, R.H.A., who had for some time been staff officer with the colonials, and had started with them for Thaba 'Nchu, but had been sent back to be attached to a battery. He had most deservedly won popularity with all the contingent.

After doing picket duty for a while near Bushman's Kop the New Zealanders were inspected by General Hutton, under whom they were to be brigaded with all the other colonial corps, except the South Africans. During this time of waiting "Our Correspondent" had a conversation with a Dutch farmer, which seems of sufficient importance to insert here, in view of the state of feeling between Britain and Boer now that peace is declared :—

"I have had an interesting chat with Mr. Heitnaar, a Dutch farmer, who candidly admitted having fought against General French's forces, which at that time included the New Zealanders, around Colesberg. He

44 New Zealanders and the Boer War

said, in answer to questions, that he had been an unwilling combatant at first, and that there were hundreds in a similar position, but that after the first two or three engagements it was recognized that they had been compelled to go too far to retract, and they then entered fully into the spirit of the war. He and others had fought as well as they could against the British, but when they saw a chance of giving in without being punished, as Lord Roberts had promised, they had withdrawn from the conflict, and were now peaceful citizens.

"I asked him if he thought the Free Staters as a whole were inclined to throw up the sponge.

"His reply was somewhat startling: 'No, the burghers are not going to give in so readily as your people imagine. They are as eager to fight as the British, and they will fight for a long time yet. Very few burghers have given up arms, and some of these only handed in one Mauser when two and three had been served out to them.'

"His daughter, an attractive-looking damsel of seventeen, volunteered the statement that her two brothers were still fighting on the Boer side, and added they would continue to fight until the British were defeated.

"'But that is impossible,' I interjected. 'If the present number of troops is not sufficient England can put twice that number in the field.'

"'You might number more than us,' she replied, 'but we can beat you in brains.'"

"'But surely you have not mixed with Englishmen, or you would not be so vindictive,' I remarked in conclusion.

"'I have been associated with them since I was a child. I was sent to school and then to college with them, and I hate them. They are so overbearing, so conceited. I like the Dutch far better.'

"The little spitfire would have gone on had her father

not checked her and sent her indoors. I shook hands with the old burgher and returned to camp, wondering and doubting whether there was such disaffection among the Orange Free Staters as we had been led to believe. When a mere slip of a schoolgirl talks to an entire stranger in that strain, what can be said of the feelings of those in the circle from which she must have received such tuition ! ”

The New Zealanders were very pleased to find that General Hutton's brigade belonged to French's reserve force.

They were now to be served out with Lee-Enfield rifles, sighted up to 2800 yards, instead of the Martini-Enfield carbines, with a nominal range of 2000 yards, which they had brought from New Zealand.

On the last day of April the New Zealanders' camp was shifted from the hollow beside a swamp to near Lawton's farm—a change most acceptable, as they had for the second time had all their tents flooded and surrounded by a lake of rain-water. Here they were joined by the Second Contingent on their arrival from Bloemfontein, the No. 1 troopers lining up and welcoming them with cheers and their war cry.

The Second New Zealand Contingent, however, left the next day with the Queenslanders for Karree. On 6 May the remounts sent from New Zealand arrived at Bloemfontein, where Prince Francis of Teck, who was in charge of the department, handed them over to Colonel Davies, in spite of the many applications he received for these sixty-nine splendid animals from cavalry regiments.*

Luck seemed now about to turn for our “unfortunate forty,” as they called themselves. Just before starting for Kroonstadt with their fine new mounts they were

* They had been bought and sent to South Africa entirely by private subscriptions in New Zealand.

46 New Zealanders and the Boer War

cheered by getting news of their sixteen comrades who had been taken prisoners at Sanna's Post, a note reaching them from Quartermaster-Sergeant Berland, dated Pretoria, 5 April, and stating that the men had been well treated on the way up. On the first of the following August, a member of this little company writes as follows :—

“ We started a fortnight after the troops left, quite a respectable column, with sixty New Zealand remounts, hoping to catch our fellows. However, after pushing on at a good rate, including one freezing cold night, on which we covered thirty-five miles, we got to Kroonstadt to find they had left with General French two days before. We were delayed a few days at Kroonstadt, but eventually got as far as the Vaal, where we rested for a day. This was 3 May, the day on which Johannesburg fell, and we celebrated the event by swimming the Vaal River into Transvaal territory. We then went on to Johannesburg, and got orders to proceed to Boksburg, where a commando was giving trouble. This fizzled out, and we got back to camp to find orders waiting us to entrain south, as De Wet had blown up the line and captured a train. We travelled all night to the Vaal, the line being blown up again soon after we had passed over. We then rode from the Vaal to Vredefort station, and solidly froze for two nights, our wagon carrying the blankets having broken down behind us. However, things got warmer at daylight, when De Wet shelled the camp, and we drove him off without any casualty. That day we were joined by Methuen's column, and next morning advanced on De Wet. After a good fight, we drove him out of his position at Rhenoster Spruit, and camped in his laager.

“ The large number of twenty-eight New Zealanders (to which we were now reduced) had no casualties, excepting one horse shot, and we were once more mentioned in dis-

patches to 'Bobs.' We had rather a rough time in this camp, being on short rations. We were then sent to Heilbron, where Macdonald was surrounded. We got in all right, after a fight, to the delight of the Highlanders, and the representatives of Maoriland were attached to Macdonald's brigade as scouts. Once more we were on the move, this time to Frankfort and Bethlehem, and then back to Heilbron, which is the most English town in the Orange River Colony—a pretty place, with plenty of trees. Here we got orders to entrain for Pretoria, but our usual luck sent us to Kroonstadt, and then to Lindley, where De Wet had collared the town. We got near and struck the enemy, who gave us a bad time, and eventually surrounded us. Two of our fellows were captured, but managed to escape. Next day the Boers cleared, being pressed by Broadwood, and we joined him in following De Wet up here, where we have been for nearly a week. However, he is surrounded now, and I hope we will get him, as he has given us a nice lot of running about after him. You can hardly imagine how ragged we are. We have had no new clothes. I hardly know where to put the next patch. We are getting quite used to being wet through and then lying down on wet ground to sleep in a hard frost. One can hardly imagine frost in Africa, but the realization is convincing."

"Here" was Vredefort, where we must leave this remnant of the First, and cannot tell whether we shall meet them again or not.

CHAPTER III

*

The ancient mother gray,
Girt by the northern main,
Is calling us to-day.
We send the glad refrain :

“Thy sorrow and thy glory,
Mother, alike we share ;
We, in thy deathless story,
Our part would nobly bear.

“And here in Maoriland,
Though salt leagues from thee far,
Not heedless of thy weal we stand
At tidings of the war.

“So, in the Maori speech,
Kia-ora ! is our prayer ;
We hope and trust and God beseech
Thy rule unscathed may fare.

“But not alone with words
Do we our love attest ;
We send thee, girt with trusty swords,
Our bravest and our best.”—A. D. P.

(Dunedin, New Zealand.)

TO give the history of our Second Contingent we must return to the days of November to December, 1899—those days of disaster upon disaster to the British arms in Natal which followed each other with horrifying rapidity.

It was not for civilians over their hearths to criticize, but they must and would send further help ; so felt the warm-hearted New Zealanders through the length and breadth of the land.

On 2 November, 1899, Mr. G. G. Stead, a public-

spirited merchant of Christchurch, wired to the Premier and Defence Minister, Mr. Seddon, offering £1000 towards sending more men. This was declined, but the news of Buller's reverse at Colenso on 15 December caused the Premier to decide that the Government would send 250 more men, and to accept an offer now made through Mr. Stead and the Mayor of Christchurch (Mr. Reece) that Canterbury should provide another troop, equipping and mounting it by public subscription in that province alone. This caused Auckland, Wellington, and Otago to co-operate in raising a Fourth Contingent in the same way.

On 20 January, 1900, the Second Contingent sailed in the "Waiwera," under Major Cradock, from Wellington, and on arrival at Capetown was sent, on 5 March, up to Victoria West, to join Lord Kitchener's flying column through North-west Cape Colony. Lord Kitchener's expedition, with a force of yeomanry and cavalry, undertaken directly after the surrender of Paardeberg, seemed at the time, to some people, almost like using a Nasmyth hammer to crush a fly; and there were not wanting military gossip-mongers to hint that the Commander-in-Chief merely found it convenient to dispatch his masterful staff officer to other fields of exertion than his own for a while.

The later history of the war, however, has proved how well founded must have been the information that caused Lord Roberts to fear that the colonists might rise in rebellion and interrupt his line of communications as he withdrew his troops from the railway, and to feel that he must send his most trusty henchman through the unsettled district while he could spare him.

From Victoria West our contingent marched to Carnarvon, a town ninety miles west of the rail. After a terribly rough journey, during which none of the enemy

50 New Zealanders and the Boer War

were met, they arrived to find the rebels flown; proceeded to Van Wyk's Vlei, and there took three prisoners, sent them back, and had to leave thirty of their own men because the horses' backs were sore.

On the 23rd the contingent marched for Kenhardt, a town 220 miles west of the railway. Rain came on after they had trekked forty-five miles, their wagons stuck in the mud, and finally they were obliged to take possession of a rebel's farm and remain there a week, sending on an officer and eight men, of whom our informant (P. J. Overton) was one, to Kenhardt. This small party arrived at Kenhardt two days later, and found the rebels had fled on the rumour of the approach of the column, leaving 150 rifles and 20,000 rounds of ammunition. On the arrival of the column there was nothing to be done but to await the Gloucestershires, who were to remain as garrison at Kenhardt. Trooper C. G. Young, of Westport, writes an amusing account of the hardships of the trek—the great heat of the day and the bitter cold at night, when the weather was fine; the terrible wading through mud when the rain came on, obliging them to leave their wagons and, consequently, starve on short rations; and his own adventure of waking to find a large green-backed, poisonous snake cuddled to sleep under his blanket, etc.

He mentions that General Sir Charles Parsons, "Lord Kitchener's chief man," was in command of the column, and ingenuously remarks, "He seems to favour the New Zealand boys."

He goes on: "Major Cradock is next in command, and it is a great honour for him to virtually command 1500 men." At Kenhardt they had nothing to do, they said, but wait to see who would next go to hospital. The patients there, being allowed to read the labels on a great stock of patent medicines, developed an astonishing variety of complaints. "Look here, my man," said

the medical officer, "you have come into hospital with neuralgia, and now you say that you are suffering from gout, lumbago, breathlessness, and nervous prostration. For all these illnesses the patients are put on reduced diet, so you had better reconsider your diagnosis." The sick man did, and stuck to his neuralgia, which was being treated with double rations and port wine.

A few Canadians were found engaged in sampling the contents of the hotel bar, a place strictly prohibited, and a court-martial being held, Colonel Parsons, on being told that there were no New Zealanders among the culprits, remarked that he wondered an angel in a fiery chariot did not come and remove the New Zealanders, as they were so very moral. The answer was that the New Zealanders had all the sins except that of being found out.

The march back to the railway line, or "home trail," as the Canadians called it, was even worse than the march out. The wagons were loaded with sick, and had to be dragged through morasses so deep that bushes had to be cut down and placed under the wheels to prevent them from sinking in. At Van Wyk's Vlei typhoid had broken out; there the men visited the grave of Hempton, who had died of enteric on their way up, and endeavoured to chisel an inscription on a large stone which was to mark the grave till they could get their pay and have a fitting memorial set up to the lad who was first to go. The courage and patience with which Hempton had faced illness and death, and the disappointment of all his soldierly hopes, had touched the hearts of all. It must have been a terrible journey for the five wagonloads of sick. Only two of the wagons had covers, so the rest of the men were huddled under tarpaulins; the wagons were often bogged, and then all who could stand were turned out to push. The escort was not much better off. One man was heard to exclaim in the bitter-

52 New Zealanders and the Boer War

ness of his soul, "I am hungry, sick, and saddle-sore; our rations are some meat, bread, and a pint of lukewarm mud; my horse has a sore on his back the size of a saucer, and so I have to walk; and when we do get back they will say we are only an adjective police force." Grass was springing up after the rains, and the poor half-starved horses were mad with delight when allowed to pick up a little on the march. The water was vile—when boiled strange, weird animals rose to the top and floated sadly on the surface. At Carnarvon the hospital was full. Many New Zealanders had to be left there. The contingent was very much depressed, and wondered at the ever volatile Canadians dancing and singing like birds.

At last they reached Victoria Road, 17 April, after four days' hard marching under the worst conditions—dead-beat mules, starved horses, and fagged-out men, torrents of rain, and flooded country; in spite of all which they made twenty-four miles one day, some of the men walking the whole way. One day they had bivouacked at a beautiful farm (called Gembokfontein) belonging to a loyalist, who provided them with oats—"actually oats." "The horses wept with joy," wrote one of the New Zealanders; "at least, tears ran down their weather-beaten faces as they ate each their little ration."

On arrival at Victoria West the contingent had lost one by death, and twenty-nine sick, besides many horses. They had trekked 500 miles, averaging over twenty miles a day; "and," wrote the Mark Tapley of the regiment, "we are told that we have helped to save the northern districts from rebelling, so we can't growl, though we have had no fun at all. I think it has hardened us all pretty well, and we shall be more fit for real fighting."

They heard at Victoria West that Sergeant Dumeresq

and seven men who were left there with sick horses had been taken as personal guard to Lord Kitchener on his trek to Prieska. Sir Charles Parsons left the column here, and the New Zealanders gave him an ear-splitting war cry as he passed their camp. Trooper P. J. Overton wrote that after eighteen hours' rail from Victoria West the contingent had to detrain at Norval's Pont, where the Boers had destroyed the bridge, and march to Springfontein, and his comments on the farming they noticed *en route* are interesting. "Plenty of grass in the Free State compared with Cape Colony, though not what would be called plenty in New Zealand; the railway better kept and houses better built. In Cape Colony," he goes on, "the Dutch still plough with home-made single-furrow ploughs and three yoke of oxen, or eight donkeys, and three Kaffirs to each plough. They cut their splendid wheat with a sickle, and thresh it out on threshing floors by driving donkeys over it. They tan their own leather and make their own shoes; in fact, the only modern thing they possess is their rifle."

The Second Contingent reached Bloemfontein on 9 April. One of the New Zealanders described the absurd appearance of the horde of unfortunate civilians who were kicking their heels at Norval's Pont, waiting for permission to go on to Bloemfontein. At Springfontein he purchased a tin of New Zealand tongues for half a crown, and there they had to leave seventy sick horses and forty men in charge of them.

Lance-Corporal A. W. Thompson, writing from Bloemfontein, mentions that the contingent had lost a second man from fever, and that Lance-Corporal Parker, who had received a commission in Kitchener's Horse, had been shot in action at Houtnek. He speaks of the terribly insanitary state of Bloemfontein, and says that on the Sunday previous there had been fifty funerals.

54 New Zealanders and the Boer War

On 1 May, after having had a joyful meeting with the remnant of the First Contingent the day previously, the Second Contingent left with the Queenslanders for Karee, to join in the advance on Brandfort. Sergeant Dumeresq remained behind, having been made lieutenant in the Orange Colony Police under General Pretzman.

Dr. Fenwick, the surgeon of the contingent, had to be sent back to the Bloemfontein hospital from Winburg Road, to the great regret of the contingent, both officers and privates. A man of the First Contingent, writing from Bloemfontein, says: "A more popular officer and a better surgeon could not have been sent from New Zealand. Our own Dr. Burns is a splendid fellow, as cool and plucky as Bobs himself, and from what I can hear Dr. Fenwick is built on the same lines." Surgeon-Captain Fenwick was invalided to England, and it is pleasant to see from a letter of his written from Edinburgh two months later that he had recovered, volunteered again for the front, and been accepted. He wrote of the troopers: "I never met such a plucky, unselfish lot of lads. I was under fire with them—a hot fire too, and although it was their first experience I never saw a cooler lot. I was often without my orderly, but at the end of every day some man would take my horse, and although he had his own to clean he would cheerfully take the extra work to save me. One night I went with Captain Hutson, who was holding a kopje. We had no blankets and were nearly frozen, and when I woke up I found that two of the boys had covered me up with some sacks they had been using themselves, because they thought I could stand cold worse than they. To my orderlies—Corporal Hill and young Saunders—I owe a debt of gratitude. Hill was the very kindest chap I ever met. He even offered to return from the front to nurse me, and Saunders spent a month, day and night, drag-

ging me back to life. He was only fifteen, and as plucky as you make them." *

When Roberts's main army started from Bloemfontein his left wing was composed of four brigades of mounted infantry, and the New Zealanders were in that of General Hutton, under Colonel Pilcher's command. A laggard in Bloemfontein, who endeavoured to overtake his troop, leaving town at eleven, says he marched continuously till five, and then only reached the head of the infantry (11,000 strong), and speaks of the wonderful sight such an army was. He writes: "The whole day I marched hard, trying to find the New Zealanders, and at ten o'clock at night I stumbled on them in a bivouac. Wagons lost, so supperless to bed."

Next day a gallop to secure a kopje from the Boers, ground full of holes. "Life worth living then—all the fun of hunting, with the additional amusement of knowing that if your horse fell the whole company might gallop over you and pound you into mincemeat." The kopje gained, the New Zealanders built sangars, and spent a bitterly cold night, with only biscuit to eat, and at daybreak were all on the qui vive for an attack. But no attack came, and at sunrise the column passed them and they fell in behind, cold and hungry. But the Second New Zealanders were that day to receive their baptism of fire.

Our trooper goes on: "A few miles' marching led us to the crest of a long slope, and then we could see the position we had to force—the town of Brandfort. It lay at the foot of a row of big hills. We opened out into

* This lad was not fifteen, when, finding it impossible to persuade the authorities to pass him as a trooper for the Second Contingent, he got the doctor to take him along as assistant, a favour which he amply justified by his courage and devotion to the sick all through his service with the contingent. Alan Saunders is a grandson of the late Alfred Saunders, the well-known pioneer and politician, and showed himself truly a chip of the old block.

56 New Zealanders and the Boer War

extended order, and then galloped across the veldt. An hour's fast riding brought us to the edge of a large park of trees. The left flank was now far to our left, and on the right a body of mounted infantry was galloping furiously. 'Wire-cutters to the front!' and the scouts galloped ahead and cleared the fences for us. Boom went our big guns away on the left; then sounds as if someone were beating on a tin bath. 'Come in!' shouts a trooper. 'That's our pom-pom,' said another. The noise now became continuous, and all merged into one frightful crash. We halted under cover and sat on our horses, quivering with excitement. Swish!—and the enemy had seen us, and was pouring bullets on us. The leaden messengers hissed over our heads, but no man budged. Then Major Cradock appears. 'I think,' he remarked, 'that we will enter the town. . . .' Lieutenant Crawshaw, who had been scouting, returned with a prisoner caught on the top of a kopje. We had seen a dead Boer on the outskirts of a wood, and now learned that he had been shot by Crawshaw's party. Sergeant Street also had done good work in guiding a Maxim party to an advantageous position."

Altogether our Second New Zealanders felt that they had acquitted themselves well. Next day they were under shell fire; and in the face of a hot cross-fire of bullets a party of nineteen, including the Major, Captain Hayhurst, Surgeon-Captain Fenwick, and Lieutenants Findlay and Crawshaw, rushed and took a kopje, with sangar and kraal at the top, from the Boers, who were finally driven off by the practice of the column's 12-pounder. General Hutton remonstrated with the major for his rashness, but said, "Gallant is not the word for the way your men behaved"; to the great delight of our trooper, who remarks, "Now we shall meet the First Contingent on a happier footing."

Next day, 5 May, Lord Roberts having followed fast

on the Boers' rearguard and encamped at Smalldeel, the Boers fell back to the Vet River, where the New Zealanders and Queenslanders did good work in the river-bed, finally crossing the ford and driving the Boers from the further bank. As dusk began to fall they made a gallant dash across a coverless plain, swarmed up a kopje, and seized a Maxim gun and a wounded Boer. These were New Zealanders of No. 2 Company, Second Contingent, led by Major Cradock and Captain Hayhurst; No. 1, also with the Queenslanders, held the railway line under heavy fire, and prevented a retreat. They lost only one man (Smith), though Trooper Gillespie had a narrow escape, his water-bottle and mess-tin being shot through. Trooper Elmslie distinguished himself by carrying a wounded Australian out of action under heavy fire. The contingent moved on next day to Winburg Road, taking along the captured Maxim as their trophy.

The Boers made some stand at Zand River, and from there to Kroonstadt were fighting a hopeless rearguard action, harassed by the mounted men, among whom were the Second New Zealanders under Pilcher; and on the occupation of Kroonstadt the First, Second, and Third New Zealanders met and were amalgamated, the Second retaining, to their great satisfaction, their beloved and admired Major Cradock. Of him a trooper writes: "If there was a scrap anywhere handy, his men knew he would be there. He was as keen as mustard on a fight, and generally got into it the best way possible, and finished matters in a manner which constituted him a perfect hero with his men." Not a bad testimony on behalf of any commander. We may mention here that Major Cradock is not a New Zealander by birth, but a retired army officer, settled in the colony; and some doubts were expressed as to whether he would be as suitable a commander for a colonial corps as a colonist; but the event has amply justified Mr. Seddon's choice.

58 New Zealanders and the Boer War

We must not close the account of the Second Contingent's career up to the time it was amalgamated with the First and Third without mention of the Hotchkiss Battery, which had accompanied them as far as Cape-town. The guns were a present from the manufacturers to New Zealand, for use with one of her contingents, but the battery seemed pursued by ill-luck from the first. Captain N. L. D. Smith, who was in charge from the colony until the arrival from England of Major W. B. Yorston, the Imperial officer who was to take command, had such a serious accident at Maitland Camp that he was incapacitated for some time. Then they were short of gunners, and had to wait to pick up likely men, not getting away for the front till 1 May; and when at last they got into action with French's column on the march to Kroonstadt the guns were found to be terribly heavy for the horses and only of 1000 yards' range, which placed them within range of the Mausers. Consequently it was decided to break up the battery and convert the men into mounted infantry. And Captain N. L. D. Smith, after doing good service with the contingents, received a well-earned staff appointment in New Zealand.

CHAPTER IV

THIRD CONTINGENT, OR ROUGH RIDERS

The final sun of the fifty years
Sinks over the singing plains—
It hears the whist of the wayward winds,
And the sob of the summer rains ;
They are dropping soft where the cocksfoot grows
In little-remembered ways,
Where pass no more as they used to pass,
The Men of the Early Days.

Our sheep come up to the shearing-shed
From the fields of a thousand runs ;
A thousand acres of standing corn
Grow ripe in the summer suns.
If we garner aught from the swaying year
To them alone the praise
Who sowed the harvest we reap to-day—
The Men of the Early Days.

They lie in the ranks of the unvex'd dead,
By the side of the tinkling town ;
Or they rest by the porch of an old wood church,
In a graveyard bare and brown ;
Or they sleep on the spurs of lonely hills,
Where station horses graze—
Sleeping the sleep of the freed from toil,
The Men of the Early Days.

They came from our home in the northern sea,
They won to our home in the south ;
They battled with danger all their days,
With famine and flood and drouth.
They have built us a tower on the Hills of Pride,
Where the bright fame-beacons blaze,
And a charter of birthright we hold from them—
The Men of the Early Days.

We may struggle to gain a new renown
In the lists of the Empire's war,
And our toil shall win us a worthy place
Where the clanging workshops roar.

60 New Zealanders and the Boer War

In either strife shall they count our strength,
And the laurels twine the bays;
But the heroes of old shall be cherished for aye—
The Men of the Early Days.—A. E. CURRIE.

(New Zealand, December 16, 1900.)

I HAVE described in the account of the Second Contingent how the raising of a special contingent by the Province of Canterbury came to be suggested. There is no doubt that to Mr. G. G. Stead the credit of the suggestion, and of persisting in it, and of assisting the fund very liberally, must be given.

The Mayor of Christchurch (Mr. Reece) and several leading gentlemen of the town took the plan up warmly, and to Dr. Levinge is due the credit of urging the executive committee to increase the number of men from 50 to 100; ultimately 250 were raised and equipped, and provided with horses.

The Mayor published in the daily papers a spirited appeal to the people of Canterbury, which was so liberally responded to that in a week's time the movement was assured of success. The sum required was more than subscribed in two or three weeks, and many were the examples of personal sacrifice to the cause. Horses were presented, supplies of oats and fodder sent in; enthusiastic Volunteer officers laboured to train the men in their duties, Lieutenant-Colonel Slater absolutely giving up his private business in the town and putting up with the discomforts of camp life, and sleeping in a tent for nearly a month, to assist in preparing the men to be a credit to Canterbury. Nor would the men of the Third, we are sure, wish the efforts of Mrs. G. Rhodes, of Meadowbank, Christchurch, for their comfort in camp to be forgotten. Day after day she was there, mending their clothes, tending those ailing when an epidemic of influenza broke out, nursing them devotedly—in fact, “mothering” them all.

In consequence of the necessity of dispatching the Second Contingent before them, and finding and fitting up a boat to convey the Third, this contingent was not quite so hurried as the others in its training, and only left New Zealand in the "Knight Templar," 17 February, 1900, under the command of Major Jowsey.

By reason of the peculiar circumstances attending the raising of this corps, great interest was taken in it, even in England, the "Illustrated Mail" having a large and rather imaginative picture of the Canterbury Rough Riders doing their jumps, in which our boys were depicted jumping tremendously stiff fences with their arms held straight over their heads! As a matter of fact, New Zealand was ashamed to find how the universal use of bicycles had deteriorated the horsemanship of her sons, and much ludicrously bad riding was exhibited at all the camps of instruction.

But there is no doubt that even the modern average colonial lad has more power of observation than most Tommies, which enables him rapidly to pick up the way to take care of his horse, even if it be the first he has owned; and as to general initiative, of course that comes naturally to them. A story that illustrates this rather amusingly is as follows: An attacking New Zealand volunteer got past the defenders into the No. 2 Battalion at Fairlie Easter training camp at night by ensconcing himself in a grain sack and rolling himself in, lying quiet whenever near the sentries, who were only a few yards apart, and rolling on when not observed, finally getting into the defenders' camp three-quarters of an hour before the attack and defence were declared closed.

From Port Lyttelton, Canterbury, the "Knight Templar"—rather fortunately named, considering that she was destined to carry this contingent of Rough Riders, sent forth by Canterbury in quite a spirit of ancient chivalry—ploughed its way through the 1200 miles of

rough seas which lie between the South Island of New Zealand and the southern coast of Australia.*

A trying time was experienced between Albany and East London ; but during the week's run down the coast horses and men recovered very much, and our Rough Riders reported proudly that they astonished the authorities by the smart manner in which they unshipped horses and baggage, all being safely on the wharf in six hours. They then had a mile and a half to go to camp, but found that the orders given for their accommodation had not been attended to, the tents being bare of food or lights. So, after seeing to their horses, they threw themselves down, supperless, to sleep—their first experience of real campaigning. However, the stay of the contingent at East London was very pleasant, the people making much of and entertaining them, and insisting on seeing them parade ; and the horses enjoying the exercise and grass hugely. But the men were not sorry to leave the town eventually, as it seemed insanitary, only two of the troopers succeeding in keeping off the doctor's books, while seven were left in the hospital, where one died ; and seventeen horses were lost by horse disease.†

OUR SOLDIERS DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES AT FOOTBALL

The New Zealanders beat a picked East London team at football (fourteen on each side) by eight points to four—a goal and a try to a potted goal.

On first arrival their orders were to entrain for Bloemfontein ; these were cancelled. Then they were to take

* It is these miles of sea that Sir John Hall cited as " the 1200 good reasons " why New Zealand should not federate with Australia.

† At East London Sergeant Cholmondeley and Trooper Cross and Lieutenant O'Farrell rescued Lieutenant Walker from drowning, when bathing in the sea, and later received R.H.S. medals and certificates.

steamer for Beira, but the boat caught fire, and by the time she was ready orders were cancelled again. Finally they received orders to be ready to entrain in half an hour! Waited three days, and at four o'clock on 8 April were entrained for Aliwal North, via Burghersdorp. At Aliwal North the New Zealanders were encamped with 880 Colonial Horse—Brabant's, Kaffrarian, Durban, and Maltese—all under Colonel Robin, brother of the rector of Amberley, North Canterbury. A regiment of infantry was also with the column, the Royal Irish Rifles. "Poor Tommies," wrote the sympathetic colonials, "they were in an awful state, many of them barefooted." During the week at Aliwal North the Rough Riders, under Captain Chaytor and Lieutenants Walker and Cameron, patrolled and scouted the surrounding country, sighting a few of the enemy, but only bringing in stock; and Lieutenant Berry, with fifty men, was sent with the ammunition wagons on a seven days' march, for the supply of Wepener after the relief.

On the 14th the Mounted Infantry left Aliwal North for Wepener, and joined General Brabant's brigade at Rouxville. During the twelve days' march the force had two engagements with the enemy—Bushman's Kop and Bullfontein. At Bushman's Kop the New Zealanders specially distinguished themselves. Trooper D. P. Barry, in describing the engagement, writes: "The Boers opened on us with their big gun, which had previously been silent. The Rough Riders at once retired, and just then a shell dropped right in between the No. 1 and No. 2 Companies, smothering every one with sand and smoke. Fortunately the shell did not burst, or else we should have lost our good old major (Jowsey), who was leading No. 1 company in the rear of No. 2. The men stood the strain well, and did not lose their places, calmly galloping on as another shell burst over our heads. The Boers, seeing us retreating,

came out of cover and down the slope, and plastered in the bullets by the square yard, and sending the dreaded pom-pom balls after us. The Rough Riders then galloped up the side of the kopje, dismounted, and opened fire for all they were worth, much to the surprise of the Boers. The Boers were very much 'had,' and retired in confusion, and during the night they vacated the position they had held. Next morning I inspected the place they had fired from, and found the ground behind their breastworks smothered in cartridge cases, and five fresh Boer graves just opposite our point of fire. Henderson, No. 2 Company, got an enemy's bullet stuck in a cartridge in his pouch. One man to-day—a Border Horse named Rowe, formerly of New Zealand—was shot right next to me, the bullet passing into his mouth and down his throat, killing him instantly. Another man close by got a bullet into his temple, through his head, and out of the back of his neck, and yet lived two hours afterwards. Some funny things happened. Dr. Craig, No. 2 Company, commandeered some eggs before the battle, and had put them in his hat for safety. In the middle of the fight he made a dodge for an ant heap, and, slipping, went head first into it, smashing all the eggs, which ran in streaks down his face. 'Confound my luck,' he exclaimed, 'I've lost my eggs!' whilst bullets kept whistling by all the time. I saw a trooper gallop into action with a fowl hanging from his saddle." Trooper Barry also mentions that the day before some of the scouts had "a warm time of it" till darkness set in. "And well it did," he continues, "for some of our scouts were down a donga, and could not get out in daylight. As it was, several men were missing, but turned up next morning, one man calmly appearing with five horses which had strayed during the engagement."

"Major Jowsey," says another trooper, "gets more popular with the men every day. When under fire at

Bushman's Kop and Bullfontein he went about as cool as if he were in camp, and when we got orders to storm the hill he was in the van, climbing amongst the rocks like a youngster." Next day, 26 April, General Brabant's column reached Wepener, the Boers having evacuated their position before it. Major Jowsey wrote mentioning that he had been ordered to go west to the relief of Smithfield, under General Hart, adding to his own command the Malta Mounted Infantry, 150 strong. They had been under his orders during the last three days. He added that General Brabant had complimented the New Zealand Rough Riders. Sergeant Cholmondeley, writing from Wepener, relates that some Boers, in retiring from the siege, had shot patients who were sitting outside the hospital as they passed. One trooper mentions how much the horses were suffering from the rapid marchings and scanty food. He says: "Many of the fellows have had to walk and lead their mounts." Captain Bourne says the march to Smithfield was better for men and horses, as they were few in number, and accompanied 2000 infantry. The column reached Smithfield at night, and Major Jowsey was ordered to surround the town with his mounted men. At sunrise he entered with thirty-six men, and took twenty-eight Boers, and released five British prisoners. As Major Jowsey was marching his men to camp, the Maltes, mistaking them for Boers, opened fire upon them, and the bullets fell thick, but fortunately no one was hurt. Major Jowsey then applied for, and got helmets for the New Zealanders, to prevent such mistakes.

Trooper Anderson gives an amusing account of how he and another captured two prisoners near Smithfield. He says: "Two of us were left in charge of a wagon, while the other two took our horses to shelter, so we thought to try a 'lark' on any one coming into town ;

66 New Zealanders and the Boer War

so we hid ourselves, leaving the wagon and bullocks in full view of the road. We were having some breakfast when three men were seen coming towards town. They stopped when they saw the wagon, and went behind the hill and waited some time. Then they ventured over to the wagon, one of them going in another direction; and as they came up to the wagon out stepped my mate and I and covered them. Down they came off their horses and dropped their rifles. . . . So, you see, we captured the first prisoners caught by the Third Contingent." A trooper called Kelcher also took a prisoner with an empty carbine when he met him alone on the march. This is mentioned by Lance-Corporal Frank Ryan, writing (6 May) from Aliwal North, where some of the New Zealanders seem to have entrained. Major Jowsey conducted his force from Smithfield to entrain at Bethulie, after having received high encomiums from General Hart on the work of himself and men. Trooper Mackintosh, describing this fighting, says that as shooting men he considered the Boer not a whit better than the Britisher. But, as a rule, using smokeless powder, and hidden behind their little stone shelters on kopjes, they were practically invisible, and only the artillery, or an out-flanking movement, threatening to cut them off from their ponies, made them show themselves. The New Zealand horses, he said, stood the climate and roughing better than any others imported, but were not to be compared in this to the South African ponies or the Basutos'. In spite of the intelligence with which the Basutos breed and keep their ponies, "as men they were not to be compared with the Maoris." The bullocks used by the Boers were better adapted for transport than New Zealand bullocks would be, being longer in the legs and more active. The contingents' boots and clothing, supplied in New Zealand, were, he said, standing the work well.

New Zealanders and the Boer War 67

Arrived at Bloemfontein, the Rough Riders rested a few days, and then marched on to Kroonstadt, where the Third Contingent found the First and Second. The First were able to boast that their column—General Ian Hamilton's—had fought nine battles in twelve days before reaching Winburg, but the Second and Third were also able to give a very good account of themselves, Cradock's Second Contingent having driven the Boers before them at the point of the bayonet on one occasion between Brandfort and the Zand, while the Third could tell of the relief of Wepener and Smithfield.

CHAPTER V

In God's name, cheerily on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

(Richmond's address to his army before the
battle of Bosworth.)

A REARRANGEMENT of the New Zealand forces was now necessary. Colonel Jowsey had marched out of Bloemfontein with 700 men under him—Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders. When they reached Kroonstadt, where the First and Second New Zealand Contingents had already arrived, a difficulty arose; not that there was any misunderstanding as far as any of the officers were concerned, as Colonel Jowsey, C.M.G., explained on his return to New Zealand. The difficulty arose from the fact that the Imperial authorities objected to Colonel Jowsey waiving his position as senior officer, this being contrary to military rule; while the New Zealand Government had desired that Colonel Robin, who had been his junior in the colony, should retain the position of senior officer commanding in South Africa, and that the others—Majors Cradock, Davies, and Jowsey—should take rank according to the order in which they had gone to the front. Colonels Jowsey and Robin had discussed the matter amicably, the position being that there were only 500 to command, and they had four field officers, besides captains for every company. Colonel Jowsey suggested to Colonel Robin that he should be attached to the battery which accompanied the contingents, as this would give him something to do,

and he would gain experience. General Hutton agreed to this arrangement, and made him staff officer. But he never left the regiment at all; he drew his rations from them and bivouacked with them, but marched with the battery till Captain Bourne was captured, when he was able to rejoin the contingents, and remained with them till their return to New Zealand.

Generals French and Hutton's brigades, with which the New Zealanders were associated, were the first troops to cross the Vaal River, the first to engage the enemy in Transvaal territory, and the first to move towards Johannesburg. A trooper writes that—"It was a sad pity Captain Chaytor got wounded five days before at Reitz Spruit, for Monday, 28 May, was a day that will rest long in the memories of the First, Second, and Third New Zealanders, and no man who took the field that day would willingly have missed it. Though we did not know it at the time, the engagement that commenced that day and was maintained during the following day, practically decided the fate of Johannesburg, and placed the city in our power."

The New Zealanders here again did very well. Advancing under heavy fire from the Boer artillery (French and Hutton's guns not being of a calibre to protect them, and Ian Hamilton being far to the left flank with the naval guns), the Mounted Infantry made steadily for a kopje in the centre of the valley, which they had been ordered to hold at all costs. This order they obeyed to the letter, though they found that the left of the hill was commanded by three big guns and two pom-poms; the centre by the 40-pounder, another Maxim-Nordenfeldt, and 3.3 machine gun; while to the right more big guns commanded the position a long way back, and the men were exposed, in addition, to Mauser fire from bush-covered kopjes that had been shelled some hours before by the G Battery. The New Zealanders did not enjoy

70 New Zealanders and the Boer War

their usual immunity from harm on this occasion. It was impossible that all should escape from such an inferno of shell fire. Corporal Byrne, of Timaru, was killed by a shell, and Trooper Hastie by a shrapnel bullet; also P. Knubley, of Timaru, before the retirement was ordered. This was in the Klip River engagement, and Johannesburg was soon in the hands of the English, the New Zealanders doing more good work with French outside the city. Major Davies, while in command of the Third, unfortunately met with a serious accident, his horse falling and breaking two of his ribs. Trooper Brown mentions the New Zealand regiments helping to capture a 15-pounder near Johannesburg. The regiment reached Pretoria 6 June (the day after the occupation), and had a joyful meeting with fifteen of the First who had been captured at Sanna's Post.

The five days' march from Johannesburg to Pretoria, though devoid of any very exciting incidents, were full of hardship for men and horses. Constant skirmishing went on, and no wagons or carts of any kind having been taken, the great cold at night—the altitude being 5000 feet above the sea—was severely felt by the worn-out men. A trooper of the Third New Zealand Mounted Rifles mentions that only about 100 reached their camp near Pretoria, the rest of the 500 being left sick *en route*, and of them only ten could secure mounts to join in the entry to the city. There is no doubt that, whatever superior knowledge the authorities may have possessed, the idea among the rank and file of the troops—and also the impression in the outside world, where the cables were the only means of information—was that, Johannesburg and Pretoria being taken, the war was virtually at an end; and all the colonial corps looked to being shortly sent to their homes. At this juncture Lord Roberts suggested that some of the colonials should be immediately utilized to police Pre-

toria, and also in the railway, telegraph, and postal service.

Trooper F. A. Wood, of the First, writes: "When it came out in orders that Lord Roberts wished the colonials to apply for the position of mounted police in the Transvaal, as they seemed adapted for the work, being able to think and do very well for themselves, we thought this another opportunity of showing our abilities, and, indeed, a feather in our caps, as well as a high tribute to our colony. I, among several other members of the First Contingent, had previously volunteered for Rawene, Samoa, and South Africa, and, being strict volunteers, we now went on the police with just as much pride; for having helped, as you must know, in no small degree to make peace in the land, we were entrusted to keep it in peace. Every other colony is represented on the police. Why should not New Zealand gain prominence in all things? It is not a civil police force that we have entered. Far from it. We are under stricter military discipline than ever we were in the contingent, as we have nearly all Imperial Army officers over us, and we do purely military work. We are all very sorry to hear of 'the disloyalty of a portion of the New Zealand contingents in joining the Transvaal Constabulary.' We may hear misleading reports, but, according to the latest, the people of our land took it as unpatriotic. I believe it was even said that we were bullet-shy. I will say that among the ranks of the First Contingent that joined the police there are no wagon-loafers."

This manly letter gives a very fair statement of a matter on which, for a time, there appears to have been a good deal of misunderstanding. Colonel Robin, while flattered at the demand for the services of his men in positions of trust, seems to have been aware that the New Zealand Government would expect its contingents

sent back as they had gone ; and Mr. Seddon, in a speech at Wellington in the end of September, explained that it was only in response to a special request from the High Commissioner that he consented to allow any to remain. However, it was with Colonel Robin's full consent at the moment that some 150 New Zealanders (officers and men) left the contingents at Pretoria under a three months' engagement. Many returned to the contingents, however, sooner than this, and most of the remainder at the termination of their engagement ; for it soon appeared that the war was not over, and after a short enjoyment of the comparative rest and luxury of life in Pretoria our lads were eager to rejoin their comrades at the front.

It may be mentioned in this connection that C. G. Saunderson, veterinary surgeon to the Second, has since been made principal veterinary surgeon of the Transvaal. Immediately on the occupation of Pretoria General French passed through the city to Silverton, about ten miles east, from which camp, or, rather, bivouac—for the Mounted Infantry had not had tents since leaving Bloemfontein—his force, among which were the remains of the First, Second, and Third New Zealand Contingents, was employed for some days in a patrolling and disarming expedition. Then the brigade joined them, and they marched to Vlakkfontein, where very sharp fighting ensued. In a diary of a Trooper of the First, we find : "Artillery opened upon us at about 700 yards, and sharp shooting at 300. I can tell you it was great fun while it lasted. Our artillery ran out of ammunition, and so we could not chase up the Boers as we wished, but both sides got all they wanted, I think. Next day we were at the Diamond Hill fight, shells from 9 lb. to 40 lb. whistling over us for five hours at the rate of about one a minute—none of us hit, though I hear other regiments suffered heavily. We were then ordered

back to Pretoria, where we heard rumours of peace, etc., and that we had had our last march. But next day we started out on a four days' trip to meet Baden-Powell on his road from Mafeking. We met him at a little place called Sterkstroom. We New Zealanders were lined up on the road, and he rode between, and had a great reception and cheering, of course. He is a quiet, gentlemanly-looking soldier, but he has not got what you would call a strong face at all." The force was again busy for some days disarming and commandeering. On 22 June they returned to Pretoria, to their bivouac at Durdypoort, and there were very pleased to receive a number of their comrades who wished to return to the contingents from the police. Next day they moved to Reitfontein, where they were heavily engaged. It was in this engagement that Captain Bourne, Lieutenant Cameron, and seventeen troopers of the Third New Zealand Mounted Rifles were captured. I quote the account given by Trooper H. V. Duigan (one of those who escaped) in a most interesting letter to the magazine of Wanganui College, his old school.

"There were only thirty-nine of us on the ridge, and we were told to hold our position at all costs. The Irish Fusiliers were on our right, the other side of the pass that divided the ridge we were on. They numbered about 200, and had two pom-poms. . . . They were entrenched, but we took cover behind the anthills on the ridge. Well, the Boers opened fire at daybreak on the Canadians, who were holding the ridge to the right of the Fusiliers, with two Long Toms, and at nine o'clock the Canadians had to retire. The enemy then pushed the Irish Fusiliers very hard, and we were beginning to think we would not fire a shot all day, when they opened fire on us. . . . What with shrapnel shells, Maxim fire, pom-pom, and rifle fire, we began to fully realize the seriousness of our position. If we did not hold out the Irish Fusiliers

74 New Zealanders and the Boer War

would evidently get cut up, as they not only had to defend their front, but also their right flank, from which the Canadians had been driven. Well, we managed to drive the Boers back from our left flank, where they were pushing us very hard, but they managed to get round on our right by creeping up among the rocks.

"They then made a rush and captured all on our right. Lieutenant Cameron, when he saw that we would all be either taken or shot, yelled to us to run to our horses, and we managed to reach them after numerous narrow escapes. The horse I was leading was shot dead, and I got a bullet through my helmet. We rode down the rocky hill as hard as we could go, and got under cover of our guns—G Battery—which had just come to our assistance, but too late. We had held out till half-past three in the afternoon, after being under a terrible fire from 500 Boers for six hours. There were 15 Boers killed and 10 wounded on the ridge we were on, so we got the best of them, although we did have some captured. Next day General Hutton complimented us for the gallant stand we had made against overwhelming odds, and said, although we had lost some men, we must not be discouraged, as our stand had helped to win the day. The British had a great victory that day, he said."

The Boers shortly released the New Zealand troopers, Trooper Patterson having previously made his escape in a most dramatic manner, for the story of which see Appendix IV, but the officers were taken to Barberton.

After this affair the New Zealand Mounted Rifles were again tantalized by the report that the colonials were shortly to be mobilized at De Aar and sent home. Since the occupation of Pretoria the one cry in all the letters for some months following seems to have been, "We are sick of the war." Ragged, weary, and as

often as not miserably mounted—hungry, and seldom, for some reason, receiving any pay with which to eke out their short rations, we cannot wonder at it. And, in spite of grumbling, with their indomitable British pluck they were always ready for a scrap when a chance occurred. Robert Brown, of the Timaru Rifles, writes on 11 July: "We are camped ten miles past Pretoria. We have not had a day off duty for eight days and nights. There are other troops here, and we are waiting for more, to get in behind the Boers, so that we will have them in a trap. Then it won't take long to finish them off. I shall not be sorry. We hear we are to be sent home on the 15th, and I hope it is true. We can't get anything to smoke for love or money. The last stick I got I paid five shillings for, and glad to do it. We are close to the Boers, and wave our hats at one another, but in a day or two we hope to wave bullets to them by way of a change. We went out foraging yesterday, and captured four Boers. There were only six of us, and they thought they had a soft thing on; but we showed them we knew as much as they did, and at the first volley brought down three out of four of their horses."

The New Zealanders were again in a stiff engagement on 6 July at Tigipoort. Fighting on the 9th and 10th; and again on the 11th they fought all day from 5.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., when they were suddenly ordered to retire and return to Pretoria. Our trooper goes on: "We now all thought that the mobilization report was correct, and that we would soon be out of the country. We arrived at Pretoria railway station at one o'clock in the morning, and slept on the road without covering of any kind save overcoats. We moved into a camp at 7.30, but heard no more of 'home, sweet home.' On the 16th we mobilized certainly, but to go to the front again, this time in a north-easterly direction." On 19 July they joined General Mahon's column, and were fighting

76 New Zealanders and the Boer War

all the way to Bronkhurst Spruit, where they arrived on the 24th, going on to Balmoral on the 25th, and leaving for Pretoria next day, and arriving there on the 30th. None of those troopers who attempted to sleep at the bivouac at Balmoral are likely ever to forget that night. It was raining in torrents and blowing a very cold wind. Little fuel could be got that would burn, and every man was wet to the skin. What the cold was like can be imagined from the fact that an officer of the Highlanders and one man died, while five were invalided from the cold, and that 210 head of oxen and 200 mules were found dead in the morning. The New Zealanders were somewhat comforted by the arrival of a mail for them, which somehow reached them here. After one day's rest at Pretoria the column was ordered off towards Rustenburg to relieve Baden-Powell, who was said to be shut up there.

On the first day out they came in contact with the Boers; and Major Cradock and his men being ordered to advance, the New Zealanders drove the Boers from some kopjes round an orange farm, after exchanging an exceedingly hot fire, during which Captain Hutson and Troopers Chapman, Hafford, and another were wounded. The way in which the men afterwards revelled among the oranges may be imagined. On the night of 2 August they reached Commando Poort, but got little sleep, having to spend most of it battling with a veldt fire. The next three days they met with some opposition, but, arriving at Rustenburg, found Baden-Powell already relieved, the Boers having drawn off on the approach from Mafeking of Carrington's force, in which were the Fourth and Fifth New Zealanders. The column went out thirteen miles on the Mafeking road, and heard Carrington's guns; but he having retreated, they retired on Rustenburg again, and next day the town was evacuated altogether. General Baden-Powell decided to remove all

the inhabitants who wished it to Pretoria, so that the convoy was now several miles in length. When they camped the first night a patrol was sent forward to see that the road was clear. It came back minus two men, only one of whom turned up after dark; the other the Boers had captured, these two men's horses having given out. Consequently next day advanced scouts had to be sent ahead, with orders to burn all houses in the way, a job that New Zealanders very much disliked, but saw was necessary. They passed through Moselekatie's Nek, where the Scots Greys and a company of the Lincolns had been cut up and captured—altogether 700 men—a terrible trap of a place, commanded by big hills on either side, which the Boers held with machine and heavy guns. Fortunately there were none about when the Rustenburg column passed through. Under Baden-Powell and General Ian Hamilton the combined column now trekked south-west towards Klerksdorp and Potchefstroom to endeavour to intercept De Wet's commando, as it was driven north by Lords Kitchener and Methuen, before it could join De la Rey, who was reported to have 1500 men and 10 guns; while De Wet was said to have 4000 men with 15 guns. The New Zealanders were much delighted at getting their turn in the famous chase of De Wet, and reported gleefully that they heard that ex-President Steyn was with him and practically a prisoner, riding in a Cape cart under a guard; and they did not begrudge even what they described as the "favourite resort of the Chief-of-Staff"—to strip saddles, leave off every ounce of superfluous weight, allow the baggage wagons to follow as best they could, and make forced marches after the enemy. It was a consolation to know that De Wet was certainly in a bad plight. He had to throw away large quantities of ammunition and dispense with nearly all his transport except Cape carts.

78 New Zealanders and the Boer War

Matters were complicated for the English leaders by their receiving word that Colonel Hore was surrounded at Brakfontein, near Eland's River, and that his force of 500 men, though making a gallant defence, were suffering somewhat heavily. It was therefore decided that General Hamilton should not only endeavour to intercept De Wet, but should also relieve Colonel Hore. Three-quarter rations only being served out, officers commanding were directed to collect local supplies. I believe Lieutenant-Colonel Robin had nothing to complain of in the action of his New Zealanders in this respect! The New Zealanders were part of the advance guard of the infantry, with De Wet but a few miles ahead. Of course, as we know, De Wet escaped. However, his junction with De la Rey, which would have endangered Colonel Hore, was for the time prevented. On 17 August General Hamilton turned towards Roodekloof. General Mahon's brigade, with the New Zealanders, was in advance, and engaged what proved to be the rearguard of De Wet's commando. The New Zealanders were the foremost in action. They came at the Boers in three parties—Major Cradock's men in the centre, Lieutenant Banks to the left, and Lieutenant Bradburne, with the Canterbury Rough Riders, on the right, but separated by a considerable tract of country.

Soon they located the Boers, but it was not seen that the enemy was in force, nor that the kopjes to the right and left were strongly held. Lieutenant Bradburne brought his men up to a kopje in splendid style, and it looked at first as though the Boers had not a single post at the point. But when the New Zealanders got to within less than 100 yards of the kopje a terrible fire was opened on them. Recognizing that they had been led into an ambush, our men set about extricating themselves.

Great gallantry was shown by many of the troopers,

and especially by Lance-Corporal F. Ryan, who was acting-sergeant during the retirement. I shall quote his vivid description of it, though it was by other eye-witnesses that such great credit was ascribed to him.

Ryan says : " I had just returned to my place and told the men to open out when, without warning, a sudden volley was fired into us from a kopje at little more than fifty yards to the right. . . . Lieutenant Bradburne gave the orders ' Files about ' and ' Retire,' and I repeated them. At the first discharge Perham, who was in my lot, pitched out of his saddle close by me, stone dead. Corporal Richards's horse dropped, and he darted under a rock. Graham's, Luck's, Heasley's, and Tomlinson's horses were all shot down under them. Heasley made a dash for it on foot, but went down immediately with three bullets in his legs. All this took but a moment, and seeing Richards's wounded horse jump up and gallop away I made a rush for him, when he knocked me against Lieutenant Bradburne's. As I leaned over to catch him I noticed Lieutenant Bradburne pulling his horse about in a curious way, and so glanced up at his face, and judged by his expression that he was hit; but neither of us spoke. Stopping the wounded horse was easy enough, but he absolutely refused to lead back to where the Boers were blazing away at a distance of about 300 yards. So all I could do was to turn both horses end-on to the firing, while Graham and Luck ran towards me. We were then the only objects left to fire at, and how they missed us is a marvel. Graham got on to the wounded horse, and Luck climbed on behind me, whereupon we bolted away amidst a shower of crackling expanding bullets. About 300 yards further on we found Lieutenant Bradburne lying wounded beside his horse. We all dismounted and lifted him upon his horse, but he was too bad to help himself, so we were going to carry him to a Boer house near ;

80 New Zealanders and the Boer War

but he pointed to where he was wounded in the stomach and bridle-hand and said, 'Leave me, Ryan, for God's sake; you only draw their fire by stopping; get the doctor.' So I put a handkerchief upon his head to keep the sun off, and we cleared out. Dr. Godfrey went out immediately, regardless of the Boer bullets, which were still dropping about. . . ."

The rest of the colonials got out safely, but the escapes of many were marvellous—the horses and clothes of several were riddled with bullet holes, and it is evident that had there been any semblance of panic the casualties must have been far heavier. Shortly after this incident, the columns having followed the retreating commandos north of Pretoria, the New Zealanders and their comrades were entrained at Pienaar's River station, and reached the capital again on 28 August. At Pretoria what remained of the amalgamated contingents received their remounts of horses from New Zealand, and on 30 August left for Balmoral, passing through Bronkhurst Spruit *en route*, and arriving at Middleburg on 3 September.

They were camped at Wonderfontein, beyond the coal mines, when they were awakened on the 5th by the sound of Boer guns, and were ordered to go to the rescue of a Canadian picket which had been surprised. However, being too late to assist them, the New Zealanders were sent on to Carolina, where they were attached, as part of Mahon's Mounted Infantry, to General French's brigade, which was about to march to Barberton, which was believed to be the key to Koomati Poort, and was also the Boer supply depot. On the way to Balmoral the column had been passed by a train carrying 1500 prisoners, among whom were some of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, who were being returned to Pretoria by the Boers, the officers only having been retained by the enemy. At Carolina they rested two days, and

on 9 September began General French's march on Barberton.

During the week the column had plenty of skirmishing and short but severe engagements, in which the tactics of the New Zealanders were said to be of great service. On the 16th they approached a stiff pass over the hills. They were now about thirty miles from Barberton by road. That night it came out in orders that a flying column of 1000 mounted men (which included seventy-five picked New Zealanders) was to march at daylight, taking three days' rations. The way chosen was a very rough cattle track—so rough that the horses had to be led for several miles. No one but General French, wrote a New Zealander, would have thought of taking it, owing to the great difficulties to be met with. Some of the horses actually rolled down the hill, and the worst had to be abandoned at the steepest part of the climb. At the top of the hill was to be seen in the distance a small patch of white among some hills far down the valley, which proved to be Barberton. The descent was so difficult that when the leading party reached the bottom, after two hours' scrambling, a halt had to be made for the rest of the column, who were then coming over the crest of the hill. This meaning another two hours' delay, a small party of six determined to push on, each with the intention of being first man in. This party consisted of Captain Beach (Provost-Marshal to the column) and his assistant, Lieutenant Osborn, Bennett Burleigh ("Daily Telegraph" correspondent) and Harry Morrant (his assistant), Lieutenant Todd (New Zealand), and the correspondent for the Press, Christchurch, New Zealand.

During the five-mile race for the town the party could see the Boers climbing the hill behind it, and a few retreating wagons (which were subsequently captured); so after a little reconnoitring they approached the hospital

82 New Zealanders and the Boer War

and show ground, our New Zealanders in the lead. There they were received with hearty cheers by the British prisoners ; and the New Zealanders found Captain Bourne and Lieutenant Cameron, who informed them they had been very kindly treated by the Boer commandant. The little party then entered the town proper and captured several armed burghers in the act of attempting to escape, Lieutenant Todd at one time bringing in seven together. Of course, the pretty little town was in great confusion—the Boer families in distress, and the English in a state of great delight. A New Zealander remarked that the presence of 2000 Boer refugees (women and children) and of thirty odd engines linked together at the station, and the enormous stores there, seemed to indicate that our arrival was rather premature from the Boer point of view. By the time General French arrived the excitement had subsided and much useful work had been done by the Provost-Marshal. The New Zealanders in the flying column were under Colonel Robin, with Captains Bartlett and Crawshaw, and Lieutenants Hughes, Todd (Provost-Marshal for General Mahon's column), Montgomerie, Somerville, Fitzherbert, Hovell, and Dr. Godfrey. Three days later the rest arrived, under Major Jowsey, with the convoy, after a difficult march over very high hills. One pass, than which there is said to be only one more difficult in South Africa, took them four days and nights to get over ; and this was good work, considering that the convoy was about nine miles in length, and each wagon had to have three teams attached to it to take it over.

Barberton, which lies only fifty miles from the border, was the most English town the New Zealanders had yet come across. They greatly enjoyed the beautiful fruit and many comforts of the place, and received much kindness from the English residents during their ten

days' stay there. As an instance of their comforts one lad writes : " Matches, hitherto a luxury, are plentiful, and one no longer sees men wandering about the camp or riding through the troop with a few threads of cordite in quest of a man with a lit pipe ; nor does a man nowadays announce his intention to all interested before striking a match ! " Some of the New Zealanders were placed on guard over the 400 Boer prisoners at Barberton, and have recorded their opinion that the Boers were not half bad fellows, and seemed to have passed the time in endeavouring to educate their charges in their views as to politics and farming. Some, also, were placed as garrison in the town for a couple of months, while fifty were dispatched a couple of days' march to the railway junction of Kaap Minden. Thus the New Zealanders were scattered as usual. One of those who was sent to Kaap Minden mentions their meeting details of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, under Colonel Somerville, Captain Chaytor, and Lieutenant Cuthbertson, who had been away from them some time. They also passed Dr. Hugh Acland, New Zealand, who was on his way up to Barberton to join French's medical staff. His horse had broken down and he had walked eighteen miles, and had another eight to go, but looked very cheerful in spite of the great heat. " Kaap Minden," to quote one letter, " is a hot, dull, dusty place, merely a railway junction. The only pleasing feature is the river, in which we spent most of the time." Here they witnessed the terrible railway bridge accident to a section of the 20th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, and assisted to extricate the unfortunate victims.

Of those left at Barberton many were without horses, as many as 156 having reached the town with the convoy on foot under the title of " The Mounted Foot Brigade," so severe had the march been on the poor beasts. It was pathetic to read some of the lamentations of the

84 New Zealanders and the Boer War

troopers over the sufferings and waste during the campaign of their good New Zealand horses, many of them laying far more stress on this than on their own hardships. It is also pleasant to read their comments on their officers. One of them wrote from Barberton: "I am sorry that Colonel Robin is not in the best of health . . . caused, no doubt, by the continued strain and hard work. He has now had twelve months at it, and every day at the front. Too much credit cannot be given to all the officers. They have all worked hard, night and day, and it is a pleasure to hear the favourable comments passed by the Imperial officers. Major Jowsey is as popular as ever with all the boys of the contingents, and is in the best of health. Colonel Cradock is doing excellent work in his new position, and is the right man in the right place, studying his men's comfort more than Colonel Pilcher ever did."

On 8 October the New Zealanders were still at Barberton, but early in November they were taken back to Pretoria and sent as escort to a convoy of over eight miles in length to Rustenburg. The journey of six miles took eight days, the weather being very wet. This was their third visit to the district, and they were struck by the quietness of the country, though they soon found that plenty of sniping was still going on. Sergeant Cholmondeley mentions that the general feeling among the colonials seemed to be that the war was far enough advanced to allow of volunteers returning. "Still," he adds, "as long as they want us, I for one remain." On the 15th they were still in the Rustenburg Valley with General Broadwood's cavalry brigade. Eggleston, of the Third, remarked that there was a rumour that the contingent would join General Alderton's Mounted Infantry, in which case they would have served under nine generals and four colonels. They then returned to Daspoort camp, whence Lance-Corporal Ryan wrote,

humorously describing their one day's stay: "Our camp is overrun with Tommy Atkins learning to ride—some hundreds of him; and it beats all the circuses on earth. One has already broken his neck and another his leg. It's said they are to take our place when they learn to ride, if we live long enough to see that day. It is not considered necessary to salute their officers when they meet them, for if they let go to give the salute they would certainly fall off."

On 21 November the First Contingent were mobilized at Daspoort to return to New Zealand. An eye-witness reports that they left amid the cheers of their less fortunate comrades; but ten minutes after these received the order, "Leave for the front at one o'clock," and at one o'clock they left camp, in the words of the onlooker, "happy in the idea of a real good go—no picnic party this time!" General Paget and Colonel Cradock were in command. It was the talk of Pretoria, after the New Zealanders marched through, "that they were the roughest, toughest division that had left the capital. They meant business. The majority rode out in their shirt sleeves, tunics strapped across the saddle, grim and determined; and they were under the right general, and had their own colonel and own major—both thorough soldiers. The advance guard galloped along Church Street, followed by the transport wagons, this time drawn by good mules, trotting through at a good pace; then came the guns at the rear, and then the Queensland Bushmen, all in shirt sleeves."

The oft-time travelled trek to Eerste Fabricken was again traversed; there a halt was made for two days, and then on again, coming into touch with the Boers on the 26th, and keeping up a running fight till the 29th, when they reached the Boer main position, about forty miles east of Pretoria, at Rhenoster Kop. The enemy held a range of hills stretching some six miles—an almost

86 New Zealanders and the Boer War

impregnable natural fortification. At five o'clock in the morning General Paget advanced on the position. He himself held the right flank with the West Ridings and Munster Fusiliers. The centre was occupied by Colonel Hickman, and the left flank by the New Zealand Second Contingent and the Third (Rough Riders), and the Queensland Bushmen. Colonel Cradock held the key of the position, being opposed by the bulk of the enemy, who were very persistent in their efforts to work round on the left flank.

The object of the British was to turn their flank, and the New Zealanders advanced, under heavy fire, to within 400 yards of the position, where they were forced to halt and take cover, which consisted of a few ant-hills only, the flat being perfectly barren.

Of what followed we shall quote the generous account sent home by a member of the English Yeomanry Corps, present that day with General Paget. He wrote: "The gallantry of Colonel Cradock's little band of New Zealanders in the battle near Rhenoster Kop last week was, in the general's words, 'Beyond all praise.' They went into action at half-past five in the morning, and came out long after nightfall with twenty per cent. shot—six killed and twenty-four wounded. Had they fallen back from the inferno in front our guns would have been in danger. But they never faltered; the more withering the fire the more desperately did they hold to a determination not to yield an inch. Erasmus and Viljoen gave battle from a position which was in itself both a fortress and a trap—not a huge kopje, but a rock-crested ridge, with a gentle slope of easy country leading to it. A chaplain with the Bushmen aptly described this slope as 'The broad and open path that leads to hell.'

"Anticipating an attack from what seemed to the British to be their most vulnerable point, the enemy concentrated in the rear of the centre of the ridge and

waited for the 'Khakis' to charge up the tempting slope. The Boers next ran two guns out on the ridge and fired a couple of shells with black powder at some of General Plumer's men three miles away. They limbered up quickly and galloped back, but before they were out of sight the New Zealanders were cantering into action, bent, if possible, upon taking the enemy's two field-pieces. A mile or so from the crest the squadron dismounted, the horses were led to cover, and on went the company well extended. They got to within 600 yards of the foe, when murderous volleys were poured into them. The men fell flat, being without cover, and replied as fast as they could pull back their bolts and shove the cartridges home. . . . At times sheets of lead swept over the New Zealanders, whose officers were bobbing about, seeing to it that all was going as well as could be expected. One by one the officers were bowled over, until in the end their dashing leader, Colonel Cradock, was left alone. And so the fight raged. With rifles getting hot and ammunition running out there were periods when the fire abated, but it would suddenly burst into a furious rattle, telling that the struggling ammunition carriers had been singled out. When our ambulance wagons came forth to gather the wounded the 'Cease fire' was at once passed along, but the silence was complete on our side only. Many of the enemy plugged away, and a few more villainous than the rest sent bullets through the canvas sides of the ambulances. The New Zealanders were firing volleys at ten o'clock at night, and the Mausers were still barking back. In the morning, however, the Dutchmen had gone.

"The fight teemed with incidents—gruesome, humorous, or pathetic. A New Zealand farrier, a man of giant build, was mortally wounded above the groin. He went on firing, saying that was the only way he could forget the pain. Another thick-set young fellow was shot

through the shoulder. He rolled over, swore, and then crawled slowly away out of the firing line. Having gone some twenty yards, a second ball took him in the calf of the right leg. Then he rose, and swore defiantly that no Boer bullet could stop him. As he stood a third ball grazed his elbow, and next moment, forgetting his wounds, he was sprinting down the slope for dear life. . . . Peculiarly interesting was an inspection next day of the line of rocks behind which the Boers had lain—chipped and spotted, they looked as though a mason had been at work with a chisel. Beneath, on the ground, you might have reckoned by the pound the weight of flattened bullets. Assuredly the New Zealanders left their mark in this, their hardest and greatest fight." Excellent and full as this account of the New Zealanders' share in the battle of Rhenoster Kop is, the colonials, at least, will find interest in some of the more personal details recorded.

Lance-Corporal Frank Ryan says: "The Canterbury boys, under Lieutenants Tucker and Ross, advanced in the centre. . . . The Boers opened fire on us with a big gun, killed a horse, and slightly wounded Stewart in the leg. Soon after we dismounted and advanced on foot. I was right-hand man, and, getting the order passed along to touch into the Queenslanders on our right, did so with our group, but as the rest of our company failed to touch in, Nurse (a New South Wales corporal attached to us) and I were left pretty well alone. We continued on till fire opened on us from some rocks 200 yards ahead, whereupon we dropped and peppered the rocks to the best of our ability. Here we remained pretty lonesome till the No. 2 Company rushed up on our right, under Captain Chaytor, and dropped flat. A Poverty Bay fellow, named Pickett, kept right on by himself, and with the maddest rush I have ever seen went for the rocks from which we were fired on, and, escaping a

heavy fusillade, dropped behind the rock, while a Boer crawled away from the other side. Pickett wounded the retreating one and shot dead a man who picked him up afterwards, dropping a third who tried to shoot him. Shortly afterwards the Second Contingent charged up, under Captain Crawshaw, who worked his men splendidly, rushing one flank up under cover of volleys from the other. When level with us he ordered his men to lie down, and was immediately after shot through the hip. Our whole fire was now directed at the main position at 500 yards, and there we stayed till dark, with no order to advance—fourteen hours under the burning sun and the most deadly fire we have yet met. During this memorable afternoon an artillery officer (Lieutenant Craven, I believe) came up to us in order to direct the fire of his gun. . . . He was as cool a man as I ever saw, and was delighted when I told him there was a spare rifle, and blazed away with great gusto. . . . Once, after emptying my carbine, I heard him say, 'Steady, one moment, please,' and looked up to see him snap-shotting two or three of us with a kodak. I felt proud of being a New Zealander that day, some of the Second and Third carrying out wounded men under terrible fire, and showing all the bravery men could show. We stood to our horses all that night, and entrenched in the position, only to find the Boers gone in the morning."

It was a sad but glorious record for the New Zealanders, and it is evident that, in spite of all the hardships and suffering, the troopers felt the glory was worth the pain. One of them reports that he heard an Imperial officer remark, "I would go to the devil to command a body of men like that"; and again he proudly says of his own officers, "Our men, under Major Jowsey, were being splendidly handled by Captains Crawshaw, Burns, Chaytor, Lieutenants Tucker, Ross, Fitzherbert, Cameron, Banks, Somerville, and Montgomerie. These officers

were exposed to a continuous hail of bullets, as they had to be constantly passing along their lines."

The first man hit was Farrier-Sergeant Smith (Second Contingent), mortally; then Oppenheim. MacBride carried Oppenheim out of the fire, only to get hit himself. Captain Crawshaw, then dangerously wounded, was attended by Hill, Beath and Foreman dropping. Hill ran to them, and was shot badly through both hips himself. Sergeant Henderson then carried Hill out of the zone of fire. Meanwhile Corporal Stephens was going backwards and forwards carrying ammunition through the rain of bullets. Sergeant Russell, of the Third, was the next victim. He was a hero indeed. Partially recovered from fever at Kroonstadt, he had worked his way to Pretoria, and, while driving Dr. Godfrey's cart, was captured by the Boers at Diamond Hill. After an eventful time as a prisoner of war he had been liberated and rejoined. He was unwell after the trek to Rustenburg, but refused to be invalided, and died a soldier's death at Rhenoster Kop. Hyde next fell; then Lieutenants Somerville and Montgomerie, the last so severely wounded that Knubley courageously brought up a horse to remove him. Lieutenant Banks was now the only officer left, but, to the credit of the men, their steadiness was not the least shaken. "Each man was his own officer," they said afterwards. Corporal R. De Bohun Devereux was the next to fall, dying as worthy a death as that of his ancestor on Bosworth Field. Lieutenant Tucker had been wounded early in the day, and Dr. Godfrey, when he went to his assistance, received a bullet through the knee. Brown, Hagenson, Goldstone, Street, Clews, Swanstone, Anderson, Stewart, Wood, Dyke, and Hawthorne were all severely wounded. The last New Zealander killed was Trooper Jennings, shot through the head in the act of firing, with 204 empty cartridge cases beside him. The cries of the wounded for water, as they

lay tortured with thirst through the heat of the day, called forth the unselfish heroism of their comrades. Sergeant F. H. Overton, and then Trooper Stephens, crawled out and back with water for them. In another part of the field Trooper H. J. C. Harper, of the Third, went round all day carrying water and ammunition. Simpson, of the Third, went in to dress the leg of Dr. Godfrey, as he lay beside the wounded lieutenant. Trooper Vernall, his orderly, also went to him, and got a bullet through his tunic, passing right through across his chest without touching him. He coolly remarked in his slow manner of speaking, "My woord, but that wur close, wurn't it!"

Grim delight was occasioned by the action of Captain J. Rotton, R.H.A., in charge of the pom-poms, an officer much admired by the colonials. His attention was drawn to a green bush, from which bullets were coming with rare precision. "An old sniper," he said. "All right, I'll chew him up!" An entire belt of twenty-five pom-pom shells was emptied into the bush in the space of fifteen seconds. Next morning an examination of the spot was made. Buried in the loose earth were fragments of a rifle, and other evidence, gruesome enough, that the Vickers-Maxim had done its work.

On the Boers' main position also, among the rocks, General Paget and Colonel Cradock found abundant evidence of what good shooting the New Zealanders had done. Beside which a grave was found containing thirty dead Boers, and a Kaffir reported that they carried away a number of dead and wounded. General Paget congratulated Colonel Cradock on the gallantry of his New Zealanders, and mentioned them in dispatches. During the last month of the year no important incident is reported of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles' doings, except another plucky rescue of a comrade under a heavy fire, when a patrol of five men were ambushed,

92 New Zealanders and the Boer War

a trooper named Spencer being wounded and his horse shot. Private Lachlan Raine went back to Spencer's assistance, and, while endeavouring to lift him up behind him, got his horse also shot, upon which Martin, Bennett, and Jeffries galloped back and succeeded in removing Spencer and Raine to a small kopje across a drift, where they held their own against the Boers until the others fetched reinforcements.

Christmas was spent by General Paget's force on the veldt near Rhenoster Kop. Our contingents amused themselves with producing a capital Christmas number called the "Veldt Lyre," to which publication I must acknowledge my indebtedness for some of the data I have required for the description of their engagements.

The feeling of the contingents at this time was becoming very sore in connection with the report that had reached them, that the New Zealand Premier had consented to Lord Kitchener keeping them at the front as long as he had need of them, instead of sending them home at the end of the twelve months' service for which they had signed. This feeling was exacerbated in the minds of all by the accounts they received of the rejoicings in London over the return of the C.I.V.'s and the I.Y. The matter was ultimately settled by the dispatch of a Sixth and Seventh Contingent to take the place of the Second and Third. It may not be amiss to introduce here a short extract from a clever little parable addressed "To those whom it may concern," in the "Veldt Lyre": "But when the day was far spent, and the evening nigh, and the work was well-nigh done, John Bull did send messages unto 'Bobs,' even unto the Overseer, saying unto him, 'Send unto my house the young men C.I.V. and I.Y., that I may make merry with them and reward them according to the great work which they have done for me. For I have prepared a feast for them,

meat and wine, yea, the flesh of the turtle, and the wine of the country which is called champagne, which foameth when it is put into the vessel. But the young men, the Children of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, let them remain in the fields with Tommy, mine hired servant, that they may finish the labour, even unto the last jot and tittle thereof. And 'Bobs' did with the young men as John Bull had commanded him. Now, when the Children of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand heard these things, they were exceeding wroth, and their hearts were full of bitterness, and they said to one another, 'Why hath John Bull, our father's father, treated us thus shamefully? Have we not left our wives and our children, our flocks and our herds? Yea, did we not leave our own fields untilled, that we might hasten to labour in the fields of John Bull? And now we have laboured exceedingly faithful all the day, and the work which is yet to be done can easily be done by Tommy, even by the hired servant (for unto that end is he hired). Behold, we are left to labour in the fields, whilst John Bull makes merry with the young men, C.I.V. and I.Y. In the fulness of time it may well come to pass that John Bull shall again be in sore straits by reason of the work which is to be done in his fields. How, then, shall we make answer and say unto him, even unto John Bull, our father's father: Aforetime when thou wast in sore straits, and troubled exceedingly, did we not leave all that we had, and labour for thee in thy fields, and thou didst entreat us shamefully. Now, therefore, do thine own work as best thou mayest, even thou and thy young men, C.I.V. and I.Y., who abide with thee, for we have work of our own to do, fields to till, and flocks to guard, and we leave them no more.—Amen. P.S.—The Editor must not be understood to support the conclusions advocated above. In fairness to the I.Y., it should be noticed that they did not return to their father's house

at the same time as the C.I.V.'s.—Editor of the 'Veldt Lyre.' "

However, after the comparative rest in the neighbourhood of Rhenoster Kop through the month of December, the Second and Third Contingents worked out their time "in John Bull's fields" with as good a will as ever, and in February they were rewarded by again joining in the exciting chase after De Wet. Corporal Rees, of Gisborne, relates an amusing incident that occurred about this time. Some objects were seen on a hill that were supposed to be Boers, and a party was detailed to surround the hill and effect their capture. A cordon was made, and the Tommies, with several New Zealanders, crept up the hill. When they got within close range it was discovered that the enemy consisted of baboons. "This," said Corporal Rees, "is what you call 'gorilla' warfare." Another trooper vouched for the story; he was present.

We may here mention, before the New Zealanders leave the Rhenoster Kop district, that so impressed was Lord Roberts with the account he had received from Lord Kitchener of their action on 29 November, that he sent a special cable message to the Government of New Zealand to congratulate the country, saying that its men, he heard, had borne themselves with even more conspicuous gallantry than was their custom, and that General Paget had especially mentioned Captains Crawshaw and Chaytor. "New Zealand," the Field-Marshal concluded, "may well be proud of such men."

In the middle of January the New Zealanders spent three days in Pretoria refitting, and then moved east again, doing a little patrolling and skirmishing as far as Balmoral, during which the Second Contingent had rather bad luck, a man named Earle being sniped and killed at a farm near Bronkhurst Spruit, and during a reconnaissance from Balmoral losing two men killed and

four wounded, one mortally. Captain Crawshaw, of Timaru, who had only just rejoined on recovery from his wound at Rhenoster Kop, was one of those hit, fortunately not dangerously. On 1 February the Second and Third New Zealand Mounted Rifles left Pretoria for Norval's Pont, under the command of Major Jowsey, Colonel Robin being left in hospital.

They reached Bloemfontein and went on to Naauwpoort, where they were remounted and refitted, and on the 9th proceeded to Sherborne Station, eighteen miles south. There they camped the night, and next day were ordered back to Naauwpoort, leaving at daylight next morning, with all their kits cut down to ten pounds and a light transport, for Colesberg, via Arundel. The sight of this district, so often described to them by their comrades of the First Contingent, excited the deepest interest. The famous sugar-loaf kopje, up which General French had hauled his 15-pounders a year back, lay before them; and they told again of how he had proved himself more than a match for the slim Boer by withdrawing his force in small parties, night by night, for the relief of Kimberley, while keeping up the same line of front to the enemy by spreading out Colonel Clement's troops more and more thinly over the position. At Colesberg they got news of the enemy, the Imperial Light Horse being engaged with them twenty miles out of the town, and next day (12 February) the New Zealanders, under General Plumer, Brigadier-General Cradock, and Colonel Jeffreys, came in touch with De Wet's advance guard the other side of the Seacon River. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles and a pom-pom galloped four miles, and relieved the Imperial Light Horse and occupied the Boer position, camping there for the night. Next day they found Colonel Jeffreys in full chase, and De Wet trekking north. Generals Plumer and Cradock pushed forward, and found De Wet again in position.

96 New Zealanders and the Boer War

An hour's shelling, assisted by a charge by the Queenlanders, again caused a retirement, and the pursuit went on again, by this time in heavy rain. Camping at dark, every one lay down in the mud, thoroughly done up, but satisfied to be in such close contact with De Wet.

On the 14th Brigadier-General Cradock made an attack in force, with artillery and mounted infantry, on a strong ridge of kopjes called Wilverpool. After two hours' hard fighting the Second New Zealand Mounted Rifles, under Lieutenants Findlay, Blair, Kelsoll, and Montgomerie, and the West Australians charged and occupied the Boers' position after a run on foot of over half a mile under a very heavy fire. They lined a kopje right opposite the Boers, and when the enemy was seen running out of his position the colonials yelled with delight, standing up to fire at the retreating Boers. From this spot the whole force could be seen retiring across the plain. There were fully 2000 of them, with a 15-pounder and a pom-pom; and as our artillery dropped shells and shrapnel amongst them they abandoned all their kit, etc., on the track in their hurry to escape. The New Zealanders lost in this affair only two wounded—Sergeants Goldstone and Hayward. It was now unfortunately necessary to water the hard-worked horses and men, after which they again pushed on to overtake the retreating Boers.

De Wet himself could be seen in a Cape cart passing over a plain below, about three and a half miles distant. The pursuers hurried on, when, as they descended into the valley, a terrific thunderstorm broke over them and brought them to a halt. It was impossible for an hour for man or horse to move on. The five-mile flat on which they had entered became one sea of mud. After about two hours' struggling orders were given to camp in the centre of the bog. The transports having stuck three miles back, biscuits were all the men got to eat, though

they had been all day without food, and the night had to be spent squatting on the scrubby little bushes that poked out of the mud ; while at daybreak they were on the move again through the same kind of country. Their only consolation was in passing the saddles, horses, carts, and ambulance which De Wet's men had had to abandon. A few miles on they came upon thirty-two wagons full of ammunition, saddlery, and dynamite, and here captured some prisoners and a Maxim gun, and finally, arriving at the railway, found that Colonel Crabbe's column had headed the enemy off towards the Orange River. A second night they camped in the rain, with no food whatever, and only greatcoats to protect them. However, their general continued the chase, and they got under way with half a biscuit apiece in their wallets, found and shelled the enemy, and followed him till dark, and camped the third night without blankets or rations.

"No one grumbled," said the New Zealander to whom we are indebted for this account, "as we were quite satisfied to be on De Wet's track, and had every hope of breaking him up, if our horses could last." That day they had met a number of released prisoners—Imperial Yeomanry and King's Dragoon Guards—whom De Wet had just liberated. The same day Corporal O'Reilly and two men of the Second Contingent captured Commandant Bossman, chief of De Wet's staff, and his assistant. By this time, out of the 108 New Zealanders who had started from Naauwpoort nearly half were dismounted ; and little wonder, for on the fourth morning as they started again one biscuit per man was issued for the day's rations ; while the horses got nothing, though there was hardly any grazing, the vegetation being principally prickly scrub. All hope of the convoy ever catching them had been given up ; but on the evening of the 16th the New Zealand wagons came in sight, they

98 New Zealanders and the Boer War

being the only ones to get out of the swamp, thanks to the perseverance of Conductor Grimes, of the Second Contingent; while those of the Bushmen, Artillery, Dragoon Guards, Yeomanry, etc., were still struggling hard to extricate themselves. The New Zealanders divided their supplies with the whole column, even putting in their private stocks, thus supplying three-quarter rations for every man, and two pounds of oats for each horse for next day.

On the 17th the force again engaged De Wet at Zoutpan, thirty miles from Hopetown. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles were on the left flank, and kept up a running fight, capturing a 15-pounder and a pom-pom. The next four days the Mounted Infantry continued the chase, with the usual record of semi-starvation and abominable weather—in extremes of wet and heat. "De Wet was heading straight for the Orange River, sweeping every horse from the farms; and it was only this that kept him going," reports one New Zealander. And so close on his heels were the English that twice the men seized his camp and devoured the supper cooking for his men. On another occasion the enemy's camp fires were within sight, and the colonials lit a number of extra fires to give De Wet the impression that the whole column was near, with the consequence that he struck camp and departed in the night. De Wet, coming upon the Brak River, had found it in too high flood to cross, and following it down towards its junction with the Orange River had entered a half-circle which the Brak River takes before reaching the confluence. Here the Mounted Infantry thought they had him bailed up; but, alas! the artillery horses were so dead beat it was impossible to get the guns forward in time, and the New Zealanders describe the bitter disappointment with which they sat on their horses and watched their long-chased enemy filing out of this trap.

Two days later they again engaged De Wet's rear-guard, and after a short but sharp fight the enemy fled, De Wet and Steyn themselves having to abandon their carts and ride ; if only the pursuers' horses had been fit not one of them would have escaped. It is well known that at this juncture De Wet, with a few followers, managed to cross the flooded Orange River and give the English the slip. The remainder of that chase was but a repetition of the beginning. The New Zealanders reported returning to Hopetown, and two days later entraining at Orange River station and proceeding to Springfontein via De Aar and Naauppoort, where they detrained and trekked to Philipolis, thence moving north-east on a reconnaissance and falling in for some very stiff fighting before reaching General Plumer's camp. The course of his flying column took them to Fauresmith, then across the Reit River, and via Petersberg to Abraham's Kraal, thence across the Modder River, and in a circle round Brandfort and to Winburg. At Winburg the Second and Third New Zealanders joyfully heard that they were to go home, as the Sixth New Zealand Mounted Rifles had arrived, and would replace them in General Plumer's column ; and in the middle of March, 1901, they embarked at Capetown for New Zealand.

CHAPTER VI

A "ROUGH RIDER"

Two hundred, rough and ready,
All true and tried and steady ;
 O it's joy to them to sit a bucking steed ;
They are full of dash and daring,
And for hardship past all caring :
 We'll send ten thousand more in case of need.

Oh, mother, they are calling,
Our bravest boys are falling,
 I have heard the war-note blaring o'er the sea ;
My heart is almost bursting
With a-hungering and a-thirsting
 (I learned to love old England on your knee).

Your heart was ever glowing,
Your graciousness outflowing,
 Your tenderness touched everything in need ;
While yet a little breastling,
Pressed against you gently nestling,
 I was nurtured in the spirit of our breed.

You tell me battle glory
Is but an Old World story,
 All lustreless and fading as a dream ;
But I'm out of tune with reason,
Each impulse has its season,
 And of battle fury I have caught the gleam.

Your heart, you plead, is breaking,
And in sleeping and in waking
 You pray to God to keep your eldest born ;
But Death has placed his finger
On our best, and now to linger
 Proves one worthy of unutterable scorn.

Brother Hal can do the falling,
The splitting, and the hauling,
 And little sister Mary milk the cow ;

New Zealanders and the Boer War 101

I'll be back in time for shearing,
And to burn the new bush clearing
(With a laurel wreath, perhaps, upon my brow).

The Riders are now arming
(I've lost all touch with farming),
And the horses they are neighing on the lines ;
The bugle call is ringing,
And the reckless troopers singing
(It's the man and not the uniform that shines).

So, mother, do not trouble,
Though it be an empty bubble,
For the honour of our country do not count the worst
a loss ;
And God be with you, mother,
With sister, and with brother ;
Perhaps, perhaps I'll bring it home—the precious
little cross.

.

Two hundred, rough and ready,
All true and tried and steady ;
It's seldom that their bullets miss the mark ;
Should the peril grow and thicken,
Our courage shall but quicken—
Ten thousand more are waiting to embark.

TU QUOQUE.

(Otaki, New Zealand, 2 February, 1900.)

AS mentioned before, the raising of the Third Contingent (or Rough Riders) in January, 1901, entirely by private subscriptions in Canterbury, caused the other provinces to determine to raise another between them—the Fourth, and this they did with great spirit, a peculiarity of some of the subscriptions being that—in Dunedin, at least—the citizens provided a horse for a special trooper from the different trades or business connection, and named the horse accordingly. “ Pills ” represented the chemists ; “ Butcher Boy,” the fleshers’ shops ; “ Sweets ” was the horse provided by the confectioners’ young ladies. Men of all classes volunteered from all parts of the country, as for the former contingents. Hardly had the preparation of the Fourth got

well under way when Mr. Chamberlain cabled to the New Zealand Government, asking that they should supply 300 men for another, their outfit and transport to be repaid by the Imperial Government, who would also undertake to pay them five shillings a day and to supply the superior officers on their arrival in South Africa. Applications for enrolment were so numerous, and the efforts of all, from the Premier down, so unremitting, that the two battalions of the Fifth were got off on the same date as those of the second battalion of the Fourth, sailing in the "Waimate" and "Maori" from Wellington, 31 March.

New Zealand was proud to find that, with all the knowledge of the hard realities of war gained by the experiences of the First, Second, and Third Contingents, she still had hundreds of sons willing and eager to encounter them for the honour of the Empire—indeed, many of those who had already returned to New Zealand invalided re-enlisted in the Fifth. As both contingents were eventually landed at Beira, though first sent to Durban, and were very much together at the front, it will be necessary to narrate the share of each in the campaign in the one chapter. There was great emulation between the different battalions of the two contingents as to which transport should lose fewest horses. The "Waimate" correspondent (Fifth Contingent) boasted that when they reached Albany they had only lost four horses—a feather in the cap of Veterinary-Lieutenant Lilico, and said that "Kruger," the contingent's dog, howled dismally whenever a dead horse was thrown overboard; while a trooper on the "Maori" wrote that on the whole voyage she only lost seven horses, thanks to the care the men had all taken, under the direction of Mr. Worthy, their veterinary surgeon.

When they reached Beira equal esprit de corps was shown in the disembarking of their mounts when they

were allowed to land, though the Fifth complained that their horses were kept on board five or six days through unpreparedness of the authorities at Beira. No tents or even waterproof sheets were ready for them, and the men on guard over the horses were apparently expected to lie unsheltered upon the wet ground. However, they showed colonial resourcefulness in rigging up a shelter of sacks, etc., and were amused to find that the reward of their self-reliance was to be set to guard the Hungarian ponies which had been brought for the use of the Imperial Yeomanry, while the I.Y. themselves were entrained for the front, though the New Zealanders had arrived some two days before them.

The Yeomanry and colonials while in port fraternized heartily, the Maori war cry of the latter being in great request. Our contingents also helped to unship a quantity of Texas horses, and two of the New Zealanders were found able to master even those among them pronounced unmanageable by the Queenslanders. The leader of the Cameron Scouts, who had the superintendence of all the unshipping, said to Lieutenant Tuckey that he would rather have the New Zealanders to work for him than any other of the colonials, because of their sobriety and willingness, and the excellent way in which they handled horses.

A great deal of sickness was caused by the mismanagement of the camp arrangements ; the horses also suffered severely from the miasmatic fogs and bad water. No drill was possible, for want of time, as the horses had to be taken three miles for water ; and as saddles and arms had been sent on to Salisbury, they had to be ridden barebacked. The two contingents were entrained at Beira for Marandellas in May, and unfortunately, owing to the narrow gauge of the railway, were obliged to stop at Bamboo Creek station three days, consequently getting several more cases of fever. They passed on

through Umtali, and reached Marandellas on 25 May, and remained there being drilled for three weeks, while General Carrington collected his Rhodesian force. While here several of the New Zealanders were taken to help man the artillery. From Marandellas they were marched via Charters to Bulawayo, a trek of 300 miles, which they accomplished in 21 days, and after a stay of three days marched to within 18 miles of Tuli, another two weeks' trek; and there, finding the Boers had left the district, orders were cancelled and the column returned to Bulawayo.

A FOOTBALL INTERLUDE

At Guelo they camped for a day, the New Zealanders employing it by beating the local football team by nine points to six.

The New Zealand contingents were in Colonel Grey's brigade, and at Bulawayo were inspected by General Sir F. Carrington. Here Major Davies, late of the First Contingent, joined them from the Transvaal, and took over the command of the Fourth New Zealand Mounted Rifles. Both contingents were then entrained for Lobatsi, where, after a stay of some days, all but fifty returned forty miles up the railway to Crocodile Pools. From the time they left Bulawayo the Fourth and Fifth Contingents, and their different battalions and even companies, were so scattered that it is impossible to give a connected history of them as different units. Some were at Crocodile Pools for some six weeks, engaged in constant scouting and skirmishes; some went to Palapye, and thence on a three weeks' trek to Tuli, where they stayed, starving and sickening, for three months to guard Rhodes's Drift into Rhodesia, the rivers having dried up so that their convoys were delayed; while the main force proceeded to Mafeking, and, detraining there in the second week of August, marched east with Carrington's column of about 30,000 men.

On the second day out from Mafeking some of the New Zealanders—about thirty men, with Captains Fulton and Harvey—while acting as rearguard to the convoy, eight miles from Ottoshoop, had orders to take a kopje, where they were received with a very heavy fire. Captain Fulton fell, shot in the back, and Sergeant Hickey, shot through both thighs, and Trooper Sutherland was also wounded. As the Boers had let them come within fifteen yards before firing, the only wonder was that they were not all killed. The colonials made a dash for cover, and then returned the fire and held their position till reinforced. After three hours' hard fighting the New Zealanders drove the Boers off the kopje at the point of the bayonet. It was during this charge that Captain Harvey, of the Fourth Contingent, and Trooper McDougall were killed and nine others wounded, the remaining men rushing gallantly on without officers. Trooper John McKay, of the Fourth, wrote home after this engagement: "When General Carrington and Major Davies saw us getting the best of the attack on the kopje they were very pleased, because they had said 'that if we could take that kopje we could take hell.' We took it all right." The Fourth held this range of kopjes for fifty hours till relieved, and were highly complimented by Brigadier-Colonel Grey. A small affair of outposts near General Botha's farm was interesting because of the success of colonial astuteness *v.* Boer slimness.

A, B, and D squadrons of the Fifth Contingent, while employed in guarding the extreme left flank of the force, had been much worried by small parties of Dutchmen, who got up early in the morning to snipe when the colonials relieved patrols. Colonel Newall, the popular commander of the Fifth, suggested a surprise party, and, leading the men that were to relieve the outposts at an earlier hour than usual to the top of Marshall's kopje,

he disposed them in excellent cover among the rocks, where they shortly had the pleasure of seeing a knot of horsemen advancing below them. Unfortunately the Boers halted some 150 yards away, beneath a buttress of rock, which prevented more than a dozen rifles being brought to bear on them. However, the first discharge brought down two horses and a man, and as the Boers galloped away four more were accounted for and one taken prisoner, besides which a large number of rifles, bandoliers, stores, etc., were picked up where the Boers had scattered them in their headlong flight.

Lieutenant Bauchop, Fourth New Zealand Mounted Rifles (now Lieutenant-Colonel, C.M.G.), had shown great gallantry in the affair in which Captain Harvey lost his life, and was appointed acting-captain next day. Colonel Francis, of the Fourth, than whom no officer was more liked and respected by those under him, was attacked by enteric at Ottoshoop, with such complications, that he had to be sent back to Mafeking. He was eventually invalided successively in the hospitals near Winburg and Kimberley, and finally sent to England, where he was entertained by royalty; and at last returned to New Zealand, only to die. Colonel Francis's opinions on hospital management will be referred to in another chapter. While most of the Fourth were escorting convoys between Mafeking and Sir Frederick Carrington's column, and some of the Fifth were on guard at Fort Tuli, the remainder had been present at the General's engagement at Ottoshoop. On 9 September a forward move was made, and General Douglas's force joined with that of Lord Methuen in endeavouring to clear the district in the neighbourhood of Malmani, Lichtenburg, and Zeerust.

Major C. J. Major went to Beira as a captain in the Fifth New Zealand Mounted Rifles, and during the advance through Rhodesia, seeing that the guns were

undermanned, he offered the services of a hundred men for incorporation with the regulars. He was warmly complimented for his energetic efforts in this direction, and on the formation of a battery he was appointed to the command, with the rank of a major. After the first engagement—a severe one—the general complimented the battery and its commanding officer on the accuracy of the shooting and the excellent fire discipline. After the occupation of Lichtenburg, in Western Transvaal, it was garrisoned by the New Zealanders under Major Major, with the Northumberland Fusiliers picketing the town, which is about a mile square, on all sides. Corporal J. E. Roberts, a Nelson College boy, sent a graphic account of the splendid stand made by the little garrison, and for which the D.S.O. was later conferred on Major Major: “At 3.30 a.m. on Sunday we were suddenly awakened by rifle firing—a loud and crackling sound all round the tents, caused by the explosive Boer bullets. It is bright moonlight, and we break the record for dressing, and race across to the guns of our battery. The zip of the bullets is heard all round us. The guns are dragged to impromptu gun pits. Heavy rifle fire can be heard on three sides of the town from our pickets, which have been surrounded. Through the treachery of Boer families residing in the town the enemy have gained entrance during the night, and have attacked the pickets. Simultaneously with the attack from the Boers within the enemy outside also charge the pickets, and the slaughter is terrible. There are barbed-wire fences nearly all round, and these do their duty by throwing the Boers from their horses over the wire. One Barkly (now a prisoner with us) was acting-field-cornet that night on account of his knowledge of Lichtenburg, and his work was to bring in a body of the enemy via the Mafeking road entrance, so that they might seize and remove our guns. Luckily for us he galloped full butt

into some barbed wire just opposite a picket trench, and was thrown clear over his horse's head, losing his rifle. . . . Meanwhile with our guns we rake the willows and trees. Beck makes coffee for us, for we are very thirsty. He has to expose himself to get the water. Later on, as he ventures out to get water for the drivers of the battery horses, he is shot in the thigh with an explosive bullet. The wound is a horrible one. Another man gets one through his hat. Sergeant-Major Scott gets an ambulance wagon from the hospital for poor Beck; but in spite of the Geneva Cross so conspicuously displayed the Boers riddle it with explosive bullets, one of which kills Scott almost immediately. All day we are hard at work, and that night a third of the garrison are on watch. The south pickets that day suffered severely. At about 3.30 p.m. we had discovered a white flag among the trees, and all firing stopped for a time while two objects came along to us—two Northumberland Fusiliers, stripped to shirt and pants—one with his jaw almost shot away and one arm hanging; the other with his body covered with blood, an explosive bullet in his chest. The Boers had sent them into our colonel with a request for a surrender. His reply was, 'Not while there's a man and ammunition left!' and the firing went on. At night the pickets—what is left of them—retreat to the inner trenches. In one of the picket trenches two of our men were shot through the head by the same explosive bullet. The Tommies had great tales to tell of their harrowing experiences. One was in the trenches all day and night by himself, and he challenged the ambulance next morning. How's that for Tommy? Next morning we discovered that the Boers had trekked off. The slaughter was heavy. They lost over forty killed and many more wounded. Our casualties were seventeen killed and twenty-three wounded. Since the fight we have been engaged in making strong fortifica-

tions. Now we know what 'fighting Tommy' is like." These Northumberlanders were right through Modder River, Graspan, and other battles. One of their majors, Fletcher, was shot through the heart that day. Two squadrons of the Fifth were now attached to Lord Methuen's column. One of their lieutenants (H. R. Potter, of Auckland), who had been helping with the guns, was placed on the staff of the general as A.D.C., and is now a captain in the R.H.A. at Zeerust. Rustenburg having been relieved at the time of General Carrington's engagement at Ottoshoop, the New Zealanders were disappointed of meeting their brothers of the first three contingents, though they had come near enough on the Mafeking road to hear their guns. The First, Second, and Third Contingents had turned back towards Pretoria with General Baden-Powell, but the members of the Fourth and Fifth were not to trek in that direction for many weeks to come. September, October, November, and December they spent in trekking through the length and breadth of the Western Transvaal, skirmishing, foraging, escorting convoys, getting sniped, sometimes making acquaintance with Boer families (one trooper visited the family of General De la Rey, whose commandos they were fighting), no doubt doing most useful work, but nothing worth special mention. On Boxing Day the New Zealanders had some sharp fighting a few miles out of Klerksdorp, and joyfully recorded in their home letters that "they were expecting a big go," as many columns had gathered there—French's, Broadwood's, Hart's, Hamilton's, Gordon's, etc.—and the troopers had been digging trenches and throwing up breastworks for a week past. The Fourth Contingent, under Lieutenant-Colonel Davies, was attached early in January, 1901, to General Babington's column. After doing a good deal of useful patrol work they were placed in occupation of Ciferfontein, strengthening its defensive

110 New Zealanders and the Boer War

works and accumulating stores and ammunition. Ciferfontein, which was held for a little over a month, was a low line of kopjes, occupied to stop the enemy going north. In this operation the Fifth New Zealanders were also associated, the two regiments forming part of the Rhodesian Field Force.

It is as well perhaps to explain here that though General Carrington's force had been named Rhodesian in expectation of its being employed against the enemy in the Chartered Company's territory, the retirement of the Boers from the border had caused it to be brought almost immediately into the Transvaal, and to fight in the Republics for the remainder of the campaign, its units scattered among various columns. The Fifth New Zealand Mounted Rifles fought very little with the Fourth. They were broken up in several sections, and sent to many different parts of the country. The Fourth were almost continually on the trek with convoys, and at one time their fighting force was reduced to 124 men. This contingent had one V.C. winner—Sergeant-Major Hardham.

The following press message, dated Dunedin, 18 July, 1901, may be very well quoted here: "With respect to my previous telegram that Farrier-Sergeant Hardham, the well-known Wellington footballer, had been recommended for a V.C., it now appears that the Premier has taken upon himself to recommend Hardham for the distinction. The engagement wherein the latter merited this distinction was in connection with a detachment of twelve New Zealanders who were ordered to charge a kopje. No Boers were to be seen, but when Hardman, McPhee, and McCrae, all of whom were in advance, went within 100 yards of the summit a hot fire was poured down on them. A rush was made for cover, but before going far McPhee fell from his horse badly wounded. Sexton, Hardham, and O'Dowd galloped through the

bullets to his assistance and bandaged up the sufferer. Shortly afterwards, the Boers being driven back, he was taken up by the ambulance. Hardham showed conspicuous bravery throughout the engagement. Before McPhee was wounded Hardham, when galloping to cover, about forty yards ahead, happened to look round, and saw McCrea's horse fall. He immediately pulled up, rode back under a heavy fire, dismounted, and helped McCrea on his horse, and then, gripping the stirrup iron, ran alongside till both were out of danger. It was subsequently found that McCrea's horse had twelve bullets in it, and McPhee's seven."

On 12 February, during a reconnaissance by the Mounted Infantry, Captain Bauchop distinguished himself by a signal act of bravery—giving his horse to a dismounted yeoman and retiring on foot under heavy fire, until rescued by Lieutenant Burgoyne, of the signalling staff, who galloped out and took Bauchop up behind him. This reconnaissance located the laager of Bossman, who was later taken prisoner by the Second New Zealand Mounted Rifles during the chase after De Wet in the following month in Orange Colony. Towards the end of February the Fourth Contingent, under Lieutenant-Colonel Davies, C.B., was camped for some time on a hill called Naauwpoort, near the Magaliesberg Ranges, about twenty-five miles west of Krugersdorp, and while here assisted to discover and unearth a Krupp gun and a Vickers-Maxim, buried on a farm of John De la Rey, brother to the Boer general. In March the New Zealanders had the good fortune while with General Babington's column to take part in his capture of De la Rey's convoy and guns.

General Babington's brigade, on the afternoon of the 23rd, had driven the Boers back across a series of hills, Colonel Shekelton operating on the left to prevent a flanking movement by the enemy, and both brigades

bivouacked upon the position won. Early on the morning of the 24th both columns marched in light order, and hardly had the sun risen when they saw below them the whole Boer force in headlong retreat. Colonel Davies, of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, in command of the Colonial Mounted Infantry (New South Wales Imperial Bushmen and New Zealanders), was directed to attempt to cut the guns and convoy off, and a mad chase began. The New Zealanders dashed up on the left of the convoy, while the Australians took the right, and Shekelton's men brought up the rear. A few of the Boer riflemen attempted a stand, but as our men rode straight at them they broke and fled. The colonials galloped hard along each side of the convoy, endeavouring to head it, and shooting the oxen and mules if the drivers refused to turn back. The first gun was taken after a five-mile run; the second was taken by Trooper Rundle, New Zealand Mounted Rifles. He was some distance ahead of his troop, and when riding towards the gun four Boers opened fire on him at 250 yards range. Rundle coolly reined in his horse, and without dismounting shot two of them dead, on which the other two rode off, and he secured the gun and proceeded to drive it back.

A veteran staff officer, who had just come up, shouted to him, "Who are you?" "New Zealander," was the reply. "Go it, New Zealand." "Great day for New Zealand!" "Great day for Australia!" "Scratch your name on it," cried the old officer as he rode on, roused to the highest pitch of excitement by what now appeared the certainty of taking the whole convoy. At last the leading wagon was reached, and all were captured. De la Rey himself only just managed to urge his tired horse far enough to escape; Smutz also, though wounded, got away. But it was a great haul for General Babington.

Altogether 9 guns and 5 wagons, with any amount of

stores and ammunition, besides 135 prisoners, including 2 officers and 18 men of the Staats Artillery, were taken. Only 3 guns escaped, which were out of reach when the chase began.

Next day the brigade returned to Ventersdorp, and on arrival were addressed by Colonel Grey as follows: "Officers and men of the Second Brigade, I cannot allow this march to conclude without personally thanking you for the very estimable work of yesterday. By your dash and gallantry you have accomplished perhaps the brightest thing of the war—certainly the brightest thing in the latter part of it—and it will tend more than anything to demoralize the enemy, not only in this district, but all over South Africa. I know it has always been the object of colonial officers and men to capture guns, and these you have taken from a bold and enterprising enemy. They were not dug up, or found in rivers or among trees, but were taken by sheer force and fighting. If you had allowed the enemy half a chance yesterday he would have rallied his forces sufficiently to enable his guns and convoy to get safely away."

Among the officers mentioned in dispatches for conspicuous services on this occasion were Captains Walker and Arthur of the New Zealanders, and Captain Walker has since received the D.S.O. This was by no means the only occasion on which the Fourth and Fifth New Zealanders distinguished themselves—E Squadron, of the Fourth, with two squadrons of the Fifth, capturing a convoy of 15 wagons, with 25 prisoners and 21 rifles, during a retreat of the Boers driven by the columns of Lords Methuen and Erroll.

In token of the work these contingents had done Lord Kitchener sent two guns—a Krupp and a pom-pom—home with them when they left Capetown for New Zealand on 13 June, 1901.

CHAPTER VII

Men, be one with all your brothers all the wide world round
and round,

While the craven and the traitor have their sneer :

Let the Islands of the Morning join no faint and feeble sound
To the echo of the loyal British cheer !

Whisps of Tussock.

IN order to relieve the Second and Third Contingents a sixth was raised, Lord Kitchener having paid the colonials the great compliment of notifying that he would be glad to accept more,* their services being particularly adapted to the guerilla stage of war entered upon towards the end of 1900. The Sixth Contingent left Auckland, 560 strong, on 30 January, 1901, under Major Banks, in the s.s. "Cornwall," Captain Andrew, of the 1st Hyderabad Lancers, acting as adjutant and assisting to train the men in their duties.

The men had a run ashore at Albany, where their excellent behaviour won commendation from the hospitable civic authorities. It is well to remark here that Albany, which has perhaps had the opportunity of receiving more contingents than any other town out of South Africa, was yet as hearty in its welcome to the Sixth as to the First, which speaks volumes for its loyalty and appreciation of the services rendered by other

* Lord Kitchener to Mr. Seddon, 6 January, 1900 : " Very grateful for your telegram. You already know the very high opinion I have of the New Zealanders. They have shown themselves on every occasion throughout the war first-rate soldiers of the Empire, and have been the greatest credit to the colony. I cannot speak too highly of them.—Kitchener."

colonies to the Empire. Surgeon-Captain O'Neill and Captain Markham were inoculated during the voyage against enteric, but were not able to induce the men to follow their example. One very severe storm was experienced, during which fourteen horses were lost. That they did not lose more was much to the credit of Veterinary-Surgeon McEacharn and his assistants. The late Queen's lamented death having occurred in the week before the departure of the contingent, the Premier had ordered that on the day and at the hour appointed for the funeral the same commemorative pause and silence should be observed on the "Cornwall" as had been proclaimed throughout the public service in New Zealand. So on Saturday, 2 February, at 10.45 p.m. (ship's time) the "Cornwall" was brought to a standstill. The whole contingent paraded on deck and stood in silence for ten minutes, until the "Last Post" was sounded. This silent parade in mid-ocean, reminding all of the solemn procession passing at that moment through the streets of London, deeply impressed all who were present. The following lines, written by one of the contingent, commemorate this touching incident in the voyage of the Sixth :—

A moment's stay upon the path of life,
 A moment's stillness of the stress of strife,
 A moment's silence spreads o'er land and sea,
 While one who ruled them all so lovingly,
 Linked them together—Britain's aged Queen—
 Is borne in solemn silence to the scene
 Where she will rest for aye in peace serene.
 We, latest growth among her martial sons—
 Growth of that island round whose shore there runs
 That Southern Ocean vast, upon whose breast
 Her mighty navies ride from East to West—
 All life and motion stilled—'neath starry sky
 In serried ranks we stand, and silently
 Sorrow for her whose lot it was to die.
 A nation mourns her loss ; yet let a ray
 Of hope arrive e'en on this mournful day.

116 New Zealanders and the Boer War

Our Empire's born! Her noble work lives on,
Her might and power descend upon her son;
Round him let patriots gather, and the same
Love unto him be given; he bears a name
Honoured in story, girt about with fame.—S. S.

On 10 March the "Cornwall" arrived at East London, and the troops were entrained as quickly as possible for Pretoria. By the 26th of the month they were leaving the capital to join Plumer's column, which was trekking north from Waterval, to prevent the junction of the commandos of Botha and De Wet. To the great disappointment of the Sixth, who had looked forward to being under Colonel Cradock, that officer was seized with enteric, and his command devolved on Colonel Jeffries. Some of the Fifth Contingent—Captain Jackson and twenty-five men of his squadron, Captains Abbott and Tuckey, Lieutenants Simpson, Batger, and ten men (all of the Fifth Contingent)—had asked permission to remain on service in South Africa. Captain Tuckey,* of the Fifth, had held a staff appointment under Major Paris since the engagement at Ottoshoop, while Lieutenant Banks (Second N.Z.M.R.) and Lieutenant Wallis (First N.Z.M.R.) took charge of the transport for the Sixth at Waterval.

The Boers' temporary headquarters being now at Pietersberg, General Plumer's object was to prevent the commandos meeting at Pinaar's River and retiring thither. The column came in touch with the enemy 29 March, near Warm Baths, which township they occupied, and the colonists did good work (notably Captain Markham, Sergeant Leuwin, and Sergeant Smythe) in rushing kopjes and capturing wagons and prisoners, among the latter being Commandants Grobler and Potgeiter. Lance-Corporal Smith also found important Boer official dispatches and papers of great value to

* Captain Tuckey was present later at Lord Methuen's disaster, and was sent with the news of it to Lord Kitchener.

the Intelligence Department. On 1 April Nylstroom was occupied, and the column remained there a couple of days, during which Lieutenant McDonald was placed in command of twenty picked men as scouts. On the 3rd the column started for Nabeon's Spruit, leaving Lieutenant Wallis with a small garrison in Nylstroom. Many prisoners and wagons were picked up *en route* as they followed the track of the Boers via Moore Drift to Potgeiter's Rust, where the Canterbury men, Farrier-Sergeants Free and Rouse, captured two wagons and thirteen prisoners, and were commended by General Plumer in person. At Potgeiter's Rust Captain Findlay, of the First, and Lieutenant Overton, of the Second, joined the Sixth, and Lieutenant Rose arrived from Pretoria with fifteen men discharged from hospital. The troopers wrote home that their march hitherto had been more like a picnic than anything else, the country being pretty and supplies plentiful. While in camp at Waterval one lad wrote: "So far there has been more trouble with our friends than with our enemies. Nearly every one out here seems to ignore the Tenth Commandment, and to have adopted as a substitute, 'Thou shalt commandeer thy neighbour's horse, his ox, his nigger boy, or anything that is his.' The first night in camp the New Zealanders lost some horses, but in an astonishingly short time the number was made up. Now they seem to follow the maxim as regards horses laid down by David Harum: 'Do unto the other as he would do unto you, only do it first.' " On 6 April the New Zealanders left Potgeiter's Rust as part of Colonel Colvin's flying column, to seize Berg's Nek, the seizing of this pass, enormously strong for defensive purposes, being absolutely essential for the success of the attack upon Pietersberg.

The New Zealanders occupied the heights on each side of the pass, while the Third Australians and a pom-

118 New Zealanders and the Boer War

pom, under Captain Rotton, dispersed the enemy. General Plumer, with the remainder of the column, advanced next day after slight resistance from the Boers, and on the 8th Pietersberg was taken—the New Zealanders in the centre of the firing line, and losing two severely wounded—Corporal Taylor and Private Miller. Two squadrons of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, under Major Findlay and Captain Matthews, pursued the Boers for seven miles, but were unable to overtake them. The Boers had also succeeded in removing their “Long Tom.” A trooper, in comment, remarks: “Our future movements are unknown to us; one thing is certain, if we are marched day after day, we shall soon be an infantry corps, as the horses are beginning to break down under the strain. The poor beasts have never had a day’s rest since leaving New Zealand.” Lord Kitchener cabled on the 10th to our Premier: “Your contingents are splendid. . . . The Fourth and Fifth Contingents will be ready to leave on the arrival of the Seventh. The Sixth has just helped to take Pietersberg.” General Plumer’s force, after some days’ rest, moved towards Coomassie Drift, and the New Zealanders were used as patrols to scour the district, some of them working in conjunction with General Walter Kitchener’s column and Colonel Beeston’s Rifle Brigade, who had marched from Lydenburg to assist General Plumer in drawing a cordon round the commandos of Commandants Viljoen, Fourie, Richardt, and Schroeder.

After a fortnight’s incessant scouting, during which Captain Markham, Captain Purdy, Sergeant Stockes, and indeed all the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, under Colonel Banks’s command, did most useful work, Commandant Schroeder, with forty-one men and a Maxim, was captured by Lieutenant Reid, New Zealand Mounted Rifles, who had rushed the enemy’s position with thirty New Zealanders and Australian Bushmen, with fixed

bayonets. The Maxim was a gun captured from Dr. Jameson in the famous raid. Over Captain Markham's camp fire that night Commandant Schroeder, who was accompanied by his lieutenant and two nieces, was hospitably entertained. Schroeder, who is a tall, handsome man, with a fine military carriage, told me that the previous day he had been harried considerably by Captain Markham's New Zealand Mounted Rifles, and on more than one occasion had trained his Maxim on them, but knew that should he fire he would bring the whole column after him. The fate of the sniper at Pietersberg showed him that the Bushmen gave no quarter when their officers were picked off. Schroeder also told them how he had captured 600 Yeomanry and marched them to Waterval between Roberts's and Buller's columns, and had been censured by the Boers for showing undue leniency to the "son of Admiral Goshen," as he called the statesman who was so long First Lord of the Admiralty.

A flying column was now formed to pursue the enemy, including sixty New Zealand Mounted Rifles under Major Findlay, Captains Markham and Cameron, and Lieutenants Wallis and Banks, some Australians, a detachment of Royal Engineers under Lieutenant Grubb, and a pom-pom under Captain Rotton. The first day they rode 33 miles, capturing 18 wagons, 35 Boers, and 1200 cattle. On 6 May the column reached camp at Pinaar's River, having covered 135 miles in $3\frac{1}{2}$ days. Here they remained till they entrained for Pretoria to rejoin General Plumer's force, which had already reached the camp at Silverton. General Plumer's column rested only a few days, trekking again, this time to Ermelo, 140 miles south-east of Pretoria, and then south-west to Standerton, on the Laing's Nek to Pretoria railway.

On 18 May a patrol of our New Zealand Mounted Rifles was fired on near a farmhouse, and Private Hurrey was

mortally wounded. His comrades held their own till Lieutenant Overton drove off the enemy, who were shortly after sharply engaged by our men, assisted by the pom-pom, under Captain Rotton. Surgeon-Captain O'Neill, who had gone with an ambulance tonga to the farmhouse to attend to Hurrey, rode into an ambush on his return, and was captured by the Boers. Field-Cornet Glassen, however, liberated him after a most interesting conversation. After fighting a rear-guard action most of the way, our ox-convoy and escort then joined that of Colonel Knox's column, which was also concentrating on Ermelo. Lieutenant Tucker and his New Zealanders, with the Australians of the escort, had had all they could do, with the assistance of the pom-pom, to bring in the convoy safely, the enemy at one time coming as near to them as 400 yards, when the gun jammed, and the gunner was wounded. On 20 May Lieutenant Mitchell, of the Sixth New Zealand Mounted Rifles, succeeded in capturing some of the rear wagons and the transport of Commandant Meyers, who escaped between Plumer's and Knox's columns. On the 23rd General Plumer's column crossed the river at Bethel. This town had been completely destroyed, and the women and children were sent to a refugee laager by the ox-convoy, among the escort of which were a few of the Sixth New Zealand Mounted Rifles, under Lieutenant Geddes, Royal Munster Fusiliers, and late of the Fifth New Zealanders. On this convoy a most determined attack was made at 6.30 on the morning of Saturday, the 25th, at Meerfontein, by General Viljoen and Commandants Meyers and Spent, with a force estimated at from 400 to 700, the enemy galloping right in among the 10th Hussars, shooting right and left, and shouting "Surrender!" and "Hands up!" In a few minutes six Hussars went down and two were taken prisoners. Lieutenant Moore shouted to the Munsters to advance

and sight their rifles at 1000 yards, falling as he spoke with a Mauser bullet through the head. The Fusiliers came gallantly to the rescue, and E Battery opened fire upon the enemy. The fighting in the rear of the convoy was equally severe, and there were many casualties on the side of the British. A Kaffir runner had been sent to inform General Plumer, but was caught by the Boers and shot. Corporal Smith, New Zealand ambulance orderly, was taken by the enemy while assisting to get the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Tobias, who had been severely wounded, out of the firing line, but was released later. Not least worthy of record is the fact that Lieutenant Geddes, Royal Munster Fusiliers, with his seven New Zealanders and Kaffir drivers, succeeded in bringing in their large drove of sheep under the heavy and incessant fire to which they were subjected. Eventually the enemy was driven off, our casualties in the whole force amounting to six killed and twenty-six wounded. Lord Kitchener telegraphed to Colonel Galway: "Whilst the Commander-in-Chief regrets the loss, he wishes to congratulate the troops on their gallant and successful defence of the ox-convoy at Meerfontein."

When General Plumer's column reached Standerton on the evening of 27 May they found that the seventh New Zealand Contingent had left the town a few days previously, trekking to Ermelo, under Colonel Grey. Plumer marched out again on 31 May, the New Zealanders and other colonials being in Major Colvin's brigade, together with two pom-poms, under Captain Rotton and Lieutenant Wilson; a company of Royal Engineers under Lieutenants Alex. Grubb (of ballooning fame) and Merrick, a battery of R.H.A., and a field hospital. The column reached Haartbeestfontein by way of Springbokfontein, and delayed there to allow of the transport coming up. The captured sheep had proved such a source of inconvenience that many

thousand had simply been killed and left on the veldt. Major Andrew, with the left wing of the New Zealanders, meanwhile had a little skirmish round the convoy, and succeeded in capturing two of Commandant Smuts's wagons. One of our men was shot through the wrist. Captain Cameron's squadron came in for a hot fire next day, being shelled by our column, fired into by the supports, and at the same time exposed to heavy fire from the enemy. However, Captain Cameron would not allow his men to do more than trot out of reach of the fire, and, thanks to his coolness, it was soon recognized that the "Boers" on this occasion were merely New Zealanders. After leaving Riet Spruit, on 4 June, Colonel Vialls, with a force of New Zealand Mounted Rifles and Queensland Imperial Bushmen, under Major Andrew, had a fight with the enemy, who were threatening the ox-convoy, and burnt six farms.

Piet-Retief was taken without opposition and destroyed on 8 June, Louis Botha's forces having melted away from the neighbourhood, which had hitherto been his headquarters, on the approach of General Plumer's column, which had thus most successfully performed its mission. The New Zealanders suffered a sad loss in the death of Lieutenant Ryan, near Goedvenden, on the 16th instant. Lieutenant Ryan, who had often distinguished himself by his gallantry, was killed in a retirement from one of the too common "white flag" ambushes when the New Zealanders were acting escort to the convoy. General Plumer's column reached Utrecht in the last week of June, and after a few days' halt moved out again to join with Colonels Rimington and Knox's forces in a concerted movement against Louis Botha, who was reported to be in the neighbourhood of Ermelo. On the second day the New Zealanders formed the advance screen to Plumer's column, under Major Findlay, who, with Captain Cameron, succeeded in overtaking the rear-

guard of the enemy and capturing their wagons and a few prisoners. This, however, was not accomplished without some stiff fighting and a gradual retirement on the supports. It was during this affair that Lieutenant Mostyn Jones, adjutant of the Sixth New Zealand Mounted Rifles, acted with signal courage and unselfish endurance, worthy to be recorded among the bravest of our soldiers' brave deeds. In attempting to work round the flank of the enemy a heavy fire was encountered, and Trooper Baker was shot in the chest. Lieutenant Jones placed him behind a rock, and, sending back the other trooper to get assistance, emptied the wounded man's bandolier in keeping up a rapid fire on the Boers, during which darkness came down. It was nearly morning before Captain Markham, with twenty men and the surgeon, succeeded in locating and bringing into camp the wounded trooper, whom Lieutenant Jones had kept covered with nearly all his clothes through the bitter, frosty night.

The next few weeks were marked by nothing worthy of note, though no doubt full of exciting incidents to those engaged in the constant skirmishing with an enemy who appears to have been all through the South-east Transvaal both numerous and bold. The New Zealanders reported marching 130 miles in 10 days and capturing many prisoners and wagons; and yet the Boers at one time came within 300 yards of the rear-guard, and another day were actually shelled from the camp. From Chrissie, near Carolina, the column trekked south, camping at Klipdam on 12 July, after which General Plumer gave them a well-earned rest at Bloemfontein, where the ragged Mounted Infantry received new outfits and thoroughly enjoyed a round of the local entertainments, the Maoriland troopers enlivening the performances by an unsolicited rendering of their war cries. On the 23rd this indefatigable column,

now made much more mobile by dispensing with the ox-convoy and its infantry escort, and carrying only nine days' supplies in mule wagons, went on trek again.

Modder River and Poplar Grove were among their first camping places, also Paardeberg and Magersfontein. In the neighbourhood of Poplar Grove—the scene of Lord Roberts's famous battle—ten New Zealanders, in attempting to relieve the South African Constabulary, who had got into a tight place, were hopelessly outnumbered, but held their own in a donga against 200 of the enemy, within 1800 yards range, for over two hours until relieved. Thus New Zealanders shared in putting down the second attempt at rebellion in Cape Colony, as they had in the first.

In August Major Andrew took over the command of the Sixth from Colonel Banks, who had leave on departmental business. The contingent was fortunate in the possession of many excellent officers, most of whom had had experience with the previous corps of New Zealand Mounted Rifles—Major Findlay, Captains Tucker, Stephenson, Cameron, Harper, and Overton, to name only a few. Excellent work continued to be done during the next six months, first in the south-west and then in the south-eastern Orange Colony; and though the constant trekking told heavily on some of the men and many had to be left in hospitals, most of them, as soon as discharged, returned to the front. Though the constant driving and harrying of the Boers by General Plumer's column during these six months in the Cape and eastern Orange colonies was of the greatest value in the process of wearing down the guerilla resistance, and though the New Zealanders continued to bear themselves worthily in the field, the narration of each month's tale of prisoners and transports captured, or skirmishes in which individual officers and men distinguished themselves,

would be tedious, but mention must be made of the fight at Mokari Drift.

The Premier received the following cable from Major Andrew, dated 8 October, 1901: "We fought Kruit-zinger's and Wessels's combined commandos for five hours at Mokari Drift on the 27th ult. The enemy were double our number, but we prevented them from crossing the River Caledon. They retired towards evening. Officers and men fought well. Casualties already reported. The Queenslanders, who were also under my command, suffered heavily."

"Further particulars are to hand" (said the "Wellington Post") "of the manner in which Sergeant-Major Smith, of the Sixth New Zealand Contingent, son of the late Captain John Smith, of Wellington, and brother of Mr. J. E. Smith, of the Treasury, and of Lieutenant B. Smith, New Zealand Mounted Rifles, met his death. It will be remembered that Sergeant-Major Smith had been mentioned for a commission in the Eighth Contingent shortly before his death, and he did not live to learn of the fact. The "Johannesburg Star," in a description of the fight which Plumer's column had with the enemy on 5 January, says: "At dawn on the 3rd Plumer hastened on to the high ground east of Amersfoort; and next day he divided his force into a reconnoitring party, so as to locate and ascertain the strength of the enemy. At two o'clock in the afternoon 150 New Zealanders, north of the farm Nooitgedacht, came in touch with Botha's rear-guard, and a smart skirmish ensued round the farm, which was well protected by trees. The New Zealand scouts hurried forward, and Captain Jones made a dash, when he thought the opportunity favoured him, towards the farm. From his position, however, he could see that the Boers were situated there in overwhelming numbers, and although Lieutenant Mitchell came gallantly to his assistance the

126 New Zealanders and the Boer War

result of the fight was that Lieutenant Mitchell and three of his men were wounded, while Sergeant-Major Smith, of the A Squadron, refusing to surrender, was shot dead by the Boers at three paces. This brave warrant-officer had always said he would never surrender to any Boer. On being requested to yield, he replied that he had 'not come to South Africa to put his hands up to any Dutchman.' "

Christmas Day was spent in camp near Naauwpoort Nek, and as the new year began the untiring column found themselves again trekking across the Transvaal *en route* for Balmoral. On 5 January, at Dankerback, occurred one of the heaviest engagements Plumer's column had had during the war. The New Zealanders, however, only arrived as escort to Colvin's guns in time to join in the pursuit of the routed enemy. Captain Harper, New Zealand Mounted Rifles, captured three Boer spies in khaki. They then returned to Wakkerstrom and had a fortnight's rest, and were out on trek again till 7 March, when they arrived at Standerton, handed over their horses and saddlery, and received orders to entrain for Capetown.

On the day of their departure they were addressed by General Plumer and their brigadier, Colonel Colvin. General Plumer said: ". . . I shall not say much, except to tell you that your work has been as good as that of former contingents. You arrived in time to take part in the march to Pietersberg, the last town held by the Boers, and to take part in the last part of the first act of the war. Since that you have been doing good work, gradually clearing the districts and reducing the number of Boers in the field—the only way to bring the war to a conclusion. . . . Of those chances of distinguishing yourselves that have fallen to your share, you have made the most. You have been under my command the whole time in this country, and so I am the only senior

officer able to speak as to your work . . . and I think you can go home with proud feelings that you have preserved the good name which the contingents from your colony have had. . . .”

Colonel Colvin said : “ I must thank you all for your work in clearing the country, working night and day ; I never had a better regiment under my command. We owe a great debt of gratitude to New Zealand for the splendid way in which she has come forward, and you have the double satisfaction of having kept up and added to the glory of the good name which has been well earned by the New Zealanders. . . . All I can say is, ‘ Good luck and a safe voyage to those returning home,’ and to those staying, ‘ More honour and glory.’ ”

The Sixth Contingent left Capetown in the “ Cornwall” in March, 1902. As one of the troopers said, after twelve months inland the sight of the “ briny ” and the thought that they would now cross it to their island home was hailed with delight by all the Maorilanders.

The Seventh Contingent, raised to relieve the Fifth, consisted of nearly 600 men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Porter, a New Zealand settler, who, having fought all through the Maori war, was peculiarly fitted for the position of leader of a regiment in the guerilla stage of the campaign. The contingent contained many officers and men who might be already considered veterans in the South African war, some of them having risen from the ranks by sheer force of ability and courage (among whom a notable instance was Captain Coutts, who had won the Queen’s scarf as a trooper at Sanna’s Post, when in the First Contingent), and many who were to join in South Africa, having already served continuously for nearly eighteen months, so that it was expected by New Zealand to do even better work than its predecessors. It will be shown in this chapter that this expectation was fulfilled—gallant and

128 New Zealanders and the Boer War

excellent as had been the performances of the six previous contingents. The Seventh New Zealand Mounted Rifles sailed from Wellington in the s.s. "Gulf of Toronto" on 6 April, 1901, the sunniest and sweetest of all the sunny months in fair New Zealand. Little did the crowds of friends who saw those gallant men off from the Wellington wharf imagine that nearly fifty of them would never return to the country they loved so well. Immediately on arrival at Durban the Seventh were entrained for Klerksdorp, to replace the Fifth in Colonel Grey's brigade, which, just then being moved to South-east Transvaal, left Standerton, trekking for Ermelo, the last week in May, only a few days previous to the arrival of the Sixth under General Plumer. At this juncture Colonel Porter was invalided to Pretoria by a fall from his horse, and Major Abbott assumed temporary command of the contingent. Colonel Grey's column in the Ermelo district during the month of June was chiefly employed chasing convoys. This was by no means so unmomentous a portion of the war as it sounds. The Boers did not submit tamely to the loss of their ammunition and supply wagons. A strong rearguard generally hung about the kopjes waiting to snipe an unwary advance guard. Patrols of the mounted men were sent forward to draw their fire, which, as many of our men have remarked, required more cold-blooded courage than anything else they had to do. Supposing, however, that the wily colonial succeeded in surprising the escort, very sharp though perhaps inglorious scrimmages ensued. The first treat of this last description enjoyed by the Seventh occurred late in June, near the Vaal. The Mounted Infantry had a gallop of ten miles to head the convoy, and twenty of the New Zealanders caught up to it long before the others. Corporal J. Ashton wrote home: "We had a lively time, but the Boers could not get the wagons away on account of the

hot fire we kept up, while we, on the other hand, were not strong enough to drive them back. However, in the end we captured 10 wagons, 8 Cape carts, 800 cattle, 60 ponies, and 2 prisoners, while 2 Boers were killed. Two of our men, both of Dunedin, were injured, owing to their horses falling; J. Stewart had both arms and his ribs broken, and J. Karnie sustained internal injuries." This will serve as a fair specimen of many another convoy skirmish. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles and Queenslanders had been now attached to Colonel Garratt's column, and during the next few days the New Zealanders had a chance of a far more distinguished performance, being sent, on 22 July, with a flying column to attack General Smuts's commando, which held a strong position on the Vaal River. The Boers were only driven from this position, in spite of the use of heavy artillery at close range, after a steady fight of five hours—the capture of 127 prisoners and a large quantity of convoy and cattle resulting. In this engagement three New Zealanders—Lieutenant Heckler, Sergeant-Major Callaway, and Corporal Vercoe—rescued two dismounted soldiers who, at a distance of 600 yards from the Boer position, were exposed to the fire of over a hundred rifles, Callaway being dangerously wounded in bringing them off. Colonel Garratt, who witnessed the incident, recommended the men for honourable mention in dispatches.

Colonel Garratt, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, a cavalry officer of long experience in this war, and in high favour with the Commander-in-Chief, was a leader whom the colonials might be, and were, most proud to serve under. No grumbling, but only admiration for his tactics is to be found in the letters of the troopers whom he worked by night and day; for his idea was to surprise the wily enemy by night marches. How considerable was his success may be estimated by the fact

that for the month of July his record ranked second in the list of operations of all the different columns in the field.

In June Brigadier-Colonel Grey had cabled to the New Zealand Premier to say that he was extremely pleased with the behaviour of the Seventh Contingent in recent fighting, and that Colonel Garratt was equally pleased with the New Zealanders was shown by a remark he made to another Imperial officer, that "the mounted troops serving with him in August were the best he had ever seen in the field." This speech was reported by Major Abbott, who naturally was very proud of such commendation of his men and the Queenslanders who served with them. Colonel Garratt's column was one of Lord Kitchener's special mobile columns of picked men acting at this time directly under his orders. How mobile they were may be seen from a list of a few of the places stopped at in July and August, for one night only, by this column, that had started out from Standerton towards Vryberg—Springs, Vlakfontein, Wolvehock, Lindeque, Vereeniging, Kroonstadt, Ventersberg Road were mentioned in a string in the home letters. One march, made up the railway line, commencing at night and continuing all the next day, and covering seventy-two miles in twenty-two hours, was the record march of the campaign. Among other hauls the column made were 460 Kaffirs, presumably disaffected to the British, and 610 Boer women and children—the women were assuredly contraband of war in this campaign—all to be sent to concentration camps. At this time Louis Botha, with a strong force, had moved to the Zululand border, presumably with the intention of reinvading Natal, and forces were dispatched to head him off. This was the great trek to Dongola Bush, one of the roughest, perhaps, in the whole war. The column started from Newcastle on 21 September and marched through Utrecht, where the 17th and 18th Hussars, the Inniskillings, and Fifth

and Sixth West Australians were picked up; and after patrolling round Vryberg for a week, and finding the Boers both numerous and combative (as the New Zealanders experienced by the loss of several men while on outpost duty—Sergeant Dungan and Trooper Smith killed, and three wounded), met Louis Botha in full force near his farm. Three days' fighting ensued, and Colonel White (who had been in the Jameson Raid, and led the Otago New Zealand Mounted Rifles in capturing a line of kopjes) told the New Zealanders that it was the hottest fire he had been in since Mafeking was relieved. Colonel White won the hearts of the colonials by galloping back into the fire and carrying out a trooper whose horse had been shot under him. Here the Seventh met the Sixth New Zealand Mounted Rifles, General Plumer having brought up several columns for the attempted cornering of Louis Botha.

When the heavy shell fire of the English had at last driven the Boers back a general advance was made, and the force followed hard on the commando's heels along the Zululand border. The chase was a long one, and the country to be trekked over was so rough that men who had fought round Wakkerstrom thought that easy in comparison. After the column had blown up and burnt the small town of Paulpetersberg it had to be put on half rations. So small had been the rations of this mobile column that it now amounted to only half a pound of flour per man, which they were fain to eke out with some bran filched from the horse feed. After four days of this, in pouring rain with no blankets, the excitement may be imagined when a small convoy was sighted going east. A determined pursuit ended in the capture of this convoy, which proved to be part of that taken from Colonel Gough some time previously, and was most acceptable to the column, as it consisted chiefly of stores. In the Dongola bush country Colonel Garratt was very

successful, returning to Newcastle at the end of the month with a large train of prisoners, refugees, stock, and wagons—among the most notable of the first being Potgieter, of Vlaktefontein and train-wrecking notoriety. At Newcastle the column obtained a much-needed rest, while remounts and fresh outfit were provided.

It will be as well to insert here some extracts from a published interview with Surgeon-Captain Thomas Burns—the brave and well-beloved doctor of the First Contingent, who was with the Seventh during its first months of service, and had now returned to New Zealand, leaving in his place Surgeon-Major Gabites, of Timaru, who proved himself a worthy successor. On being asked his opinion of the Seventh on active duty, Dr. Burns said : “ They are really capital fellows. They have little or no fear under fire ; they can shoot straight, and, though hard riders, know how to take care of their horses. In the latter respect they have a considerable advantage over the Imperial troops, as they have a thorough knowledge of horses, and can get more out of their mounts. Our lads also have another advantage over regulars, and that is they can always be depended upon to sight their rifles at the first two or three shots.” These opinions, from a man too sensible to be blinded by partiality, cannot but gratify countrymen of the brave lads who risked their lives in the Empire’s cause. But no good qualities are without their defects. The resourcefulness and self-confidence and pride in their work which made these men from the Land of Independence so valuable in guerilla warfare had their drawbacks, as had been noted in all the colonial forces, in making them proud, lacking in deference to superiors—in a word, unwilling to submit to the necessary discipline of military life. This had been remarked by the Imperial officers of previous contingents, and, valuable as these troops’ services were when fighting was to the fore, it is probable that in camp

there was a great deal of friction that would have been obviated if the men had been less anxious to assert the colonial motto of "I'm as good as you," which seems rather a sordid echo of "a man's a man for a' that." It is to be supposed that even a colonial volunteer will admit that breaches of discipline must be checked; perhaps he will explain what punishments should be resorted to when the force is in the field and imprisonment is consequently impracticable.

The writer does not wish to be understood as approving of the method (common in the regular army) adopted by the officer who ordered a trooper of the Seventh to be punished by being lashed to a gun-wheel, but it is easy to perceive the difficulty which caused him to select it. There was a scene—the man's comrades cut the straps—Colonel Garratt was appealed to, and allowed the punishment so ignominious in the eyes of the New Zealanders to be remitted. The position must have been very difficult also for the colonial officers between their troopers and the Imperial senior officers; and one can believe that often they would prefer being attached to Imperial regiments to the trying work of attempting to control in camp the men with whom but a few months earlier, perhaps, they had been on a footing of equality. Lieutenant Harold L. Dickenson, of the Seventh (erstwhile one of the "Three Musketeers" of the First, and who was soon, alas! to lay down his life at Bothasberg), wrote home on 26 December from the camp at Verde: "... Not much 'chop' being an officer here now. Plenty of hard work, especially for the officers commanding a squadron, as I am; too much responsibility. . . ." It is pleasant to know that later, when in the field, this fine young officer wrote that he was "in love with the veldt and the life of a soldier," and should he not get his captaincy in the present contingent, he hoped to do so in the Ninth.

134 New Zealanders and the Boer War

On 27 December 100 New Zealand Mounted Rifles and 95 Hussars were sent out at midnight to surprise some Boers, said to be in caves in the neighbourhood, and halting in a thick fog to wait for daylight and for a company that was to join them, were surprised by 200 Boers, mistaking the sound of their horses for those of the expected troop. Many of the men were asleep, and were awakened by a volley poured in at twenty paces. A terrible scene ensued. The horses were stampeded and the men panic-stricken for the moment, but the admirable coolness of the officers saved the situation, Lieutenant Overton, in particular, exhibiting remarkable presence of mind, and in a few minutes the men were rallied. Some men and horses were injured in the first confused rush for cover, but a few of the troopers mounted and stopped the charge of the maddened horses, keeping them going in a circle till other men came up and caught them. A stand was then made, and the Boers driven off into the fog; and though numbers of the horses were shot and the men had bullets through their hats and clothes, to their surprise they found only one man killed and three wounded. No doubt the horses' bodies had saved them.

On 12 January General Bullock took Colonel Garratt's place at Welcomefontein, and a day or two after a patrol of 100 of his Hussars were ambushed by De Wet with 700 men. The New Zealanders heard the firing in their camp, and in four minutes 500 men were in the saddle and left camp at a gallop, returning with the rescued Hussars, after a stiff fight, it is said, in thirty-five minutes. The Hussars had lost four killed and nine wounded. Since leaving Newcastle in the middle of November the column had been doing "line of communication" work in Orange Colony, protecting the building of blockhouses, and making night marches after De Wet's and Botha's commandos of about 3000 strong. Two days after the

Hussars' affair they were relieved from the blockhouse work and proceeded to Frankfort. A sergeant, in a letter home, makes the significant remark, "These are great fighting men of De Wet's—they are nearly all British or Irish Americans." Colonels Byng and Garratt successfully executed a movement to prevent De Wet's intended meeting with Botha, on the 30th, in the direction of Reitz, and General Byng specially mentioned the gallantry of the New Zealanders and South African Light Horse. During this operation the New Zealand Mounted Rifles performed an even more important piece of work than that of their grand resistance before the end of the month at Bothasberg. After a night's march Colonel Garratt divided his column into three squadrons, and, keeping one in reserve, sent off two of them, the third, all New Zealanders, being under the command of Major Bauchop. At daylight the Boer convoy was seen about a mile away, and the New Zealanders gave chase, dashing across the veldt in extended order. After a hard gallop and a running fight of some miles they succeeded in breaking through the rear-guard, and, with the loss of two killed and one wounded, captured the convoy and De Wet's guns—one 15-pounder and two pom-poms, the very guns which he had taken from the Yeomanry on Christmas Eve. Colonel Garratt gratified the New Zealanders by assuring them it was one of the best mounted charges he had ever seen, and two days later Lord Kitchener personally congratulated Major Bauchop by telegram. The escort of the convoy had been driven on to Colonel Byng's column, and he had taken forty prisoners. A most tantalizing incident in this affair was that De Wet himself (at the moment mistaken for Commandant Meyers), attempting a rescue of his guns, only escaped by leaving his cart and taking to horseback. It may be imagined how this slip between the cup and the lip—one of the many slips of the slippery De Wet—

dashed the pride and joy of the New Zealanders in their exploit. However, as one of them remarked, it was "good enough for fifty men to have captured the guns with which De Wet was intending to blow a hole in a line of blockhouses which was then beginning to cause him anxiety, as well as his veldt-cornet, Wessells, and a lot of ammunition." Between Harrismith and Heilbron Colonel Garratt captured forty-six Boers, including Commandant Celliers. Colonel Garratt's column was now brigaded under Colonel Byng, with his column and Colonel Dunlop's, to operate in conjunction with eleven others in the first of Lord Kitchener's great drives.

Of this drive Trooper R. E. Burnett writes : " Since then Elliot, De Lisle, Byng, Garratt, Dawkins, Rington, and Rawlinson have all combined in a huge drive of the Boers into the angle formed by the Heilbron-Wolverhock railway. During four days' driving we were fifty-two hours in the saddle, and the last two nights were fighting all the night. The last night's fighting was something stupendous. Imagine flashlights from four or five towns all going at once, six patrolling armoured trains up and down the lines all the time, and above all the roar of the 15-pounders firing grape and canister at 500 yards range, the monotonous hammering of the pom-poms, and the Colts, Maxims, and rifle fire making an accompaniment deadly and noisy ; this being answered by a continuous Mauser volley all along the line. We lay all night—our hats full of ammunition—waiting for the inevitable rush and longing for morning. The Boers, luckily for us, thought our position too strong, but rushed the cordon about 500 yards further along the line four times, leaving a heap of dead saddled horses in front, but carting their dead away as usual. De Wet himself broke through the cordon, killing eight South African Light Horse and wounding another fifteen who were in his way." And Lance-Corporal Hatfield (son of

the late Bishop of Wellington) says : " The whole line was a sheet of rifle fire for fifteen miles." Of the next few weeks' work we have received few accounts, for it was too arduous to allow of much letter writing except from hospital patients. February 12 the record great drive was begun, for De Wet was known to be within the new cordon formed, and it was hoped by sweeping from Heidelberg to Verde to push him upon the block-houses. Twenty columns were now employed, covering a front of seventy-six miles, and enclosing so large an area that only a few men could be allotted each post. Of the last day before the fight at Bothasberg (or Languewacht, or Klip River, or Vrede, or Tweefontein—so many names it was called) Sergeant Conn (Otago) wrote : " We formed what might be termed the base of a triangle, driving the Boers into the small angle formed by the two sides. Information was received that De Wet, with the Federal commandants and 800 Boers, was in front of us. The Boers tried occasionally to get through, but were always driven back. These minor attacks practically tried our strength. As we advanced the Boers became desperate, and the cordon was gradually becoming smaller around them. We had only two days to finish it, and the enemy had either to surrender or fight." On the 23rd the men, in spite of the hardships they had been undergoing, were reported by their officers to be in great spirits, feeling sure that their chance was coming at last. The country was so rough that it had often taken a whole day to come twelve miles, and as soon as the bivouac was chosen and some food snatched the men would be marched off to the tops of high hills or down deep dongas for the night duty; and the officers, having to be constantly visiting these pickets, got little sleep. They were now eleven days out from their starting-point and two from their objective, so that the fatigue of all may be better imagined than described.

It was near midnight on 23 February when, as the troopers afterwards wrote, "the lowing of cattle and rumbling of wagons and voices of women" were heard, about two miles away, by the Otago and Canterbury men. The moon was obscured by clouds, and the pickets, consisting of only six men in each, stationed 100 yards apart, were napping in their overcoats on the damp ground (a sentry mounting guard on each post) after a meal of freshly-slaughtered roast sheep they had cooked on bivouacking, when the sentries roused them all. The officers in charge had all prepared and sent word to Colonel Cox (N.S.W.), in command of the pom-pom, with Rimington's Scouts, and in less than half an hour the Canterbury lads heard, across the deep donga up which some of the enemy had rushed, and which separated them from their Otago comrades, a terrible outbreak of firing.

C. Dunford, one of our wounded, wrote home: "The Boers came up behind 6000 head of cattle, and then got right up to the post in the darkness before we could tell what they were. Then we got it from back and front. I must say the Boers are very game; they came on us as if they were going to a fair, as cool as can be." Another (J. Frame) wrote: "The form of attack was very good; they rushed one post of six men, about 300 of them, with cattle drawn in front for cover, and of course succeeded in breaking through, as they had only six men to oppose them. Of these six five are reported killed and one wounded." Another continues the tale: "The Boers, under De Wet, Steyn, and Menie Botha, then advanced along the trenches in a half circle and poured a deadly fire upon all sides, which made our men's escape impossible. Although the odds were six to one, our men never left their posts, and what was left of them kept firing away till their rifles were snatched from them by the enemy. . . . Our casualties were twenty-three killed

and forty-five wounded, and the only wonder is that any of the ninety-five men escaped." Sergeant Minifie wrote : " When all our officers had been knocked over I did my best to rally the men and keep their pecker up. Most of us had run short of ammunition, and I found from the captain of the pom-pom, under Colonel Cox, that a case of ammunition was coming up. We hung to the position for fifteen minutes, and a good number of our fellows were bowled over. The pom-pom fired about twenty rounds or so, and then jammed. The captain of it was shot dead." In a short time the gunners were shot, and the gallant Sergeant Minifie, with a couple of surviving Canterbury men, ran the gun 100 yards and tossed it over the cliff into the donga, thus saving it from the enemy, before he fell severely wounded. The incidents of individual valour and still more courageous patient suffering, reported in letters, are many, and how many must there have been of which nothing was heard ? The acknowledgments of their enemy's courage and kindness, too, are such as only brave men make. C. Dunford wrote that, having been shot through the body and wrapped in his blanket by a comrade, and later in his agonies having rolled out of it, two of the enemy stopped, after asking if he were hurt, and, expressing their sorrow, wrapped him up in it again. Sergeant James Conn, an Otago boy, who wrote to his father a most modest account of his part in the struggle, after mentioning the casualties, said his wound was not dangerous, though his coat and hat were riddled with bullets, and added : " Now I have no doubt you are confident, after my explanation of the affair, that I am fortunate in being alive at all. There is a satisfaction in knowing that I have had a Boer gallop at me, calling out, ' Hands up ! ' and that his horse passed me riderless, the Boer having ' turned a seven.' " Of the Canterbury troop all the officers and sergeants fell ; two were killed. The little force gave a good

account of themselves before the enemy swept past them; for though De Wet and Steyn escaped by way of the donga, the stand the New Zealanders made enabled 778 prisoners to be taken, and 70 killed and 100 wounded were found next morning. That their losses were not heavier was accounted for by their taking cover, while they fired, behind the dead bodies of the cattle.

Menie Botha was shot dead just after giving drink to the wounded New Zealanders and preventing his men from stripping them. One of the wounded wrote home that Colonel White, after the battle, came riding along the posts and offered him "his gold cigarette case as I lay waiting for the doctor as patiently as I could; but I said, 'No, I want water,' and he put spurs to his horse and galloped off, and in a few minutes half a dozen men were going up and down the line with water bottles on each side of their horses." The pity and admiration expressed for them by their superior officers seems to have touched the men very deeply. The sight which met their eyes when day broke must, indeed, have been a sad one—67 of the New Zealanders alone lay on the field of battle, 23 dead and 44 wounded, out of 95 who had stood there in health and vigour the night before. Trooper Lytton Ditely, of Akaroa, wrote an account of the whole engagement of Bothasberg to his mother that is so lucid and interesting that I shall make no apology for quoting it in full. He dates from Harrismith Hospital, 8 March, and begins:—

"We were at a place called Tweefontein, about forty miles from here, and were, along with several other columns, engaged in driving the Boers on towards the blockhouses. The columns were spread out in a thin long line right across the country, day and night. Of course, we advanced during the day, and halted at farms selected for defensive purposes. On 23 February we halted about six at Tweefontein, and before seven were all out

on outpost. We built a sangar. I was on beat at half-past twelve, when, just as the moon was covered with a cloud, the Boers drove two or three thousand cattle on to the post on our left. Yelling and shouting, 'Hands up!' they charged right up to the firing line and poured in some murderous volleys. The Otago posts were captured. All the men were either wounded or killed outright. As soon as they had broken through the Boers changed their direction and came up the line of outposts, pouring in a murderous fire at close quarters into the trenches from the left flank and from the rear. The corporal on our post was the first to get it. A bullet struck him above the temple and laid the head open to the skull for several inches. He just gave a cry and fell into the trench, when another ripped his calf open. The fire was something terrific. The Boers were coming along the top of the ridge, walking along and leading their horses, and firing like the deuce. Bullets! They were just like hailstones falling on cabbage leaves. Some of them would strike the ground in front of us and whizz off viciously into the darkness. Bob Hardie got it next, right through the thigh, and then another one cut about half an inch deep into his thigh. They left four of us on the post. Almost immediately afterwards poor little Monahan had his thigh shattered. He just had time to cry out, 'I'm hit,' when he fell back stone dead, shot clean through the heart. He never moved or uttered another sound.

"Meanwhile the other two—Jack McKenzie and I—were pouring it into them for all we were worth. By this time the Boers were within ten yards of us. Two or three of them yelled out, 'Hands up! hands up!' Mac and I were now clear of the trench and were firing away all we knew. Then for the first time in my life I looked death fairly and squarely in the eye. Really, he's not such a bad old chap, after all! Bullets were

flying like hail. A wild idea flashed through my brain, 'Perhaps I'll get clear through yet.' Just then a Boer on a grey horse rode to the front. I remember saying to myself, 'One more shot before I die.' Then I up and let drive at him, pulled the bolt of my rifle open, and shot the empty cartridge case out, when a red-hot wire flew through my chest, and at the same instant somebody hit me on the back with a sledge-hammer. At least, that's what it felt like. My head swam round, and down I went like a fat ox. Up rushed a Jackie and pointed his rifle at me as I lay on the ground. I was as cool as a cucumber, and thought, 'I wonder if it will hurt like the other did.' A long, long way off I heard Jack say, 'Don't fire, we surrender.' I had fallen partly in and partly out of the trench, and the blood kept coming up my throat and choking me.

"By this time, of course, the Jackies were round us like a swarm of bees. I called to Mac to help me up, when, to my surprise, a Boer stepped up and, putting his rifle down, caught me round the waist and lifted me on to my blanket in the rear of the sangar; and 'the subsequent proceedings interested me no more.' The Boers took all the rifles, bandoliers, coats, blankets, and leggings they could get hold of, and then went on up the line to the next post. They took all the South Island posts, and very nearly captured the pom-pom. All the gun detachment were killed but one, and he, with some help from some of our fellows, rolled the gun into a bog, where the Boers could not get it.

"Daylight came at last, and, though I did not see it, I believe it was a terrible sight to see the outposts. Sixty-five of our poor fellows lay dead, dying, and wounded. Near us were seventeen dead Boers, and in a donga further over thirty more, and all along the line were dead and dying horses. It was awful. Oh, that dreadful morning! The moaning of some of the

wounded, the piteous appeals for water that never came, the faint inquiry for the doctor or the ambulance. Just before daylight a poor fellow, after hours of moaning and suffering, suddenly cried aloud in agony, 'Oh, my God!' Then I heard some one say, 'He's gone.' Oh, it was horrible! A fellow thinks some awful rot when he gets wounded. By the way, mine is in the left shoulder, through the left lung and out by the side of the spine. Of course, I bled like a stuck pig, and, do you know, when the blood was pouring down my back I thought to myself how nice and warm it feels. I was quite pleased to feel it running down, because I knew it was through the lungs, and I also knew if it bled inwardly I was a gone coon. It felt all right till the bleeding stopped, and from then till I was picked up by the ambulance about ten next day I suffered the tortures of hell. Every time I drew a breath the air, instead of going into my lungs, would go bubbling out of my back. Then I got Mac, who escaped without a scratch, to roll my overcoat up in a ball, and to lay me so that the coat pressed up against the hole. That brought a ton of relief, and along with the others I lay there grunting and groaning till the ambulance came. Do you know that, though I lay there suffering and bleeding for over nine hours, my brain the whole time was as clear as crystal. Only once I was a bit confused and silly, and that was just after I had had a bad turn, about daylight. When the Red Cross fellows came up one of them gave me about half a pint of neat brandy, and I reckon that stimulant saved my life.

"After that we had three killing days in the ambulance wagons over some deucedly rough ground, and got here on the 27th; and here we are yet, and likely to be. I'm in real good spirits, and though my left arm is for the time being useless, still I'm all right and doing well. There was a slight inward bleeding, and a little blood

has collected on my left side and causes a fair amount of pain. Otherwise I am in no pain to speak of. Of course, I'm awfully short-winded, and sitting upright nearly chokes me. As long as I lie flat on my back and keep still I'm O.K. Two have died since the fight, and one has lost his arm. The others are doing all right, and have gone down country. There are only five or six of us left, and when we are stronger we're going down to the sea. You can't imagine how I'm longing to see the sea again. We have a New Zealand sister here, and she is awfully kind to us. As to visitors—generals, colonels, majors, captains, and officers of all sorts have been to see us. Lord Kitchener was here, and personally lined the men up and congratulated them on the gallant stand they had made. The papers here have been full of praise for the New Zealanders. And they deserve it. I can tell you I feel proud to belong to the Seventh—they fought like tigers. We will be leaving here as soon as we are fit to move, and will leave Africa about 1 May or so. The sick may be sent back by the mail steamer."

When they got to the hospital the first thought of most of these noble lads was to relieve their friends' anxiety by making light of their wounds in the letters written for them. For instance, Troóper McLellan (who was in reality paralysed by his wounds) wrote: "Just a few lines to let you know that I am progressing favourably. The doctor of the hospital received a cablegram on behalf of my father, wanting to know how I am getting on. You need not worry, as I am getting on grand. It was during a night attack by the Boers that I got wounded through both legs and head, but you need not worry, as I will not be out on the veldt again, as our time out here is nearly up. I am getting one of the orderlies in this hospital to write for me. This is about all I have to say." A postscript in the same handwriting as that of the letter says: "Your son is getting on im-

mense, and he will be up in about a fortnight. He was unconscious for four days, but he is quite lively now. Don't be alarmed ; he has a jolly good spirit." The day after the battle, to the unbounded pride and joy of the remnant of the New Zealanders, they were lined up to receive Lord Kitchener, who, as Sergeant Conn reported, said in his address to the men : " I rode these weary miles to-day to tell you that I am proud of you. The large capture of 773 Boers, and also of many thousands of sheep and cattle, is entirely due to the gallantry displayed by the New Zealanders, who are all an honour to the little country from which you come. I am glad to think that the Boers happened to strike against you. You taught them a lesson they will not soon forget. They lost 70 killed and 100 wounded. I am writing home to your Premier news of your gallant conduct. Good-bye, men."

Sergeant Andrews wrote : " The topic in camp to-night is Lord Kitchener's speech. He said the manner in which we held our posts was an example to the whole British army ; and not even the oldest hand out here can remember another occasion when he left head-quarters and praised in person a column's action. On all former occasions he sent messages, always complimentary, but on this occasion he passed some score of columns operating conjointly with us, asked specially for New Zealanders only, and delivered his speech." " Such praise from him," wrote another, " is worth a lot to us soldiers." It is abundantly evident that even the independent hearts of the Seventh Contingent could feel elated at praises from their commanders, and rejoice when they saw tears in their eyes at the sight of the gallant men who had fallen. One of them wrote : " Colonels Garratt, White, and Porter were greatly cut up over our losses. When they viewed the scene of the fight in the morning Colonel White exclaimed, ' By God ! they are all men ' ;

and they have promised to erect monuments over our fellows' graves."

The news was cabled to New Zealand as a "disaster to the Seventh Contingent"; but though flags were hung half-mast high and memorial services held, and "the mourners went about the streets," the feeling was strong that we had more cause to give thanks that they had acquitted themselves like men than even to grieve that we should see their faces no more. Their requiem might have been the lines :

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

On 6 March Colonel Porter cabled news of the wounded to New Zealand, and stated that the regiment was on trek again, though its strength was low, only 280 being now left fit to take the field out of the original 580 ; and added that Colonel Garratt was assuming General Byng's command and Colonel White that of the column. April 7 Colonel Porter cabled that the column had been operating all March in Orange Colony, in wretched weather and on short rations, and had captured many prisoners. They were then on their way to Elandsfontein to meet the Ninth, as Lord Kitchener had promised the men after Bothasberg that they should be relieved as soon as possible. What a meeting that must have been between the remnant of the Seventh and their countrymen of the Ninth who had come to relieve them. What camp-fire stories must have been told by the Seventh, what wondering questions put by the others ; only Kipling could fitly depict that scene.

The Seventh sailed for New Zealand from Durban 11 April, exactly eleven months after their arrival at that port.

CHAPTER VIII

And now when the struggle is over, and our ensign is spread to
the breeze,
Be ours to join hands with our foemen in friendship, affection,
and peace ;

And the clangour of conflict and battle be nought but a dream
of the dawn.
Lo, a firm-welded nation ariseth, its people are fearless and free ;
They swarm from the South to the Nor'ward, they mine from the
Rand to the Sea ;
Their harbours are crowded with shipping—their trains on the
Veldt never lag—
One people, contented and happy—One Country, One Empire,
One Flag. ANON. (New Zealand).

TOWARDS the end of 1901 the Secretary of State for War made a remarkable speech in defence of the system of concentration camps, and an exposition of the substantial progress Lord Kitchener was making, and ending with the announcement that the Government was so convinced of the necessity of wearing down the enemy that Lord Kitchener would be provided with fresh troops . . . a call would be made on India . . . and, further, he had that day had approaches made for further colonial contingents, tendered by a "certain colony."

This cryptic utterance as to a "certain colony" caused much excitement when cabled to New Zealand, for the German press had roused a great feeling of indignation by the suggestion that the colonies had tired of fighting the battles of the Empire, and a mass meeting had been

148 New Zealanders and the Boer War

held in Wellington to protest against the aspersion; and now the New Zealanders only hoped that the reference was made to their colony, and that they might be first in the field in again proffering help.

On 11 December the Governor (Lord Ranfurly), when unveiling a memorial tablet to the old boys of the Otago High School who had fallen in the war, referred to the German taunt, and said he thought that a united effort should be made at once to pour a large number of mounted infantry into South Africa and end the war. On 12 December articles appeared in the Opposition and the Government papers urging our Government not to wait to be asked, as, for some reason, the Premier of the Federal Commonwealth seemed to think it necessary to do before sending more men. Some of the State Governments in Australia were urging the Federal Head to make a move in the matter, when a resident in New Zealand actually suggested in a published letter that the Government ought to offer to take any patriotic Australians in the New Zealand contingents if their own Government would not send them. On the evening of the 12th the Premier, in the course of an address, spoke of the necessity of crushing the enemy before they got through the winter season, and hinted at his approval of the suggestion of sending another contingent if his colleagues' views coincided. On the 13th it was announced that the Government had offered an Eighth Contingent of 1000 men, and the same day the replies sent by members of the House of Representatives, who had been consulted, were published. They were practically unanimous in wishing to make the offer, but the reasons assigned were varied and rather instructive. One desired that all the expense of the contingent be borne by the colony instead of by the Imperial Government, to show that it felt itself "as much a part of England as Yorkshire," and added that one of the greatest rewards we should have at the

end of the war for bearing our share of the Imperial burden would be that our people would be "thoroughly lifted out of the parochial or mere insular idea."

Another wrote that in his opinion "what had stood out prominently in this war was the unity of the Empire, the bravery of the soldiers, and the vacillation of the statesmen." He agreed with the old proverb—"The hotter the war the sooner peace"; therefore let more of our men go. A third expressed his opinion that the New Zealand Government "ought to make it pretty clear that they expect the Imperial Government to take into earnest consideration the question of bringing the war to a close." This legislator had evidently not read Mr. Brodrick's speech.

Another wrote that he had been lately of the opinion that the colony had done enough, and the Imperial authorities might be left to "finish the unfortunate business themselves"; but the sneers of Germany and the action taken by Canada and Australia made it "impossible for any person in New Zealand to think of the colony standing out."

Following on still in this strain, another M.H.R. wrote that "this colony must do as she has done in the past—take the forefront in the movement. It would never do for New Zealand to take a back seat in what it is to be hoped is to be the final act of the South African campaign."

This last candid exposition of patriotism reminds one irresistibly of the ingenuous trooper who, after writing a description of the dangerous and hair-raising operation of patrolling "to draw the enemy's fire," added: "Although a risky game, we are delighted to have our squadron called each time for it, because it 'narks' the others."

After this it seemed distinctly generous when (10 December) the "Sydney Morning Herald" announced:

"Mr. Seddon has distinguished himself in being first in the field with the offer of another contingent," and the "Australian Age" also averred that there was "a wisdom in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's and Mr. Seddon's offers that far transcended the physical value of any troops sent, and was an eloquent answer to a flood of vituperation and spite." Mr. Seddon's offer was accompanied by some candidly expressed opinions upon the English pro-Boer question; but again even the Opposition press of New Zealand upheld him, remarking: "Some people may be inclined to think that Mr. Seddon has rather gone out of his way in his rebuke to those politicians at home, but for whose unguarded speeches encouraging the Boers to go on with a hopeless struggle he believes the war would have been finished, and the additional troops would not now be required; nevertheless there is truth in what he says. In the matter of sinking all party differences and presenting a united front on the question of the war, New Zealand has been more patriotic than the Motherland."

The offer of the Eighth was immediately accepted by the home Government, and Lord Roberts sent a most gracious cable congratulating New Zealand on this further proof of her loyalty to the Mother Country, and congratulating the army in South Africa on being reinforced by an Eighth Contingent of New Zealanders.

Two days later Lord Ranfurly received a cable from the Secretary of State for the Colonies stating, with reference to one informing him that over 1000 men had volunteered in twenty-four hours for the Eighth New Zealand Contingent, that "His Majesty's Government warmly congratulated his Ministers on the splendid spirit shown by the colony, and thoroughly appreciated it."

Lord Kitchener, whose cordial words are always doubly valued because he is supposed to be sparing of them, cabled to Mr. Seddon: "I, together with the officers and

men of the army in South Africa, deeply appreciate the kindness and untiring assistance we receive from the Government and people of New Zealand. We shall be delighted to welcome the Eighth Contingent, which, I feel sure, will add to the reputation of its predecessors."

The contingent was, in even greater degree than the Seventh, composed of men who had been at the front already, many vacancies for officers and non-commissioned officers being kept for those in Africa who wished to join it; while among those enlisting here as many as ten out of twelve allotted to one of the smaller towns were returned troopers. The eldest son of the Premier, Captain R. J. Spotiswood Seddon, who commanded a company in the Eighth, went first to South Africa in 1900 with a commission as lieutenant in the Fourth Contingent. At Durban he received an invitation to a place on the staff of Lord Roberts, but, preferring to remain with his regiment, declined the proffered honour and accompanied the New Zealand Mounted Rifles to Beira, and thence through Rhodesia. On his arrival at Mafeking Lord Roberts repeated his gracious offer, and Lieutenant Seddon, being advised that it must be accepted as a compliment to the colony of which his father is first Minister to the Crown, joined the Headquarters Staff at Pretoria. When Lord Roberts returned to England Lieutenant Seddon, at his own request, had the commission in the R.A. which had been conferred upon him cancelled, in order that he might return to the New Zealanders, and was given the command of the Nelson section of the Seventh.

Colonel Porter cabled in September, 1901, that in the engagement of the regiment at Vereeniging, in which Lieutenant G. Leece was killed, heavier loss was prevented by the prompt support and coolness shown by Captain Seddon. The young soldier was then only in

his twenty-first year. He was invalided home, and, before returning to the front with the Eighth Contingent, was presented by his father's colleagues in the New Zealand Government with a handsome revolver.

A great point was made in the training of this and the following contingents of the necessity for strict discipline and orderliness in camp. Lieutenant Heaton Rhodes, of the Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry, and M.H.R. for Ellesmere, a very popular and respected officer, was assistant camp-adjutant, and contributed greatly to the success of the efforts made. His constituency, sympathizing with his desire to see service with a portion of the forces he had so largely assisted (with both money and time) to send to the front, consented to his absence for one session, and Captain Rhodes was given a commission when the contingent sailed.

Some officers in the Wellington Volunteers, who were unable to obtain commissions, went as rankers rather than be left behind. The Eighth left New Zealand in two battalions, the North Islanders sailing from Wellington in the s.s. "Surrey," 29 January, and the South Islanders from Lyttelton in the s.s. "Cornwall" on 8 February, Colonel Davies, of the First and Fourth Contingents, in command. A well-trained sheep-dog was taken with the contingent to help in the stock-driving, so often needed on the trek, the want of such dogs having been much felt at the front.

Major Andrew, of the Sixth, had cabled to the Premier while the contingent was being formed urging the wish of the New Zealanders to be brigaded together, and Mr. Seddon, having communicated with Lord Kitchener on the subject, and having received the answer that their wishes would, as far as possible, be complied with, hoped that they, with the Ninth and Tenth Contingents (which had been talked of before they sailed), might form a New Zealand column under Colonel Davies. Both

steamers arrived at Durban on 15 March, and the men were entrained for Newcastle district. They were greatly interested in glimpses *en route* of the scenes of the Natal campaign. The farrier-sergeants were highly commended by the colonel for the dispatch with which they shod the horses—136 in the seven days during which they remained at Newcastle. On 3 April they trekked to Konigsberg, and thence to Moller's Pass, in the heart of the Drakensberg Range. A drive was taking place beyond the mountains, and the New Zealanders were placed to guard the blockhouses and intercept the enemy, but none broke through, and after an experience of the roughness of the country, which made them appreciate the difficulties under which General Buller's army had laboured, the New Zealand Mounted Rifles were ordered back to Newcastle, and entrained there for Elandsfontein, where they took the branch line for Klerksdorp, where they were to be mobilized under their own Brigadier-Colonel Davies, late of the Second and Fourth. But near a small station named Machavie, on the line between Potchefstroom and Klerksdorp, the train met with a terrible accident through the station-master having wrongfully signalled the line as "clear." An empty goods train was standing on the line just round a curve, and the first troop train, coming down an incline, ran right on top of it. H Squadron, of the South Island, lost thirteen killed and thirteen wounded. I will not harrow the feelings of my readers—some of them, perhaps, relatives of those poor lads—with any picture of that dreadful scene. One lad, who fortunately escaped with a shaking, wrote that he and his unhurt comrades jumped to their feet and fixed bayonets, expecting to see the wrecked train surrounded with Boers; and then, amidst the sad work of helping the injured, the question arose of whom to blame for the accident, and the driver sprang up from where he lay, disabled

and blind—his face being absolutely caved in—and pulled out his certificate from the last station to show that the line had been signalled clear, and then fainted away. The station-master, a Dutchman, tried to shoot himself, but was placed under arrest, and on trial was acquitted of all blame. The killed were buried at Klerksdorp, and so much sympathy had been excited by the sad sacrifice of brave young lives that an immense number of troops attended the impressive military funeral.

Detachments of the Seaforths, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders and Royal Artillery, 200 Canadians, 600 Australians, and 900 men from among the regiments quartered near, 700 Boer refugees, and Generals Wilson and Barker, and many officers and civilians, were there (one trooper wrote, "They say it was a bigger funeral than young Roberts's"), while the Highlanders' pipes and the South Wales Borderers' band played "The Funeral March" and "Last Post." Little as can be done in such cases, such signs of fellow-feeling do comfort the mourners and bring some good out of evil in drawing closer the bands that unite all humanity.

On 22 April the Eighth left Klerksdorp and trekked west to assist in the last drive (as it turned out) of the campaign. Lord Kitchener had had several columns in active operation in De la Rey's country since Lord Methuen's mishap, and the capture of the Klerksdorp convoy. A second brigade was under Colonel De Lisle; the column of which the Eighth had the good fortune to form a part (brigaded with the New South Wales Bushmen under Colonel Williams) was under the command of Colonel Thorneycroft (the second brigade under Colonel De Lisle consisting of the Commonwealth Contingent only), and this operated with General Rawlinson's column. The success of the drive was cabled by Colonel Davies to New Zealand from Vryburg—"Four hundred Boers captured"—and at the end of May the

Eighth were again at Klerksdorp awaiting the result of the peace negotiations.

The whole force appears to have been under the command of General Hamilton, for a cable was received in New Zealand from that general expressing Lord Kitchener's appreciation of the results of the drive at Leeuwspruit, Bechuanaland, in which the Eighth New Zealanders had taken part. And even more gratifying to the colonies who sent the contingents was the message sent to General Hamilton at the conclusion of the operation by Major-General Maxwell: "I would like to place on record, as General Officer Commanding the Western District, my sense of the extraordinarily good behaviour of the forces under your command since their arrival in this district. There has not been, to my knowledge, a single case of conflict with the inhabitants, drunkenness, or disturbance of any sort."

On 2 June Colonel Davies cabled as follows to the Acting Minister of Defence: "Column is at Klerksdorp. New Zealand Brigade is with me. General health is good. Peace was proclaimed yesterday. No instructions as to the future have yet been received."

The sending of the Ninth and Tenth Contingents was practically part of the policy advocated by Mr. Seddon when the New Zealand Government offered to send the Eighth, and the popular feeling was so much excited by the ebullition of disloyal feeling given vent to by some of the Irish members in the House of Commons, on hearing of Lord Methuen's capture, that the Premier found he had the people with him in almost as great a degree in the raising of the last as of the first contingents. Nowhere was sympathy for the brave but luckless general more keenly felt than in New Zealand, where were many returned men of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles who had fought under him, and respected and loved him as all do who know his character as soldier and man.

156 New Zealanders and the Boer War

Lieutenant Tuckey, New Zealand Mounted Rifles, was doing staff duty with Major Paris on Lord Methuen's column at the time of De la Rey's victory, and was sent back to camp with the news, where, as he reported, it was "received with consternation and intense regret, for Methuen was idolized by officers and men." Long previously another New Zealander (a trooper) had written to a colonial paper defending Lord Methuen from the aspersions upon his conduct of the battle of Magersfontein, and I reproduce his letter, as the writer was an educated man, capable of sifting camp gossip from reliable evidence.

The yarn of a trooper of the Fifth Contingent, written after the escape of De Wet from Methuen's trap in the Oliphant's Nek, I give for what it is worth; but at any rate it is evident that the feeling of all who fought under him was that it was not want of ability or of care that was the undoing of this general. Another New Zealander remarked that those who blamed Methuen for making a frontal instead of a flanking movement forgot that his forces were so few that had he attempted out-flanking the enemy he must have exposed the whole line of his communications.

"It is, perhaps, not singular to find that many of the leaders of our army who bulk largely in the public mind away from the scenes of action are not those standing highest in the regard of men who have served on the veldt. Far be it from me to say that all that has been said in praise of our generals has not been correct. Most of the irregulars, if they have learnt anything, have learnt that the leaders of the British army are almost invariably thorough soldiers, and gentlemen in the fullest acceptation of the term. At the same time there are, of course, degrees in the esteem in which they are held. Speaking with some degree of knowledge of the feelings of the army in Africa (for the average colonial is an in-

quisitive sort of individual, and likes to ascertain as much as possible about commanders), it can be said that, leaving out of the count Roberts and Kitchener, who are more directors than fighting chiefs, the generals the troops most delight to serve under are the bulldog-like and taciturn Buller, the untiring and resourceful French, and the high-minded and never-at-fault Methuen.

“ It is of the last-named that I can speak from personal contact, and to justify one of the designations I have applied to him I must, as it were, clear the way, for he was pretty generally blamed for supposed faulty generalship at Magersfontein. I well remember the first meeting of the force to which I belonged with the column under the direct command of Lord Methuen. It was towards the end of August, and an all-night march from Ottoshoop by circuitous route brought us to Zeerust, where the said column was encamped. We had had a fairly good taste of fighting under Sir F. Carrington, and our then general, my Lord of Errol. Our uniforms were, in consequence, somewhat tarnished, nor was the appearance of the men at all enhanced by the wearisome march, occupying from just on dark till noon the following day. Yet compared with the veterans of the first division (most of them infantry) and the relieved Elands River garrison, who had been picked up and brought along from Rustenburg, we were quite spick and span. What a ragged lot they were, to be sure ! But how proud we were to fraternize with the brave fellows who had come through Belmont, Graspan, Magersfontein, and all the fighting about Fourteen Streams. And then we had much to hear from and tell our fellow colonials who had so gallantly defied the overwhelming odds that surrounded them at Elands River—but that, as Kipling says, is another story.

“ Naturally we were anxious to see the biggest general we had yet come across : equally, of course, having read

of mistakes having been made, we were anxious to hear how those set down to a particular general were viewed by the men who were present when the mistakes were said to have occurred. The common soldier is very much of a doubter; experience has taught him not to trust too much to all he reads. He can claim to approach most subjects with an open mind, and he certainly can be said to have taken 'cum grano salis' most of the hard things that had appeared in print about Lord Methuen, the old-time 'pride of the Guards,' and a general looked upon as among the very cleverest tacticians in the army. And what did we gather from his soldiers concerning him? 'Wait till you know the general; he has made no mistakes, and we never wish to serve under any other.'

"It was not long after this that, General Carrington being recalled, his Rhodesian force was split up, and many of us got attached to Lord Methuen's own command. We soon learnt to appreciate our general, and the more we saw of him the higher became our regard. Not only was he approachable, but he sought out his men, taking turns in visiting the different lines, showing personal interest in the welfare and comfort of everyone. Lord Methuen is scarcely ever mounted when on the march. His long, measured stride makes it quite easy for him to keep with his now nearly wholly mounted column and to tire out most men. It was not very often that he had a walking companion, it being a joke among us that the general had walked down all his staff; and when any fresh officer became attached and essayed to keep on the tramp with the chief, any of us were quite willing to risk long odds that the new chum would quickly be beaten off. When at any time the general was descried on horseback we felt it was time to tighten our girths and prepare for action, for the sign was a sure one that fighting was afoot.

“But now let me explain the facts regarding the great loss of Highlanders on the slopes of Magersfontein, as those in the column knew them to be. And who should know better than the guide what the orders were on the eventful night? And the then guide (guide no longer, but now, as a leader of scouts, certainly one of the most valuable men in the army of the western district) tells us the story. Let the truth be known. What, then, was the order given the brigadier? The order was that the position was to be assaulted, that the assault should be made in open order. The name of General Wauchope is held in reverence by all who ever met him, and his soldiers were devoted to him. Yet it was the keenness of the gallant Wauchope to make the attack successful that brought about the disaster. The night was very dark, and the position to be attacked a contracted one. Wauchope feared then that to throw out his men in open order until quite close to the Boer lines would mean that many of them would get out of touch and lose the position altogether. Such, virtually, was the answer given the guide when he first reported to General Wauchope that he thought it time to extend the men. So on they blundered for a time. When the guide again advised that the men should be thrown out, the order was about to be given when the signal gun from the enemy made it known that the assault had been discovered. And so the men, standing shoulder to shoulder, were virtually mown down. It was a terrible thing, but it would be wrong to say that blame was attachable to any one. It is certainly most cruel to allege that any order of Wauchope's chief contributed to the loss of Magersfontein.

“Oftentimes hampered with colossal convoys, the soldiers under Lord Methuen used to exclaim, ‘We have never lost as much as a biscuit to the enemy.’

“Methuen and Buller—the one in the west, the other in Natal—bore the brunt of the early fighting, did the

hard slogging of the campaign. The former was Kitchener's senior, and had the option of returning to England when the present Commander-in-Chief succeeded Roberts. At time of writing he is still, however, at his post at the head, be it marked, of the 'first' division, and likely to remain in Africa while there is any work to do, for his watchword is 'Duty.'

"In a pen portrait I read somewhere that Methuen was a model leader up to a certain point, but that he had not sufficient confidence in himself when it came to the critical moment. Just at that time it was the fashion to write disparagingly of our generals; the sketch, therefore, would have lacked the necessary piquancy, would not have suited the public taste, if some drawback to a leader had not been cited. The suggestion of a lack of confidence would be scouted by all who served for any length of time or have seen severe fighting under Methuen. These he has inspired with absolute confidence, and to instil this feeling a leader must have confidence in himself. As much beloved as 'Bobs' himself, and for the selfsame reasons, Methuen is the pride of his army—regulars and irregulars alike. Hosts of those of the lowest rank will bear in mind some little act of kindness received at his hands, and he will ever be fondly referred to by his African troops as 'Our Paul.' "

A Wellington member of the Fifth Contingent, then lately back from the front, told the "Post" the following story as to how De Wet escaped Lord Methuen: "For a long time," said the trooper, "we were circling round, backwards and forwards, almost always in touch with De Wet, but it looked as if we were afraid to go for him. After a lot of this work it became apparent that General Methuen's object was to drive De Wet into Oliphant's Nek, a pass that a handful of resolute men with plenty of ammunition, stationed on the Transvaal

side, could hold against an army. While we were doing the shepherding business on the Cape side Methuen was working round to the other end of the pass, where he stationed two companies of Imperial troops, with orders to hold the pass at all costs. It was agreed that fourteen guns should be fired at our end as a signal that De Wet was in the pass, and that we held our end. On Methuen rejoining us everything seemed to go as we wanted. De Wet and his column, not liking our stirring him up, turned into the pass; the signal was given, and every one was more or less excited by the expectation that the slippery Dutchman would be captured. He went in all right and kept going, and he passed out at the other end without let or hindrance! Once in the open, he was lost again. The revulsion of feeling caused by this disappointment was only equalled by wonder as to what had happened to the two companies at the outlet of the nek. Lord Methuen was so cut up by the failure or miscarriage of his tactics that he made no attempt to conceal his chagrin. It afterwards turned out that at the time we were driving De Wet into the trap Baden-Powell was stuck up at Rustenburg, and a general on his way to the relief of the town found Methuen's two companies, and though he was informed what their purpose was, overruled the officers and marched the companies off to the relief of 'B.-P.' What this interference cost the Empire it would be difficult to compute."

When the Eighth reached Durban and heard of what had befallen Lord Methuen, a member of the South Island battalion wrote: "A good number of us have served under Lord Methuen, and we are certain that his equal as a leader would be hard to find in the British army." Well might Lord Methuen say on arrival at home that the kind messages he received there only equalled those from Australasia. Before the end of January, 1902, while the Eighth was still being prepared,

a Ninth Contingent was offered to the Imperial Government, and accepted in a manner most gratifying to New Zealand. The men and officers of this contingent were chosen as carefully as their predecessors—again, like the Eighth, very largely from the number of those who had already been fighting. The physique of its men and the stamp of horses supplied compared well with those sent before ; and the hearts of all the 1000 men who composed its two battalions were as full of desire to serve their Empire and add to the glory of their “right little, tight little” island as any of those in previous contingents. The Ninth New Zealand Mounted Rifles left New Zealand in two battalions—the South Island battalion leaving Port Chalmers in the “Kent” on 12 March, and the North Island battalion leaving Auckland in the “Devon” on 19 March.

As Coleridge wrote :—

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did they drop
Beneath the church, beneath the hill,
Beneath the lighthouse top.

(The Taiaaroa lighthouse.)

But little luck, as soldiers view luck, attended the Ninth. Though they reckoned among their commissioned officers a V.C. (Lieutenant Hardham, late Fourth), and several of the keenest soldiers we had at the front were to join them in South Africa, the Ninth, as a regiment, was destined to see no fighting. Landing in Durban, the two battalions of the contingent were soon entrained for Newcastle, where General Lyttelton held a parade and presented the D.S.O. and other decorations to some of the officers and men. Colonel Porter assumed command at Newcastle, and moved the contingent to Elandsfontein, where the Seventh marched in on the following day, under Major Bauchop, to mobilize for their return home ; so that, when the South Island

battalion of the Ninth, under Major Jackson, had arrived there were over 1500 New Zealanders in the camp together. Here men were selected to go to England in the Coronation Contingent, and, Colonel Porter taking command of that, Major Abbott assumed command of the Ninth; and the regiment received orders on 10 May to trek for Vereeniging, where the Boer Peace Conference was then sitting, and where the Ninth was destined to remain, awaiting developments, for the next two months.

The dull time of it put through for many weeks together in camp by the colonials who arrived too late to share in the war ought certainly to be accounted to them for Empire service as much as any fighting. Trekking from Newcastle to Elandsfontein, and from Elandsfontein to Klerksdorp, or the neighbourhood of Vereeniging, camping, and being kept strictly within bounds for weeks; then trekking back again to Newcastle, and there also kept out of town, in consequence of the riotous conduct of a few—no fate could have been harder upon a lot of high-spirited young fellows longing for adventure. As they sat over their camp fires, enviously listening to the yarns of the “returned men” among them who had seen stirring times in former contingents, they would break out and howl the “Rum night” veldt chorus:—

Grooming! Grooming!! Grooming!!!
Always — well grooming.
From reveille to lights out,
It's grooming all day long.

Trekking! Trekking!! Trekking!!!
Always — well trekking.
From reveille to lights out,
It's trekking all day long.

Biscuits! Biscuits!! Biscuits!!!
Always — well biscuits,

etc. etc., *ad libitum*.

One cannot help wishing, as one reads the published

letters from troopers at the front, that one could have enjoyed the censor's privilege of going through all those in the mail bags—there must have been so many literary gems which escaped publication. An officer says that, when men of his squadron were all in the depths of disgust at the peace having deprived them of their chances of glory, a letter was picked up without an envelope and sent the rounds of the camp fires. In this letter the writer, a youthful trooper, described to his lady-love in far New Zealand numerous sanguinary engagements and hair-breadth escapes in which he had apparently been the principal actor. Falstaff was hardly "in it" with this hero!

Nor were the earlier contingents without their quota of Baron Munchausens. One officer will evermore be known to his regiment by the sobriquet of "The Burly Boer," in memory of an imaginative letter of his which his "best girl" had had published in a New Zealand weekly paper. In it Lieutenant —— had described how, out on patrol, he was separated from his men, when his way was stopped by a hirsute and burly Boer. The burly Boer raised his rifle, but Lieutenant —— got his shot in first, and his burly foe bit the dust, etc. etc. At daybreak the day after this luckless effusion reached the camp, as the advance screen swept out into the mist, a voice was heard from the farthest extremity inquiring, "Who shot the burly Boer?" Then the answer rang out, "Lieutenant —— shot the burly Boer!" Then another voice farther down the line took up the mocking chant with, "Who got his shot in first?" answered by, "Lieutenant —— got his shot in first"; and so on, the unfortunate lieutenant maintaining the best affectation of deafness he could muster. The colonial trooper had also a playful way of making ejaculations as any officer who had earned his disfavour passed along the lines: "There he goes!" "That's him!" "No, it isn't!"

"Yes, it is!" "What shall we do with him?" rang out from each tent as he passed.

Beyond a few skirmishes on the part of small patrols the Ninth Contingent, unfortunately for themselves, saw no fighting. Three days after peace was declared the sad incident occurred which gave to the Ninth New Zealand Mounted Rifles the melancholy distinction of firing the last shots in the great war between Briton and Boer.

The second day after the Peace Proclamation Major Jackson, the officer commanding the Ninth, rode out with several other officers from Vereeniging camp across the Klip River, some seventeen miles, to call on Commandant Smuts, in his laager on the Heidelberg Hills. They were received cordially and returned in safety. The following day Lieutenants McKeich and Rayne, of A Squadron, having received permission from Major Jackson, rode over to visit the same laager, but found that the Boers had trekked.

About five in the afternoon, on their return journey, when some thirteen miles from Vereeniging, a solitary Boer appeared in front of them on the trail, grounding his rifle, and making signs to them to advance.

The New Zealanders thereupon laid down their rifles, tied up their horses, and went towards him on foot; but Rayne, being a "returned man," had slipped his revolver into his trousers pocket. On reaching the Boer they found themselves covered by the rifles of two others, previously unseen, and had to throw up their hands to save their lives. Rayne, being able to speak some Dutch, endeavoured to explain that peace was declared, but the Boers replied only by insisting on their giving up their clothes. Rayne gave his coat and hat to the Boer who was stripping him. The man then demanded that he should remove the remainder of his clothing, and on his protesting dug him violently in the body with his rifle. Placing his Mauser on the ground, the Boer then pro-

ceeded to try on Rayne's hat, remarking jocosely that it just suited him. At that moment Rayne heard the other two Boers threatening to shoot McKeich, who had altogether refused to strip, and fearing that McKeich would be murdered, and exasperated by the indignities he was subjected to, Rayne drew his revolver and shot the nearest Boer in the chest.

Turning rapidly, he shot the next dead and fired at the third, shouting at the same time, "Run for it, McKeich!" McKeich, being totally unarmed, immediately ran towards the horses and carbines. Rayne, finding that his revolver had only three cartridges in it, and fearing that he had missed the third Boer (which afterwards proved not to have been the case), clubbed the revolver and rushed at him. The Dutchman, however, made off so fast that Rayne, failing to catch him, ran to the Boer ponies, which were tied at a short distance.

Meanwhile the Boer first wounded had managed to crawl to his Mauser, and now opened fire with murderous effect. His first shot laid McKeich lifeless on the ground; then turning, with eyes doubtless already misty with the films of death, he fired and struck down the fleeing figure of his khaki-clad comrade. Rayne, unable to disentangle the reins of the Boers' ponies, and now finding himself the object of the wounded man's fire, ran to take cover, receiving as he went the last bullet—an explosive one—in his thigh. A chilly day was drawing to a close and a bitter night darkening over the veldt when the desperately wounded New Zealander started to walk the thirteen miles into camp. To those who afterwards, knowing the terrible nature of Rayne's wound, saw the steep kopjes he crossed and the deep river of icy cold water he forded, this walk appeared one of the greatest feats of endurance performed in the South African war.

The following afternoon, the ambulance previously

sent out having failed to discover the body of McKeich, four squadrons of the Ninth New Zealand Mounted Rifles were sent out, and, forming a far-spreading screen, swept the country without opposition till, just as the extreme left had come upon the scene of the affray, and had found the bodies of McKeich and two of the Dutchmen dead, and the third still living, the flip-flop of Mauser fire in the distance told them that the right were engaged. Major Jackson felt, however, that in view of the Peace Proclamation it was his duty, the object of the expedition being accomplished, to order a retirement, and withdrew his unwilling troops, carrying with them the body of McKeich and the three Boers, dead and wounded.

* * * * *

As when a stream, long chafing to be free
 From narrowing banks that do its course restrain,
 From rocky islets' intercepting chain,
 And tangled overgrowth and drifting tree,
 Forth bursts at length from dull obscurity,
 And sweeps majestic through a boundless plain ;
 So have I seen an infant State remain,
 Long trammelled by obstructive policy,
 Misgovernment, official prejudice ;
 Numb'd by suspense and chill'd by mystery.
 At length free scope is given. I see it rise,
 Strong, active, self-reliant. May we see,
 Who watch thy course with loving, anxious eyes,
 Thy promise ripen to maturity !

REV. H. JACOBS (New Zealand, 1853).

One wonders what would have been said by the writer of these verses, the scholarly clergyman who was headmaster of the first Grammar School in New Zealand (the Christ's College of Christchurch), if he could have foreseen the fulfilment of his hopes for the land of his adoption within the half-century. With what thankful pride he would have watched the sending forth of our troops to aid in the motherland's struggle—the sons of those whom he had trained to be loyal to the old country, eagerly demanding the right to serve her.

168 New Zealanders and the Boer War

Early in March, 1902, it was decided to send yet another, a tenth, New Zealand Regiment—like the two preceding it, of 1000 men ; and by the end of the month two separate small contingents, one of Maoris and the other of returned troopers, were being made up to attend as invited guests the Coronation of Edward VII, and the Premier then decided to send them via the Cape, himself accompanying one battalion of the Tenth to the front. Lord Kitchener had welcomed the offer of the Tenth most cordially, cabling to Mr. Seddon : “ Referring to your telegram *re* Tenth Contingent, I cannot express sufficient thanks for the great help given and offered. There are none I would sooner have with me in the field than the gallant New Zealanders. The first ship of the new contingent (the Eighth) arrived to-day.”

The haste in which the Tenth had to be prepared was a matter of much regret to Major-General Babington, who arranged to send with them as far as the Cape Sergeant-Major Coleman, the excellent “ drill ” who had instructed the Canterbury Rough Riders at Addington Camp, so that he might give what further training was possible during the voyage. General Babington also laid stress, in his parting speech to the men, on the value of discipline, and the necessity for efficiency to attain real success as soldiers, however courageous the men might be—adding that, as he had had experience of the New Zealanders in the field—than whom he could not wish to meet braver men—he had no doubt his hearers would prove themselves as brave. And, finally, the General reminded them that if they did their duty fully as soldiers they would be doing their duty as Christians. The North Island battalion left Wellington under the command of Captain Tanner in the “ Drayton Grange ” on 14 April, and the South Island battalion on the 21st, under Major Pennycook. At an entertainment given the previous night by the citizens of Christchurch to the

South Island battalion, one of the speakers referred to a speech the Earl of Onslow had made in England, to the effect that New Zealand was sending her Tenth Contingent, "not in the first glamour of patriotic enthusiasm, but when the task of subduing the enemy had become dull, tiresome, and monotonous," and reminded his hearers that it was possible they would find that their going was not much more than a demonstration to show the European nations that the colonies were still behind the Motherland; but that even if so, it was a mission of which no man need be ashamed, though they would be disappointed if they might not have their share in the fighting.

The double event of the departure of the North Island battalion and of the Premier for the Coronation by the same vessel naturally caused the greatest excitement in Wellington, and during the commotion a large number of stowaways got on board. A good story was told of a returned trooper who, for some reason, had been rejected on volunteering for the Tenth, and, determining to go as a stowaway, put on khaki, and, being well set up, and evidently an "old hand," was actually placed on the gangway, with orders to prevent stowaways from getting on board. However that may be, it is certain that before the steamer arrived at Sydney some twenty-one stowaways came out from their hiding-places. One lad, in reply to some jocular remark, said, "I have more pluck than you, and have proved my patriotism by a risk you would not have had the pluck to run." Mr. Seddon, after threatening all with the terrors of the law at Sydney, arranged to allow a few to be enrolled in the Tenth, and finally provided the remainder with passages back to their friends, explaining that such young lads must not be left stranded in a strange land to get into mischief. It is this kind of fatherly thoughtfulness on Mr. Seddon's part that binds the hearts of

the people to him. When "Truth," a Sydney paper, made a scurrilous attack upon Mr. Seddon's speech at a banquet given in his honour, some of the contingent went to the office and broke up the contents board at the door. The paper then attacked and vilified the character of the whole contingent, accusing them of drunken and gambling conduct on the voyage—accusations which, fortunately, the chaplain was able to publicly refute.

On its being decided to send as many as 1000 men in each of these three last contingents, it was for the first time practicable that a chaplain should accompany the men, as this is only permitted with a full regiment; and consequently a chaplain was appointed to each of the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth New Zealand regiments, and accompanied them to the front.

According to the "Otago Witness" of 21 May, 1902, "while the Sixth was in Sydney Harbour, the notorious Sydney 'Truth' returned to the action of the Tenth, and on 4 May published an article that, for scurrility and downright abuse, could scarcely be improved upon. It will be remembered that it was a body of troopers of the Tenth Contingent that threatened to wreck the newspaper office because of reflections upon Mr. Seddon posted up on its contents board. Apparently, the editor waited till the Ninth were away from Sydney before giving full vent to his wrath; but on 4 May he appears to have let himself go in earnest."

The voyage was retarded by the "Drayton Grange" searching for a derelict Dutch barque, of which she had picked up one of the boats, so that it was 17 May before she landed the Tenth Contingent at Durban. Mr. Seddon's cable on the 23rd to the Acting-Premier, saying that "the South Island battalion of the Tenth had better hurry up or it will be too late," gave New Zealand the first hint of the war being immediately ended. The

Tenth was sent to Newcastle, and, as one of them expressed it in a manly letter of regret for the loss of all opportunity "to strike a blow for Old England," the Tenth, like all the other New Zealanders, were willing to stay if they could be made of any use, but feared they would not now be wanted. And so it proved, and the month of July saw the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth, with details of other contingents, crossing the Indian Ocean on their return home. Mr. Seddon paid them kindly visits at Newcastle, Elandsfontein, Vereeniging, and Klerksdorp, and some were chosen for the Coronation Contingent; but 3000 odd of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles were soon welcomed back to the shores of New Zealand, many marred in body or shaken in health, but many also only hardened and strengthened by contact with the hardships and discipline of military life, and fitted to be a wall of defence to these shores should an enemy ever assail them.

CHAPTER IX

Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world.
Fear not, for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

MANY of the sons of New Zealand were enrolled in the different irregular corps in South Africa, some through having been in the country when the war broke out, others having paid or worked their passages there from other countries, or from New Zealand, when they had failed in passing some of the tests for our contingents. Mr. Bennett Burleigh, in his account of the loss of Colonel Long's guns at Colenso mentioned a New Zealander, a Captain Fitzpatrick, who, with Captain Herbert, rode with orders to General Clery, and returned to the batteries during the action; and, finally, after Fitzpatrick had ridden out twice with orders, found themselves in that terrible "little donga," where the Colonel and others lay wounded and hemmed in by the enemy; and how both captains determined to attempt an escape, and got away, Captain Fitzpatrick, with the proverbial luck of the New Zealanders, absolutely untouched, Captain Herbert with his horse wounded. Another New Zealander, George Witty, of Templeton, was in Bethune's Mounted Infantry, and described the pursuit of the Boers through northern Natal, how the Boers had fled so rapidly that they left both fresh meat and cooked (most welcome to the soldiers), and sacks of bread strewn upon the Helpmakaar road, and set fire to the

veldt to retard the following army. How the enemy had wrecked the townships of Pomeroy and Helpmakaar as they passed through, but had no time to do so in Dundee, and had hurried on, leaving piles of boots and rolls of tobacco behind them. Again, Witty wrote telling of Bethune's march through south-east Transvaal, occupying in turn the towns of Wakkerstrom, Utrecht, and Vryheid, after much fighting, and of the satisfaction of the column in gaining a decisive victory over the Boers on the very spot, near Scheeper's Creek, where they had been ambushed on a previous occasion ; and later describing the hard time the troop had on the march from Blood River into Zululand and to Zant's Drift.

A few of the Third New Zealanders and the Kaffrarian Rifles were sent, under Major Canning, as escort with an ammunition convoy, to attempt to reach Mafeking, near Wepener, through Basutoland. The Basuto authorities objected to the passage of troops for fear of the natives rising, but offered to escort the convoy to its destination themselves. This was agreed to, and one adventurous New Zealander, disguised as a bullock-driver, contrived to get taken along, and eventually got through the Boer lines into the besieged town.

After a terrible trek of six days and nights, over very rough country in pouring rain, the convoy reached Mafeking, and the rest of his tale is best told in his own words. He says :—

“ From the hill on the border I watched the fight for two days. I was then joined by Lieutenant Smallwood, who had been cut off from his regiment some time previously, and who had ridden through Basutoland to join the troops at Wepener. After discussing the pros and cons of the situation, we decided upon a somewhat hazardous undertaking. We rode along the border and obtained the services of a native who knew the country,

and who promised to guide us down to the enemy's lines. We paid him two pounds, and when darkness had come on we started to attempt to reach the commander of the besieged troops at Wepener. Our guide proved to be anything but reliable, and tried several times to slip away among the rocks. It was a serious position for us, as we were in danger of being left in the hills, and when daylight appeared would probably have been captured by the Boers as spies. As a last resource, I drew my revolver and threatened to shoot the guide if he did not go on.

"He skulked along for some time, and at last we sighted the enemy's picket on the top of a kopje. At the sight of the Boers the unfortunate guide was sent into a pitiable state of fright. He implored me to shoot the sentries; but, of course, we knew that to fire a shot would be a fatal mistake, as in an instant the whole laager would be aroused. We threw ourselves flat on the ground, listened intently, and watched for the slightest movement amongst the enemy. By and by we saw the sentry descend. Here was our chance, and we again began to move, but in another direction. I was compelled to once more threaten the guide, and after a time he started off afresh, crawling along on his stomach, while we followed in the same manner. The new track soon brought us to the top of a hill about half a mile away from where we had seen the sentry. It took us fully half an hour to descend that hill, and after we had descended it we had to cross two miles of the veldt before we reached the river. We passed so close to one Boer camp that we could hear the men talking. They became aware of our presence. We heard the challenge, 'Vas dar?' We dropped down and waited anxiously, fully expecting to be surrounded and captured. The grass, however, was long, and the night was dark, and that particular sentry was not as keen as some of his

compatriots. He soon gave up searching for us, and after we had remained still for a short time we crawled back along the line we had come. When we had gone about 300 yards we made another effort to get through the Boer lines lower down. It was terribly tedious work. We crawled along for about ten yards, and then remained flat on the ground for a short time, and in this fashion proceeded for about a mile, never knowing when we might be confronted by the enemy.

"Ultimately we reached the river, about 100 yards below the bridge. The bridge, it may be mentioned, was held at one end by the Boers and at the other by the British, and we had to cross it in order to reach our lines. Suddenly looking up at the skyline we discerned three men. At the same moment, evidently, they saw us, and, to our infinite surprise, they ran for cover. I cannot account for their behaviour, except that they thought they were being surrounded by a force of British. When our guide saw them running his delight was great. Taking in the situation at a glance, and seeing that the bridge was clear on the one side at any rate, he sprang up the bank, gained the approach to the bridge, and ran like lightning across. Lieutenant Smallwood and I followed as quickly as our tired legs would allow us to do. When we were about half-way across, however, we halted, and held a brief consultation as to how we should pass the British sentry at the other end. We thought that it would be far more difficult to pass a British sentry than a Boer one. We therefore decided to take what cover we could, and to hail our men. We did so, and received orders to advance, one at a time. We were subjected to an inspection, and a few minutes afterwards found ourselves safe in the British lines.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning when we reached the camp of Brabant's Horse. All the men were out in the trenches, expecting a night attack, and the

176 New Zealanders and the Boer War

only food we could find was some of the Queen's chocolate; and you may be sure that the luxury was thoroughly enjoyed by us. When we had turned in, it is hardly necessary to state, we did not require to be rocked to sleep!

"After breakfast I reported myself to Colonel Dalgety, a cousin of Mr. Dalgety, of Christchurch. When I met him he was on the hill directing operations. He shook hands warmly with me, expressing his pleasure at the fact that I had escaped while coming through the Boer lines."

It is a pity that space forbids the insertion of the remainder of this New Zealander's tale—the story of the siege and relief of Wepener.

Corporal Williams, of Roberts's Horse, was in England when war was declared, and going at once to Capetown, was enrolled in time for the flying march to the relief of Kimberley, after which he was taken prisoner at Paardeberg, his regiment being driven from a position and obliged to abandon the wounded, of which he was one. Williams says: "I was shot through the leg. They took me into their laager, but fortunately I was not in the day the British bombarded it most fiercely. Probably if I had been in that day I should never have come out. While we were lying there, Mrs. Cronje, escorted by a couple of Boers, came along, and asked us if we would like anything. I said I should be glad of a biscuit, and she went away and never came back. She is a little woman, and looked very thin and miserable.

"The Boers are 'slim,' there is no doubt. They put a red-cross flag over us to prevent the British firing in our direction, and then they took advantage of the flag, and got about fifty yards nearer our men and poured volleys into them. I thus saw an instance myself of their abusing the red flag. I only saw Cronje at a distance. After spending two days in the laager I escaped.

I managed in the night to get astride of a horse, and went for all I was worth. The Boers heard me going and fired at me, but it was dark and I got off scatheless. As luck would have it, I rode right into my own troop."

George Rowe, a Dunedinite in Waldron's Scouts, distinguished himself by conduct so brave as to call forth admiration even from the enemy who captured him, and such a spirited account of the affair was sent by Cushman, one of the New Zealanders among the Scouts, that I shall quote it in full. "Captain Waldron called on his men to make a stand, a call which was promptly obeyed; but as we had no shelter and were greatly outnumbered, the order to retire was shortly afterwards given. To do so we had to cross the swollen river, a dangerous task, as it was covered by about sixty Boers from a kopje not 400 yards distant. Before reaching the river Rowe's horse was shot under him. Although stunned by the fall he had the presence of mind to cling to his rifle. Arriving at the river on foot, there seemed no chance of getting across; but a trooper, seeing him in trouble, called out, 'Get up behind me, Rowe; my horse may be able to carry us both over.' He quickly did so, and they were soon in the river; but the task set the knocked-up animal was too much for him, so Rowe, although still suffering from the effects of his fall, bravely and thoughtfully slipped off, and, clinging to the horse's tail, was in that manner enabled to reach the opposite bank. All this time the bullets were splashing in the water like rain, the wonder being that all hands were not shot. Here Rowe got another horse, the owner of which had been wounded, but had not gone far on it when he saw Trooper Kearns on foot. Kearns called out, 'My horse is done, George, and can't go any farther.' Without a moment's hesitation Rowe gallantly galloped over and took Kearns up behind him. After riding for about a quarter of a mile they saw some of their com-

rades in difficulties behind them, and bravely decided to get off and cover their retreat. For this action neither of these brave men can receive too much praise, as they were thereby throwing away their only chance of escape. Some Boers from a distance signalled them to surrender, but they decided that they would never do that. After firing a few shots a Mauser bullet struck Rowe just below the right eye, passing out at the back of his head; and a few moments later he was shot through the right arm near the shoulder. Kearns, although his comrade was completely disabled, still fought on, and would not surrender, although having plenty of opportunities to do so. After fighting in the bravest manner possible for some time he was struck in the right breast, the bullet passing through the heart and out of his left side. A few of the Boers then rode up, amongst them being Piet Botha, for it was that gentleman's commando, 200 strong, we had the bad luck to meet. Botha, addressing Rowe, told him he was a brave man for fighting so well. Then, after viewing Kearns's body, and counting the number of rounds he had fired (17), he said, 'The dead man was also very brave; and seldom have I seen men fight better and braver.' "

An old Christ's College (Canterbury) boy, who, with a number of other men, had worked his passage to the Cape from the Argentine in a schooner full of horses and cattle, thus describes their difficulties with the stock on landing :—

"On arriving at Capetown we started to unload our stock, which took us three days, as we could only work by night, the Government not allowing any stock to be driven by day. We had most ripping fun, and each night had an audience of about a thousand people. Some of the steers came up perfectly mad, and charged everybody and everything. Three of them jumped into the docks and started out to sea, and I and two others were

sent after them and headed them about a mile off, and got them ashore on the rocks. As soon as the brutes got on shore they bolted. We lassoed two and got them back, but one got away and went full lick down the main street of the town, we after him full tear. The first person the steer took it into his head to chase was a poor nigger, who was foolish enough not to get out of his road. The steer got him right behind, and chucked him about a yard in the air. The darkie let out such a yell that, had you been listening, I think you would have heard him even in New Zealand. The steer gave him two butts more, each one worse than the first, before we could get up. We then got the lasso on him and pulled him off; but he hadn't got fifty yards when the lasso broke, and away he went, slap into a fruit stall, and turned it upside down. No sooner had we got him out of this than he rushed into a backyard and sent a dog kennel flying. Here we secured him with two lassoes and got him back to the others, when we tied him between two of the tame ones, so that he could do nothing. We then took them to a farm six miles out of town and left them to be sold, and jolly glad we were to see the last of them, having been up here three nights in succession, working day and night. While we worked the bullocks the other half of the chaps were attending to the sheep."

Being then enrolled in Kitchener's Horse, he goes on to tell of the horse-breaking work done in camp: "Having got through this we went straight into camp, where we remained three days. We were awfully well treated, and I think very well thought of by the officers. Six of us were let off all drill, etc., and put in charge of horses, some 300 of which were in camp. These were all horses recently bought by the Government, and we had to try them all; and some pretty bad ones there were amongst them, many of them never having been saddled

before. However, we went through the lot of them, and so kept up the name of 'Ingleses Argentinos'! Besides these were three horses that they had had since the war broke out which nobody had been able to ride. We asked the captain if we might saddle them, but at first he would not let us, saying that several first-class riders had tried them, and all had come to grief, and that he did not want to see any of us come to grief also before going to the front. At last he gave his permission, and the three best of us got on them (I was not one) and knocked fits out of them. Two of them were saddled when it came to my pal's turn—a chap named Wedderburn. When it came to his turn he jumped on, bareback, and away he went, the horse bucking all he knew, but never moved him. He brought him back quite tame, amidst cheers. He is a tall, slim fellow, and does not look fit for anything; but it takes a good horse to move him.

"We left Capetown at 2 p.m. and spent exactly sixty-two hours in the train, arriving at Ensland at 4 a.m., when we unloaded our horses and pitched our camp. This camp is about twelve miles from Belmont and about thirty miles over the border in the Orange Free State. After getting everything settled up it was about twelve o'clock, and we were looking forward to an hour or two's sleep, when we were ordered to 'fall in,' and the captain came round and told us that ten men were wanted by the colonel. Four were to act as escort for the colonel, who was pushing through to catch the main body, the other six were to follow up with three wagons of ammunition, in command of which were a major of the Black Watch and a lieutenant of the Scots Greys, with a doctor of the R.A.M.S. The escort consisted of six Argyll Highlanders, six R.H.A.'s, and six of us, eighteen in all. Imagine this force having to cross the enemy's country, and you will see how absurd it was,

especially as only the Argentinians were mounted. As luck would have it I was one of those left to go with the wagons. Directly after we started I and W. were sent scouting in front, with instructions to examine every hill or likely spot where Boers could conceal themselves. Well, we started at 1 p.m. We marched right on till one in the morning, seeing nothing of the Boers, except a few odd ones, who disappeared when they saw us. We unsaddled (it was raining hard and pitch dark) and lay down to sleep for two or three hours. I had had no sleep for three nights, so slept soundly. My horse was as tired as I was, and the moment I unsaddled him lay down and went to sleep. At 4 a.m. we were on the march again, and at four in the afternoon arrived within sight of the Modder River. Here began our misfortunes. W. and I were again sent in front to cross the river and see if all was safe. Well, we went off at a gallop, and had gone about two miles, when we pulled up and were just going back, when we heard a volley. My horse got a bullet in the chest, and W.'s through the tail. Bullets over, round, and under us by the dozen. You can imagine we weren't a moment getting a gallop, but before we had got ten yards I got one through the thigh. It went clean through thigh and saddle, and lodged in the horse. The bullets seemed to be coming from every direction, and for at least a mile and a quarter we had to run the gauntlet. We had a most wonderful escape, and goodness only knows how we did escape. W. got off without a scratch, and his horse too. My horse, however, got three into him. I felt pretty sick, as I had bled freely. The chaps said they never expected to see us get through, as the bullets were dropping all round us. Up to now there had not been a sign of a Boer; they were all concealed behind rocks, but directly we got in we saw them disappear round a hill. We were formed up round the wagons and waited for them, while my wound

was dressed by the doctor. In about a quarter of an hour they appeared again in front, and made a rush for a hill about 1000 yards off; but we hit three, and the rest cleared and took up a position behind us. Here they had us on toast, for they were all concealed, and their bullets came pattering in, whistling horribly and knocking splinters off the carts on every side. We were being shot down without being able to return a shot. The man next me got two shots through his head and another through the jaw. Well, the end of a woeful tale is that we had to give in, and were taken prisoners. Besides the man who was next to me, the lieutenant and the doctor were shot dead and eight others wounded. Here ends my campaign as a soldier for the time being. Such are the fortunes of war and my beastly luck. My pals called me the 'disgraciddo' ('unfortunate'), telling me that I should be the first to get it, and so I was."

Major Lord Rosemead, while aide-de-camp to Colonel Hutton, so frequently came across old New Zealand friends or schoolfellows among the contingents in the brigade that he wrote a warm letter to the Magazine of Nelson College, New Zealand, to tell the school how well the New Zealanders were acquitting themselves, and sent a photograph of himself to be inserted among the portraits of old boys. In fact, the New Zealanders, born or bred, appear to have cropped up in every direction at the front. Umbers, a Dunedin boy, fought and was wounded in the Scottish Horse. W. W. D. Whitehead, of the Yorkshire Imperial Yeomanry, was killed at Swartkopjesfontein. He was a New Zealand mining engineer. Trooper Albert Burbury, of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, was wounded while on General Buller's staff, in the Lydenberg district. He wrote from hospital: "I hear that I have been mentioned in General Buller's dispatches, but I don't place much faith in it myself, for I'm hardly 'classy' enough to be taken notice

of, and I quite expect to return just as I came, 'a common Tommy.' Most (not all) of the irregular officers here know very little indeed, and now and again their men have to suffer for their officers' ignorance. I could speak very strongly on this point, but our letters are subject to the censor, so I must be careful, or it won't get through."

Trooper S. Vigo Danniels, in the Prince of Wales's Light Horse, was killed at Adamskraal; B. Sherratt served, till he died of wounds, in the Cape Mounted Police; J. A. Richards, who was shot on patrol at Krugersdorp Farm, was in the Railway Pioneer Regiment; E. Richardson, of Gisborne, New Zealand, got into the Canadian Scouts; J. Doran into the Sydney Artillery; Trooper O'Hagan, who was a jockey and splendid horseman, into the Imperial Light Horse. J. A. Holmes, formerly of New Zealand, was managing a mine in South Africa, and when it was closed down joined Kitchener's picked scouts (of whom there were twenty-five), and afterwards was enrolled in the Imperial Yeomanry, and was killed in action. A Christchurch lad (J. D. Barker)—a certificated practical engineer and student of Canterbury College, who got a passage to the Cape in July, 1901, and then was taken on by the Military Steam Road Transport Department for employment with transport steam wagons to Greenpoint—saw a good deal of the Dutch in Capetown, and later, on an armoured traction engine, of the operations in south-east Orange Colony. He writes in Capetown:—

"Every one seems Dutch here, from the tugboat skipper to the boatmen. The latter can't talk English as well as an average Maori. The disloyalty of the Dutch population, which is in the majority here, is an open scandal. . . . I am employed transporting all sorts of war material from Capetown to Greenpoint . . . and saw the Boer prisoners on the Greenpoint racecourse,

and my impression was that they resembled a lot of New Zealand ideal sundowners. . . .

"The trains are constantly bringing loads of prisoners down to the transports, and I rub shoulders with them, being a transport service man. The sight made me curse old Kruger for having caused such poor, ignorant, frightened old grey-haired men, sullen young men, and terrified boys, who clutch their elders with eyes wide open with terror when the steamer whistles, to leave their peaceful farms, lose fathers and brothers, and be herded like sheep in cattle trucks, and banished to a strange country."

In the English papers at the beginning of the war the traction engines—then a novelty of Colonel Templar's—were reported to be a great success. It was said: "Each one hauls three wagon-loads, and whenever one gets stuck fast another engine anchors itself some distance ahead and pulls it out of its difficulty." Being moved to Bloemfontein, and put on an armoured traction engine running east, our young engineer wrote: "The armoured trucks are rather heavy, so when the railway people were short of armour plates we put our trucks on the ordinary bogeys and made them an excellent armoured train. Lately we have been converting bullock wagons, by sawing off the dissel-booms (poles) short and fixing couplings on them; so now we can take a much larger load without getting stuck, while the load (mostly compressed fodder) affords excellent protection against bullets. I have had billets offered me on the railways, but the pay was miserable. Upon my word, New Zealand is a better country for a good engineer. Second-class workmen and engineers do well here, for they all get £1 per shift in time of peace, regardless of the fact that one man may be worth two or three of his mates."

In September he wrote again from Thaba 'Nchu: "Since

I last wrote my head-quarters have been at Bloemfontein, whence I was shifted here, and have been doing duty as engineer, or fitter, on an armoured traction engine train engaged in shifting mealies and wheat from Leeuw River Mills, which the Boers are closing in upon, a large laager being only about five miles off when we were last there. I have just escaped the Boers through my own 'cussedness,' a fault which, for the first time, has got me out of trouble. Two trains had left Leeuw River with mealies for here when our engine broke its big-end low press connecting rod cutter, which delayed us till I repaired it at the mill fitting shop, with the aid of a driver and the firemen. We had not had breakfast, so the captain in charge told me to get the Kaffir boys to boil some water for coffee. This I said was unnecessary, for we had some cold coffee. He just put his eyeglass up and said, 'Boil it.' He then took our escort and proceeded with the other train—and you bet the men had cold coffee. After breakfast we went 'eyes out' to catch up till we passed a British patrol of twenty men and a sergeant, who were attacked ten minutes later by 200 Boers at the place where we had breakfasted. They are now reinforced by Colonel Pilcher, and news is to hand concerning them. As there were only the driver and myself on the train, besides niggers, and we only had revolvers, we would doubtless have been captured."

In October he wrote again from Bloemfontein: "Here I am, back in civilization again, sent back like a blessed civilian, because the bogey—De Wet's commando—has been trying to catch us, and here I have to stop till the relief column has driven them out of Leeuw River Mills. The mills are owned by a gentleman who is said to have made his pile under the patronage of 'Oom Paul,' and become fabulously rich. He is now reported to be keeping in with the British Government as well; so you see it is possible to serve two masters, with tact and good

luck to back you up. However, he has now fallen in, so it will no doubt interest you to know how it happened. There are quantities of mealies at his mills, besides wheat and bran, which he dealt out indiscriminately to both British and Boers. Lately, when the troops occupied Thaba 'Nchu, a town about forty-five miles off, we made dashes out there and back with armoured traction trains, till things got too hot for them. One night the millers were entertaining Imperial Yeomanry scouts to tea when up rode a Boer commando to enjoy their hospitality, and of course there was trouble, which ended in the Boers riding off vowing vengeance. Now no troops are allowed the millers for protection, except our trains and an escort of about a dozen men for each train. This has emboldened the enemy, who have been coming round again. We have removed most of the stuff to Thaba 'Nchu now, so we may let the rest stop. My next trip is to De Wetsdorp, with supplies for the troops. The hard life I lead does not seem to affect my health, for I am actually putting on weight. I have to turn out at 5 a.m. and superintend the Kaffirs while they grease the wheels and cook the breakfast, etc.; then see that they put the brakes on when going down spruits, also that the load is secure, and that all bolts and nuts are tight, besides having to take the responsibility of the whole working of the train and repairs. I finish about 8 p.m., and roll up in my sleeping-bag under the shelter of a Kaffir kraal palisade or an empty truck and sleep the sleep of the just. One day one of the escort said: 'What have you got for our dinner, engineer?' Sometimes I get eggs from the Basuto girls. I pulled out a hunk of bully-beef, some dog biscuits, and coffee without milk or sugar—an appetizing meal for dry and dusty throats and cracked lips. He said, 'By Jove! we don't get much pay, but we do live!' At Thaba 'Nchu (pronounced Ter-banshee) we had to keep within the town boundary at night, for

there they fire first and challenge afterwards. The four months since I left New Zealand seem like years, for this war makes you feel that, although a unit in millions, you have a share in the unceasing anxiety and activity, which you notice even on the lonely veldt by the heliographs signalling your presence from peak to peak or by flashing lights at dark. The rumbling of guns at night, going to the front, the tramp and challenging of soldiers, and the rattling tractions are very impressive."

In a letter dated 11 October he goes on: "I have just come back from De Wetsdorp, where we went with supplies and ammunition for General Bruce Hamilton's column. A few days ago Commandant Pretorius, with a band of ruffians, sacked the town and bank, and we on the way back called at his farm to find the bird flown, but contented ourselves with taking his wife and family prisoners to this place and leaving the farm to be burnt. We also took about a dozen Boers back, who gave themselves up, and two officers, whom we took prisoners on the way—not bad work for two trains and twenty men, without a shot being fired. I got a fine black snake about five feet long, the skin of which one of my boys dressed beautifully, so on the whole it was a most successful journey. I often used to yarn with the prisoners, and cracked Ceylon up like anything, and one of them said, 'No doubt it may be a better country than this, friend, but we Boers think the sea is too deep.' I replied that I loved the sea and hoped some day to live on it, to which he replied 'Yah' in a most unbelieving way. We also talked about wool, mutton, and grain; and they were astonished when I told them that the English would buy their mutton and send it home frozen. Their only idea of irrigation is like that of the Egyptians—to dam up a watercourse and flood the land till the dry season takes the water off it. The Boers are a soft lot, and cry like girls when taking leave of their relations; and, to tell

the truth, I felt inclined to cry too when the lovely young wives, tall and shapely, with black eyes and rosy cheeks, glared at me through their tears.

“One would think that when peace is declared things will be quiet; but, mark my words, there is trouble ahead in places where the Boers are as ignorant and pig-headed as Kaffirs, and do not know how the burghers are faring. The beggars actually say that reports are subject to doubt, but the Bible cannot lie, so they will fight on, believing that Oom Paul is fighting down in Cape Colony. I go on trips into out-of-the-way places and see this for myself. . . . I start to-morrow at daylight for Wepener, via De Wetsdorp. I do not think there is much likelihood of a brush with the enemy, for they are not numerous enough to attack us this time, for there are two trains going, with a strong escort of soldiers on board. . . . As soon as a fight is over the niggers are on the spot to cart away the shells and cases; so I do not get much of a show, for we are not allowed to attack, only remain on the defensive, because of the valuable engine and load of explosives. The Boers are awfully afraid of the steam road trains, and will not attack, because they think we can chase them over the steepest kopje, and they always like to have a clear line of retreat.

“The country in some parts, in my humble opinion, would be a fortune to an enterprising colonial, for the soil is excellent, and irrigation seems to be quite beyond the Boers, who pray to God to send rain, which course, if not so efficient, is certainly less trouble. The stock is miserable, especially sheep, beside which the scrubbiest ‘cockatoo’ sheep would look prize-winners. In fact, it is difficult to tell a sheep from a goat, for they are herded together, and I often have to commandeer one for my supper out on the veldt. . . . The Tommies are a funny lot; they sell all their comforts to the Kaffirs for drink.

New Zealanders and the Boer War 189

. . . But there is one thing—they are brave men, although . . . I have passed an outpost where the men are as black as niggers for want of a wash, besides fairly crawling with vermin, and their clothes tattered and torn. Why cannot poor Tommy's life be made more tolerable? For the miserable life he leads makes him what he is. It is a pity the officers and men cannot hit it better. . . ."

"R.E., Steam Road Transport Depot, Bloemfontein, 9 November, 1900. I have just come back from De Wetsdorp, where we had a most exciting time, for we just managed to get into the lines with a Boer column and two pom-poms at our heels. The beggars had come to hold a 'nek' we had to pass through, but were late, so afterwards took up a position and cut the wires, fortunately after we sent a wire for relief, the De Wetsdorp garrison being only about 300 men and two 14-pounders. They gave us two days to fortify the stores and trains, for they expected, and would have had, help from another column, which was attacking from the other side of the town, only some men and guns were sent from a neighbouring garrison to shell them. When I heard the firing I borrowed the captain's glasses and went into the trenches, but it was very tame, just like an Easter sham-fight, for we did not get a shot from the trenches, the fighting being all artillery work. One of the Mounted Infantry, poor fellow, was scouting, and rode into a donga full of Boers. He received three wounds in the side, hand, and lung. Our men were unable to get him away, so he lay on the cold veldt all night, for the Boers stripped him. In the morning he crawled to a Boer farmhouse, but was driven off by a woman; so he managed to crawl to a Kaffir hut, where his wounds were bandaged, and he was taken to the hospital, where he died about four hours after admittance. The poor fellow was quite sensible, and told all about it after he walked

from the dray to the hospital. We went out and took the inhabitants of the farmhouse prisoners, and then burnt the whole place down. We took them with us in two steam road trains to Bloemfontein, when we made a dash through with 150 men, after being in a state of siege for ten days. One of the women thought she must hide her beautiful face from the Tommies, so she wore a hideous Guy Fawkes mask all the way (forty-five miles), which attracted great admiration and comment from them. One old woman, Commandant Foures's wife, was a regular old terror. She drove all the other women out of the officers' living-van that they were using, and when the captain sent his servant to fix a camp bed for her she abused him in Dutch, and said she would sit rather than sleep on his cursed bed. The soldier servant replied rather tartly. She pretended she did not understand English, but I know better by the way she sat up. I know enough Dutch, Zulu, Basuto, and Kaffir to talk to any of the Dutch people now. At De Wetsdorp my knowledge of the Scriptures stood me in good stead, for I used to expound the large family Bible to the family of a house near the stores. They asked me to show them who was in the right in the fight between Briton and Boer, as foretold in Scripture, so I turned up the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark, and showed the passage, 'There shall be war and rumours,' etc. The people used to retire to bed and leave me singing hymns with Katerina, she in Dutch and I in English, at the harmonium. Katerina says I am a good rooi-nek (red-neck), and she will trow with me after the war. So I said my father would me 'mak dood' if I brought an Afrikander vrouw home, so she wants me to turn Dutchman. They sent me coffee at six in the morning by a nigger, besides cakes; but I would not trust them as far as I could see them, for even Katerina used to try to pump me concerning our movements. One night when

the Boers were close a nigger threw some stones on the roof, so Katerina jumped off the music-stool, and I dashed for the door with my revolver, thinking that I was trapped, and the noise was made by Mauser bullets. Since then relations are strained. I am always thinking of you in beautiful Christchurch, with no dust storms, and plenty of food and water. How I wish I was with you. Why do men seek one another's blood like animals? Do not forget to drop me a line."

The sequel of this little romance turned out as might have been expected, the small brother of Katerina letting out the fact that she was engaged to a Boer on commando at the nek, through which it was hoped the British would leave the town, and that she used to "zit oop" with another Britisher, from whom also she had hoped to extract useful information.

It has been rather the fashion in some quarters of late to discredit the stories of the hardships and hunger of the garrison of Mafeking during the siege, but the following extracts from the letters of a New Zealand member of the Bechuanaland Police (named Edward Jollie) should set all doubts on the reality of the suffering undergone at rest. To his mother he wrote on 20 May: "I must write you a few lines to let you know that we were relieved on the 17th. No doubt you will know it ever so much sooner than this letter will be able to tell you. Tremendous excitement, of course, yet we can hardly realize it. One still has a haunting sort of feeling that it is all a myth, and that presently the bell will ring and we shall all have to scuttle to our 'dug-outs' again, while Big Ben fires. I'm sure if somebody were only to ring a bell you would see most of the people in the place immediately take shelter, and those who couldn't would lie down in the road; it has become quite second nature. Thank God, it is all over at last. I must say that I am no glutton, for I haven't a hankering after any more

sieges ; one will last me a lifetime. . . . My word, haven't we been hungry ! And often, too. We have lived to a great extent on the visions of the feeds we are going to have when the siege is raised. I expect we shall all make ourselves ill. Latterly we have lived on horse, donkey, and mule flesh. Donkey (fed on brown paper) we find more appetizing than either horse or mule. Horse is very tasteless ; still, we never seem to get enough of it. For bread we have a sort of biscuit made of crushed oats (with the husks), weighing five ounces, which was a day's rations for a man, with three-quarters of a pound of horse, mule, or donkey meat. They also started soup (horse) kitchens, etc., at sixpence a quart, and great was the joy of the man who got a piece of horse liver in his soup. Sowen, a sort of porridge made of fermented oat husks, was our chief stand-by, I think. It is very sour, and very bitter, and without sugar or jam, as we had to eat it, it was simply vile. We ate it with anything to take the taste away—pepper, salt, cinnamon, mixed spice, etc. Sowen is about the colour and consistency of bill-stickers' paste, and doesn't taste so nice, I should think. . . . I'm really so excited I can't sit still and write quietly, but must get up every now and then to look about and see what is going on. Our rations are not any larger yet ; we shall have to wait for the trains for that ; so we are still hungry."

And again, on 24 June, he wrote : " I have been most awfully busy since the siege was raised on 17 May. I worked day and night at the police accounts, which went back to October. I had no chance to do anything to them during the siege, as the work in the chief paymaster's office took up any spare moments I had ; not only that, but having precious little to eat (not even enough horse), we did not feel inclined to do much. By Jove ! we were a thin crowd ! Our greatest craving was for something sweet. The sugar we all gave up to the

women and children. I hankered after a tin of golden syrup, and heard of a man who had a tin he would sell for a sovereign. I went to buy it, and found he had already disposed of it for 25s. You could not buy anything eatable. The military authorities commandeered everything, and doled it out. The day of the relief I thought myself very lucky to be able to buy a tin (small) of sardines for 6s. 6d. Eggs were 37s. 6d. a dozen. Wood was scarce. We were allowed only one pound round per man. Fat to fry our meat in could not be had. I used linseed oil, so did some others, but it made some of them ill. Codliver oil and cocoanut oil were also used. Men made blanc mange out of starch and violet powder. I used to put baking powder into any dish we had, in the hope that it might make the stew, or whatever it was, swell up a little larger. The natives had a bad time, and were very skeletons. Often when I was paying them one or two would drop down simply from weakness. I have seen them pick up old boots, half burn the soles and heels, and eat that. They were eating dogs and horses that had died of horse-sickness, which either killed the Kaffir that ate it or else made his body swell up to huge proportions, when he cheated himself into the belief that he was getting fat once more."

When the Fourth and Fifth New Zealand Mounted Rifles arrived at Mafeking they said all the townspeople had a good word for Baden-Powell and Lord Edward Cecil. One of the Fifth (Frank S. Barker), having been left in hospital at Bulawayo after his company's trying stay at Fort Tuli, was attached to the Victorian Bushmen, and so saw his share of active service away from his own regiment.

Of the miserable time at Fort Tuli, from 21 September to 10 December, 1900, he writes: "Very short of food for last three weeks owing to rivers drying up, so that convoys were delayed. Allowance of a quarter of a

pound of trek-ox beef and one biscuit a day, with a tot of rum at night—doubled latterly to keep us up. Men would take pannikins to the river, happily clear, and fill up with water! Lay on back much of the time thinking how hungry one was! Much quarrelling about nothing. Had been placed there to guard Rhodes's Drift into Rhodesia—about 80 New Zealanders, 90 Victorian Imperial Bushmen, and 200 Yeomanry—and could not leave because of waterless country around. A patrol crossed the drift and went within a few miles of Petrusberg, and returned, being fired upon."

On about 25 January, 1901, he was allowed to leave the Bulawayo hospital and was attached to the Victorian Bushmen, and they went by rail to Majesfontein, in the Colony, only 200 miles north of Capetown. Thence they returned to De Aar to meet General Plumer, who was coming from Naauwpoort to join in the pursuit of De Wet. While awaiting him at De Aar, on 12 February, the Victorian Bushmen heard the Boers had taken Philipstown, about thirty-two miles north-east, and rode out to reconnoitre. Camping at night on the veldt their sentry slept, and they were roused early by the approach of three horsemen "galloping eyes out" toward them. These proved to be a 61st Yeomanry man and two of Kitchener's Scouts, who had just escaped under hot fire from the gaol at Philipstown, where the rest of the 61st Yeomanry were besieged by the Boers. The gaol was very strong, and the Yeomanry were having rather a fine time behind sand bags on the roof potting at any passing Boers. After hearing this the Victorian Bushmen advanced towards a ridge of kopjes which sheltered the town from their view, and very rashly one—Lieutenant Macdonald—and half a dozen men (of whom our trooper was one) galloped into a nek by which the road went through the kopjes, and as soon as they were well into it received a sharp volley from the rocks above.

New Zealanders and the Boer War 195

Frank rode a Boer pony which stopped dead, and then remained still, waiting for him (as he heard afterwards they always do), and he shot over its head and promptly resolved to lie still and sham dead! However, a few moments later he saw the Boers, alarmed by the advance of the remainder of the troop, running down the back of the kopje and taking to their horses. He at once sat up and joined his companions in blazing after them as they galloped away towards the town. The patrol then waited till Henniker's column arrived with guns and took Philipstown.

This trooper served with the Victorian Bushmen during all Plumer's chase after De Wet, in which the Second and Third New Zealand Mounted Rifles were engaged.

CHAPTER X

A threefold cord is not easily broken.

“AND so the war is over,” we say, with a long-drawn breath, and begin to look back and endeavour to take it in as a whole, and forward to consider the effect it will have on the future of the Empire it has so tried—we will not say shaken, for the trial has but proved how firm the Empire stands on its foundations.

We, in our little part of that Empire, the Britain of the South, must weigh, too, what the consequences of our share in the struggle will be to the national life of this colony. What, to begin with, will be the answer to the question of whether our young men will be the better or the worse for their experience of the exciting life of a soldier in the field ?

Will it unsettle and spoil them for the humdrum of ordinary life ? It is difficult to say ; but as it is said by the wise that few things are better for individuals than occasional breaks in the sequence of their lives, we may surely hope that this may prove true both for the individuals in this case, and for the nation.

Colonials generally are credited with the desire to see the world, and with keeping an open mind for fresh ideas, so surely our young men should have benefited by their months in South Africa, in the midst of surroundings so utterly foreign to anything they had previously known. The discipline of military life, too, should have left its mark in added power of self-restraint, and comprehen-

sion of the necessity of self-denial in the successful co-operation of bodies of men.

Lord Kitchener, in his farewell message to the troops in South Africa, paid a tribute to "the army's endurance and humanity—which was well known to their quondam enemies, many of whom, while fighting to a finish, expressed a hope to serve in the British Army." And must it not have done good to our young men to witness those noble modes of humanity and patience by which the English have finally won over our friend the enemy to acknowledge his defeat?

At the time when the foreign press seemed almost unanimous in heaping reproach and insult upon the British conduct of the war, a most remarkable article appeared in the Hungarian Ministerial Journal by a well-known Hungarian *littérateur*. Monsieur Andreas de Kozma wrote with enthusiasm of the "splendid dignity" with which England sustained her reverses, saying: "Whenever I read of fresh defeats for England, and thereafter how England, the British Isles, and the English of the whole globe, bear these blows of fortune, I am reminded of an old joke. 'What is an impossibility?' it was asked; and the reply was, 'An impossibility is to run with dignity after a hat that has been blown off by a gust of wind.' Now this impossibility no longer exists. The English have been running after their hat, and in vain, for the last three years, and the extraordinary thing is that never has the Englishman maintained his dignity so completely as during the tragicomical South African chase." Must it not be an inestimable benefit for the colonies to have shared in the dignity of strength exhibited? Some of us in our anxiety to see England avoid the fatal weaknesses of past dealings with the Boers, and having, perhaps rashly, urged sterner measures than those resorted to in the present, may be given pause by this aspect of the case

—a bystander's view of England's patience and moderation—and consider whether even the defeated enemy may not be magnanimous enough to appreciate the forbearance of the strong—now that the strength has been fully proved. And may not our volunteers have gained something by witnessing this “splendid dignity”? We trust they have minds open to such impressions.

As to the continental supposition that we were sending our refuse population to get rid of it—“the scum of the earth”—as a matter of fact our “bad eggs” preferred to remain at home, even if the recruiting boards would have passed them. Though this is not to say but that the war may have given many a lad with the fighting blood of his ancestors running in veins fresh charged by the exhilarating atmosphere of a new country a chance of a worthy vent for his energies—of a career which his father may have thrown away in the Old Land. New Zealand has not many “*mauvais sujets*,” and those to be met with will generally be found to be importations.

There are institutions for the care and training of the children of vicious parents. From out of these excellent homes the State places the lads at sea, or in other occupations likely to keep them from evil associates. How well these sons of the State turn out may be seen by extracts from letters received by the master of Burnham Industrial School in Canterbury. One (probably an erstwhile school runaway) wrote at the end of his first year before the mast: “You remember that I lost my character in New Zealand, and now I have started a sailor's life and worked up again, and now I am the happy owner of a good character once more. To tell the truth, I would sooner die than lose it.” Another writes proudly of all he has learned at Chatham, where he has just been passed as a trained man, but happy as he is he says—in regard to climate—“that England is

a dungeon compared with New Zealand." Several are stokers in the British Navy, and one of them wrote : " We have to know nearly as much as an engineer about the engine-room and stokehole, and about as much as a boatswain of seamanship." Is not this State child grasping the idea of the " dignity of labour " ?

Most end their letters with messages of love to the school. One of the Burnham lads who got to South Africa in the Commonwealth Contingent gives a vivid glimpse into the last throes of the war. " I think it will not last long," he says, " I am giving it two months to the finish. They are surrendering in hundreds every day. Some of them have not got a stitch of clothes to their backs, and they are making trousers and coats out of blankets and leather, and living on biltong and maize. They have nothing to drink except muddy water that dead horses are lying in. It is something dreadful watching the poor beggars coming into camp with their hands up. We are having a very rough time of it ourselves. Had two nights' sleep, and the rest of them we are trekking, and plenty of fighting all the way."

So, you see, even the State-reared lad had magnanimity enough to feel for the enemy. And what did the enemy think of our boys ? When first colonials from over the sea came to South Africa the Boers were supposed to be particularly bitter against them, which idea probably gave rise to the following somewhat apocryphal anecdote, told by a visitor from an irregular corps. " When a corporal," he says, " I was in charge of four men who were escorting five rebels to camp. I had often told our men not to say anything about New Zealand after Lord Kitchener's proclamation of 15 August, 1901, and De Wet's answer as to shooting all colonials on sight. However, as I was urging one of the captives on a bit, one of our party asked some questions about New Zealand. The Boer, on hearing the name, turned

to me, and with a glance of deadly hate said in a low voice, 'Dat New Zealand ! If there had not been such a place this war would have had a different ending.' ” And this tall story was immortalized in the following verses :—

DOSE MAORILANDERS

We have heard of mighty nations,
 Always ready for a row ;
 We have heard of dose legations,
 Stormed by the rampant Chow ;
 We have seen our Boers a-runnin'
 From der khaki seen afar ;
 But, I say, we ain'd as cunnin'
 As dose Maorilanders are !

We have heard the whiskered Yankee,
 With his new invention tales ;
 We have seen the cornstalk lanky
 From the plains of New South Wales ;
 We have seen the 'Stralian drinkin'
 From his flowin' whisky jar—
 But they're noddin like, I'm thinkin',
 What dose Maorilanders are !

We have seen ole Kiplin' writin'
 Of his noble Fuzzy Wuz,
 An' the way he does his fightin',
 An' the way the Burmese does ;
 When they're fighting o'er the ocean,
 Of the Tommy and the Tar ;
 But dose blacks ain'd got a notion
 What dose Maorilanders are !

We have seen the cowboys ridin'
 An' a-herdin' on the plains,
 An' the city men a-stridin'
 For the early mornin' trains ;
 We have seen the street boy catch on
 To the overcrowded car—
 But I guess dey ain'd a patch on
 What dose Maorilanders are !—E. L. E.

But, as a matter of fact, the Australasians seem to have got on particularly well with the Boers whenever they became closely acquainted, whether as captives and captors, or otherwise—and this in spite of, or per-

haps because of, the respect won by the fighting qualities of the colonials. On one occasion during an armistice the Dutch doctor of a Boer ambulance got into conversation with one of the troopers, and remarked that his countrymen "much preferred the Australians and New Zealanders to the Englishmen." They "would like to see them settled in the country after the war was over." He invited the trooper over to the wagon to have a nip of whisky, "but, thinking it wiser to be sure than sorry," the trooper refused reluctantly. On another occasion a trooper says: "The Boer prisoners who are in camp (a goodly number) have a high opinion of the British colonial as a fighting man. He is a splendid shot, they say, and has an unpleasant habit of getting right in their way where least expected; and he is quite as good, if not better, in the guerilla mode of warfare which they practise. Moreover, when they do manage to spring a surprise on him the odds are that he will fix that terribly shiny bayonet of his, and promptly turn the tables with a blackguard charge into their midst. All this is highly disconcerting to them, but they also complain bitterly that they cannot get a decent shot at him while exchanging military compliments from kopje to kopje. He won't show himself like the Tommy, whose head can be distinctly seen as he bobs up and down taking a look round, but he keeps behind cover, where he plugs away with deadly intention, and the hills might be deserted for all that can be seen of him."

Altogether, it seems as if the bitterness of feeling on the part of the Dutch has been much exaggerated. When a prisoner of war speaks as Mr. Philip Pienaar does, in his interesting and amusing book, "With Steyn and De Wet," of our highest decoration for valour as "that priceless bit of bronze, the V.C.," and again quite unconsciously quotes our literature ("The Charge of the Light Brigade") as inspiring his own courage in a night

attack, one must think that the race hatred so much talked of cannot be ineradicable. But before recording the good word of our new fellow-subjects, we should perhaps have cited the commendations bestowed on the New Zealanders by their commanders in the field. Above all, of the many official praises bestowed by Lord Roberts, in orders or by cable, we must prize these words written by him in a letter to a relation in New Zealand : " Army head-quarters, Vaal River, 25 May, 1900. You will hear all about the war from the men of the New Zealand Contingents when they return home. They have done admirably, and make wonderfully good mounted infantry, the branch of the service which has most to do against an enemy like the Boers. You may all well be proud of the fine fellows sent from New Zealand." Then he adds as a postscript : " I am greatly struck by the intelligence and gentlemanly appearance of the men who have come from New Zealand and Australia, and it delights me to think that they are fighting for the Old Country."

It is curious to see how differently the same men strike various people. Lord Roberts is struck by the gentlemanly appearance of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, Conan Doyle was struck only by " the touch of Maori in the features of the dark New Zealanders." Certainly it is true that several of our New Zealand Mounted Rifles were half-castes, who in right of their father's name bore arms as Britons ; but many of such men have as good a carriage and manner as any pure European. Truly, there was room for differing impressions to be made, for very diverse were our troopers. A correspondent wrote : " There are new station managers up the country, because the boss has gone to the wars. There are senior partners in the cities who are working ' double shifts ' because ' my junior, Sergeant —, is out with the contingent, don't you know.' I met a

corporal of the Yeomanry at Beira, who anxiously inquired the price of Main Reefs, because he had a few thousand invested in them."

The writer knew a trooper at the front with the New Zealand Mounted Rifles who, having seen the quotations in a London paper, became so anxious about his wool clip that he went to the commanding officer and modestly requested that a cable from him desiring his broker to "hold" his wool might go with the official cables, as he had no cash in hand to pay for it. His request was refused indignantly, but, nothing daunted, he proffered it again, and yet again, till the commanding officer, wearied by his importunity, did as he was asked. Out of the many warmly expressed cablegrams to our Government from the usually undemonstrative Lord Kitchener we may select the following: "Seddon, New Zealand. Harrismith, 1 March. Have just seen the Seventh Contingent New Zealanders and congratulated them on the extremely gallant manner in which they held a position when attacked by De Wet on the night of February 24. Wounded are in hospital; are all doing well and in good spirits.—Kitchener."

In this connection it is interesting to note that the New Zealanders do not seem to have found Lord Kitchener at all the unapproachable being that it has been the fashion to believe him. One Australian trooper gave the usual bogey-man description, saying that he "looked like a man you would not care to run into in a dark passage"; but a New Zealander whom Lord Kitchener addressed after Bothasberg said he had "a nice familiar way with him." Another told of his visit to them in the hospital, and of his kind speeches; and a third, who met him before the drive was resumed, said that Lord Kitchener stopped him, saying, "Are you a New Zealander?" and added, "Well, get a good rest, and then we'll get at 'em again."

And Captain Tucker gave a very pleasant impression of his first meeting with the great man, which took place shortly after his arrival at the front. Tucker was "sitting in a railway carriage enjoying a pipe, and awaiting orders, when an ordinary-looking sort of man came along the line." He was in khaki, and the New Zealander noticed a rent in his coat had been patched. The stranger wore no stars, nor distinguishing badges of any kind, and did not look specially impressive. Pausing in front of the young officer, he asked, "Colonial?" "Yes," was the reply. "Which?" "Third New Zealand," replied the Canterbury man in a casual sort of way. "Ah, you are to join Plumer"; and the stranger began to talk of "inside orders" in a way that astonished the New Zealander, who, in a tone that betokened surprise, said that he was awaiting such orders from Lord Kitchener. "Well, you've got them; I'm Kitchener," was the reply. Lieutenant Tucker immediately took the pipe from his mouth, came to "attention" smartly, saluted, and began to feel sorry for himself; but he found the Commander-in-Chief a man entirely without "side," and a very genial officer. "You had better call your men up," added the General, "and bring them over here for a little instruction in scouting"; and he then gave the troop some practical and sensible advice.

The New Zealand Mounted Rifles who had served under General French were proud, as well they might be, of the nickname chaffingly bestowed upon them by the other troops of "French's Chickens." General French, when the First Contingent was paraded before him at Naauwpoort, on 1 December, 1899, gave the men encouragement, though they thought they had acquitted themselves, through nervousness, execrably, and said "he had no doubt that in a short time they would prove themselves to be the finest body of mounted volunteers in the world; though," he added, "the Natal Light

Horse would take a lot of beating." He had found that fine body of mounted troops "absolutely reliable in action, and had no doubt that in a short time the New Zealanders would be the same." Of the contingent's first engagement General French wrote in dispatches: "Regarding the Colesberg affair, I wish particularly to bring to notice the excellent conduct and bearing of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, commanded by Major A. W. Robin, on one of these occasions. On 18 December I took them out with a battery of horse artillery to reconnoitre round the enemy's left flank, and determined to dislodge him from a farm called Jasfontein, lying on his left rear. The guns shelled the farm. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles then gained possession of it. But the enemy very suddenly brought up strong reinforcements, and pressed on us with his artillery. Our artillery had been left some way behind to avoid this latter fire, and I had to send back some distance for its support, during which time we were exposed to a heavy musketry fire from the surrounding hills. The conduct of the New Zealanders was admirable in thus maintaining a difficult position till the artillery caused the enemy to retire."

When he was given by Lord Roberts the pick of the army for the dash for Kimberley French took literally every New Zealander he could lay his hands on for his mounted infantry.

When the First Contingent left General Ian Hamilton's column for that of Hutton, he telegraphed to Major Robin: "10 May. Ten miles north of Kroonstadt. So sorry I had no time to come over to you and the fine fellows you command. I know I shall miss you the next fight we have. Good luck to you all." And in another telegram General Hamilton said: "It is admitted that the column via Winburg had the longest route and the most fighting." In acknowledging a card

sent to him in England at Christmas by the contingents serving in South Africa, the General wrote to Colonel Robin : " I have soldiered a long time now, but I have never in my life met men I would sooner soldier with than the New Zealanders. I feel the greatest affection for them, and I shall never forget the work they did in South Africa."

The last which we shall quote of these words of praise are those of General Babington (now Commander of the Forces in New Zealand), who, in addressing the New Zealand Mounted Rifles and Imperial Bushmen, who captured De la Rey's convoy and guns, is reported to have said : " Since I have had the honour of commanding you I have attempted things I have never dared before. With you I would again take risks that I would not venture to take with other troops. I shall mention individual cases in my dispatches to Lord Kitchener, and I know that the services you have rendered will be recognized with pride, not only by the colonies to which you belong, but also by the Mother Country. I have never commanded men who showed more daring or brilliant attack."

It may be thought that we are boastful in dwelling so much on all the kind things which their commanders and the home Government and British public have said of the value of our sons' service and of our loyalty in sending them ; but we are a young nation, and, like all the young, look for encouragement, and are the better for the praise of those we look up to. It is said of the contingents that they obeyed orders implicitly in the field, and by their unquestioning promptitude in the most trying circumstances showed that they had the common sense to understand that, as the old saying goes, " A commander's thoughts must lie behind closed doors." But if they would have behaved so well without the impulse which appreciation gives to all is another

question. Our troops owe much to General French's first kindly words of encouragement.

It is pleasant to know that there was no jealousy between the ranks of regulars and colonials. The New Zealander, at any rate, "thought no end," as he calls it, of Tommy—and Tommy quite returned the compliment. A gunner of the 16th Battery of the R.A., writing home on the way from Slingersfontein to the Modder, says: "Up to now we have had the New Zealanders with us as escort to the guns, and a finer lot of fellows I never set eyes on. We had to leave them at Rendsburg, and they were very sorry, and so were we too. They would do anything for us, and give us anything. They think we are marvellous at our guns. I expect you read of the bit of a charge the Yorkshires and New Zealanders made a week or two ago. The Yorks would have been cut up had it not been for the New Zealanders. One of the fellows was like a madman amongst them, dashing from rock to rock with his bayonet and fairly cutting them up."

Another artillery man wrote of the Jassfontein affair. "We had the New Zealanders with us at Slingersfontein, and a more plucky lot of men I have never seen. They never considered the danger in front of them. I watched them take a kopje one day (while we were shelling it) under the galling rifle fire. The colonials made a splendid charge across the plain, and didn't the Boers run when they saw their bayonets! Unfortunately, twenty-five of them got in an awkward position, and we had to stop in action until dark to get them out. Strange to say, they only lost one man." Again, a sapper describes the loss of the convoy at the Reit River Drift. He says: "Miles and miles of transport had to pass through the narrow passage across the drift, and it took a terrible time for one wagon to pass over, let alone the hundreds that had to pass. We were lucky to get across and

encamp below a hill for the night. Next day they still continued to pass the drift—in fact, they had been at it all night, and still hundreds of wagons to come on. The Boers evidently knew of this obstacle, and a party came up from the south and had vengeance on the column, as they couldn't on the fighting line. The Boers took up a position in the hills and shelled the wagon convoy. The nigger drivers are terrible cowards, and all fled to the hills or kopjes near at hand, leaving the wagons and oxen to the mercy of the Boers. The good old New Zealanders (who have proved of great use, and very daring in this campaign) rode over to where the nigger drivers were and threatened to blow their brains out if they didn't return to the wagons."

To come to odious comparisons, a stalwart English Lancer said to a New Zealand pressman, during the colonial tour of the representative Imperial troops, "We prefer New Zealand to New South Wales"—and he went on to explain that in Sydney the troops were subjected to a good deal of "barrack" from the crowds, and it was not always of a pleasant description. Then again, when conversing with the people, they were frequently told, "Our boys can beat you." Other remarks of the kind were frequent, and did not, to say the least, tend to foster good feeling. "We did not come over here to be compared with the Australians or New Zealanders," said the Lancer, "we came to show you ourselves as we are, no better and no worse, and such remarks as I have told you somehow took the gilt off the reception. Now what I like about you New Zealanders is that you don't boast all the time of what your own 'boys' have done. You take us as we are—representatives of the army, sent out here to show you what the army is like—and give us a reception of which any body of men might feel proud."

But that there was good feeling between the Austra-

lians and New Zealanders in spite of these invidious comparisons being drawn is shown by the complete good-fellowship that existed between them in the field. New South Wales Lancers, Queensland Imperial Bushmen, Western Australians, Victorian Bushmen, all worked well at different times with the New Zealanders, and the celebrated Australian correspondents—A. G. Hales and Banjo Paterson—were only too flattering in their estimate of the soldiers from the sister colony. Hales, to be sure, included both Canadians and Australians in his sweeping encomium, but “Banjo” goes into details of how he saw the New Zealand, First, Second, and Third contingents in action under French and later on with Hutton, and again in Ian Hamilton’s column, and mentions what the generals and their forces thought of their value; so at any rate we need not complain of any want of generosity from our Australian cousins. But to return to Tommy. The New Zealand volunteer was deeply impressed by the absolute fearlessness of the regular.

“The Boers are brave men, they say, but so are the Tommies—even braver than the Boer—braver than any of us New Zealanders; and as to his officer, I tell you he is all right. That time the hussars were with us—was it the 8th or 18th?—I saw two officers killed. They wouldn’t take cover; they just walked up and down, cool as if they were on parade, and first one and then the other was bowled over. It was just the same with the men. When they took up a position, they would sit on their horses till they got an order what to do. They didn’t seem to mind the bullets. Our fellows used to get off the moment firing started, and get behind a rock, or any cover that was handy, and the same with the officers. Our officers would give the orders, and then take cover too. With the regulars it’s different. We were allowed to use our own discre-

tion, but they hadn't been trained that way. Well behaved? Well, I should smile. You should see the way they took charge of the women and children. You'd have thought they were their own. The Boers were very brave. If we did the things the Boers did we'd have got Victoria Crosses over and over again. They were good to us, too. They captured seventeen of our fellows, and changed clothes with them, but they did it quite good-naturedly, laughing and joking with one another. And you should have seen the figures our fellows cut after the exchange! One of our boys said, 'Oh, very well, it's your turn to-day, it will be ours next!' A few days afterwards we took some Boers prisoners, and one of our men recognized one of them. He came up and said quite pleasantly, 'I had the pleasure of exchanging tunics with you last week.' Yes, they were very plucky, and they must have been very determined. We used to think we had hard times occasionally, but they had far worse. You see, they were being chased, so they had not the same advantages that we had.

"And as for Tommy," he added, "look here, Tommy's an all-right chap. When I was in Africa I could have got anything I liked from him. I've seen them come along and give us their rations and tea when we had none. When I was in Standerton Hospital I was getting two ounces of port wine, and there were two Tommies who were getting a bottle of stout a day. They used to give me a share of their stout. Whenever a Tommy had anything and you had nothing, he'd come up and say, 'Muck in with me, chum, and take half of it.'"

Corporal Londen, in reply to questions, said: "As for Tommy Atkins, his misfortune was that he was not allowed to think for himself, while the colonials were. For instance, if a trooper dropped out of the ranks from

fatigue, he was court-marshalled next day. In fighting he had to stand up and be fired at, whereas the colonial mounted infantry would get orders to dismount and take cover. He thought Tommy was a wonderful fighting man. He did not think much of British officers, colonial officers were far better."

And a sergeant remarked that "the Tommies get three shillings a week while in camp, and, when paid, the canteen opens, and beer at a shilling a quart is sold, and the money goes back to the Government. Tommy gets fined occasionally, and here is a fresh source of income. He has a great chance of becoming a millionaire under the present regime."

Tommy's well-known habits of rhyming to while away spells of inactivity amused and interested the more matter-of-fact colonial, who seldom attempts "pomes," however put to it he may be for occupation, and has not got, I fear, the hero-worship for his officer that led a Tommy to write of Penn-Symons:—

Him we respect and love him still,
Whose career finished on Talana Hill,
Where in one place they fought, they fell;
He died for England, mark it well.
Brave, cheery voice, I hear it now,
As, when the battle o'er his brow,
Along the brave ranks he had passed
Death-doomed, yet steady to the last.

Mr. Valentine, in his interesting "Ten Weeks a Prisoner of War," noted the respect shown by the Tommies to their officers during the weary trek of the captured—each looking after those of his regiment as usual. We do not know if the same could be said of our democratic troopers. We hope it might. In truth, our men may well respect Mr. Thomas Atkins, and each ought to have learned something from the other on the veldt. The wise words of Lieutenant-Colonel Davies, C.B., spoken to Taranaki troopers at the reception in New Plymouth,

should be printed and hung in every drillshed in the colony. Colonel Davies said : " Don't let any one get the idea that because irregular troops have done well in South Africa they are perfect soldiers. They are not. The English soldier is the finest in the world, but he is recruited from the streets, and never has had to think for himself. He has always been within hail of a policeman who can tell him the time, whereas our men, from their earliest years, have had to think for themselves, and have had duties and responsibilities which have made them self-reliant. This is why they can be turned loose to fight the Boers in their own way and make a success of it.

" People argued from Africa that drill and discipline take the individuality out of the soldier. They were wrong, the individuality was not there to begin with. Put drill and discipline on top of our men's thinking, and you would get finer soldiers than the world has ever yet seen."

Still one cannot but be proud of the lads who said of the fighting they were in at Vet River : " We knew the distance to an inch, as we had taken the precaution to count the telegraph posts, and sighted our rifles accordingly."

Good may be obtained from all evils, and as General Baden-Powell, speaking at Port Elizabeth, said : " The moral derivable from the war was that the colonies should help each other mutually. To-day it was South Africa ; to-morrow, perhaps, it might be Canada or Australia which wanted help. In the case of need South Africa would act equally nobly by the others."

That the South African colonies felt gratitude for the sacrifices made to help them by the New Zealanders is shown by the tribute paid, under the heading " A Splendid Record in the Field," by the " Cape Times " to the contingents leaving the Cape by the " Tongariro " :

"The Second and Third contingents are going home under Colonel Robin, with Major Jowsey and Captain Crawshaw. The strength of men going home is 250 out of double that number that originally landed in this country—an eloquent testimony to the part they have taken in the battles of the Empire in South Africa."

It is well known that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was strongly of opinion that a large admixture of Australasian settlers would be the most peace-making factor in the future of the South African States; and General Brabant, speaking to a motion of thanks to sister colonies at the last South African League Congress, presided over by Mr. Rhodes, made special reference to the services in the field of the New Zealand Rough Riders, and spoke of the division as "one of the best that took part in the war. The men were of the description known in England as yeomen farmers. They had done their duty admirably, had never given trouble, and had made it obvious that they had everything in common with the South African loyalists. He hoped some—if only half a dozen—would remain in the colony, for he was convinced they would set an example of the greatest possible value to the farmers of Cape Colony."

That the chairman—the greatest colonist perhaps the world has seen since the days of the Elizabethan heroes—shared these views of the Imperial bond is too well known to be insisted on here. He proved it in the plans he made (not now to fall to the ground, let us hope) for assisting desirable settlers after the war, and not least by remembering to apportion one out of his great legacy of scholarships to little New Zealand.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Speaking of scholarships brings us to the curious—or, at least, unusual—bond that existed between many of our most successful soldiers and their officers—that of master and old boy from the several excellent collegiate and high schools which New Zealand is fortunate in possessing. Many people thought that for schoolmasters—whether the cultured Oxford or Cambridge honours man, or the colonially trained primary or high school teacher—to rush off to the war was a proceeding that showed a lack of ballast and sense of fitness that could do no one any good ; but, as the event has proved, these men could, and did, return to their high work of educating the coming generation with fresh power of influencing them for good, a wider comprehension of mankind, and certainly had lost nothing in the esteem of their pupils by proving themselves men of virile sort. Was it not Carlyle—a man of peace himself—who said : “ The good fighter was oftenest also . . . the right good improver, discerner, doer, and worker in every kind ; for true valour . . . is the basis of all. May such valour live for ever with us.” And might we not add to this, “ the right good student of tactics ” ? for surely this war has in some quarters led to too much scorning of “ exams.” for the officer. The generalship of such men as Plumer, Bruce Hamilton, and Smith-Dorrien has shown that the Staff College course did not prevent them from being men of action as well as thought ; and in their degree our schoolmasters showed that their scholarship did not prevent them from being very good soldiers in the ranks or with stripes or stars on their uniforms.

The “Wanganui Collegiate Magazine” published many interesting letters from old boys at the front (some of which the writer owes special acknowledgments), and in many is expressed delight at meeting “ Mr. Orford,” a trooper in the Fourth, and formerly their second master ; and an amusing letter of his to the headmaster was

published, recommending the addition of "fatigue parties" to the school routine. Nelson College boasts a master who has returned with a D.S.O.—Major C. J. Major, of the Fifth Contingent, who won the decoration when in command of a battery at the siege of Lichtenberg; and the primary school system of teaching in Otago may well be proud of that brilliant officer, Captain R. G. Tubman, who distinguished himself at Rhenoster Kop and Bothasberg, and in many another engagement, escaping the enemy's bullet only to fall a victim to enteric when about to return to New Zealand with the other heroes of Bothasberg.

Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think or bravely die?

are lines that rise irresistibly in one's mind when thinking on such deaths as these. The moral taught by the deeds of such men to the lads they used to teach from books is, that he who can train his faculties in one direction is fitted to exercise them in another—a saying, the truth of which is, like most others, better impressed by example than precept. The Premier has promised to try to have one of the captured Mausers placed in every school in the colony, to teach the boys by the sight of them to take pride—even if they never see the captured guns in Wellington—in the brave deeds of our soldiers; but while they have masters among them who were of the bravest of those who fought they are not likely to forget.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales—then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—reached New Zealand on their colonial tour round the world, the South Islanders, conscious that they could not vie with the marvels of Rotorua, determined, like the mother of the Gracchi, to attempt nothing beyond a review of their sons; and this review was, very largely through the

energy and determination of Mr. Seddon, a really grand success, and a "review of reviews."

At the Australian Commonwealth review at Melbourne, to which the Premier had taken 208 volunteers (picked men, who for some reason had been unable to go to South Africa, including a Highland corps and some Maoris), there had paraded only 8018 men, inclusive of Navals, Imperial Marines, and Fijians. In Hagley Park, Christchurch, in spite of the time of year and rough weather on the way, which prevented many volunteers from attending (some 4000 being consequently reviewed in Auckland by the Prince), there paraded 8038 adult troops—all New Zealanders—and 2915 cadets.

After days of storm and rain 24 June broke fine and frosty with a blue sky and brilliant winter sunshine. The beauty of the scene in Hagley Park has been described by the able pens of more than one of the royal entourage, and as a local pressman wrote at the time: "The blue sky, the brilliant winter sunshine of New Zealand, the wide expanse of Hagley Park, ringed in the distance with dark pines, bluegums, and the bare branches of English trees, over them rising, sharp cut in their vivid whiteness, the snow-covered slopes of the Southern Alps, and, gathered from the ends of New Zealand, the flower of our colonial army . . . made up a glorious spectacle." The little cadets, many of whom had journeyed hundreds of miles over land, or borne the rougher tossing in crowded steamers, were now rewarded for all their fatigues by the honour and glory of this parade before their future King. May he and his son draw many good soldiers to serve them from among those chubby-faced ranks.

Before the end of that year Sir Hector Macdonald visited New Zealand, before taking up his command in the East, and after touring through the length and breadth of the land, and good-naturedly inspecting un-

told numbers of school cadets, gave the colony, in his farewell speech at Auckland, hearty encouragement, saying: "The many tokens exhibited, showing the esteem in which the soldier is held in this colony, lead me to believe that there is a general and genuine awakening to the fact that soldiers, such as I represent, and of your own manufacture, are urgently needed here, and would be hailed as a blessing and a comfort and a source of strength to the land passed into your keeping by your hardy and provident forefathers.—(Applause.) I take it that you are fully determined to keep what you have, and that you intend doing so by the only sure means known and practised throughout the world in this or any other time, by the strength of your own good right hand—(applause)—by the skill of the people in the use of the several weapons of defence; by constantly practising on the rifle range to become deadly shots, by frequent drill and constant practice on the manœuvre ground; by drastic discipline and implicit obedience to orders, so that should an enemy appear against you, the rulers of the country need only press the button in order to place the defenders of your women and children, the manhood of the nation, each in his allotted place, drilled, trained, and disciplined, knowing exactly what to do, and determined to do it. . . . The most careful preparation and scientific organization for defence is immediately necessary, and if anything I say will in any way make the country alive to its need, and awaken it from its fancied security, I shall feel that in a small way I am making some return for the unstinted hospitality of a truly generous nation."

Earlier in the year it will be remembered that the English Government had dispatched on a tour of the Australasian colonies picked representatives of the Imperial British Army, and another contingent from Native Indian regiments, which seems to have been one of the

218 New Zealanders and the Boer War

happiest of the many bright ideas the Salisbury Government is credited with for the tightening of the bond which holds the Empire together. Their visit—the attendance of our representatives and contingent at the Australasian Commonwealth celebrations—and the great royal review in New Zealand, all in the same year, and that while we had several contingents at the front, must make 1901 ever memorable to New Zealand; and the effect these visits will have on the future of our country is incalculable.

The Government, wishing to ensure a thorough reorganization of the colony's scheme of defence, requested the Imperial authorities to choose a commandant for the forces who would bring to bear on the work an up-to-date knowledge of modern military affairs, and were exceedingly fortunate in the acceptance of the appointment by Major-General Babington, who arrived in New Zealand on 2 January, 1902. This general, who was in command of the First Cavalry Brigade during the early part of the war, and was the first British commander to enter the Free State, and later was A.A.G. of the Imperial Yeomanry, chiefly distinguished himself in the operations against De la Rey in March to May, 1900. The Fourth and Fifth New Zealanders fought under him in several successful engagements, notably that in which General Babington's and Colonel Stapleton's columns captured the Boer leader's convoy and guns, so that the new commandant came to the colony prepossessed in favour of the colonial forces; and the New Zealand troops, having been led by him in war, know that they have a commander to whom they can look for the best of training in days of peace.

A good deal of disappointment and some heart-burning has been caused in the matter of Imperial commissions for colonials. Towards the end of 1900 the War Office made an offer to the Government of New Zealand of

thirty commissions in cavalry or line regiments, and a few in the Royal Artillery, to be given to those applicants who were considered fit persons by the Governor. The first of these was bestowed upon the son of Sir William (then captain) Russell. Mr. Philip Russell joined his regiment—the West Yorkshire—in England, and went to South Africa almost immediately, serving in the 21st and 24th Mounted Infantry from May, 1901, till his death, from wounds received when with Colonel Spens's column in a fight at Begenderbyn. Some were allotted in New Zealand, but most were reserved with the idea that many of the young men then at the front would apply for and have the best right to them. However, very few of these young men did apply for them ; indeed, in some instances, they were cancelled at the nominee's request, after being conferred at the instance of parents. The fact was that many a young man who entered *con amore* into the life of a soldier in the field saw that he had, though of gentle birth and breeding, not sufficient means to fill the position of an officer in the regular army with either dignity or pleasure, let alone profit. Finding the commissions so little in request, the War Office withdrew the offer of those remaining, to the disappointment of some who were reconsidering the matter. Lord Roberts seems to have considered that the small number taken up was probably caused by some sensitiveness on the part of the colonials as to the reception they might meet with among the regulars, as he published an order directing "that senior officers should see that colonials commissioned to regiments in the regular army were cordially treated." That such a sensitiveness exists there is no doubt, and it has been caused probably by the folly of some of the young subalterns at the front, as one gathers from many of the comments in the colonials' letters. One trooper the writer questioned, happening to be a gentleman and a man of the world, replied that

"there were all sorts among British officers as well as among other men, both young and old." Another, writing of the "kudos" the New Zealanders had gained at the front, ended, "Even the Imperial officers (I mean the junior ones) treat us with respect"—a significant "observe," as "Davie Balfour" would have called it.

Major Jowsey said in an interview that "it was thought that the Imperial and Volunteer officers might not work well together, but that had proved a fallacy, for the Imperial officer was always most courteous and ready to give the Volunteer officer his rank wherever he found him. It was a very fine spirit which the Imperial officer had shown, and it was appreciated by the Volunteer officers, who had not expected to have such an honour conferred on them." Colonel Jowsey had himself commanded all the different arms of the service in this campaign, and said that he had "never found the Imperial officer unwilling to acknowledge his rank or unwilling to conform to the orders of the Volunteer officer who had a higher rank than himself." Colonel Francis, when questioned, said: "I always found the Imperial officers very nice. They always behaved most pleasantly to me, and, so far as I could see, to other colonial officers and men also. I never found them supercilious or discourteous. I confess I did think that some of them were, perhaps, a little too fond of sport and amusement, and thought more of that than of their duties. They seemed to think too much of their golf clubs and tennis racquets in some cases, considering the serious business we were on, and no doubt some of the younger men had greatly neglected their own education in military matters. But others, again, were quite glutons at hard work, and did their own duty and that of the more frivolous ones as well, doing double work with positive zest and immense cheerfulness, as if it were mere

fun. And I need hardly say that all were brave as lions. I suppose all Englishmen are that, at any rate. And certainly they always behaved very well to the colonials, so far as I ever saw or heard."

An Imperial officer of varied experience suggested, apropos of some colonial stories anent this question, that the colonial "sub." and his friends forgot that in all regiments the newly joined subaltern had to go through a long course of getting "knocked into shape"—excellent discipline for those who would otherwise be intolerable because of the spoiling which society outside the regiment will lavish on the young officer, and which discipline is perhaps misunderstood by the colonials to be applied especially to themselves. That the colonials in regular regiments do not find the connection with the colonies anything to their discredit is proved (if proof were needed) by the eagerness with which as many of them as could obtain leave applied for permission to serve with their fellow-colonists at the front, and the disappointment of those who were refused. Captain Andrew, of the 1st Hyderabad Lancers, accompanied the Fourth Contingent as adjutant, was second in command with local rank of major in the Sixth, and finally took command of the Tenth on its arrival in South Africa. Captain Fulton, of the 2nd Gurkhas, was severely wounded while in command of his company of the Fourth Contingent near Mafeking, and applied, on recovery, for a commission in the Sixth, but was rejected by the medical examiner, and returned to India, where, on 22 March, 1902, a parade was held at Kila Droch, Chitral, by the Commander of the Forces for the purpose of decorating Captain Fulton with the D.S.O., won by his gallant action with the New Zealanders in South Africa. Letters lately to hand from a man who served under Captain Fulton speak of him as "a splendid fellow, the beau-ideal of a soldier," and of both Captains Fulton and Harvey

"showing tremendous energy in the fight at Ottoshoop; Captain Fulton, even after his severe wound, running hither and thither showing the troops where to fire." Captain Harvey, says this trooper, was worshipped by his men, two of whom went out into the open under the enemy's fire, not 100 yards off, to fetch in his body. And of Captain Fulton one trooper says: "I shall never forget how plucky he was all that night upon the kopje with his wound, so self-forgotten, and thinking constantly of others." And another wrote earlier, as the contingent was landing at Beira: "We are getting to like Captain Fulton in spite of his strictness and pitching into us as if we were niggers; his bark is a lot worse than his bite, and he is a fine soldier."

To mention only a few more of our New Zealanders in the regular army—Lieutenant Kynard Hawdon, of the 1st Punjab Cavalry, also served with the New Zealanders in South Africa; and Major Gilbert Hutton, R.E., another Canterbury man, who obtained the solitary commission presented to the colony in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, gained the D.S.O. in South Africa; and Captain G. R. Davidson, of the 47th Sikhs (an old boy of Nelson College, New Zealand), who commanded some of the Indian troops in London for the Coronation, and wore medals and clasps gained in the Mahsud and Tirah expeditions, went to South Africa with a New Zealand regiment.

No history of the New Zealand contingents would be complete without reference to two gentlemen who—one during the contingents' camp life before leaving New Zealand, and the other on their arrival in South Africa—voluntarily gave up all their leisure to befriending them. Mr. A. R. Falconer, of the Port Chalmers Seamen's Mission and the Dunedin Seamen's Rest, established at each camp of instruction, as it was formed, a "Soldiers' Rest" tent, in which were placed tables with piles of

papers, news and illustrated magazines, and books on some, and writing materials on others—all provided by the liberality of Mr. Falconer himself and a few friends. The right to frank the men's letters was placed in Mr. Falconer's hands by the Government, and he attended to their dispatch twice daily. On the departure of each contingent Mr. Falconer gave to each officer and man a well-bound copy of the New Testament, on the inside covers of which were pasted a presentation card with name of recipient and giver, and a copy of Sir George Colley's hymn, composed the night before the battle of Majuba Hill, an almanac with texts of scripture, and Mr. Falconer's address, should the soldier desire to write to him. The good done by such a friend to the men must be inestimable. It was this Mr. Falconer who held out the hand of friendship to Frank Bullen when he was straying about the streets of Port Chalmers on a dreary Sunday and "led him to light," as he himself would phrase it.

Mr. Herbert Pilcher, manager of the South British Insurance Company at Capetown, was formerly a resident of Wellington, New Zealand, and immediately on the outbreak of the war he and his wife began to offer every assistance and kindness possible to New Zealanders in South Africa and their friends at home. Luggage was stored in their house, letters addressed to their care, parcels sent for them to forward when they could find the recipients' whereabouts—news of sons shut up in Mafeking searched out and forwarded to anxious mothers in New Zealand, the sick visited and cheered in the Cape hospitals; in fact, innumerable kindnesses were showered on their former countrymen, not the least being the advice and information which Mr. Pilcher was able to place at their disposal. His good nature was inexhaustible, and Mrs. Pilcher's patience with the calls upon their time and convenience unending. The Government at last

appointed Mr. Pilcher as their representative at the Cape, and empowered him to cable all tidings concerning the sick and wounded ; but no recompense can ever adequately repay what was done for New Zealanders in their hour of need as a labour of love by these truly Good Samaritans.

CHAPTER XI

THE HOSPITALS QUESTION

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a !

THE lines which head this chapter may appear too bright for one which is to deal with sickness and suffering ; but all who have been nursed in hospitals, civilian or military, will bear me out in my contention that the first impression given by a trained nurse is of her cheeriness, and a very comforting impression it is to sufferers.

New Zealanders were not behind other British women all the world over in stitching at and collecting comforts of all sorts for the inmates of South African hospitals ; and at a very early stage in the war the people of Christchurch fitted out and sent a little band of four trained nurses—Nurses Peter, G. H. Webster, Hiatt, and Littlecott were those selected ; but two other nurses, Brook-Smith and Jeffries, having announced their determination to go on their own account, were informed by the Premier on the day of sailing that they, with the others, would be attached to the Imperial Nursing Service. Dunedin then dispatched another party of six nurses, one of whom, Nurse Ross, on her return to New Zealand, had the honour of receiving her medal from the hands of the Duchess of Cornwall and York. Several other trained nurses left New Zealand to serve in the South African military hospitals, and all were welcomed and

treated with the greatest kindness by the Imperial authorities. One, Nursing Sister Nellie Redstone, was one of the six nurses from South Africa selected for presentation to the King in London for war medals.

At the very beginning of the war Miss Woolcombe (daughter of the late Captain Woolcombe, R.M., of Timaru, New Zealand) was one of the eleven chosen out of one hundred applicants for the ambulance raised by Princess Christian for service in South Africa.

Nurse Shappere wrote from the military hospital in besieged Ladysmith, 22 March, and stated that they had 1000 patients in December, "and then they kept coming in till they had over 2000. The hospital was fitted up nicely, and all the churches; several large houses and the convent were used, while tents were used for the lighter cases. The sisters, of whom there were only nine, five others having taken ill, slept and messed in a large pavilion in the square, and while there had several lucky escapes while under fire, shells bursting all round them. The Boers took no heed of their hospitals. It was a trying time after a big battle, such as Dundee or Elands-laagte, to see the floor covered with wounded, and the nurses on their knees cutting off their clothes and sending them into the 'theatre.' In December enteric fever came on, and the cases were so numerous they hardly knew where to lay the men. Enteric fever was followed by dysentery, and first the men got over the one, then took the other, and died. The supply of stimulants ran out, and during the last month the patients simply died from starvation. Sister Shappere had nine dying at one time, all delirious, and shouting and calling the whole day. When a storm came on the place was like a river, and most of the patients had to remain all night on the wet ground, only some of the bad cases being removed. During the last month the nurses' daily food consisted of 1 oz. of

sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ oz. tea or coffee (and such stuff !), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bread, 1 lb. of meat (hard), or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bully meat, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. biscuit; and at 7.30 p.m. a cup of horse soup (always high). . . . The English," continued the writer, "were too slow for words. They should have prepared for 12,000, and there should have been enough of everything, but biscuits from the last campaign had to be utilized for food, and lots of food was condemned."

Sister Teape, of Christchurch, was the pioneer New Zealand nurse to go to South Africa, arriving at Cape-town a few days only after the First Contingent, in the end of November, 1899. Nurse Teape writes: "I joined the Imperial Army Reserve, and was one of the four nursing sisters told off to proceed by mail train to the Modder to bring down and attend to some eighty-three officers and men who were wounded at the battles of Belmont and Magersfontein. On arrival at Cape-town they were placed on board the transport 'Pavonia' en route for the military hospital at Netley, England, and I was placed in charge of the nursing staff on board.

"On arrival back at the Cape we were met by the embarkation officer, Major Tatham, who told us off to our respective quarters. I was attached to No. 3 General Hospital, at Rondebosch, a large field hospital, with Colonel Wood in charge. Rondebosch was all under canvas, there being about 500 large marquees. Each tent contained from five to eight beds. . . .

"During the month of April, 1900, I was ordered to Bloemfontein, a journey of three bitter cold nights and two days in a mail train, in which no bedding was supplied. Fortunately, I had a warm rug with me. On arrival I was attached to No. 10 General Hospital. I found quite a different state of affairs. The place was a hotbed of fever, and the dreaded enteric raged everywhere; and no wonder, with no sanitary arrangements whatever, animals lying dead everywhere, water bad,

buildings covered black with flies, and patients covered with vermin. Men were being brought in in hundreds, fever-stricken, ragged, and badly in need of a wash. Here we were in Bloemfontein with the railways torn up, and lines of communication cut, and 5000 enteric fever patients to look after, and supplies running short. Two of the field hospitals, fitted with accommodation for 500, were taxed with 1500 each, and no extra sisters. It was in these hospitals that most of the deaths occurred. In all, I think, about 2000 brave British soldiers died of enteric and dysentery. The record number of deaths for one day was between sixty and seventy men. It was heartrending to see poor fellows dying all round, and still sadder to see fine fellows heaped up on a gun carriage under the Union Jack and carted away to be buried, thirty in a trench, with only their blankets round them. Enteric is more like typhus than anything I have seen, the symptoms being somewhat similar. At one time there were about 80,000 troops in and around the town, and I think this crowding caused a great deal of sickness. The flies were accountable, in a large measure, for the spread of the fever. There was not sufficient provision made for dealing with so much sickness, and it was not until the lines of communication were restored that matters improved. Although hundreds of tons of hospital stores were taken up with the troops, the demand on the medical department was far and away greater than ever was anticipated. Had it not been for the heroic way our doctors worked in the face of most trying circumstances, matters might have been much worse. Several of our doctors, nursing sisters, and orderlies fell sick and died in this place.

"In Bloemfontein I met and nursed many New Zealanders. I was then sent down the line to Capetown, in charge of four sick sisters, one a New Zealander, and three of the Army Reserve sisters, who were invalided

to England. From Capetown I was sent to the Winburg Military Hospital, a very large hospital camp, with hundreds of patients, many of them convalescent. It was at this camp that I met the greatest number of New Zealanders, and those whom I did not find out found me, and were removed to my wards. I had over sixty patients, two wards of surgical and one medical. Major Swann and Colonel Anthony were the principal medical officers. Cotter, Price, Mitchell, Joseph, Hunt, Wade, Cardale, Prosser, Bell, Kitney, Strange, Ferguson, and a number of other New Zealanders were in my division; the greater number of my patients all through the war were Australasians. The work was hard and trying, while at Bloemfontein half of our sisters were down with fever or dysentery. This, of course, meant double duty for the remainder. Much has been said against the hospital orderly, but I always found him of an obliging disposition, and ready and willing to help at all times. Of course, there were exceptions. At Bloemfontein I have known hospital orderlies out all day on fatigue, digging trenches to bury the dead, and then on duty all night. Can you wonder at their falling to sleep under circumstances so trying? All through the campaign I worked with the army and Canadian sisters, and I found they all had a thorough knowledge of all their duties, and were always ready to render every assistance in their power." So moved was this nurse with pity for the sufferings of the soldiers that she sent to New Zealand for most of her savings and expended the sum on medical comforts and warm clothing for the men, finding grateful recipients of the latter among some of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, with whom she returned from South Africa—the poor lads, through not having received the pay due to them, having in many instances started on the wintry voyage with most insufficient clothing, which was the cause of much sickness. Another

nurse sent a very graphic picture of the perfection of arrangements at No. 2 General Hospital, at Pretoria, which in January, 1901, contained nearly 2000 sick, and a large staff of attendants. She wrote: "The continual stream of sick and wounded would paralyze the largest hospital, but here each officer, orderly, and sister is a cog-wheel of a well-oiled machine, and every patient gets looked after as if he were the one valuable man in South Africa. Each medical officer has a certain number of marquees under his charge, the average being 20, meaning 120 beds. He has to make a morning round, accompanied by a sister. Red-tape has utterly abolished all interest in individual patients—he is merely a sick soldier, who has to be cured as soon as possible. Also, he has to be fed, and he is provided with a beautiful diet-sheet which is the despair of his officers. There are no regular diets, except 'rations,' and if Tommy is not well enough for full diet, his food has to be written down, article by article, in separate columns, and signed every day by his perspiring medical attendant. Thus, Private Brown has a cough, and cannot go on full diet, so his officer has to write: 'Bread, 1 lb.; butter, 1 oz.; milk, 3 pints; sugar, 1 oz.; oatmeal, 1 ration; tea, 1 pint'; and then signs his name, and has time to think how he can cure Brown's cough. Imagine this multiplied by 120, to be written in full daily, and to be completed by midday. It is evident that the actual curing part of hospital treatment is cramped to an absurd degree. Then, every extra has to be requisitioned and signed for—port wine, 4 oz, or stout, 1 bottle, all have to be vouched for and re-signed daily. So the despairing officer drops his conscience and drudges round, feeding his patients and hoping they will get well all right. You see, if it only takes sixty seconds to write out each diet, and a few extra seconds to feel a pulse, three solid hours are gone like a bad dream, and the round is closed

by the dinner bugle." Nurse Carston, of Timaru, New Zealand, was in the Duke of Portland Hospital in May, and says: "The hospital is called after the Duke of Portland, who is a very large subscriber, and is equipped for 100 beds, but there are about 160 patients in it at present. The hospital is comfortably arranged for both patients and staff, and Surgeon-Major Kilkelly is a most kind and attentive man." Up to the time of Nurse Godfrey's and the writer's coming there were only four nurses, but the work being more than they could do, the New Zealand nurses were sent on the night they arrived at Capetown to assist them. After speaking of the terrible number of sick at Bloemfontein, Nurse Carston says: "Bloemfontein is a base, and the sick and wounded are brought to the nearest railway station in wagons over terribly rough country. Worse still, some are put into the field hospitals, where in some cases there are no beds; they lie in their khaki uniform, die in it, and are buried in it, with only their knapsacks for pillows. In these hospitals they have only orderlies to do the nursing—some thirty or forty cases to each orderly."

Nurse Hay, of Dunedin, dates from General Hospital, Pretoria, 15 September, 1901, and writes: "Such a number of people think the war is over, and there is no work to be done. That is not the case. Certainly there is not the same rush of work at present as there was some time ago, but the busy season is recommencing, and another thing is that the men have not the same heart and pluck as they had; this fact is not calculated to help them towards speedy recovery. In many cases men have become so despondent that we have great difficulty with them. In these cases it is a notable fact, if one looks into it, that the man is a Reserve, who had hoped never to be called out again. In the meantime he has married. After being out here for almost two

years he finds that things are not as they should be at home. He is very keen to get home to settle his affairs.

"I think it is a good thing that all the Boers on commando after to-day (those who have property) will have to pay for the support of their families. In these refugee camps, I believe, we have 80,000 men, women, and children to support. I have seen several large camps with from two to four thousand people in them, and they seem wonderfully comfortable and clean. . . .

"The first time I visited the cemetery here I shall never forget, but I could not help thinking that if the 'boys' friends could only see how well their graves are cared for, it would be one little spark of comfort. 'Our boys' graves are marked by iron crosses with little brass plates with their names on them."

Nursing Sister Hay reports herself as being on 23 August at Middleburg. The train she went up by had been fired on and a man killed the day before, and her orders were to lie on the floor directly she heard the firing. She had heavy work at her hospital, and it took a fatigue party, working under her directions, three days to get the place in order; and although it was a hospital at the front, she mentions that she had it decorated every day with white and purple violets and wattle. In one ward there were at the time of her writing seven delirious men. She reports that "the comforts available for the men are surprising—plenty of clean clothing, milk, eggs, etc., being available. Generals Pole-Carew and Hutton inspected the hospital, and complimented the nurses on its cleanliness." At this time Mr. Burdett-Coutts's criticisms on the management of hospitals in South Africa caused a Commission to be appointed to inquire into the foundation for his allegations; and as the usual conflict of evidence for and against ensued, it will be interesting to note the opinions of the New Zealand nurses, doctors, dispensers, and patients on

the subject. At the sitting of the Hospital Commission at Bloemfontein, according to the "Post" of that town, "Dr. Frank Fitchett said that there were a number of cases of drunkenness among the orderlies; on more than one occasion he found the orderly in charge was drunk while on duty. Of fresh milk in time of pressure there was none, though at 'afternoon tea' he always found fresh milk. The medical comforts and drugs ran out in the first week. What he most felt about the condition of the hospital was the indifference of the senior officers with regard to the condition of the patients; on one occasion, on the arrival of a large convoy of 500, two inexperienced civil surgeons, without any superior officer, were left in charge of it. All the time he had been in the hospital he had never seen the P.M.O. inspecting the tents. He thought it rather extraordinary that the cook employed at a large salary by the Government, until he fell ill of enteric, was employed cooking for the officers' mess. There was also considerable friction between the Royal Army Medical Corps and the civil surgeons, the military surgeons not wishing to mess with the latter. He thought that the fortnight which the civil surgeons spent in the Rest Camp might have been utilized in giving them some insight into the military routine of their work. Dr. William Attenson Stott also gave evidence, largely confirmatory of the previous witness.

"Dr. John Temple Leon, M.D., B.Sc. (Lond.), said that he had charge of the enteric division of the hospital. For six weeks the P.M.O. did not visit the marquees. A requisition he made for more nurses, orderlies, and utensils was not complied with for a fortnight. Utensils were short, the beds got dirty, and could not be changed, and typhoid patients had to do everything for themselves but clean the wards. Although he had nothing to do with the bell tents, he knew their condition was

234 New Zealanders and the Boer War

awful. The convoys arrived late at night, and the men had to lie in their greatcoats on the ground, many of them having lost their blankets on the way. He had gone round with a bottle of opium or strychnine, and had administered either or both. So many cases arrived, and in such numbers, that it was impossible to sort them under a week."

In a New Zealand paper appeared the following sensible article on the subject by an ex-member of the Intelligence Branch, South Africa: "The stories told by returning Australians regarding the treatment they received in the hospitals at the Cape would be hardly credible were they not supported by reliable authorities. Some time ago we had the testimony of Sir William MacCormac, one of the most eminent surgeons of the world, in praise of the Royal Army Medical Corps and the field hospital service; and now Dr. Treves, another medical man of great experience, declares the charges are incredible. There is no doubt that a great deal of suffering is occasioned through the scarcity of fresh milk and good beef to make beef tea, etc., that is so necessary in the treatment of fever cases; but it must be borne in mind that even in times of peace fresh milk could only be obtained in very limited quantities, and at a cost of not less than sixpence, and more often a shilling per bottle; and as war has reduced the supply and greatly increased the demand, many patients probably have to be content with very little, and possibly without any. These things are always sure to occur in war time, and no fault can be charged against the hospital service on account of such deficiencies. We are inclined to think that the British sick and wounded have been immeasurably better taken care of during the present war than the soldiers of any other army in the world have ever been. We are, unfortunately, possessed with a certain class of growlers, both in and out of the army, who expect the

impossible. We are also most unfortunately the possessors of an army that contains far too many young soldiers to make it the best possible fighting machine, and particularly so when it has to endure campaigning in such a climate as South Africa, where the days are scorching hot and the nights often bitterly cold. As a result we have disease and death, that in many cases could have been avoided if we had the old tried and seasoned troops that Great Britain always had under the long-service system that used to obtain. Deaths will occur in war time from disease, no matter how efficient the medical and hospital service may be. We are of opinion, however, that if the British Parliament would provide the Empire with an army of long-service troops on the old lines, there would be fewer complaints both in and out of Parliament."

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis, of the Fourth New Zealand Mounted Rifles, who had the misfortune to be invalided after the exposure and fatigue of the fifty hours out on the kopjes during the fight at Malmani Hill, in the first week of that contingent's active service, had the experience of being nursed in Mafeking, Kimberley, and Winburg hospitals, before being sent to England in the troopship "Britannic," in October, 1900, and had nothing but good to say of the care and attention he received, especially at Winburg.

But then, as one trooper remarked, of course the experiences of officers and men were somewhat different, and Colonel Francis expressly stated that he was not at any of the hospitals mentioned by Mr. Burdett-Coutts. This same trooper, a gentleman, said that, personally, he could only be thankful for the reserve fund of sovereigns in his waist-belt, as with them he could always obtain from the orderlies all the fresh milk and extra rations he required, and enjoyed them, till he discovered that the orderlies were making their "pile," by watering

the milk and stimulants and filching the food of the penniless invalids for the benefit of the richer ones. There is no room for doubt that this was true in respect to this, and possibly other hospitals, but in the state of overcrowding of course it was impossible to detect all such abuses, and we can only hope such wretches as these orderlies will be recompensed in some way according to their deserts.

Nursing Sister Williamson wrote, 6 September, from Grey College, Bloemfontein, of the Hospital Commission that had just passed through: "I think they were fairly well satisfied that a great many of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's statements were greatly exaggerated. I do not wish to say there was no truth in some things that have been said, but when everything is taken into consideration, the large number of sick—5000 or 6000 suddenly launched into a town; the state of the country, only one single line of railway, and that line being at the time constantly destroyed by the Boers; the bridges broken, and the orders that stores be brought up first for troops on the line of march—is it any wonder that things were not perfection at first? I think it wonderful that things were as good as they were." Sister Williamson reports that the work was then much lighter, but that the strain had told on the nursing sisters; seven of the latter died in Bloemfontein, and numbers were invalided home."

Another New Zealand nurse wrote from a Natal hospital that, having received warning of the coming "surprise visit" of the Commission, they had all got ready for inspection, but after waiting a day or two found they had been passed by. "After all," as she remarked, "probably no one would have ventured to make complaints (much cause as there was for it), which might have lost the tale-bearer his or her situation, or perhaps in the case of patients have led to it being 'made hot' for them."

Mr. Charles Pierson, of Christchurch, who went to South Africa with the Second New Zealand Mounted Rifles as hospital dispenser, was over twelve months a dispenser at the military base, and he extols the arrangements as simply perfect, and describes the supply of all sorts of medical comforts for the patients as unlimited, seriously stating that an occasional stale egg among those sent from France was about the extent of their hardships! "The only drawback," Mr. Pierson went on to say, "was the staff being short-handed, and consequently overworked. But you must understand that the hardship fell entirely on the staff, and not on the patients. Although the staff was so short-handed the work was splendidly done, and never neglected or inefficiently performed. Sometimes it happened that a staff only sufficient to deal with 300 patients had to look after 1100. This involved working hard all day as well as all one night in every three. This was no joke, but it was done, and done thoroughly so far as the patients were affected. I can undertake to say there was not a single instance of any neglect in that hospital.

"One thing," added Mr. Pierson, "which was of great help to us in preparing for the cases was that advices were sent beforehand from the various places as to the number of patients on their way to us, and the nature of their cases, so we knew exactly what to prepare for, and what arrangements to make in readiness for their arrival. I must say a word, too, in favour of the Kaffir Police, and, indeed, of the Kaffirs generally. They are a wonderfully strong lot of fellows, and do capital work, but you have to keep them hard at it. It does not do to treat them too kindly, or else they think you are afraid of them; but if you keep them well up to the mark they are splendid workers, and behave very well."

Alan Saunders, the fifteen-year-old "doctor's boy,"

who, it will be remembered, nursed Dr. Fenwick so devotedly, and was so highly thought of by the Second New Zealand Mounted Rifles, was himself invalided home at the end of six months. In answer to an interviewer, after describing the hardships of the 500-mile trek, and gleefully boasting of the New Zealanders beating the Imperial Yeomanry, who started with them on the last march of it, by forty miles, he said: "Long before we got to Bloemfontein we could see that there really was a war going on. When we reached the town we found soldiers everywhere, thousands of them, and felt for the first time that we belonged to a great army. The thing was too big for me to know a tenth of what was going on, but I expect you have read all about it in the papers, and when I have been home a bit longer I shall be quite an authority on the war myself. At present all my boy friends here know more about it than I do. We rested at Bloemfontein for a week or so, and then moved out with the other troops on the road to Pretoria. Of course the papers have told you about that, too, and we had our first taste of actual fighting. I saw the affair at Brandfort, when the men captured a gun, and the fighting between that and the Vet River. It was splendid. Unluckily, Dr. Fenwick fell ill just as we were beginning to enjoy ourselves, and we were sent back to Bloemfontein."

When asked about his opinion of abuses in the hospitals, Alan Saunders said he had nursed Dr. Fenwick in one for four weeks, and had seen something of several others, and it seemed to him that the unavoidable excess of patients over the provision made for them was the only cause of the trouble. He added drily: "The doctors and nurses worked night and day, and, if any one was to blame, it was some one I didn't see. Dr. Fenwick had to lie in the train for six hours at Bloemfontein before I could get a conveyance to take him to

the hospital, and I thought he was going to die, but I don't think it was any one's fault but my own. I couldn't find a cart until I had tramped over the whole town. I heard a great many complaints, particularly after I got down to Capetown; but as I ran a little hospital myself at Van Wyks Vlei for a whole week while the doctor was away, I know it's pretty hard to please every one. War wouldn't be half so horrible if all the sick and wounded could be properly cared for; but I don't see how it's to be done, unless more people take to nursing and fewer to fighting. It is the poor fellows who never got into hospital who are most to be pitied. They had a very bad time, in tents, and even out in the open, and many of them died who ought to have been saved. I hope I didn't kill any. If there had been hospital trains running up and down the line every day, there would have been no trouble; but for a long time there was no line to run on, and then it was all the army people could do to keep up a supply of food and ammunition."

Of course, the minds of friends in New Zealand of troopers at the front were greatly exercised by the reports of neglect in the hospitals, especially when details came to hand of the case of the son of a Christchurch resident, who at once at great expense cabled money to Capetown to supply the invalid's wants. The matter was brought up at a meeting of the committee of the Patriotic Fund in Christchurch, and money was voted to be placed in the hands of Major Pilcher, the Government agent at the Cape, to meet all such cases.

Sergeant Strong, of Rangiora, wrote from Kimberley Hospital: "Everybody here expects the hospital inquiry will end up in a farce. The Commissioners might, if left to themselves, find some cause (because there is a cause) for the complaints made by Mr. Burdett-Coutts in some of the home papers. The dinners are almost invariably cold, the tea is something beastly to taste, the

porridge is burnt and boiled without its most necessary essential (salt), and the milk is either turning sour or else quite sour. So you may guess there is still room for improvement, although the conditions are considerably better than they were at the beginning of the war. After that date there was a great improvement, on account of complaints by the doctors and the sister."

Strong's complaints seem rather frivolous, considering the difficulties which the hospital's management had to meet. But Sergeant Hodgson, when interviewed, appeared to labour under grievances too heavy to bear mention, for, after stating that in the hospital in Vereeniging—a private one handed over for the use of the military—there were nine beds, with only a foot's space between each, he said it was under the control of a major doctor, who treated his patients well, and was gradually getting them accustomed to solid food, when he was called away, and his place taken by a lieutenant doctor, who had only the most rudimentary ideas of hospital practice, for he changed the men's diet, putting them back on milk in addition to which eight more invalids were taken in, so that the beds were almost touching. Here Sergeant Hodgson abruptly summed the matter up with the exclamation, "I should like to meet some of the men who had the running of that hospital, to punch their heads!"

Trooper A. M. Mackintosh, on the contrary, who had been in Bloemfontein Hospital three weeks with pneumonia, and then was sent to Winburg, says he was in the Dames Institute with some 200 other patients, and the treatment was all that could be expected. Trooper Mackintosh considered himself one "of the fortunate ones, as hundreds of men were being sent back invalided, and most of them had to be put up in tents or field hospitals. It was impossible to get up the conveniences required."

Colonel Robin informed the Premier, in reply to in-

quiries, that he feared there had been reason for complaint, but the matter was being looked into. The difficulty of obtaining reliable evidence on any such subject is well known, and during the confusion caused by a great war it must, of course, be quadrupled. Much sympathy must be felt in this connection with the parents of Trooper Saxon, whose grief at the death of their son, who had been left ill at Beira when his squadron started for Rhodesia, was embittered by a harrowing statement, contained in a letter from a special correspondent, of the cruel neglect of Saxon, of which the writer had been an eye-witness; which statement was lately entirely contradicted by the evidence of some Australian Bushmen, who had been Saxon's fellow-patients in the hospital till his death. Of course, it is impossible now to ascertain which statement was correct, and the doubt must remain to distress Saxon's relatives for life.

Surgeon-Captain Fenwick, of the Second New Zealand Mounted Rifles, who later was plague officer in East London, seems to have remained silent on the vexed question of hospital management; but devoted himself to practical alleviation of the sufferings of the wounded by the invention of a portable folding stretcher for use with mounted infantry. Whilst trekking with flying columns Dr. Fenwick found the question of carrying stretchers a very annoying problem. Even when a pair were fixed on a trained pack-horse, any pace out of a walk soon scattered them abroad. If they were slung over the shoulders of a mounted orderly the rider was sadly hampered, and the horse frightened. As the column had no proper ambulance, the stretchers were relegated to the baggage waggons, which were always in the rear. In order to meet this difficulty Surgeon-Captain Fenwick has devised a stretcher which can be carried in an enlarged carbine bucket attachable to the saddle of a medical orderly, whilst the canvas portion can be rolled and

fixed behind the saddle. The weight of the stretcher is about thirty-seven pounds. The pole is hinged in the middle by a figure-of-eight hinge, and, to strengthen this, when unfolded an iron sheath twelve inches long slides along the pole. At one end of each pole is fixed an iron traverse and a leathern strap. These lie along the pole when folded and placed in the bucket, which is two feet deep. When required for use, the poles are removed from the bucket, unfolded, and the iron sheath slipped along the pole till it covers the hinge. Each pole is then passed through the canvas end, the traverse and leathern shoulder-strap fixed to the opposite pole, and the stretcher is ready for use. Surgeon-Captain Fenwick has been assisted in working out this scheme by Sergeant Palmer, late of the Cape Mounted Rifles (medical staff) and Thornycroft's Mounted Infantry. He has had over twenty years' experience, having been through six campaigns, and thinks the scheme practicable and much needed.

Troopers Shand, Culling (who had been in three hospitals), and Selwyn Joyce could not say too much of the care and kindness they received, and the last added, "Yesterday Lady Roberts visited the hospital—such a nice, homely lady—and I had the pleasure of shaking hands with and talking to her. Then she gave us all a bunch of flowers."

Even in far Rhodesia the hospitals appeared, by the report of the correspondent with the Fifth New Zealand Mounted Rifles, to have been admirably managed. He specially mentioned the excellence of the Chartered Company's hospital in Umtali and the Victorian nurses in it. But in the hospitals of Bamboo Creek and Marandellas he says things were not at all what they should have been. He wrote: "At Bamboo Creek there was practically no preparation made for the comfort of the sick. The medical staff, no doubt from want of ex-

perience of the climatic effects on men, especially of healthy, robust physique, did not seem to realize the seriousness of their cases. At Marendallas there was better accommodation for the inmates, but there were many complaints of the boorish, ill-conditioned orderlies, who were picked up more or less promiscuously, or who offered their services, hoping to avoid the heavier duties of men in the ranks. The huts were in a filthy condition. But wherever there have been nurses there has been nothing lacking in comfort and kindly treatment. There certainly has been the unavoidable crowding, and herein lies the cause for complaint, but it is undoubtedly on the part of the overworked nurses. But they did their duty pleasantly and well, and they do not complain, and the men all through the Royal Field Forces are unrestricted in their eulogiums of our colonial nurses."

The nurses appear to have been all through the campaign, without exception, tender and devoted beyond all praise. "The boys'" letters teem with instances of their goodness to them. Corporal Hatfield said he was cared for all the thirteen weeks he was at Woodstock Hospital as if he had been in his own home; and curiously enough the civil surgeon, Dr. Hugh Acland, and the nursing sister, whose devotion practically saved his life, were both New Zealanders, from Canterbury, though both came from England. He says of the nurse, that not the roughest Tommy would use a wrong word if she were in the ward, and that it was nothing unusual to hear a man say, if he wanted anything, "I'll ask Sister Rowley for it, because she'll get it if it's to be got, and she never forgets anything."

Trooper Culling—he was of the three hospitals—said the medical staffs were the perfection of kindness, and so were the nurses. He found no difference between those from home and the colonials. Sergeant Legge, fright-

fully wounded by soft-nosed bullets at Bothasberg,* wrote from Harrismith of the comfortable hospital, and added: "Sister Speed, of Timaru, is looking after me, so I'm all right."

The nurses were equally full of the praises of the men—their patience, and unselfishness, and courage, even under the infliction of being invalided by the hated enteric without the glory of wounds. Sister Littlecott, of Ashburton, New Zealand, wrote that "of the many duties falling to a nurse's lot, not the least was writing the home letters of the sick, ill or well. Their one cry was: 'Say I'm all right, sister; say I'm having a good time. Don't say I'm sick; they'd only worry over it.' Often when the poor brave hearts were nearly sobbing out their last strong breath the cry was still the same—'Say I'll be well soon, sister; don't say I'm sick.' When the letters were to sweethearts things were even more embarrassing, patients saying, 'Oh, you know what to say, sister. Just say what you'd say yourself.'"

Though there were a good many complaints of the dishonesty or neglectfulness of hospital orderlies, there is no doubt that many of these men performed their arduous duties unselfishly and well, and, one can only hope, not always without recognition and reward. One such case was so touchingly described by the "Daily Mail's" correspondent at Orange River that we shall conclude this chapter by transcribing it, with apologies to the writer for being unable at this distance to seek his permission.

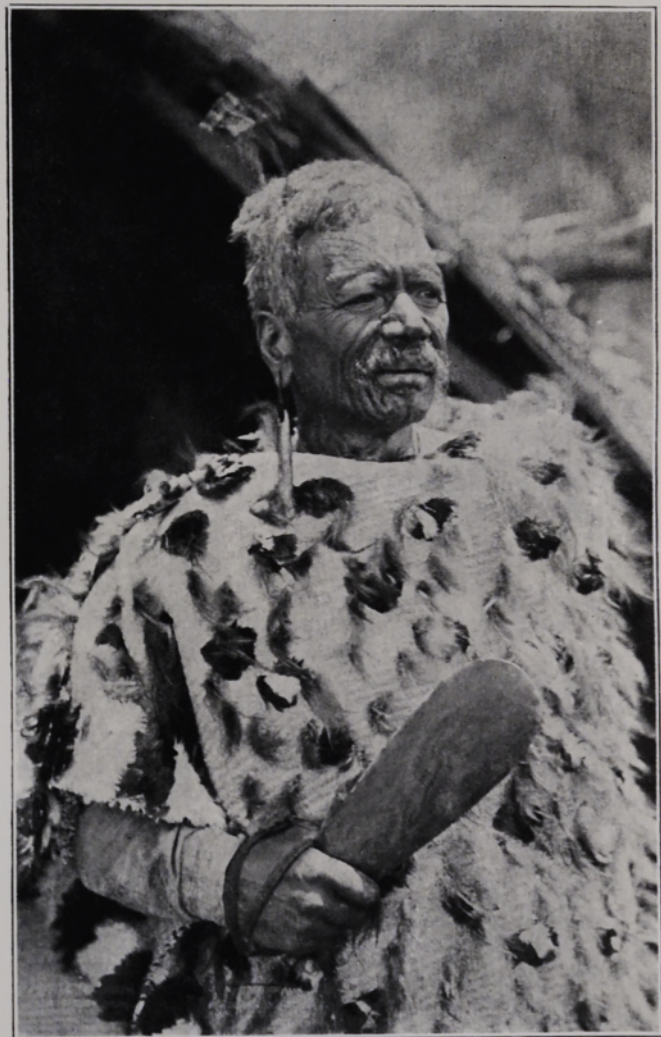
"Because there was nothing dashing or thrilling about

* Speaking of the wounded reminds the author that the reason so comparatively few of the New Zealanders were invalided by wounds was that they took all the cover possible (as Tommy was slow to do), and that it is very difficult for even a first-class shot to hit a man on horseback, and both in riding to a kopje and in going away from it the colonial makes it hard for the enemy to gauge the distance by riding at an angle—never in a direct line.

the acts of Joseph Hinton, private of the Royal Army Medical Corps, I almost hesitate to do him into print. For over four months Private Hinton has been nurse in charge of the enteric fever and other dangerous cases at Orange River, in one of the field hospitals there. The duties of a nurse in charge of one of the marquees which do duty for wards are many and arduous. There are no white-covered beds and dimity window curtains; no polished floor and shining brasses; no soft-footed women moving about the quiet ward; no twittering birds on the big trees outside; no texts on the walls. There are none of these things in a field hospital. The keen-eyed orderly, bare-armed and alert, picks his way carefully over the prostrate forms lying on the hay-covered floor of the shaking marquee. A word of encouragement here, a word of reproof there, and an eye ever open for the 'dust-devils' that sweep across the blustering plain, and will 'throw back' and even kill the patient who is at the critical stage of enteric. When the 'devil' comes the 'fly' of the tent must be quickly lowered and pegged down, and the dust and sand and debris, which have whirled in in spite of all precautions, must be removed. Doing his duty in such a hospital, Hinton, for four months, simply devoted himself to his patients. Long after the time came which released him from duty he would sit amongst his suffering comrades, fanning them, attending on them, and doing all that lay in his humble power—for Hinton made no pretensions to aristocratic origin—to alleviate the suffering of those who were fortunate enough to come into professional contact with him. After four months' hard work Nature stepped in, and Private Hinton died of the disease he had been fighting."

Let the friends of Joseph Hinton, and all who lost those dear to them in South Africa, lay to heart the brave words of Ruskin, who wrote after the Crimean

War : " I will appeal at once to the testimony of those whom the war has cost the dearest . . . those who can never more see sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the eastern clouds, without thinking what graves it has gilded first, far down behind the earth-line ; who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balaclava. Ask their witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them and with theirs ; that they would have it not otherwise ; would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breast plate of England."



Copyright

Muir Moodie, Dunedin

TE HEU-HEU AT TOKAANU, KING COUNTRY

Face page 247

CHAPTER XII

Kia kaha, hi ! Kia toa, hi !

(Be strong, yes ! Be brave, yes !)

Puritea te mana O te Kuini, hi, hi, ha-a-a !

(Uphold the supremacy of the Queen, yes, yes, yes !)

Ake ! Ake ! Ake !

(For ever, and ever, and ever.)

(Maori war cry of the New Zealand Rough Riders.)

IT would be hardly fair to publish a sketch of the ten white contingents of New Zealand, numbering between 6000 and 7000, who went to South Africa without mention of the 5000 of their brown fellow-countrymen who in vain begged for permission to do so.

As Mr. Pratt, of Christchurch, New Zealand, wrote in his interesting "Jubilee Jottings" :—

"The climate of the North Island and the general conditions of existence being more favourable for the Maori than in the South or Middle Islands, as a natural consequence the latter was left comparatively uninhabited, while there is abundant evidence, in the remains of extensive hill forts and large tracts that were formerly cultivated, showing that in past times a very large population was in occupation of the former.

"In the islands of the tropics, where the wants of the natives are chiefly supplied by the spontaneous productions of nature, little or no labour is necessary to provide the means of existence ; but it is otherwise in New Zealand. The necessities of his position compelled the Maori to spend no inconsiderable part of the year in cultivation of such roots as the kumera, etc., to which,

248 New Zealanders and the Boer War

after European intercourse, were added the potato and Indian corn. There is no doubt this necessity of labour not only developed physical strength, but induced habits of forethought and calculation, which account in a great measure for their intellectual superiority in the scale of uncivilized races.

"The general character of the Maori of the pre-colonization period afforded some curious contrasts that surprised and puzzled those who had opportunities of studying it.

"With much that civilization regards as the worst features of savage life there have also been remarked a chivalrous love of what we understand as fair play, and rude notions of justice and loyalty to the tribe or *hapu*, and some other peculiar traits that distinguish them as superior to the natives of Australia and some of the islands of the Pacific.

"The following amusing episode, that occurred early in the war at Taranaki, will partly illustrate one phase of the Maori character before he became demoralized by the experience of civilized customs under similar conditions.

"A convoy of provisions on its way to the military camp was intercepted and captured by a strong party of Maoris who had lain in ambush. The officer in charge of the convoy happened to be a pakeha-Maori, and therefore, being well acquainted with their language and peculiarities, proceeded to play upon the latter by addressing them in something like the following style: 'You want to fight the soldiers? Good. How can the soldiers fight without "*kai*?' If you stop the provisions you lose the chance of fighting them, as the soldiers can't fight without plenty of *kai*!' This appeared such an unanswerable proposition that they allowed the convoy to proceed, and it duly reached its destination.

“ Another anecdote, related by a missionary near whose station the events occurred, is also very different from what might be expected from men, civilized or otherwise, who, when excited by warlike feelings, are more frequently disposed to take every advantage of their opponents. A party of natives were closely besieged in their pa by another and numerically superior force. There was a mission church and station in the neighbourhood, and both parties of belligerents were supposed to be converts. The trifling matter of endeavouring to slay one another, not generally being deemed incompatible with civilized notions of religious fervour, was not likely to operate differently upon savage minds.

“ The siege lasted two or three months. After firing away a good deal of powder during the week without much result, when Sunday arrived a white flag would be hoisted, and the besieged and besiegers fraternized and attended church in company. At the close of the day the occupants of the pa were allowed to retire unmolested to their stronghold, and on the following morning hostilities were resumed as previous to the interruption. During the siege the women of the pa were permitted to fetch water from a short distance from the fortification for the use of the besieged.

“ The capture of the pa was ultimately effected by the besiegers constructing an immense bullet-proof shield of raupo, under the cover of which the assailants cut their way through the timber stockade. When the carnage and resistance ceased the few surviving prisoners were marched to the home of the victors, where their immolation by the friends of those who had fallen was an ordinary sequel to expeditions of this kind.

“ It was generally during the period immediately after harvesting their crops that war excursions were planned and carried out, sometimes to very distant parts of the

islands, much in the same way that a party of English gentlemen might arrange for an autumn sporting tour.

"After the arrival of missionaries and others they were importuned to desist from these savage forays, that, if not undertaken for the express purpose, invariably ended in cannibalism. They retorted that other animals hunted down and preyed upon each other, and, having always been accustomed to the excitement and pleasure of the chase, they could not forego the sport."

Little wonder, then, that this warlike nation, now completely incorporated with ours, should take a deep interest in the struggle proceeding in South Africa, and wish to join in it with other volunteers from New Zealand. They read the war news eagerly from the first, the elders, when "no scholars," like many English peasants, making the young people read them aloud. The death of Lord Roberts's son roused the liveliest sympathy for the venerable general in the breasts of the Maoris, and a leading chief forwarded a gift and letter of condolence, which I am sure must have touched the kind heart of Lord Roberts. The handsome green-stone mere sent was accompanied by the following letter: "Presented to Lord Roberts as a token of my intense love and admiration for you, Lord Roberts, the brave man who has been able to preserve the power and dignity of our most high and beloved Queen Victoria, which ability has bestowed an everlasting honour on the Empire and eternal glory on New Zealand. I send you this mere. Immeasurable is the grief of your Maori fellow-subjects for the untimely but glorious death of your brave and gallant son. It has always been, and is still, my strongest feeling that I and your Maori fellow-subjects should join you, if only to ornament your feet or to accompany your dear son on his journey to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns. May

God help and preserve you. God save the Queen.
(Signed) M. K. Tuta Nihoniho, Captain."

The mere was an heirloom of inestimable value among the Maoris. Its name is Porourangi, and it has descended through many generations to the wife of Tuta Nihoniho.

The Queen's death was as deeply deplored by the Maoris as by her Anglo-Saxon subjects in these islands, and they, too, felt the strangeness of turning their loyalty into a new channel. Instead of our, or rather the French, crude expression of the inevitable sequence—"The King is dead, long live the King"—the Maoris' poetic imagery puts it, "When one fern frond falls away, another springs up in its place"; and they were ready to pay homage to the heir to the throne on his tour round the colony, as representing the kingly son who had succeeded the great White Mother—mother alike to her white and brown children.

As a writer in the press of Christchurch aptly expressed it: "If the Duke and Duchess regarded the Maoris with interest, we may be quite sure, on the other hand, the natives fully appreciated the honour done them by the royal visit."

The rest of the article will so clearly place the state of the Maori nation before the reader that we shall not apologize for quoting it in full. It goes on: "The modern Maori reads books and newspapers, and many of them know as much about the Boer War, the late Queen Victoria, and the position occupied by Royalty in the British Constitution as the average English or New Zealand working man. But a certain regard for rank is bound up with the history and institutions of the people. Every nation among the Maoris contained six classes of people, thus defined by the authority whom we have cited—the Ariki, or priest and chief, corresponding to the King; the Tana, or next in succession, corresponding

to the Royal Family ; the Rangatira, or chieftains, corresponding to the nobility ; the Tutia, or middle classes ; the Ware, or lower classes ; the Taurakareka, or slaves. It will thus be seen that although the Maoris were communal in their ideas regarding the possession of property, particularly of land, they were far from believing in the equality of all men. Although the name of king is placed opposite the term Ariki, Dr. Thomson thinks that perhaps Pope would be more applicable, as the Ariki possessed both spiritual and temporal power. What is known as the King Movement among the Maoris, as we recently had occasion to explain, was an innovation on their old ideas, started after trouble began with the whites. It was a political movement, largely set on foot to prevent the further alienation of their land, to withdraw themselves from European taxation, and generally to live their own life as a race apart. Such a movement was inconsistent with the general scheme on which these islands were colonized—the principle, as laid down in the Treaty of Waitangi, of equality of both races, under the one sovereign, the ruler of the great British Empire.

“ And this, after all, is the chief glory of New Zealand, the great feature of interest which will differentiate the Maori gathering at Rotorua in the Duke's eyes from all other native gatherings which he has witnessed or is likely to witness—that here we have solved the problem of the absolute political and social equality of the two races. The Maori has equal opportunities of education ; he can enter Parliament. In regard to taxation, the advantage, if any, is still a little on his side. More than this, he is not looked down upon as belonging to an inferior race. We know of no other British possession or English-speaking country where the same problem has been solved in the same humane and satisfactory manner. Such a state of affairs was perhaps dimly apprehended by the great Taupo statesman, Te Heuheu, when he put

aside the kingship offered to him at the inception of the movement by Matene te Whiwhi. 'Listen, all men!' ran an eloquent and highly figurative letter written to all the tribes at that time. 'Listen, all men. The House of New Zealand is one; the rafters on one side are the pakehas, those on the other the Maoris, the ridge pole on which both rest is God; let, therefore, the house be one.' The rafters are now intermingled, so that the Maori totara stands side by side with the English oak, and this is better."

As a London paper truly observed in an article on the marriage of Lo Ben Gula: "The one instance of successful mixed marriages, we believe, is to be found in New Zealand, where many white men of good standing have taken unto themselves Maori wives. But the Maoris are an entirely exceptional race, the one race that has been able to associate with the white man on terms of real fellowship."

The Maoris fully appreciate their superiority to other coloured races, as was shown by a protest made at a native meeting at Rotorua by the Hon. James Carroll, M.H.R., our half-cast Native Minister, who said "that he had seen by a paragraph in the papers that there had been imported from Japan a number of jinrickshas, with the philanthropic idea of enabling the Maoris to earn an honest shilling. He did not know whether his hearers were aware that the people who drew the vehicle were the very lowest types of the human race. He was glad to see that the Maoris had resented the idea of being made beasts of burden."

The Maoris' comments on the royal visit showed much insight. A Gisborne native, when asked what he thought of the Duke of York, said: "My judgment tells me he is very good; he is a very quietly-reared man. There is no flashness about him. He wears the same clothes as myself, or any ordinary person. But," he added, "the

Duke is very frightened of the white people of Auckland. He had a great lot of soldiers and policemen to protect him there. The police were like lawyers (a prickly creeper) in the bush—every way you turned you bumped against one; but when the Duke came to Rotorua to meet us Maoris he pushed all the soldiers and policemen aside and told them to stand back, and he came and walked amongst us Maoris without any fear, and nobody to protect him. But what pleased us most was his wearing some of our ancestors' clothing which we gave him. It showed us Maoris he had strong and true blood running through his veins, and not the usual thin blood that is in such a lot of these white people that come from other shores, who would be too flash to be seen wearing a Maori mat if it were given them." Then he said with great pride: "The Duke's blood is thick and strong like our ancestors' blood, and he does not take notice of what some of those flash birds that come from a distance might do. He is a grand man, and his wife is a grand woman, and we love them more now that our eyes have seen them, and may God grant them a long life like Queen Wikitoria."

The Maori paper "*Tipipiwhauroa*" for July contained most amusing though severe criticisms on the undignified conduct of "some *rangatiras*" (gentry) in their efforts at Rotorua to thrust themselves into royal recognition. This reminds one of the Yankee saying of "Cæsar and Pompey berry much alike, specially Pompey," for assuredly criticisms of the same sort were quite as much deserved by some of the Anglo-Saxon New Zealanders.

To show the devotion of the Maoris to the idea of the British sovereignty, quite apart from the excitement of such ceremonials as the reception of royal guests, we cannot do better than transcribe a London press account of the rededication of a tribal flag. It was as follows:—

“ There can have been few ceremonies in which the King has taken part so simple and yet so sacred as that which His Majesty performed at Marlborough House on Friday. As was evidenced at the time of the Queen's death, the Maoris of New Zealand had a great veneration for Queen Victoria, whom they regarded with mingled awe and wonderment. One of the principal tribes of the Maoris is the Opepe tribe of New Zealand, of whom Taupo is the chief—an old man who serves the Empire well and truly. This native chieftain had in his possession the Opepe tribal flag, a small Union Jack, with the features of Queen Victoria displayed prominently in the centre. This flag, so sacred to the tribe, had been specially consecrated by Queen Victoria at Windsor, her late Majesty touching the hem of its bunting in accordance with the traditional custom of the Maoris. The flag then went back to Taupo, in New Zealand, who received it with the greatest respect, and issued orders that on no account was a hand to be laid upon it, as it had been touched by the ‘ Great White Queen.’ When, alas ! the great Queen died, and the Opepes had mourned her loss, a council of the chiefs was called, and it was deemed necessary that the tribal flag should be reconsecrated by the Queen's successor. So the flag was carefully entrusted by Taupo to the care of Major Askwith, of the Royal Horse Artillery, who was returning to London after the Commonwealth celebrations, having commanded the artillery contingent in the Imperial representative corps. The flag was most zealously guarded during the sea journey, and the King having been apprised of its coming, it was brought immediately by Major Askwith to Marlborough House, where it was received with due ceremony by the Lord Chamberlain. Major Askwith and his burden were then conducted into the presence of the King, who, having received the loyal message conveyed from Taupo, performed the quaint ceremony

256 New Zealanders and the Boer War

of retouching the flag, which was then placed back in its case, preparatory to being returned without delay, under military escort, to the Opepes in New Zealand."

No Englishman could show more public-spirited liberality than these brown subjects of the King, who are always to be depended on to subscribe handsomely to objects for the common good. The most splendid instance of this generosity of nature, perhaps, was the gift of Te Heuheu, of the Ngatituwharetoa tribe of Taupo, who handed over to the people of New Zealand, as a public reserve, the sacred mountains of Tongariro (7515 feet) and Ruapehu (9000 feet), with all the beautifully wooded surrounding acres.

Can it be wondered at that the white inhabitants of these islands are jealous for the honour of their brown brethren, resenting scornfully that London writers should confuse them with the aborigines of Australia and call them black, and sympathizing heartily with their disappointment in being forbidden to fight in England's battles?

The following letter, published in the Press this year, will show what the feeling of the white man was on this subject towards the end of the war:—

"To the Editor of the Press.

"Sir,—As there is some talk of sending a Ninth contingent to South Africa, will you allow me to enter a plea for a Maori contingent, 1000 strong, with 2000 horses, one riding and one pack-horse for each man, so that they may be unencumbered for fighting purposes, and have ample supplies of food and ammunition available when they are wanted, as it would be absurd to expect much of the Maoris on a ration of one biscuit and a half per day in a land where they could not forage for themselves, as they could in New Zealand. Under proper conditions King Edward VII. has no subjects better able to do valiant deeds in South Africa than his New

Zealand Maoris, and none that are more loyal ; and as to their fighting qualifications, I venture the opinion that Rimington has no fighting scouts that could come anywhere near the Maoris for keen eyesight, a keen ear, and a capacity for stalking that would startle the Boer. It is a shame to talk about the colour line in connection with the Maoris. They certainly are not, and we do not look upon them in New Zealand as, an inferior race, and Mr. Chamberlain ought to be made aware of the fact, and pressure brought to bear to induce him to accept their services, a step, I think, he would never have reason to regret. Moreover, they would be a splendid object-lesson to the Boers—a conquered people living in perfect harmony and contentment with their conquerors, and volunteering to fight for the good old flag. It seems to be the desire of the authorities in the Mother Country to bring the war to a successful termination before the coronation of the King, and I think if it was decided to accept the services of a Maori contingent there would be ample time for the Maoris to distinguish themselves in South Africa, which I feel certain they would do if given the chance, and then to go to London to represent New Zealand at the Coronation ceremonies. With regard to the outfit, if it was spread all over the colony, I think everything complete could be ready in one month and the contingent dispatched. It is getting time now for all parties concerned that the war should be brought to a speedy termination, and when we realize that fact it seems a pity that such services as the Maoris would willingly render should be refused on a colour plea.

“Yours, etc.,

“F. GREAD.

“Little River, 25 January, 1902.”

(It should be noted that Little River is a South Island district where a good many Maoris reside with the Europeans.)

258 New Zealanders and the Boer War

The Maoris have been enrolled and drilled with the white settlers in volunteer corps, and held commissions in them ; and they did us credit in the contingent that accompanied the Premier to the Commonwealth celebrations. So, naturally, they volunteered for South Africa, and were much cast down at the inexorable refusal they met with.

The following paragraph appeared in the London papers of 9 February, 1901 : " This week a cable message has been received stating that New Zealand had resolved to include 100 Maoris in the next contingent to be sent to South Africa. This has raised the question as to whether such procedure does not amount to a breach of the agreement that ' black ' should not be employed against ' white.' " A representative of a London news agency saw Mr. Reeves on Thursday in regard to this matter, and Mr. Reeves replied : ' Setting aside the principle of employing coloured people to fight against white, a question I have nothing to do with, I only wish to point out that the Maoris are not savages. They are a civilized race, most of them well educated, and those who would go to South Africa would be for the most part well-to-do. And it must also be remembered that they are free citizens, and ably assist in the government of the colony, and therefore cannot be placed on a level with subject races. They are a kindly, homely, and humane people, equal in these respects to any white people. I undertake to say that nothing will be found in their conduct on the battlefield to take the slightest objection to. They will be courageous and humane.' "

But it could not be ; it was to be a White Man's War, and the Maoris took the disappointment with the dignity and good feeling that is the distinguishing mark of the national character. The following is a translation of a farewell, addressed by the East Coast chief, Tuta Niho-niho, " to the youths of New Zealand who are going

to fight against the Boers": "O my children, go in the noble resolve and loving attachment for our parent England, who has been wronged by the Boers and those people who assist them; go, then, and face the guns of the Boers and the sudden death which may be the fate of any one of you. Go, go, then; there is no other refuge either in front or behind you but the refuge mentioned in the forty-sixth Psalm of David in the Bible. All such deeds as drinking and such-like pastimes must be left behind you in New Zealand. When you are afloat on the ocean continually look to God for guidance. Go, go, then, and take my name—that of the Ika-roa-a-Maui-Tikitiki-o-Taranga (the Long Fish of Maui, the Topknot of Taranga), known to the Europeans as the two islands of New Zealand. Take it, make it known amongst the nations. Go, be brave; receive your wounds in front, that being the mark of a chief (that is, of the brave); for he who receives his wound behind is put down as a coward; go, therefore, like the chief (as the brave). Great was the love for you and the grief for ourselves the Maoris, because the native people were not permitted to go with you to the assistance of our Mother England. Now, O my children, this is a new thing to me under the sun, namely, having two children, one white and the other brown, that when trouble overtakes me, their parent, that I should forbid my brown child to come to my assistance and invite my white child to die with me. What, then, is to be done with regard to the acute pangs of love of my brown child towards me, its parent? There are two aspects to this question—(1) a loving regard lest harm should befall a much-beloved child; or (2) a feeling that the child is despised as being incapable of accomplishing any great deed; but the Maori proverb says: 'Big morsel or little morsel, the jaw has to move all the same.' Farewell, then. Be brave; set your thoughts on God to help you. By so doing you will

return with honour to us, your parents, and we, your parents, on our part, not knowing what is in store for you, will leave you in the hands of God. Go, then, and may God be with you always. God save King Edward the Seventh. From your friend Tuta Nihoniho, Captain, Ngatiporou Rifles."

An amusing story went the rounds at that time of "the disappointed Maori." "The Maoris are incensed because they are not allowed to go to Africa to 'kiki te Poa,' " says the "Pahiatua Herald." "A few days ago, in the wilds of Whangapoua, a stalwart Maori heard that there was a Boer gum-digger working with spade and spear not far from his ancestral whare. He sallied out to battle. He found the Dutchman sitting at the door of his whare. 'You te Poa?' he said. 'Yes, I'm a Boer; what d' want, nigger?' The Maori commenced dancing a wild war dance around his victim, and made a very wicked rush for his enemy to wipe him off the face of the earth at one fell swoop. Apparently the Dutchman did not mind. He pounded what is commonly called 'seven bells' out of the 'zwart schelm,' and, sitting on his fallen enemy, filled his pipe. 'You are going to kill the Boer now?' he queried, as he applied the match. 'My word,' answered the Maori, 'I t'ink you tell a lie; I b'leeve you a Noo Zealander like myself!'"

The Maoris showed their ungrudging sympathy with their white brothers by making up for each contingent a separate war cry, and the young New Zealanders used these awe-inspiring yells with great effect upon more than one occasion. Is there any record of white and brown of any other land being on such fraternal terms as the New Zealanders?

The next proposal of these ardent loyalists was referred to by the London "St. James's" on 15 March, 1902, as follows: "Mr. Seddon tells us that 5000 of the

43,000 Maoris in the islands want to be allowed to relieve British regiments stationed in other parts of the Empire, so that more British soldiers may be set free to take their part in the war. We cannot help hoping that it may be found possible, in some way, to accede to their request. The Maoris have been bitterly disappointed at not being able to take any part in the war, and their enthusiasm and loyalty to the Crown deserve recognition. The difficulty is, of course, to find a station to which they could be sent. There are objections to India, and you cannot very well empty Egypt of white troops, but there ought to be some means of showing these magnificent natives that England appreciates the spirit in which they make their offer. We are told that they 'especially want the King to know' that they are ready to go. We have no doubt that His Majesty, if it is found impossible to do all that they want, will take some means or other to show them that their request has given him pleasure."

Ere this date, however, the King had invited a contingent of New Zealanders to his Coronation festivities, and it was very properly decided that to the Maoris should be allotted the choice of twenty-four representatives, the pakehas (white men) being almost entirely chosen from among those returned from or at the front. It was amusing to find the heart-burnings common on such occasions in the great world cropping up among the Maoris, as at the Rotorua royal meeting. Up-to-date, as usual, the Maori malcontent wrote to the paper as follows:—

"The Father of one of the First.

"Sir,—I wish to draw your attention to the above affair. Now, a month ago, the report came it must be all *mo mo rangatira* * and good character. Mr. W. Uru,

* Blue-blooded aristocrats.

of the North Canterbury Mounted Rifles, is selecting the men for the South Island. The question is, Has he picked those *mo mo rangatira* of good character ?

“ Yours, etc.,

“ HE TANGATA.”

By “ the Father of one of the First ” presumably was meant one of the first Maori contingent to the Queen’s Jubilee or the Commonwealth celebrations.

The programme of a Maori gathering to be held at this time will show how the natives manage their affairs :—

“ A Great Maori Gathering.

“ The great gathering of Maoris to begin this week near East Cape (says the special correspondent of the ‘ Post ’) is expected to be one of the most important ever held in Poverty Bay. Representative Maoris from all parts of the North Island will attend to discuss various matters interesting the race. Two weeks’ festivities will be sandwiched with such important events as a session of the Maori Parliament, a general conference of Maori Councils of the North Island, a huge farewell from the Maori people of the colony to the Premier, and the establishment of a fund for the maintenance of native clergy. Since the support hitherto extended by the Church Missionary Society of England expires by effluxion of time, it has become necessary for the Maori people to take upon themselves a measure of self-dependence, and they are instituting in the diocese a fund of £3000, of which sum Archdeacon Williams has promised one-third if the Maoris will provide the other two-thirds. The Waiomatini people expect to collect fully £1000 at the meeting. The gathering has been organized by Ngata, the talented leader of the young Native party. Hundreds of invitations have been issued, tons of food

procured, large houses and tents erected, the passages of visiting Natives guaranteed, and no trouble or expense spared to make the meeting a success. Thursday will be devoted to the reception of the Hon. Mr. Carroll, officially, as Native Minister, and Friday to entertaining and bidding farewell to the Premier."

The speeches of the Premier (who is also Defence Minister) and General Babington on the day of farewell will show what the colony proposes to do for her martial Maori sons.

"In the course of his address the Premier made important statements of the Government policy with regard to the Maoris. It was intended to spend money in roading and surveying Maori lands, which to the extent of over one million acres had been handed over to the Maori councils by native owners. These lands would be leased to settlers by the Government for the benefit of the natives. The Government would also establish mounted volunteer corps of Maoris all over the colony, and he hoped within six months to have 5000 men enrolled under officers of their own race, ready to be trained for the defence of the country. He had discussed the scheme with the new Commandant, who warmly approved of it. The chiefs and people would have a voice in choosing the officers, and these would then be trained in their duties at Wellington prior to being placed in command of the corps, the Government paying for their keep during the period of training. In the event of our own men being drafted away for any purpose, we should have a force of Maoris upon whom we could rely to defend New Zealand. The Premier added that when he went to England he should ask the King's advisers not again to refuse the offer of Maori volunteers to fight for the Empire.

"General Babington, who was present, briefly addressed the Maoris, and said that he had every confidence

in saying that he could train them to be good soldiers. He was anxious to teach them all he could, in the hope that some day he might have the honour of leading them in action.

"The sentiments of the Premier and General Babington *re* Maori mounted corps were received with loud plaudits by the natives.

"Before leaving the Premier was the recipient of a number of gifts from the Maoris. A farewell address to him and an address for presentation to the King are being prepared, and will be offered for his acceptance next week by a deputation of chiefs who will come to Wellington."

Among those present, in addition to Tamahau Mahupuku, the local chief, were Mr. H. Tomoana, M.L.C., Mr. Wi Pere, M.H.R., Captain Tuniarangi Brown, and others. There was the usual performance of bakas, and feasting and speech-making.

The native members of the Coronation Contingent were trained at the camps of instruction with the Europeans. The papers mention their being inspected with the European troops by General Babington and being visited by members of Parliament, including the Native Minister (the Hon. J. Carroll) and H. K. Taiaroa, M.H.R., and being lined up, under Captain Taranaki and Lieutenant Uru, to listen to an address in their native language; and it is remarked that one trooper was the son of the Hon. H. K. Taiaroa, M.L.C., and another of Mr. T. Parata, M.H.R.

A press report of the Addington Camp of Instruction says: "Eventually, instead of the twenty-four first talked of, thirty-one Maoris, under Captain Taranaki and Lieutenant Uru, sailed for England in the Coronation Contingent, where, I am sure, their fellow-subjects in London will give them the right hand of fellowship, at least."

The warmth of British feeling for the New Zealander has lately been most amusingly depicted in a clever parody on Bret Harte's well-known verses, which we need hardly apologize for transcribing here as the fitting finis to a book that began with grumbles at the "more than kin and less than kind" old attitude of the British public towards its colonies, now to be for ever buried in oblivion :—

QUITE ANOTHER STORY

(Given in the manner of "I was with Grant.")

- "I am a New——" the wanderer said.
 Quoth the Londoner, "Say no more!
 But rest thee under our noblest roof,
 And eat of our richest store.
 Wouldst thou see theatres? Behold free stall
 For the stranger brave to fill!
 Wouldst thou banquets, smoke concerts, or music halls?
 Have all these joys at will!"
- "I am a New——" the stranger said;
 Quoth the Londoner, "Say no more!
 Right dear to the core of the British soul
 Are the sons of that loyal shore!
 In the mud-streaks clouding your brave array,
 Shall we honour the southern soil?
 Is the fish-like something that haunts your way
 A whiff of 'hapuka' oil?"
- "And how fares Dick, the gallant Dick,
 Of your happy island shore?
 I'll warrant he'll bear him valiantly
 In our Coronation roar!"
- "I cannot say," the colonial sighed;
 "But, as I remarked before,
 I am a New——" "And our guest, our pride,"
 Quoth the Londoner; "say no more!"
- "But tell us, were you in the ranks that first
 Won honour, with French to lead?
 Or haply shared on a mighty day
 In Bothasberg's glorious deed?
 Nay, droop not, though Fate have you denied
 To answer the Empire's call;
 Your brothers for England fought and died,
 For them we must love you all!"

"I know them not," the colonial said ;

" Yet, prithee, attend my suit.

I'm a Newfoundlander, hither led

By a fisheries dispute."

Then the Londoner spake not in praise or blame,

But spurned with a weighty foot

The wight who in place of New Zealand fame

Had a Newfoundland fisheries suit !

APPENDICES

I

SANNA'S POST

(Extracted by permission from "Ten Weeks a Prisoner of War,"
by H. P. Valentine, New Zealand First Contingent.)

" I T was on 30 March, 1900, that General Broadwood received orders to retire on Bloemfontein from Thaba Nchu, the Boers pursuing us. In fact, the rear-guard was fighting most of the way. The order to saddle-up was given about 1.30 on that day. We marched till ten o'clock that night, and bivouacked on the Bloemfontein side of the Modder River, near the water works. We turned in about eleven o'clock, having marched nearly twenty-five miles. It was particularly cold and dark that night. I lay awake some time, feeling very unwell, and, consequently in low spirits, and can distinctly remember having some gloomy forebodings of the future, little thinking how soon they were to be realized. Reveille was about 5.30 at sunrise, and the order came to saddle up, inspan, and stand by as soon as breakfast was finished. I was still feeling very seedy, and not at all liking the idea of riding some twenty-five miles; I therefore suggested to a mate, who was riding on the wagon, that he should ride my horse and give me his place. Unfortunately he consented. Breakfast was scarcely over when we were startled by the report of a gun, and the arrival of a shell among the wagons, followed in quick succession by others.

" A scene of unparalleled confusion followed, especially

among the native drivers, who jumped on their respective wagons, and started off. It was then that we realized that there was a considerable force of the enemy in our immediate rear. About this time I looked round for the man with whom I had changed places, but, to my sorrow, he was nowhere to be seen. I therefore jumped on to our wagon, and had hardly done so when the native drivers whipped up their half-starved mules and started off as hard as they could go. Owing to a good team of mules and a thoroughly frightened nigger we were soon among the leading wagons of the convoy, which was now in full retreat, and only the main bodies of the various regiments that had been in camp that night were left behind. We had galloped about a mile and a half, followed by a heavy shell fire, which added to the confusion and drove us into what turned out to be a veritable trap. In the meantime a battery of R.H.A. came up on our right flank, with the object of unlimbering on a rise across the spruit, which we were then approaching, and thence to cover our retreat. Roberts's Horse galloped up behind in order to act as advance-guards as soon as they could overtake us. It was in this position that we came to the spruit, where we noticed a man in civilian clothes loitering about the crossing.

"We saw the first and second wagons dip down the incline, and we could not understand their prolonged disappearance. Some one in front raised his hand as a signal to halt, so we pulled up. I then noticed a few men going over to the guns and catching hold of the horses' bridles and the drivers dismounting. It was in this way that I saw two guns taken without a shot being fired. I also saw an officer of the R.H.A. in earnest conversation with a Boer.

"It subsequently transpired that, on his being asked to surrender, he replied that he could not do so without his colonel's leave, and that he would go back and ask him. The Boer consented, but made the officer give up his sword and revolver before going. Needless to say, that officer got away and warned his colonel,

and was, I believe, instrumental in saving some of the guns, if not in preventing a great disaster. I then realized that we were practically in the hands of the Boers. We heard the ominous cry of 'Hands up! you are our prisoners.' Hearing this, one man remarked, 'We are off to Pretoria all right now.' Another said, 'Good God! they must be Boers.' We did not indulge in conversation, however, for by this time the Boers had started disarming the men in the wagon in front of us, and, for the moment, we were undecided whether to follow the example of our comrades in front or run for it. We had just decided for the latter, when the attention of our would-be captors was transferred to Roberts's Horse, who had just galloped up on our right. They were in close column of sections, and quite unaware that anything serious was up. In fact, an officer came along asking, 'Why the devil is the convoy marking time?' He was soon enlightened, for one of our men ran out and acquainted the major, who immediately shouted, 'Retire! Gallop!' Hardly had they done so when some Boers, concealed in the spruit, opened a terrific fire, and within a few seconds half the horses were shot and a good many of their riders bit the dust. Taking advantage of the confusion we ran back towards the main body as fast as our legs would let us, dropping every now and then to obtain breath and avoid the hail of bullets which were coming round us. I may here say that we were first fired at from the distance of about the length of a cricket pitch, and only saw one man drop who was running with us.

"The frightful confusion caused by the stampeding convoy and guns with riderless horses undoubtedly helped us in our attempt to escape. We saw two or three mules dragging a wagon and the rest of their team who had been shot. Then several wagons would collide, turn over, and the general mess-up would be assisted by the bursting of a shell amidst the plunging, kicking mass. Again a gun and two dead horses, drawn by two riderless ones, would career round and round in their frenzy.

"It is impossible to imagine the scene caused by over

a hundred wagons and four or five gun teams in full stampede. Although the fire was extremely hot, there was almost as much danger encountered from these panic-stricken animals. We had run some five hundred yards, and were already entertaining hopes of ultimate escape, when we were stopped by an officer, who beckoned to us to come and help some details already engaged in piling up mealie bags round an overturned wagon. Of course we had to obey. This done, the officer took stock of our arms and ammunition, and discovered, to his disgust, that out of the ten men behind our little fortification he could only raise four or five rifles and a little ammunition. It was here I looked round for my mates, and found only one of my own regiment with me. I had a rifle and bandolier, and my mate a bandolier, but no rifle. The officer directed our fire, and our little fortification stood us in good stead.

"It is wonderful how the mealies stop bullets. An officer quite close to us was standing up directing the operations of his men when a Mauser bullet carried away half his nose. This brave man continued to direct the fire, but, stamping with rage and pain, exclaimed, 'Fancy having my nose shot off by a d——d farm labourer!' I do not know what happened to him, but trust that he got safely out of it, and that he does not still carry the farm labourer's mark. After fighting thus for some hours, the firing in our rear gradually became fainter and fainter, showing that our mates were falling back. Our hopes were drowned, too, for the enemy's fire became more brisk, closer, and, naturally, better directed.

"It was soon after this that we lost the officer who had so bravely held us together; he was shot right through the heart, and fell with hardly a groan. Anyhow, the British officers on that day upheld their glorious reputation.

"It is not likely that I shall ever forget the two and a half hours behind the wagon. I think my comrades thought their end was at hand; I know I did; it seemed that life had finished.

" I can recall many gallant deeds that were done on that day ; many, alas ! that have not been recorded, and, in fact, many of the authors are beyond any power of reward. But no deed was more gallant than that of the R.H.A., who were firing over our heads, some twenty yards behind us. This gun was being served under heavy rifle fire, at a range of 500 yards. The gunner would train the gun, load, pull the lanyard, and then lie down ; then rise again, and go on working the gun. If I remember right, some six men were round this gun when I first noticed it, two of whom I saw knocked over later on. This gun was subsequently captured.

" I omitted to mention that of the two guns that were first captured only the leading drivers were made to dismount, Boers taking their places. The dismounted drivers seated themselves on the guns, and were to be seen throwing away the most important parts of the guns, unnoticed by the Boers, thus rendering them useless. At the time our officer was killed we were nearly out of ammunition, and the Boers began to close in, their firing making us lie very close. Perceiving that their fire was not returned, they grew bolder, and cautiously emerged from their hiding places, mounted, and rode round us, firing from their horses. They then approached and called on us to surrender, and, having had our officer killed, and our ammunition being expended, we threw up our hands, and realized we were prisoners of war. The position was not an enviable one, and it is hard to describe how we felt as we came from behind the mealie bags, wondering how it was we were left alive, and looked with horror on the many forms of our late mates dotting the veldt.

" Before the Boers came up we tore up our letters and any documents that might identify us, for it was commonly reported in the British lines that our enemies looked upon the colonials with special disfavour.

" The Boers then clustered round us, taking our arms and accoutrements, but leaving us our personal property. One Boer, who appeared to be leader, rode up and asked,

'What regiment is this?' I replied, 'Army Service Corps.' I then asked him who was the commandant. 'Mr. De Wet,' was the reply. 'Whereabouts is he?' and the leader replied, 'I am Christian De Wet,' and rode away.

"De Wet's presence did not impress me at the time, for he had not then acquired the reputation which was subsequently to make him so famous. In fact, it was the first time I had heard of this great warrior."

II

LETTER FROM MAJOR-GENERAL HUTTON

THE Premier received the following letter from Major-General Hutton, dated 9 June, near Pretoria :—

“ Dear Mr. Seddon,—It will, I am sure, be a great satisfaction to you to hear some short account of your fine troops, which I have the privilege to include in the brigade under my command. There are three distinct contingents, which now comprise the first battalion of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, viz. that under Major Robin and that under Major Davies. Major Robin, being the senior officer, commands the battalion, with Major Cradock as his second in command. In every engagement in which they have taken part, upon every occasion when hard work or peculiarly dangerous service has fallen to their lot, they have always acquitted themselves well. Since leaving Bloemfontein on 1 May we have been continually marching and engaging the enemy. The day's work has been always long, followed often by cold nights on outpost duty or guard, the exposures constant, and the amount of our rations precarious. All have been taken in good part, and I always feel confident of the result when the New Zealanders are detailed or selected for anything specially difficult. Among an especially fine lot of fighting men such as are to be found in the brigade from all parts of the Empire, none have a higher reputation for steadiness under fire or for that dash and gallantry when the moment arrives which are so peculiarly the attributes of British troops of the highest type.

"New Zealand is especially fortunate in the officers selected for and serving with the Mounted Rifles. There are several, whom I do not wish invidiously to name, who would take a very high place among the best of mounted infantry officers, who, as you are aware, are the picked officers of the army. An excellent feeling exists, I am glad to say, between all the various representative battalions from the different colonies, and I feel certain that the co-operation together in this campaign of the representatives from Canada, from the six colonies of Australia, and from New Zealand, will contribute more than anything else to weld the whole military element of the Empire in such a powerful national defence force as will some day astonish the Queen's enemies.

"The campaign is drifting to a close, and if Providence so wills it, the final stage of the campaign since 1 May will be proved to be one of the most interesting pages of our military history. If the casualties have been few, the reason may be ascribed to the admirable strategy of Lord Roberts, and to the able leadership of General French, under whose supreme command the brigade has acted since 10 May, rather than to the enemy being reluctant and unwilling to meet in the field on equal terms. The campaign has taught us all many lessons, and, among others, the lesson that all her Majesty's forces, wherever they exist, must have one individual system of training and organization and of equipment. It has been clearly proved that we do not require conscription to provide the Empire with the finest troops which any occasion could demand, but we do require some system of suitable organization which will enable the Empire as a whole to utilize the material which she possesses in such profusion. It would be folly to suppose that the 200,000 men now in South Africa have the organization, the training, or the equipment which would fit them to compete successfully with the armies of Europe.

"Will you allow me in conclusion to again convey

my congratulations to the New Zealand Government and yourself upon being so well and in such a distinguished manner represented by the New Zealand Mounted Rifles now serving under my command."

III

A SENSATIONAL EXPERIENCE

(The narrative of Trooper Peterson, of the Third N.Z.M.R., of his capture at Reitvlei and imprisonment and escape.)

“WE had a long, dreary trek from Pretoria to Middleburg, passing hundreds of carcasses of oxen, horses, and mules, the stench from which was horrible. Occasionally we would hear a shot, and know that another New Zealand mount had passed out, and another man had to tramp the whole of the journey. We were all pleased when we reached Middleburg, and anticipated a spell for a day to give the horses a chance to pick up. We stayed about four hours, and here I saw Dr. Burns, of the First, who had charge of one of the hospitals. Here also I met Peterson, of the North Island, who was captured by the Boers at Reitvlei with Captain Bourne and Lieutenant Cameron, and who escaped and was shot by British pickets after enduring great hardships. He is able to walk about, and I asked him to give me an account of the capture, and here are his own words:—

“ “ You remember we were sent out to hold a kopje against about four times our number. Well, we were at once spotted by the Boers, and caught it hot. It wasn't safe to move, and we just lay still and blazed away. The kopje on our right was being held by Royal Irish, who also commanded the nek between their kopje and ours. The Boers were advancing on us from the front and right, and had their guns playing on us all the time. Captain Bourne saw at once that we were in a tight corner, and to retreat meant that half of us would have been shot. In a perfect hail of bullets he stood up and told us he was going to the end of the kopje on our

right to see what chance we had there. We expected every minute to see him drop riddled, for the bullets were dashing on the stones all round him. He took no notice of them, but coolly walked to the end and back, and told us the Boers were coming on us from all sides, and that to retreat meant death to some of us; so we must keep low and give them all we could; and, by Jove, we did. These sears across my fingers are from the barrel scorching and blistering my fingers. The rifles we had are no good at all. There is no protection to your hands, and they become hot in no time. We laid it into them until they were right on top of us. They ran at us with their rifles resting on their hips, firing as they came. Then it was a case of "Hands up!" and the Boers made a rush, each man after a rifle and a bandolier as spoils.

"They took my glasses and two watches, and did likewise to some of the others. They tried to take Captain Bourne's glasses from him, but he refused to give them up. They threatened him, and tried hard to get them, but he refused to give in, and has them yet. He's as plucky as you make them, and we were all proud of the way he defied them.

"We were then bundled into the ranks, and marched twenty miles to Bronkhurst Spruit. We sang all the way, and kept our eyes peeled for a break. At Bronkhurst Spruit they gave us some bread and coffee, and stuck us in a fowl-house, and Captain Bourne and Lieutenant Cameron in a house under a strong guard. Next morning they gave us a lump of soap and we became clean again, and got first-class tickets on a mule wagon to Balmoral.

"I forgot to tell you that after our fight they carried away three wagon-loads of wounded. We looked at them with pleasure, and inquired how many, but were met with something in Dutch which meant "Mind your own business." Anyway, they carried some of our lead with them.

"We then took the train to Watervalonder, and then to Nooigodacht. Here we were counted and searched,

and put into a compound with 1500 other prisoners. Some of them had been prisoners since last November. Luckily we arrived the day rations were issued, otherwise we might have been short. We took a spell for a day, and then started building sod huts, and at the same time two Australians and Sergeant McDonald, Rob Smith, and myself, formed a plot to dig a tunnel and escape.

"I had twenty-three sovereigns that I had secreted about my body, and which the Boers had overlooked, and I got Bill McLennan, who was Lieutenant Cameron's orderly, to buy anything he could, as he had a chance, being with the officers; it cost me a sovereign per day.

"We started the tunnel by digging a hole about three feet deep on the slant, and then tunnelling. As we took the earth out we put it in the holes caused by digging the sods up for the huts and tramped it down. As we got in we put small air-holes, also on the slant, and covered in the entrance with a candle-box sunk into the hole and covered with neatly-cut sods of grass and earth. Smith and I used to sleep over the entrance. The guard used to occasionally pass across over the tunnel, and the men on watch would pull a string attached to the leg of the man in the tunnel, one pull being the signal to stop and two that all was safe. So things went on for three weeks, and when the tunnel was fifty-five feet long we were beyond the wire enclosure and started to bore up to the surface. When within about six inches of the surface we put up a milk-box and propped it up firmly, so that if any one walked over it it could not give way. One night I intended to go with some of the New Zealanders, but they thought relief was near and decided to stay, so I got the other chaps, and we scooted. Directly we got out I went on my own, and steered north-west, past Machadodorp, and then north. I used to sleep in the day and travel at night. It was hard work on foot and I had no blankets. At Dalmanthua I saw a lot of Boers trekking east. I kept out of their way, but often they came so close I could have hit them with a brick. That night I came to a small

laager, and, being tired of walking, sneaked at dark into the lines and took a horse and rug. I was dressed in black clothes, and the Boers thought I was one of them, and did not come near me. I couldn't get a bridle, so got on his back and used a piece of raw hide ream and galloped off. My word, the horse was a clinker and went like smoke. I passed two Boers who were supposed to be doing picket duty, but they evidently took me for a Boer, and I got clean away and galloped right for Belfast. I thought the British were there. Here I came to two wire entanglements, and got down and pulled them down. I was just getting on again when I got a volley, and fell off my horse, shot through the hip. I heard the officer in charge say, "Sight rifles for five hundred yards." He was shooting at the horse. I yelled, "Stop shooting, you ——, I'm a New Zealander, all the way from Machadodorp."

"The 7th Dragoon Guards came round me and carried me to picket, and did everything possible for me. The man who shot me almost cried, and could not be kind enough to me. Anyway, the bullet went clean round the back of me, just touching the bone, and out of my thigh on the other side. It was worth the bullet to get the feed they gave me. I had only had mealie cake for four days. They put me on the train and sent me to Middleburg to a hospital, where New Zealand Nurse Hay was, and I got the best of treatment.

"General French, General Pole-Carew, and General Hutton all came to see me, and took down what I said. They also took a sketch of the route I took, and congratulated me on my escape, which they said put Winston Churchill in the shade; but that doesn't matter.

"I'll be up with you again soon. I've got a little bit to wipe from them for taking my watches and glasses. If I could only have carried a pocket Maxim I could have shot hundreds of the wretches.

"I feel fine, and the doctor tells me my leg is as good as ever."

COLONIAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WAR

IN an appendix to the report of the Colonial Conference some interesting figures are given, showing per head of the population what the war in South Africa cost each of the colonies which sent contingents there.

Set out in tabular form the results are as follows:—

	No. per 1000		No. of men sent
Canada . . .	12 ¹ / ₃	2s. 4d. ..	8400
New South Wales . .	4 ¹ / ₂ ..	5s. 9d. ..	6208
Victoria . . .	3 ¹ / ₃	2s. 3d. ..	3897
Queensland . . .	6 ..	8s. 7d. ..	2903
South Australia . .	4 ..	4s. 6d. ..	1494
Tasmania . . .	4 ¹ / ₃	4s. 6d. ..	796
New Zealand . . .	8 ..	8s. 8d. ..	6000

New Zealand, it will be seen, says the "Cape Times," sent nearly eight out of every thousand of its white inhabitants to the seat of war, which is pretty nearly as good as the mother country with its average of 8¹/₂ per thousand.

And the cost to New Zealand was £334,000, besides a pension list of £3000 a year.

COLONIAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WAR

In an appendix to the report of the Colonial Commission some interesting figures are given showing the part of the population which the war in South Africa cost each of the colonies which sent contingents there. Set out in tabular form the results are as follows:—

No. of men sent	The per cent	
2400 .. 42.41	24.7	Canada
6100 .. 42.41	45	New South Wales
3677 .. 42.41	37.7	Victoria
4001 .. 42.41	6	Queensland
1491 .. 42.41	1	South Australia
700 .. 42.41	44.7	Tasmania
6000 .. 42.41	2	New Zealand

New Zealand it will be seen says the "Cape Times," sent nearly eight out of every thousand of its white inhabitants to the seat of war, which is twenty nearly as good as the mother country with its average of 84 per thousand. And the cost to New Zealand was £1,500,000 besides a portion of £1,000,000 a year.

INDEX

A

Abbott, Colonel, 116, 128, 130,
163
Acland, Dr. Hugh, 83, 243
Anderson, 65
— 90
Andrew, Colonel, 114, 122, 124,
125, 152, 221
Andrews, Sergeant, 145
Arthur, Captain, 113
Ashton, Corporal J., 128

B

Babington, General, 168
Baker, Trooper, 123
Banks, Lieutenant, 78, 89, 90,
114, 116, 119
Barker, J. D., 183
— F. S., 193
Bartlett, Captain J., 40 n., 82
Barry, D. P., 63
Batger, Lieutenant, 116
Bauchop, Colonel, 106, 111,
135, 162
Beath, 90
Beck, 108
Bell, 229
Bennett, 92
Berland, Sergeant, 46
Berry, Lieutenant, 63
Blair, Major, 96
Bourne, Captain, 73, 82, 276-7
Bowen, Hon. C. C., 7
Bradburne, Lieutenant, 78-9
Bradford, 28, 30
Brook-Smith, Nurse, 225
Brown, Robert, 70, 75 90

Brown, Captain Tuniarangi,
264
Burbury, Albert, 182
Burnett, R. E., 136
Burns, Rev. Thomas, 8
Burns, Surgeon-Captain, 40 n.,
43, 54, 89, 132
Byrne, Corporal, 70

C

Callaway, Sergeant-Major, 129
Cameron, Captain, 63, 73-4,
82, 89, 119, 122, 124, 276-7
Canavan, Lieutenant, 25, 28
Cardale, 229
Cargill, Captain William, 8
Carroll, Hon. James, M.H.R.,
17, 253
Carston, Nurse, 231
Chapman, Trooper, 76
Chaytor, Captain, 25, 28, 40 n.,
63, 69, 83, 88, -9 94
Cholmondley, Sergeant, 62 n.,
65, 84
Clews, 90
Coleman, Sergeant-Major, 168
Connell, Trooper, 26-8
Conn, James, 139, 145
Cotter, 229
Coutts, Corporal (Queen's
Scarf), 40, 127
Craddock, Colonel, 42, 49-50,
56-7, 68, 76, 78, 84-7, 91,
116
Craig, Doctor, 64
Crawshaw, Lieutenant, 56, 82,
89-90, 94-5, 213

Cross, Trooper, 62 n.
 Culling, Trooper, 242-3
 Cushman, 177
 Cuthbertson, Lieutenant, 83

D

Dalgety, Colonel, 176
 Danniels, S. Vigo, 183
 Davidson, Captain G. R., 222
 Davies, Colonel, 39, 43, 68, 70,
 104, 109, 111-12, 152, 155,
 212
 Devereux, Corporal R. de
 Bohun, 90
 Dickenson, Lieutenant Harold,
 31, 133
 Ditely, Lytton, 140
 Doran, J., 183
 Duigan, H. V., 73
 Dumeresq, Sergeant, 53-4
 Dunford, C., 138-9
 Dungan, Sergeant, 131
 Dyke, 90

E

Earle, 94
 Edwards, Mark, 23
 Eggleston, 84
 Elmslie, Trooper, 57

F

Falconer, A. R., 222
 Fenwick, Doctor, 54, 56, 241
 Ferguson, 229
 Findlay, Major, 56, 96, 117-19,
 122, 124
 Fitchett, Dr. Frank, 233
 Fitzgerald, James Edward, 8,
 10
 Fitzherbert, Lieutenant P.
 (Roberts's Horse, New Zea-
 lander), 33, 82, 89
 Fitzpatrick, Captain (New Zea-
 lander), 172
 Flavell, C. H., 31
 Foreman, 90
 Fox, Trumpeter, 29
 Fox, F., 153
 Frame, J., 138

Francis, Colonel, 106, 220, 235
 Free, Farrier-Sergeant, 117
 Fulton, Captain, D.S.O., 105,
 221-2

G

Gabites, Surgeon-Captain, 132
 Geddes, Lieutenant, 120
 Gillespie, Trooper, 57
 Godfrey, Nurse, 231
 — Doctor, 80, 82, 90-1
 Godley, Robert, 7
 Goldstone, Sergeant, 90, 96
 Gormstone, Lieutenant, 39
 Gourley, Sergeant, 26-8
 Graham, 79
 Grey, Sir George, 8, 9
 Grimes, Conductor, 98

H

Hafford, Trooper, 76
 Hagenson, 90
 Hall, Sir John, 7
 Hardham, Lieutenant, V.C.,
 110-11, 162
 Hardie, Bob, 141
 Harper, Bishop, 8
 — H. J. C., 91
 — Captain E., 124, 126
 Harvey, Captain, 105, 222
 Hastie, Trooper, 70
 Hatfield, Lance-Corporal, 136,
 243
 Hawdon, Lieutenant K., 222
 Hawthorne, 90
 Hay, Nurse, 231
 Hayhurst, Captain, 56-7
 Hayward, Sergeant, 96
 Heasley, 79
 Heckler, Lieutenant, 129
 Heke, Hone, M.H.R., 17
 Hempton, 51
 Henderson, Sergeant, 64, 90
 Hiatt, Nurse, 225
 Hickey, Sergeant, 105
 Hill, Corporal, 54, 90
 Hodgson, Sergeant, 240
 Holmes, J. A., 183
 Hovell, Lieutenant, 82

Hughes, Lieutenant, 25-7, 39,
40 n., 82
Hunt, 229
Hurrey, 119
Hutson, Captain, 54, 76
Hutton, Major G., R.E., D.S.O.,
222
Hyde, 90

J

Jackson, Major, 116, 163, 165,
167
Jacobs, Dean, 11
Jeffries, 92
— Nurse, 225
Jennings, Trooper, 90
Jollie, Edward (Bechuanaland
Police, New Zealander), 191
Jones, Lieutenant Mostyn,
D.S.O., 123, 125
Joseph, 229
Jowsey, Colonel C. M. G., 42,
61, 63-6, 68, 82, 84, 89, 95,
213, 220
Joyce, Selwyn, 242

K

Karney, J., 129
Kearns, Trooper, 177-8
Kelcher, Trooper, 66
Kelsoll, Lieutenant, 96
Kitney, 229
Knubley, P., 70, 90

L

Legge, Sergeant, 243
Leuwin, Sergeant, 116
Levinge, Dr., 60
Lewin, Trooper C. M., 37
Lilico, Veterinary-Lieutenant,
102
Lindsay, Lieutenant M., 29-
30, 39, 40 n., 41
Littlecott, Nurse, 225, 244
Londen, Corporal, 210
Luck, 79

M

Macbride, 90
Macdonald, Sergeant, 278

McCrae, 110-11
McDonald, Lieutenant, 117
McDougall, 105
Mackintosh, A. M., 66, 240
McEacharn, Veterinary-Sur-
geon, 115
McKay, John, 105
McKeich, Lieutenant, 165
McPhee, 110-11
McLellan, 144
McLennan, William, 278
Madocks, Captain W. R. N.,
23-4, 27, 39, 40 n., 41
McKenzie, J., 141
Major, Major C. J., D.S.O.,
106-7, 215
Markham, Captain, 115, 118-19
Martin, 92
Matthews, Captain, 39, 118
Methuen, Lord, 155-61
Miller, 118
Minifie, Sergeant, 139
Mitchell, Lieutenant, 120, 125,
126
Monahan, 141
Montgomerie, Lieutenant, 82,
89-90, 96
Moorhouse, William, 8
Morgan, Sergeant, 41

N

Neave, Lieutenant A. C., 28,
36
Newall, Colonel, 105
Ngata, 262
Nihoniho, Captain M. K. Tuta
(Ngati Porua Rifles), 251,
258

O

O'Dowd, 110
O'Farrell, Lieutenant, 62 n.
O'Hagan, Trooper, 183
O'Neill, Surgeon-Captain, 115,
120
Oppenheim, 90
O'Reilly, Corporal, 97
Orford, Trooper, 214
Overton, Lieutenant P. J., 50,
53, 117, 120, 124, 134

P

- Parata (New Zealand Coronation Contingent), 264
 Parker, Lieutenant, 42, 53
 Patterson, Trooper, 74
 Pennycook, Major, 168
 Pere, Wi, M.H.R., 17, 264
 Perham, 79
 Peter, Nurse, 225
 Peterson, Trooper, 276
 Pickett, 88-9
 Pierson, Charles, 237
 Pilcher, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, 223
 Pitt, Sergeant, 40
 Porter, Lieutenant-Colonel, 127-8, 146, 151, 163
 Potter, Lieutenant H. R., 109
 Potter, Captain, R.H.A., 109
 Pratt, William, 247
 Price, 229
 Prosser, 229
 Purdy, Captain, 118

R

- Raine, Lachlan, 93
 Rayne, Lieutenant, 165
 Redstone, Nurse, 226
 Reece, Mr., 49, 60
 Rees, Corporal, 94
 Rhodes, Captain Heaton, 152
 — Mrs. George, 60
 Richards, Corporal, 79
 — J. A., 183
 Richardson, E. (Canadian Scouts, New Zealander), 183
 Roberts, Corporal E., 107
 Robin, Colonel, 20-1, 25, 39-42, 63, 68, 71, 82, 84, 95, 205, 213
 Rolleston, Hon. W., 8, 16-17
 Rose, Lieutenant, 117
 Rosemead, Lord, D.S.O., 182
 Ross, Nurse, 225
 — Lieutenant, 88-9
 Rouse, Farrier-Sergeant, 117
 Rowe, George (Waldron's Scouts, New Zealander), 177, 178

- Rowe (Border Horse, New Zealander), 64
 Rowley, Sister, 243
 Rundle, Trooper, 112
 Russell, Sergeant, 90
 Russell, Captain, M.H.R., 15-16
 Russell, Lieutenant Philip, 219
 Ryan, Lance-Corporal Frank, 66, 79, 84, 88, 122

S

- Saunders, Alan, 54, 237
 Saunderson, Veterinary-Surgeon C. G., 72
 Saxon, J. R., 241
 Scott, Sergeant-Major, 108
 Seddon, Hon. Richard, 5-7, 9, 12-15, 72
 — Captain R. J. S., 151
 Selwyn, Joyce, 242
 — Bishop, 8
 Sexton, 110
 Shand, 242
 Shappere, Nurse, 226
 Sherratt, B., 183
 Simpson, Lieutenant, 116
 Simpson, 91
 Slater, Lieut.-Colonel (New Zealand Volunteers), 60
 Smith, Captain N. L. D., 58
 — Farrier-Sergeant, 90
 — Lance-Corporal, 116
 — (New Zealand Ambulance Corps, 121
 — Sergeant-Major, 125-6
 — Trooper, 131
 — Lieutenant B., 125
 — 57
 Smythe, Sergeant, 116
 Somerville, Colonel, 83
 — Lieutenant, 82, 89-90
 Speed, Sister, 244
 Spencer, Trooper, 92
 Stead, G. G. (of Christchurch), 48-9, 60
 Stephens, Corporal, 90
 Stephenson, Captain, 124
 Stewart, J. J., 129

Stewart 88, 90
 Stockes, Sergeant, 118
 Strange, 229
 Street, Sergeant, 56
 — 90
 Strong, Sergeant, 239
 Sutherland, Trooper, 105
 Swanstone, 90

T

Tairoa, the late H. K., M.H.R.,
 264
 Tanner, Captain, 168
 Taranaki, Captain (of the Coro-
 nation Contingent), 264
 Taylor, Corporal, 118
 Teape, Sister, 227
 Thompson, Lance-Corporal A.
 W., 53
 Toamona, H., M.L.C., 264
 Tobias, Rev., 121
 Todd, Lieutenant, 81-2
 Tomlinson, 79
 Tubman, Captain R. G., 215
 Tucker, Lieutenant, 88-90,
 120, 124, 204
 Tuckey, Lieutenant, 103, 116,
 156

U

Umbers (Scottish Horse, New
 Zealander), 182
 Uru, Lieutenant W. (Corona-
 tion Contingent), 261, 264

V

Valentine, H. P., 211, 267
 Vercoe, Corporal, 129
 Vernall, Trooper, 91

W

Wade, 229
 Wakefield, Edward Gibbon, 8
 Walker, Lieutenant, 62 n., 63
 — Captain, D.S.O., 113
 Wallis, Lieutenant, 116-17,
 119
 Ward, the brothers, 8
 Webster, Nurse, 225
 Whitehead, W. W. D. (New
 Zealander in Yorks Imperial
 Yeomanry), 182
 Williams, Corporal (New Zea-
 lander in Roberts's Horse),
 176
 Williamson, Nursing Sister,
 236
 Wilson, J. T., 31
 Witty, George (New Zealander
 in Bethune's Mounted In-
 fantry), 172
 Wood, F. A., 71, 90
 Woolcombe, Nurse, 226
 Worthy, Veterinary-Surgeon,
 102

Y

Young, C. G., 50

PLYMOUTH, ENG.
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PRINTERS

1935 MAY 20

1935 MAY 20

1935 MAY 20

1935 MAY 20

21/3/71

11 JUL 1972

- 2 JUL 1974

- 3 OCT 1985

16 JAN 1989

9-5-91 MD

RH 2/1/1

RH 18/9/91

19 FEB 1993

9C 6/4/93

28 DEC 1994

19 DEC 1994

05 MAY 1995

- 8 DEC 1995

17 SEP 1997

- 2 OCT 1997

0005 MAR 2000

0001 APR 1999

0001 OCT 1999

0001 FEB 1999

0001 MAR 1999

0001 MAY 1999

0001 APR 1999

0001 JUN 1999

0001 MAY 1999

0001 DEC 1999

DATE DUE



Document Supply Services
National Library of New Zealand
PO Box 1467
Wellington



DATE DUE

27 DEC 1997

- 5 MAY 1998

22 JUL 1998

~~23~~ 9 APR 1999

- 3 MAY 1999

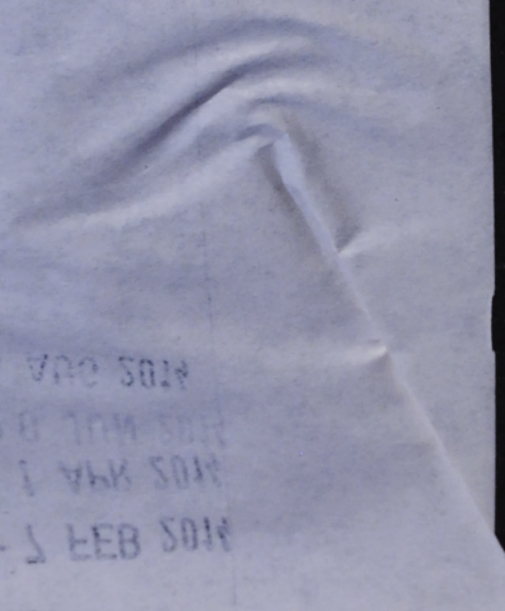
23 JUL 1999

- 2 SEP 1999

- 6 OCT 1999

- 4 NOV 1999

20 MAR 2000



Please return this item to:

Document Supply Services
National Library of New Zealand
PO Box 1467
Wellington

NATIONAL
LIBRARY
OF NEW ZEALAND

Te Puna Mātauranga o Aotearoa



*Supplied at no charge from the collections of the
National Library of New Zealand.*

20 JUN 2000

DATE DUE

30 JUL 2002

05 JAN 2011 - 7 FEB 2014

11 APR 2014

11 APR 2003

04 MAY 2011 20 JUN 2014

15 OCT 2003

04 JAN 2012 4 AUG 2014

- 3 OCT 2003

19 JAN 2012

- 8 SEP 2005

22 MAR 2012

27 JUN 2006

19 SEP 2012

25 JUL 2007

25 NOV 2012

- 5 JUL 2013

10 JUN 2009

9 JUL 2013

14 SEP 2009

- 9 JAN 2014

22 JUN 2010

P-297

968.2

NEW

1900

New Zealander
New Zealanders
and the Boer War,
or, Soldiers from
the Land of the
Moa

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF NEW ZEALAND



3 1111 00256908 3

968.2

HAW

3 7 1 2 9

HQ(M)

N.Z. GOVERNMENT
NATIONAL LIBRARY SERVICE



968.2
NEW

1900