

The personal diary of

Fr Eustace St Clair Hill

THE BOER WAR
1899 TO 1902

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FOREWORD

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Grahamstown
Cape Colony
1899

ANTICIPATION OF WAR

Rumours of war grow daily and the severe route marches the Berkshire Regiment is undergoing make us believe that Milner and Kruger are not likely to arrive at any understanding.

Hirst-Jones, Forshaw and I discussed the question of whether we ought not to offer our services as Chaplains in the event of war.

Monday, 24th July 1899

Offered my services to Chief Staff Officer, S A Castle, Cape Town and in reply was told the General Officer Commanding had noted my willingness to serve as Church of England Chaplain with the Imperial Troops on active service.

Monday, 31st July 1899

Wrote to Bishop Webb saying how Hirst-Jones, Forshaw and I felt as money had been taken for ministering to the troops at Grahamstown during peace, the Church certainly should not leave them when ordered to the Front. I also said I considered war upset the normal state of affairs and that if I was selected as a Chaplain, I should feel that war was a reasonable excuse for putting St Peter's Home to some inconvenience for a few months.

Friday, 25th August 1899

St Andrew's Lodge, Inverness, Ness Bank.

Bishop Webb wrote under the above date saying he was glad the Church had not been behindhand in offering its ministrations to the Imperial Forces in case of war. He expressed the wish that I should not leave St Peter's Home without seeing that in some way, albeit imperfectly, my duties were undertaken.

Bishop Webb added that he could not believe that Kruger and the Boers would be so ill-advised as to meet the dread issue of war, that if he was so demented it would be very soon decided and peace and order prevail in more settled conditions than has been the case for a long while.

To the Bishop, the real question at issue was whether Great Britain was to be the suzerain and paramount power.

Thursday, 14th September 1899

Letter received. Intercessions are held regularly in the Cathedral at 5 pm. A true, just and lasting settlement of the controversy is prayed for.

The Berkshires are being worked harder and everyone says war depends entirely on whether Kruger agrees or not to Milner's proposals.

Saturday, 30th September 1899

Great preparations at the Drostdy as the Berkshires leave tonight, there is not half the regiment here as King Williamstown has most of them.

I hear they are to hold Naauwpoort and Stormberg junctions and as this one regiment represents all the Imperial troops in the Eastern Province, they may get a rough time of it.

The Berkshires left amid great cheers, some over refreshed by friends. I trust no Boer will blow their train up.

Tuesday, 10th October 1899

Left for Keiskamma by Post cart with Sister Eleanor. Slept at Debe Nek and proceeded at 8.30 am for Keiskammahoek. Examined schools in the Faith. Stayed [at] Wyches.

Went on to King Williamstown on the 16th. The driver was a German. He says the Germans won't join the Boers.

No chance of travelling to Grahamstown by rail via Naauwpoort so I am glad I have the Post cart.

Thursday, 19th October 1899

Left at 6.00 am for Grahamstown.

Saturday, 21st October 1899

News of our victory of Talana Hill

Tuesday, 24th October 1899

Wire from Rice Thomas regarding military chaplaincy. Replied. I wrote begging for a front place.

Saturday, 28th October 1899

At last I got a wire from Rice Thomas, Wynberg

Will you accept temporary duty at Orange River Bridge. Period of engagement uncertain. Pay with allowances 18/- daily, messing 2/6. Free railway ticket – wire reply will write.

Gertrude¹ got this while I was out and teased me by saying she had great news for me... I was to guess at, at last she told me and also said I would find the wire on my table.

I flew up to Bishopbourne, met Douglas Ellison, begged his kind mediation and then was shown into the Bishop. He gave me great hope. I rushed to Mother Cecile² and found her a brick with the result that I wired back “I am ready to act as Chaplain immediately. Bishop sanctions.”

Went for a walk with Roberts, a magistrate, who told me the war law of prohibiting liquor being sold to Natives had taken his work away.

Sunday, 29th October 1899

The Bishop preached at Highlands for me. Gertrude came out and Mrs Cornish –

¹ Sister Gertrude CR sister, and biological sister of Fr Hill.

² Mother Cecile was the Superior of St Peter’s Mission, Grahamstown.

good muster. Gertrude and I travelled back together while the Bishop and Mrs Cornish went to the Hooles for lunch.

Monday, 30th October 1899

Received wire.

Go when you receive railway warrant. Notify to Officer Commanding Orange River Bridge probable time of arrival take camp bed or Wolseley Valise, suit of khaki flannel and ordinary clothes, 50 lbs at least.

Gertrude helped me to buy outfit. The Bishop agreed to confirm my candidates on October 31st instead of All Saints Day in St Peter's Home Chapel.

Tuesday, 31st October 1899

The Confirmation – Gertrude packed for me – tea, tabloids, caffeine, quinine, tracts and no end of service requisites such as Holy Communion books, stoles and surplices. Birch had no valises worth anything and his reach-me-down khaki didn't fit. I got a camp bed of iron which would shut up quite small.

Wednesday, 1st November 1899

Collected Literature (light) for the soldiers. My railway warrant came at last. Tidmarsh brought me some poles of bamboo and some six forked sticks, the two bamboos were threaded into a canvas sheet and suspended on the fork sticks themselves, thus giving a raised bed (I found this too elaborate and used the poles as walking sticks until I lost them and the whole outfit).

Tuesday, 2nd November 1899

8.00am. Gleddon Graham, Hirst-Jones saw me to the station. Gertrude and Dick Barry accompanied me to Westhill. Pigott and Searle to Highlands where, by bad luck, I left my camp bed. At last I really was off and alone in a first class carriage to think it all over. I wonder whether real war and story-book war had anything in common.

ORANGE RIVER STATION

Friday, 3rd November 1899

As I passed through Naauwpoort I found the last of the Berkshires were retiring, the plan being to hold our Western line from Cape Town to Mafeking and not to bother about the central line nor to get anymore British forces besieged and requiring relief columns. In the morning I met Bingley and Peak of the Berkshires. I went into the Refreshment Room at De Aar and found Colonel Verner and Carter of Loyal North Lancashires. After breakfast a train was prepared for Orange River Station. I got in with Colonel Verner and felt I had met a real genius – he started sketching the country on the side of the line as we travelled, then, when the train went quicker and he couldn't keep up with his sketch, I saw him standing on the window and clambering up onto the roof – on our arrival near Orange River Station he reappeared bearing with him a sketch of the country between De Aar and Orange River Station saying, "If we have to do a bolt, there's the map."

As we came into the station everyone off duty crowded onto the platform, all longing to hear news and to know when they might advance. Colonel Money said the Roman Catholic Chaplain had been better than I, seeing he had been in camp some days and that I might join their Mess (the 5th Fusiliers) when they once moved out of camp. I was dressed in grey flannels with a white helmet and felt [that] if I was going to stay, my kit would soon be disallowed. Percival (Hereford's son) showed me about and took me to Major Read (Staff) and Colonel Gough, Commanding station. Money gave me a splendid servant named Cakebread, he had been a valet to a West End swell and made me as comfortable as my few resources would admit. He rigged up a washstand for me, dug a trench round my tent and spread my blankets on the ground. Lieutenant Wreford Brown of the 5th Fusiliers then took me around the camp and explained what an important strategic position ours was: the advance post for Methuen and the only defence to the great Orange River Bridge which is quarter of a mile long and up on great 49 ft pillars, a height the river is capable of rising. He then showed me how their regimental duty was to guard £1 000 000 of war stores while companies of Loyal

North Lancashires and Harold's old regiment, the Munsters, held the two Bridge ends. The 9th Lancers and Mounted Infantry Companies from Northumberland Fusiliers and North Lancashire Munsters were all camped on West of line nearer the river under a kopje. Some artillery are also with us.

I went to bed feeling very important and not wondering at a story I heard of how an ostrich one dark rainy night had approached a picket of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers and refused to either halt or give the counter sign when challenged, so had been fired at with the result that the whole camp turned out into the rain and lined the trenches which were 3 foot deep in water. At sunrise the cause of the alarm was noticed to have a few tail feathers missing. "The Old and Bold" had too good a reputation for war to suffer more than a lot of chaffing for this alarm and I bet any other sentry would have done the same.

Saturday, 4th November 1899

I called on Major Little, 9th Lancers regarding services and had tea with Carter and Bowen of Loyal North Lancashires and met Major Jackson of the same. Got the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers band to practise hymns for Sunday and arranged for services in both Cavalry and Infantry camps. For meals, I arranged with the Refreshment Room that they should hold my rations (and I would pay) (or rather was excused by Logan) for their cooking, taking my meals in their rooms.

I met a very fat war correspondent at my table – he wore a cork shield on his back to show he came from the centre of Africa, Colonel Verner also sat at this table and the more I saw of him, the more I admired his versatility and cheeriness. He seemed to know the theory of war and how to express it in all places at all times. I heard he had gained a VC or something in Egypt and his sketching from the train proved he did not lose chances of good work. Colonel Gough had been secretary to Lord Wolseley and sat at the head of the table and struck me as a good soldier, his cousin was Colonel of the 9th Lancers in bed with dysentery. Verner kept his end in peals of laughter at his stories and Stamford, the war correspondent, said little but warned me against taking two helpings of Tommy's plum pudding. I assured him stodge suited my digestion very well and turned in with two good helpings to my credit.

My camp bed had not come and once again I had to make my bed on the hard gravel beside Gertrude's uniform case. All was peaceful till about midnight when the pudding slowly but relentlessly assumed the proportions of a huge Boer who had me down on the hard ground and was ramming an immense knee into the pit of my stomach. I struggled in vain to throw this ponderous weight off me. At last I let out what little air he had left me to live on in a ringing yell and hurled myself on top of him. Sure enough I had got above him and with toes and fists I let him have it anywhere and everywhere, though my toes ached and my knuckles bled at every blow. Realising at last that I could report no progress in this affair I determined to run and leave this armour-plated foe. I rose and took one step into the canvas of the tent and fell all of a heap thinking the Boer had me in a sack or some equally diabolical prison. However I now settled I must put all I knew into a great effort to escape and so with a charge I could never have made if awake, I tore the tent pegs up and broke through the side of the tent and tumbled into the ditch I had had dug, rose to my feet and ran round my tent shouting like Joshua as he circumvented Jericho. Then I awoke and, lo, it was a nightmare! A cold perspiration burst over me as all the awful consequences of such a breach of discipline took shape in my mind. Drunkenness, brawling, riot seemed to me probable charges I might have to answer for at the Orderly Room next day.

I crept into my tent by the right way and slunk under my rug, giving a timid look at Gertrude's uniform case and wondering how much of my skin its sharp edges had attached to them and what substitute I should find for my own loss of skin. My violent exercise had certainly succeeded in putting the pudding in its proper place but it left my mind with nothing else to think about except the consequences of my uproar.

I suppose the whole performance hadn't taken two minutes and I already heard Lieutenant Festing's voice at the Guard Room asking the sentry why, on hearing shouts arising from a tent, he had not turned the Guard out. This was awful – one officer would have been as bad as the nightmare, but a whole Guard would be Hades let loose on me. There was no escape. The Guard, led by Festing, were drawing nearer and nearer to my tent, enquiring at tents as they came as to

whether a Boer had slithered in and knifed anyone. (Festing had just returned from fighting Dervishes and seemed certain that the Boers would try their methods of stealing into a camp on their stomachs and knifing sleepers.) Tent after tent denied any responsibility for the uproar. At last only one tent lay between me and my fate and two civilians were in it. Festing questioned them. I awaited their answer. In sweating fright it came, “No noise from this tent, Sir... fancy the shouts came from the Chaplain’s tent.” All my hopes were gone. I lay like a worm trying to sham peaceful slumbers as of a little innocent child and when Festing, lantern in hand, pushed his head and shoulders into the tent and asked if I had been knifed, I murmured sweet, guileless questions as to why I should be awakened and subjected to such alarming questions. I was never meant for an actor as a Sergeant saw through it all and said, “He’s been suffering from a nightmare,” and at that all left me to my sore bruises and fevered imaginings as to how I should comport myself at breakfast in the morning. My fears were groundless for though the fat war correspondent said, “Well, Padre, if you were not our Chaplain, I would say you had had a bad go of DT¹.” A Lancer in the 5th told an anecdote of an officer in the Egyptian Campaign who was travelling up the Nile in a steamer and who at midnight suddenly sprang from his bunk, rushed up on deck and would have been in the water if the sentry hadn’t seized him by the shirt tails. I was more pleased by the kindness of the man in thinking to extricate me from public attention by relating this story, than interested in his anecdote. Such thoughtfulness for a guest’s feelings is, I think, typical of officers.

Sunday, 5th November 1899

I celebrated at 5 a.m. in the Orderly Room – eleven made their Communion. The officers of the 5th follow their Colonel’s good example of coming to Communion and probably the thought of the coming engagement leads them to think over what they learnt at school and home as kids. A mule wagon drove me and the 5th Band over to the 9th Lancer’s camp where I took Parade Service and had breakfast. Drove back and took Service for the 5th. I preached on “*Utilis ille labor, per quem*

¹ *Delirium tremens.*

vixare tot aegri; Utilior, per quem tot didicere mori!”¹ but gave no Latin. Verner told me my sermon was alright but I must be careful how I worked on the men’s emotions. He recommended me to harden myself. Verner brings his science of war into everything and interests me greatly, though I fancy the advice he should give me should be “keep soft”.

I failed to work up a voluntary Evening Service. I really don’t understand how to do it and feel I am not satisfying the men’s hopes of a Chaplain.

Saw Quartermaster Bett regarding putties, etc. I must get out of my grey flannels and white helmet. Gertrude got me a military helmet but refused to say where she [had] found it. It is white and has a steel spike but she made a khaki cover for it and handed it to me filled with cold boiled eggs as I started. She said they were “hard boiled” but, when they broke, I found they were soft as water and had made a tiered omelette with the sandwiches about six inches deep, measuring from the bottom of the helmet. Nothing in the helmet seemed right. The inside even was unpleasant now and none of my friends could suggest any method of improving it. However, my civilian pith helmet had to go as it had no khaki cover though I wish now I had poured coffee over it until I had drowned its brilliancy, and I had to renew my efforts to make Gertrude’s helmet do. Some Tommy gave me his khaki button and that settled the matter of replacing the spike and I drew a cross with an indelible pencil in front, which was balanced by a subaltern drawing a Devil behind. This didn’t make its look any better but indelible marks don’t come off so, for better or worse, I was mated to this awful abortion of a headpiece from the time the sun rose until it set. My khaki reach-me-downs were in keeping with my helmet, especially the trousers, which to secure the requisite length had to have a waist to span a beer barrel. My boots saw no blacking from when I left Grahamstown and as they were Number 11’s, they could not be hid. My putties were new and put on by my servant, Cakebread, [and] were really the only article of clothing out of harmony with my attire. This some artistic soul remedied by taking my putties one night and substituting his old ones – I lost my clerical collar

¹ “That effort is useful, through which so many sick men have lived; more useful is that effort through which so many have learnt to die.”

before long and then touched bottom – being ordered out of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry camp by the sentry and nearly getting a bayonet into me for entering a Royal Horse camp. Men may sneer at decent clothes, but remarkably bad ones are a hindrance and the proper ones are a help. However, my clothes were a very fair index of my ignorance of military work and, as there were no looking glasses, I soon forgot what they looked like.

Rogers of the Railway Mission called in to see me, we had tea in the Refreshment Room. Rogers blissfully oblivious of the fact it was the 5th Mess Room about which I heard from Colonel Money later. Next morning I walked halfway to Hopetown with Rogers – the bridge there has been blown up to protect our left. In the afternoon Colonel Verner asked me to come round the camp while he drew a sketch of it. He went as fast as I could walk squinting through miniature telescopes, etc, all of which I noticed had Verner's patent on them and explained to me rapidly that as he had secured two points, he could omit walking to a third as its position must be such and such, etc, etc. I bowed assent and marvelled as the map gradually got completed. He then marked where every trench had to be and then said he must have an attack on the camp to show the defenders how a party attacking any trench would be enfiladed by another trench. He said it was a great thing to let no trench feel isolated. We had tea with the Munsters and I went home feeling war meant a deal more than I thought and at the back of the hero there must be intellect. Verner got a toss soon after and broke his collar bone. Bad luck.

I had a long talk with Captain McPherson of the Munsters who told me how Harold protected him from a farmer. A Reconnoitring party went out but returned not having seen the enemy.

Friday, 10th November 1899

A reconnaissance force went out with an armoured train, while they were away, I distributed literature to the men. In the evening a gloom seemed to come over the camp as news arrived of Colonel Keith-Falconer's death. Lieutenant Wood, Loyal North Lancashires was also brought in – poor fellow, he couldn't speak as one bullet had gone through his head and another through his stomach. I sat with him in a tent, holding his bandages in place and moistening his lips. His groans were

pitiful and I was thankful they gave him morphia. Next tent Lieutenant Hall and Bevan – both of 5th Mounted Infantry – lay wounded. Bevan told me how his great ambition had been to be in active service and now he said “I’ve had it, and what was it? A bullet from an unseen foe and a cripple for life”. I arranged to give them Holy Communion in a day or so.

This, then, I thought, is war and only the first fruits and if it is sickening, what will the harvest be? My servant evidently was much impressed by the first touch with the enemy and spoke to me about his wife and children, etc, etc until I said “Look here, if you are shot doing your duty, you will be able to face God and, if you do your duty and survive, you can face your Queen and take your medal. But, if you don’t do your duty, then if you are shot, you won’t be able to face your God, and if you are not, you won’t be able to face your Queen.” I asked him to go away and pray over this, and gave him a nip of brandy for his diarrhoea. He made my tent tidy later on with a cheerful look, I am glad to say.

Saturday, 11th November 1899

Buried Colonel Keith-Falconer and Lieutenant Wood in the cemetery.

Sunday, 12th November 1899

Holy Communion at 6 a.m. at Parade Service by the Station.

9 a.m. Parade Service in Cavalry Camp.

9.30 Holy Communion. Preached on the “Lord’s Prayer”, saying we ought to vow to God to use Victory to extend His Kingdom.

I held the Holy Communion in a Lancer’s tent, which was a cut like a cottage. Ridge pole and parallelogram in the shape of walls. The tent was quite full of officers and when I had finished, the Major tapped me on the shoulder to say several troopers were waiting for their Holy Communion outside, so I had to celebrate again. This was a very cheering service.

I lunched with Captain McPherson and sat by the river with him. He said he had heard officers were to give up their swords to avoid being potted by Boer marksmen. This he said he would never do. Bishop Wilkinson is his friend and

has taught him religion, the fruit of which I saw when he brought four men to Holy Communion with him.

Said prayers in each tent of the hospital, a dust storm preventing any outdoor service.

Lord Methuen arrived and asked me about my chaplaincy. I said, "I want to go to the front." He said, "A very worthy desire," and we parted.

Reverend Falconer arrived and we had a moonlight service among a pile of boxes, Smith performing on a harmonium.

BATTLE OF BELMONT & GRASPAN

Monday, 13th November 1899

I took a moonlight service on the kopje behind the Lancers' camp where several Christians met. I repeated these little meetings here and elsewhere. The "London Times" correspondent (brother to Geoffrey of Lansing) arrived. Northampton came in. Knight of "Morning Post" and "Where three empires meet" also arrived. He told me this was his 13th campaign. He began as a private in a French Regiment, fighting in Algiers and had squeezed into every war in some capacity or other ever since. His talk was most interesting. He ended by saying, "Well, when my 13th book was being published, the publishers went bankrupt and I lost my money. Will the same ill luck attend my 13th campaign?"

Friday, 17th November 1899

King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry marched in amidst cheers – they had marched from De Aar and were in fine fettle. Their arrival upset my prayer meeting.

Saturday, 18th November 1899

All tents struck and, although my servant told me not to reduce my kit to 9 lbs, I did and sent all goods I considered superfluous to Gertrude, leaving the rest with the Drum Major of the 5th.

Sunday, 19th November 1899

Parade Service Cavalry Camp.

Holy Communion (10 Communicants) and again across [the] River
(4 Communicants).

Called on Ottley of King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Dust storm.

Monday, 20th November 1899

7 pm. At last everything is packed – we slept in our clothes on the veldt across the river and on Tuesday, 21st November, at 4.30 am made our start for Kimberley. The army looked splendid. The 9th Brigade under Fetherstonhaugh consisting of the 5th, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Northampton [and] Munsters. The Guard Brigade on [the] right. The Cavalry, that is, the 9th Lancers and Mounted Infantry and the Artillery. We look irresistible in this great plain but the kopjes on the East skyline look ominous and I've not forgotten poor Wood. If only they would meet us in the plain!

We arrived at Fincham Farm and camped there, protecting ourselves from the sun by fixing rugs on upright rifles or lying under wagons. In the evening I watched Kimberley flashing signals to our flash lamp which Colonel Rhodes was managing. I slept in my two rugs on a Mac sheet.

Tuesday, 21st November 1899

Rose at 4 am and got a bath in a pool under some trees. My legs were still very scarred from their encounters with Gertrude's uniform case, but I only was conscious of their look.

Wednesday, 22nd November 1899

We rested in camp until 4.15 pm when we started for Thomas's Farm, Belmont. We soon got into a splendid great valley with nice springy grass. I walked with Captain Eagar of the 5th who told me about his two young boys home at Cheltenham. We discussed boys' education and other matters. The Guards were on our right, the 9th Brigade on our left, the Cavalry in the right front. After a bit Eagar called my attention to a white puff from a kopje on the North East and said "that [is] the first shot in anger you have experienced". It was aimed at our

Cavalry but still the order to 'halt' was given and then the order to 'charge magazines'. Eagar said we had better lie down as these old reservists are unused to these rifles and are sure to be loosing off without meaning to. I lay down by his side and sure enough some culprit soon sent a bullet skimming over us. Luckily the order was to keep rifles pointing up and everyone felt a personal interest in this order being carefully observed. I also had a talk with Lieutenant Brine, a cheerful fellow who seemed to regard the whole thing as sport.

It was dark when we got into Thomas's Farm and I found my way to where Boileau had supplied water for us in great sail cloths. I filled my water bottle and then found where our wagons were and soon discovered a soft sandy spot to sleep on. The mules seemed to think something untoward was to be expected for they kept up the most gloomy wailing noise right on until 1.30 am when we were called. The Mess Sergeant had a fire burning and cups of cocoa and we all understood this was to be the first fight as the enemy's position had been located and they had to be turned out of this position. I put two water bottles on and when I saw the 5th move out of camp, I joined them, it was moonlight (2 am) and I could just make out the guards on our right. A goat would follow us bleating in the same pitiful way that the mules had wailed. About 4.30 am, a bullet rang over our heads, some-one said to me, "Do you know what that is?" I said, "a mule braying far away." My friend laughed and had no reason to tell me what it was as evidently it was the signal for all the Boers to let fly and they had our range exactly seeing we were now approaching the sky-line. I got under cover of the embankment and lay there with some Tommies, hoping a miss was as good as a mile but somehow fearing lest from the Boers' height above us the bank might be too low to afford proper cover. Certainly the bullets seemed hitting around us and I told the two Tommies next to me if they knew how to pray, they had better offer a prayer up. However, my interest was soon diverted by seeing Percival with the 5th Fusiliers Maxim pulled by two mules coming towards the line. As he was crossing it, one of the mules was hit and fell, fouling the trace. Percival seemed in his element with the sort of look on his face you like to see worn at a footer match. He had the mule's carcass cut free and I saw a Tommy moving up to take its place, his face was pale but the grey light made its expression very clear cut.

His lips were tightly shut and a look not of enjoyment but of determination to do his duty was there all right, and the Maxim moved on towards the kopje.

I moved up the line trying to crunch up my body. As I passed a culvert a bullet got my heel and knocked me over but inconvenienced me very little otherwise. I got across the line as the firing seemed easier and sought for the wounded, waving my bamboo stick to the stretcher-bearers when I found a man. At the foot of the kopje I found a cart and several rugs around it and, better still, bottles of all kinds of spirits – evidently the owners had come for a picnic and had made a hurried bolt for safety or else they would never have left their liquor. I was looking at this when an officer galloped up to say General Fetherstonehaugh was hit and, as a stretcher-bearer was by me, he dismounted and asked the stretcher-bearer to mount and give first aid to the General. The man mounted but the horse refused to leave his master, so he had to dismount, I urging him on from the rear to stride out. They got the General into a stretcher and I got rid of a Boer rug on top of him and then started to climb the hill. Just under the crest I found Colonel Money and Lieutenant Lethbridge. The crest of the hill gave cover and the shots skimmed over and fell in the plain. The 5th had taken the hill, I gathered. But, as the Boers who ran, had got another kopje commanding the one they had left, it was wise to put the crest between us and them. The guards I could see charging this other hill and I gathered the Boers had been driven off it, too, as I saw a guardsman doing a gleeful war dance on the top and waving his helmet about on the tip of his fixed bayonet. Eagar lay dead on the crest of our hill, his servant had fallen in front of him, and he had rushed on to pull him under cover but was hit as he stooped over him. He stood up crying “O, my God” when a second hit him in the heart. I heard Major Sapte was lying wounded somewhere and found him in a hollow praying no-one would find him and lift him out of his snug safe nook. The bullet had struck his watch and, glancing off, gone through his thigh. The stretcher-bearer and Dr S seemed to think he should be carried to the Dressing Station, so I lent a hand. Sapte asked us to take his servant first, fearing he might be overlooked but the stretcher-bearers were too careful to overlook anyone. Further on, I saw a man shot through the neck. Dr S very excitedly asked me to lift the man under cover. I refused as firing seemed to have stopped our way and the man was dying and I

didn't want to get a deluge of blood over myself. I rigged up a shade for the poor fellow and prayed for him – as every effort at breath sent spouts of blood out, I could only pray for his soul – Major Dashwood was carried past me then. Further on, lying on a rock, I saw Lieutenant Brine shot through the neck as he peered over trying to get a shot at one of the Boer marksmen. (It was from here that I saw the Guards take the far kopje about which I wrote above.) I stayed with the man until he died. Then I lent a hand carrying dead down to a wagon. The Boers by this time were in full flight and our heavily laden Cavalry vainly trying to catch them until wire fencing stopped their efforts.

I met half of Dashwood's Company and found our wagon, into which we lifted the dead. Sergeant Joyce (5th Fusiliers) gave me a lift and picked up a soldier limping our way and drove us into last night's camp. I got a good wash, but my trousers and tunic were hopelessly stained and, after all my ablutions, I was a sorry sight.

Our Mess Sergeant had some food for us – After this I buried Eagar and Brine and nine men of the 5th all wrapped in their blankets and all in one grave lying side-by-side. Then I went round to the front of the farm and found the Field Hospital. Wounded were still being carried in. One wounded man leant up as he passed me and shouted "I didn't funk, Sir, I went straight." It was my servant, Cakebread, whom I had talked to about duty. I gave him 10/- and sorrowfully realised I would no longer have his splendid services. Cakebread was sent down to Cape Town and was healed and then came up-country again and looked into me at Orange River in February 1900 to say he was Kitchener's servant. So duty was its own reward – I met him in 1909 at Pretoria with his family.

I carried round Bovril to the wounded. The Boers asked for coffee but that I could not oblige them with.

I found the 5th officers – Festing, Fishbourne, Sapte, Dashwood – all in bed in a long, narrow, farm room. Then I got hold of a captured pony and rode to Belmont Station – 72 wounded of our men and 15 of Boers. Visited all I could. At night Major Robinson, Royal Army Medical Corps gave me some grub and asked me to

spend the night with two wounded officers – Lieutenant Allen of Northamptons, (leg wound) and Knight of “Morning Post” (arm off). I had a chat with them and remarked to Knight, “Well, great forebodings were realised.” He took his loss bravely and both of them seemed as ready to sleep as I was. I rode back to ask for leave of absence and then rode into the station again. A doctor was enjoying some Irish stew all to himself, so I kept him company until it was gone, then found the station master and told him I had been asked to sleep by the two wounded officers. He said, “That’s all right. I’ve sent my wife and kiddies down-country,” and that, as Allen and Knight had his bedroom, I could have the bed in his other room. He also showed me a canvas water bottle hanging handy. I hadn’t been in a bed since leaving Grahamstown and I was no sooner in this, than I was dead to the world and to the two wounded next door. Dr Robinson looked in at 1 am and I remembered my duty to visit the two who wanted little but sleep in which occupation I was only too ready to join them. I slept until 4 am and then visited the wounded outside, heard a Roman Catholic confession as he said, failing a Roman Catholic priest, I would do. I found the Guards had suffered severely in their charge up the kopje, the wounds being mostly in the thighs. Many of the men looked soft and “towney” but whatever their bodies, their spirits were all right and time would soon harden the former.

One little Boer boy (10) was weeping for his mother, his father had come into camp and asked to be taken prisoner if only he might be with his son. I fear some of these loving visitors are spies but there is a little we can conceal from them, try as we like, as we must keep together and our objective is known and the line must be our way to it. Rumour says Cronje rode into camp to thank us for our care to the Boer wounded and probably to see for himself what our forces were. The Boer doctors say we have given them lots of work which is a poor consolation for all they’ve given ours.

I was asked to bury eight dead Boers but could not get any blankets to cover them in. So, as I was also unable to get a burying party to dig a grave for them, I said a service over them as they lay in the mortuary tent and asked Dr Robinson to say for as much, etc when the grave was dug and they were laid to rest.

As I had been “hop and go one” for over 24 hours, I set to work to replace my lost heel and at last decided to take one off a dead man’s boot, using some nails I got out of a door to nail it on with, though the nails of the new heel were really enough. I then asked Colonel Northcoat if a burying party could be sent to bury the Boers. I got back to Thomas’s Farm by 3 pm, just in time to fall in, after saying goodbye to our wounded.

I left my only clerical collar and black stole behind, to my sorrow, and at 6 pm lay down with little besides my two rugs and washing material. Our camp was on Swinkspan Farm near Graspan Station and Enslin Siding – Hills on either side of us and a lovely great dam filling the end of the valley up. I walked down to this dam in the moonlight, with Captain Isaak (sic) and filled my water bottles, a job I am most particular about as I find my thirst is insatiable after a few miles marching and some Tommy generally wants a pull at my second bottle. The moon was clear and peaceful to look at and I slept very comfortably on some sand just South of the dam.

I had a message from Methuen to say he was not angry but if he heard of me in the firing line again, he would send me home. I felt like a naughty boy cautioned, and should have liked to have argued on the question as to what constitutes the firing line. Really at Belmont the rear seemed to be the receptacle for all bullets which skimmed the crest of the hill and shells, too, found their way there but the one I watched must have caught cold on its trip from Europe as it only fizzled and sneezed at me. I am now told the Field Hospital is the Chaplain’s place and so I have no excuse for losing my place.

Saturday, 25th November 1899

At 2.30 am we left Swinkspan camp and made towards some hills at which I could see our guns blazing. The hills were charged by the Naval Brigade. Colonel Money acting Brigadier in place of Fetherstonhaugh. I came across the Naval Brigade wounded and took a great liking to their hearty manners. I saw Prothero being carried on a stretcher with a nasty hole through his thigh. They took him towards a small hut, but as his bearer entered, he caught his foot on the step and let the stretcher down, bump. I was told that Prothero was an officer who

swore hard at men but, to my admiration, he only tightened his mouth as his wounded leg hit the floor with a thud. The wounded Sailors were as cheery as sandboys – only one couldn't "stick it" when told to – he, poor fellow, had a bullet through his ankle and was squirming about with the pain. The rest refused help to the ambulance train but hopped or crawled or limped to it and then, if once they could get a grip on to a holdfast, soon pulled themselves in with their arms. They were a cheery, hearty lot – even the black Prothero left singing Methuen's praises to the last, saying he had paid the Sailors an unparalleled compliment, seeing he had set aside the claims of the Guards, the Argyll and Sutherlands and the Fusiliers, and given the Sailors the honour of charging the position. I heard they went up in a mass, having only extended by their left instead of left and right from centre – a movement I probably haven't expressed properly. However, they gave an exhibition of fearless dash and if the loss in life was unnecessarily large, the survivors all seemed happy from Prothero downwards.

(The Chief Gunner's Mate of **Doris** was a good fellow.)

Scott of "Manchester Guardian" told me he might not join the Brigade until it reached Modder. He gave me a lift to camp or, rather, as far as he might come.

Sunday, 26th November 1899 (Trinity)

Owing to my not taking my old servant's advice but obeying the order of 9 lbs kit limit, I had no Holy Communion vessels and so had to borrow a silver goblet from Major Bulfin, the Staff Officer of the 9th Brigade, and a plate for a paten. Twenty-five made their Communion. I then rode to Graspan Hospital and took burial service over seven dead for whom I could get no burying party and so had again to ask the doctor to commit them to the ground when the grave was dug.

I failed to get the 6 pm service, due partly to the time being taken up with wounded and dead, but more to the fact that I've got to learn how to lead men to a voluntary service. All I realise so far is that my friend, the officer, is a useless nucleus... no Tommy will ever join a central group of officers.

Monday, 27th November 1899

Started 4.30 am. Marched past Honeynest Kloof and at last came to a farm with much water and a big mulberry tree – we were told some of the dams contained water not fit to drink – in these we bathed.

I tried to get some quiet under a tree which I thought would be of no attraction seeing it was fruitless but, no sooner had I began to read, than a guardsman came seeking fruit. I retired to some bushes and got a bit of quiet and also read “The Guardian”. Had a swim with W. Browne in one of the dams and then went up to the 5th Camp. A deserted house was used as a Mess Room. The water made the air cold at night, but we consoled ourselves by thinking how we were to start late in the morning and have breakfast on the banks of the Modder.

BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER

Tuesday, 28th November 1899

4.30 am. Bulfin surprised me from my slumbers by laying hold of my blanket and asking me where the 5th Adjutant was as we all had to start at once, despite our hopes of a long lie. Joyce had the usual cup of cocoa and in 10 minutes we were on the move. The Divisions proceeded along a big plain with hills as usual on the North-East. Our new Brigadier, Pole-Carew, had arrived and was talking genially to the Officer Commanding of his regiments. I sat on an ant heap, watching and hoping we should soon be in the village in front of us and at breakfast. Our Cavalry had ridden ahead and apparently disagreed with the Colonial Scouts who said the river was strongly held. The opinion which prevailed was that a few shots would send the Boers flying and let us in for breakfast.

At 6 am firing began on our right – big gun fire. Our Field Artillery quickly replied to it – then big guns opened in our front. Then, before I had realized anything more than that, long distant compliments were being paid, a terrific rifle fire opened, from an unseen foe extended some two miles on either side of our front centre. It was gorgeous to hear, but the effect on the army was to lay it on its stomach at once and, after that, whatever manoeuvres it performed were, I fancy, done on the abdomen and not on the ten toes. The front fellows found a road – the

depression caused by traffic was little but gave enough cover to many apart from the hail of bullets. I found myself next to Falconer and Lowrie, Guards Chaplains and by the Guards Hospital. The doctor asked us to help with the wounded but I thought I had better seek my own parishioners and so made for the 9th Brigade hospital. The first of my lot I found were the 9th Lancers. They were being shelled but didn't seem to bother much. I found some officers I knew and chaffed them for being "Aunt Sallies" and doing nothing in return. An officer showed me a section of a shell in a horse neck. Set like a stone in a ring it was so neat. The shells seem very poor ones and either don't burst, or if they do, cause little danger. The 9th Brigade seemed to me to be moving West and crossing the line and still moving West. I suppose trying to turn the enemy's right. The sun was terrific and our men had to lie on their empty stomachs with their backs exposed to an awful grilling. Thirst overpowered some and, when a water cart was seen, many preferred risking bullets to enduring thirst (something a newcomer has had no practice in) and paid in many cases for their drink with their lives. In fact many never even got the water, the bullet getting them first. I got to our Dressing Station and heard various rumours from the wounded, agreeing only in their gloomy character – we were beaten, retiring. Commandant Scheepers, when in hospital recovering from gunshot wounds, prior to his execution at Middleburg in 1902, told me that the Boers should have held their position at Modder and that he blamed the Commandant for retiring from his position on their right and letting us in. He even said that that night he voted for his execution for cowardice but the council wouldn't agree. He further told me also that the subsequent surrender of this Commandant at the Brandt Water basin proved how much better advised they would have been if they had shot him when he suggested.

Colonel Money and Percival were shot, two of the Northumberland Fusilier Companies captured, etc. Le Sueur of the Rimington Guides was brought in, shot through the stomach. His body looked so clean and white but for a violet hole, and that so small.

The 9th were still pushing West and at 4.30 had found the Boer Right which ended in a blockhouse guarding a dam wall and a ford. Regiments were mixed up but the 5th and Lancers and Yorkshires, etc got across and pushed up the North bank

of the river until they got under the fire of our own guns. The blockhouse on the South bank where the Boer trenches were, had been rushed, but many of our men were killed before they fled out of its back door across the river.

The roar of battle at times struck me as almost exhilarating. The deep bass of the Boer position gun. The tenor of the Field Artillery, the alto of the Pom Pom (Vickers Maxim), which was a new weapon refused by British but accepted by Boers, and the treble of Mauser and Lee Enfield. I can't distinguish the parts in music but these seemed easier to hear a difference in. I couldn't quite tell who had crossed the river. Some said Colonel Barter of King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and others Carter of Loyal North Lancashires had led the charge across. I know one real Christian of the 5th walked across as calmly as if he was on a picnic, for one who saw him told me so. I was also told a Sergeant begged one of our batteries to cross and enfilade the Boers but the Lieutenant in charge said his orders were not to move from his position.

It got dark too soon and men lay down where they left off, no-one knowing where his regimental wagons were or expecting rations. I got to our hospital before it was quite dark, saw Methuen – who had been hit with a bit of a shell – lying there. I looked for the 5th and was told they were on West of line, so I started in the darkness to hunt for them, a house or so were burning and gave me light. A Tommy warned me that the Boers were still firing, but his advice seemed to have no foundation, so I continued my search. The reports I heard from the conflagration sounded like cartridges catching fire. Anyway, no bullets were flying my way. Further on I met an officer of the Guards Brigade who said he had a guide to take him somewhere West of line. We passed a group of Argyll and Sutherlands sheltering under the railway embankment and saw many wounded not yet found by the stretcher-bearers. I gave one my spare water bottle and told his pal to return it to me (he didn't), gave others a drink until my bottle was empty then went on and at last found the 5th. Colonel Money was looking angry and my saying I heard he was shot didn't make him look less so. He had ordered the 5th to eat their emergency rations, which they did, and about ten minutes after, our ordinary rations arrived. The men slept where they were, blanketless and cold. I

went into the blockhouse about which I wrote above and found it full of dead and dying men – blood, broken rifles, cartridges all littered about, giving a ghastly scene in the flickering firelight. The banks, too, were lined with wounded who were food and waterless and with no covering of coats or blankets. Luckily a doctor arrived in a Cape cart with medical comforts and, before long, we had Bovril brewed which I was asked to distribute. To my joy, man after man refused a gulp and only after much persuasion would consent to take a sip, the excuse being his pal was worse wounded than he. The mist rising from the river was cold, and the wounded were still uncovered. However, a message to some Loyal North Lancashires, who had blankets, resulted in a bundle of their blankets coming down. The hut produced some skins, etc and once again I found men asking me to give the covering to their neighbours, saying they could well do without it. The Tommies, whose language, when contrasted with that of the Sisters of St Peter's Home, had shocked me again and again, now stood before me in an absolutely new light and filled me with joy. I couldn't help feeling I was moving among Saints – men who, though dying of thirst, gave others to drink; though cold, gave the naked clothing. Yes, a man I gave a biscuit to as I left, I saw with the tail of my eye give it away, though he had eaten nothing for over 36 hours.

One poor fellow was mortally wounded – he was a big chap, wounded in the stomach. He wanted to sit up and have water, both of which had to be refused. Morphia was injected which certainly put him out of pain while its effect lasted. Others were shot in the head or through lungs and seemed equally hopeless. When something had been done for all the wounded we could see, I went back to the 5th but felt I couldn't sleep with nothing on as my khaki was still stiff and terribly thin. So I searched about until I found a trolley with six mules and one horse tied to it. I climbed in and found bayonets, etc, etc but further investigation brought a numnah, a sweater and a pair of drawers to the surface and also a Mac sheet. I rolled up under this collection and slept like a top though the mules and the horse rocked the old cart like a ship amid waves.

Wednesday, 29th November 1899

The 5th crossed the River to reconnoitre. I stayed with the wounded and dead. The dead seemed to me to be endangering the wounded as this awful sun acts so quickly on corpses, but where to get a burying party was the question.

Everyone was busy. No-one had spades and still the sun shone. At last I saw a deep empty well into which I had lowered with wires

Sergeant Wigston	5444	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
Brown	4349	King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry
MacNeil	6552	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
	2887	5 th Northumberland Fusiliers
Griffiths	6081	King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry

and then said the Funeral Service over them and the well filled up a bit. Later on, I found a horse was contaminating the air and water around us and so had him also lowered into the well, but put lots of earth between it and the men. After all, it was no dishonour to men to have a horse who died in action as well as earth over them. A cross surmounted all later on. I had hardly buried the horse when an officer of the Loyal North Lancashires said he had four corpses needing burial. The horse was well covered and

Bell	4316	
Sergeant Richardson	965	
Wilson		Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
Smith		Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

were then lowered in and the Burial Office solemnly said over them, after which we filled the well to the top.

I daresay I was wrong to have included the horse but it was a real danger to the living and to me. There seemed nothing wrong in a charger being with its rider. Soldier's sentiment, however, might have condemned me severely.

I made my way to the 62nd Battery who gave me a burying party to bury the dead lying over the plain. They also gave me rations for myself; however, they soon got orders to move and all the party did was to lower one corpse into a deep hole. I said the Service over him and left a native to cover him. I just covered one in myself afterwards.

The Highlanders suffered terribly from the sun striking the insides of their knees which the kilt failed to cover. Sun blisters, as big as hen's eggs and as full, afflicted numbers of them. There was great criticism of the kilt. The Officer Commanding snorted at this and said it was all rot, his men limping about like cats on ice, and ordered them to go to hospital for treatment. I was there as a lugubrious line of Scotties filed in. The treatment was quick and drastic. The afflicted had to file past a tin of grease and a big-handed Cockney. "Come on, Jock", I heard him shout and the leader shuffled up with a wistful look on his face. Cockney raised the tail of his kilt with his left hand and "sock, sock" went his right, bursting the blister and slapping in a wad of grease. "Next, please", he shouted, drowning the "Hoots!" of the victim. I heard no more criticism of the kilt after this and any subsequent blisters got home treatment, I fancy.

The army seemed [to be] moving on, so I paddled across the drift just below the railway bridge which the Boers had blown up rather ineffectually and which our Royal Engineers promised to repair in a week or so.

I then started out with stretcher-bearers and a doctor to look for Crisp who we heard had been shot and was lying lower down the river in the trees on the bank. Our search was terminated abruptly by Crisp himself walking gaily towards us. I saw a Boer trench with a splendidly built Boer, dead on the piled sandbags. I cut their contents loose and said a prayer over him. Further on I saw a church with its West end burst in.

I was glad to turn in and, as it was thundering, got a place in the Mess tent to sleep.

Thursday, 30th November 1899

Washed in the river, borrowed a horse and got a burying party. I found Captain Logan, Loyal North Lancashires had collected several bodies in a grave and so I took service over them and then discovered

Sergeant Hamilton

Caute	5397	Yorkshire Light Infantry
Waugh	9950	5 th Northumberland Fusiliers, 2 nd Company Coldstream Guards

and buried them.

I returned to the 5th and made up a bathing party consisting of Lieutenants Fergeron, Lethbridge, Staunton and Percival. Percival and I bathed in the deep water above the dam. I had a dispute with a man who [had] looted a microscope from a Dr Fraser who lived at Modder and whose house had been looted and I felt justified in my contention as Methuen had issued orders that there was to be no looting. Though later I was fool enough to be almost personal in a sermon in which I said commandeering was too often only a smooth way of expressing what God would call stealing and afterwards told one of the 5th officers how much of our Mess furniture had been looted from an old lady who had appealed to me for its restoration. A quiet word would have achieved the purpose and my public reference, though indirect, got me severely criticised by a doctor in the regiment who was not on the best of terms with me due to my firing up at his coupling parsons and old women together and asking him to have a round with the gloves with me.

The Boers are all entrenching themselves in a kopje to our East and it seems as though we are going to have [to] rest for a bit. Our tents and kit from Orange River are arriving and a big camp is being formed. The place is terribly sandy and hot as blazes. The hotel (Glover's) by the station seems undamaged and

the school is being turned into a hospital. The Guards are camping on the Riet's right bank on the land between it and the Modder.

Sunday, 3rd December 1899

7.00 am Parade Service

7.30 am Holy Communion, attended by 22 men

Hospital Service

My afternoon voluntary service was a failure. Three 9th Lancers officers and two Loyal North Lancashire officers forming a nucleus no men would adhere to. I have not got hold of the men yet and seem to have spread myself too thin.

Huskeson and Darrell of the General Mission arrived and started a mission and coffee, etc work among the men. They are independent of the Chaplain's

Department but are on popular lines and their mission tent is full every night.

Coffee at 1^d a cup is a boon to the men and a source of income to them. Writing paper is given and many a man by this is persuaded to write home. Why hadn't we a tent, etc, etc ready to take the field? The Chaplain[s] should not be solitary persons to be attached to some regiment and to a great extent limited by regimental rules. We should have our own transport and equipment and have our corps as distinct as the Royal Army Medical Corps or Army Service Corps, even if small. If Government would do this, then funds should be raised to do it and only facilities secured from Government. As it is, dissent does what we failed to be able to do at once. I preached in this tent on Monday night.

Tuesday, 5th December 1899

Had a prayer meeting with Sailors. Chief Gunner's Mate Moon, recovered of his wounds, was with us once more.

Thursday, 7th December 1899

Line blown up at Enslin. Seaforth Highlanders and Cavalry sent down to drive the enemy away and restore communication. Percival says it's serious. I tell him he is a chronic pessimist. He calls me the "Wicked Padre" as I maintain the war is a just war on our part. The Mess are all against me in this and say it's a put-up job, mine magnates, etc being responsible. I stick to Charlie Mullin's opinion, thinking

as Secretary of the Reform Club at Johannesburg, he ought to know and stick to its being inevitable and just. "Wicked Padre" is my name in consequence.

MAGERSFONTEIN REAR LINE

Sunday, 10th December 1899

5.45 am Parade Service Northamptons and Navals

7.00 am 9th Brigade and Highlanders

7.30 am Holy Communion in my tent, since there was a dust storm. 18 men attended.

Got well pitched into for having Holy Communion in my tent without leave, especially as the Communicants who could not get in spread up to the Mess tent and interfered with breakfast. This makes me feel more than ever that a Chaplain's Corps should be independent of any regiment.

I tumbled across old Captain McPherson of Munsters in an armoured train, where he lived on Tommies' rations like a dear old hermit. He reproached himself for indulging in a tin of sardines one day but made reparation by ordering his men a cask of beer. Later on I met Carter of Loyal North Lancashires who told me a bombardment would begin at 4.00 pm. Why on Sunday? I felt, and nasty scruples filled my mind, especially as we had had all the week days before to do it on if we had chosen and the Boers, we hear, let Ladysmith have rest on Sunday, to their great relief. However, I was without excuse as instead of trying to work up a service, I walked with Carter to where we could see the 4.7 shells bursting on Magersfontein ridge sending up earth and stones and dark smoke but otherwise doing no harm we could see. Carter gave me supper. Rain threatening. I turned in, but the rain beat my tent down fast as I made a bolt out of it into Gunner's Mate Bett's, where I slept wondering how the night attack would succeed. I remember one afternoon walking down a line of tents leading to my own as a thunder storm which had been threatening for some time now, seemed about to break. I hadn't got more than half way when a crash came like a ton of dynamite bursting in our camp. The next moment, a man who had been enjoying an afternoon siesta leapt out of his tent, exclaiming: "Great Scott, they've got our range at last." I laughed

as one always does when others make a mistake circumstance prevents one making oneself.

When I got up I saw our war balloon tied to its anchor but high enough up to see the Boer position. The 9th Brigade was on the left and Guards on the right, whilst Highlanders were in the centre where the night attack was to be made. I thought of going off to my Brigade when I saw an ambulance coming and then more and more. Each had a worse account than the last of an attack made too late and then never really pressed home. Apparently the Gunners were responsible for enabling any of the Highlanders to escape. If all had been Wauchopes, the place would have been taken, but only some followed him and died with him. The stream of ambulances continued all day up to 9 pm. Glover's Hotel soon was full – stoeps, shed and stables – every outhouse. Tents were pitched and no sooner up than full, and still the wounded poured in. Some were still shaking with fear and I gathered that the Boers, who had been funky enough when the men were charging, got diabolically bold when they retreated and pumped lead into them. Oh, why didn't they plug through? The first two volleys never hit anyone and the wire was nothing for wild Highland heroes to have hurled themselves over. Could the rain have washed their dash out of them or what? I felt miserable at our disgrace and no amount of excuses will ever make me feel a wild dash could not have won the position and that, with a tenth of the loss sustained by retreat. Individuals and Officers were heroes, but the men failed. Commandant Scheepers, when I saw him in 1902, confirmed me in this opinion as he told me the attack certainly surprised them. So little, in fact, did he expect it that when he first saw the Highlanders he thought they were Bisset's ostriches and, as a proof of how little warning he had, he told me he fought the whole engagement in his pyjamas!

Defeat is hard to bear and the real soldier is wanted now to show it was only a repulse and yet I feel all this loss of life is due to failure to carry an order through wholeheartedly. Captain Wright, Royal Navy met me. He is a war correspondent. "Bad luck," he said, "Spin of a coin settles Methuen's fate. If it had come down, "A wild rush in", he would have been the hero of the hour – as it is, he will be cursed".

However, panic – if I dare use such a word – has befallen every army and magazine fire is something no white army had had to face yet, besides us.

I doled out Bovril, etc to the wounded and had prayers in every tent – wounded continued to come in all through the night. Reports say the Boers have had it, too. The Scandinavian wounded we've got say all their corps was wiped out and our Artillery's shrapnel must have wrought havoc, still we were beaten, and the disgrace rankles sorely when the needs of the wounded and dying give one time to think of it. Methuen needs courage to stand this, though I agree with Skipper Wright that he was not to blame. He gave the men a chance of death or glory, some got both, and others – by their folly – only got death. Nothing will persuade me that it couldn't have been done if all had been like Wauchope and those who followed him. Tactics be bothered, it was a failure of that heroism which has often transferred ordinary tactics into those which historians say only a genius could have evolved! I almost wish the Guards had been given the honour of the charge. I trust those big country-bred boys.

However, this squealing is silly and not my business.

After I had visited all the tents and given the wounded Bovril and said a few prayers, I went into the Hotel (Glover's) and ate my ration. The 9th Brigade were still away and, bar their Mounted Infantry, had not come into action. I believe they had the 4.7 and were in a position near the railway line but were not to advance until the Highlanders had got in. I really don't know what the plan was, but I gathered that their inaction was due to the Highlanders being repulsed.

At 2 am Reverend F told me to expect more wounded still. The Guards were retiring from their position on the right, I heard, and so I might expect the 9th to be back soon. I slept on the stoep till 3 am then the ambulance train arrived. Colonel Byron, Royal Horse Artillery gave me a cable for his wife: "only a calf wound". I then went into a room where Lieutenant Campbell of the Gordon Highlanders was lying on the bed with Lieutenant Campbell of the Naval Brigade sitting by his side. It was a sad scene: the Highlander, so clean and fair and pale, shot through the backbone, dying; his elder brother, bearded, war-stained and almost sobbing,

holding his hand – a candle burning on the mantelpiece. The younger brother hardly spoke, but when the doctor looked in he said, “Well, any hope, Doctor?”

The doctor replied, “A very remote one.”

The wounded man: “That’s what I thought when I got it. Oh, padre, read to me.”

Me: “What?”

The dying man, “Oh, the bit about the pitcher at the well, you know.” I read him the end of Ecclesiastes. Then: “Thro’ the night of doubt and sorrow ... brother clasps the hand of brother”. When I finished, he looked at me and said, “That’s ripping!” His brother was heart-broken.

He said, “You know when we heard we were for the same fight, we were off our heads with joy. Lunched together and talked over the fun of it all... and now... how can I write and tell Mother? It will break her heart.” This seemed the chief thought in his mind, “What will Mother feel about it all?”

I stayed a bit longer and then went on to see more wounded – found a shed full of wounded lit by one candle on a ledge in the wall. I had hardly noticed the candle before I saw a snake crawling towards it. I watched it, thinking the angle of the ledge too acute to allow of a knock-out blow. A Tommy came up and said, “What is it, Sir?”

I said, “A snake”

“Where?”

“There.” He pulled off his boot and hit at it (the heel got the wall, as I expected, and slithered on the snake, causing it to fall among the wounded below. I was preparing to vent my wrath on him when I saw him doing a violent hopping match, one grey sock pointing in the air and one boot rising and stamping at the snake which was wriggling between two wounded men. At last he made a successful stamp and the snake was slung out. His performance, which had a certain amount of vocal accompaniment, had awakened the whole shed or ward and they went to sleep again with snake and Boers mixed up in their dreams, I fancy. Anyway, a Cockney assumed their slumbers would be light and chose an excitable Highlander to play a prank on. He got a coil of thickest rope, threw it the far side of him and then drew it gently over his body. As the end of the rope

glided over his neck and arm, he loosed an awful yell of “Snakes!” and caused such a disturbance and fright that many, despite their wounds, hopped out of the shed.

I found Patterson 6664 (Highlands Light Infantry), Molloy (Highlands Light Infantry) and James McNair (1st Scots Guards) badly wounded and sat by them and noticed another poor fellow shot through the stomach. I went back to Campbells and offered prayer.

In the morning Longueville (2nd Grenadier Guards) asked me to bury Major the Marquis of Winchester and lent me a horse to get my robes. Longueville and I ate a ½ tin of meat I had, and the Sailors gave us some coffee – six regimental cooks composed the whole funeral party. The body was wrapped in his blanket and three wires held by the six cooks sufficed to lower him into the grave. Captains Barecroft (Royal Navy) and Longueville attended. Barecroft asked us to breakfast in the Naval Camp. We couldn’t wait. I looked in on the Campbells again and felt ever so for Lieutenant Campbell of the *Doris*.

I buried Campbell later on and Colonel Downman and others. I prayed with a dying Sergeant of the Black Watch and saw his Adjutant, looking very sad, watching me. He told me the Black Watch had lost, killed and wounded 379 (of whom 18 were officers).

Campbell of the *Doris* is in charge of the 4.7 and I see he is blazing away at Magersfontein – a poor relief to his feelings which were of grief, not wrath.

Friday, 15th December 1899

We made a demonstration before Magersfontein, I suppose, to show we were still here as rumours were rife that we were going to retire! To Orange River and a Roman Catholic priest certainly gave me the impression he was off, so much so that I gave away all his tins of potted meat, etc to the men. I might add that on his return he said to me, “In case you have any conscientious scruples about giving away what doesn’t belong to you, I should like to say the men are very welcome, etc, etc.” I told him if he hadn’t said “goodbye, etc” to me, he had done something

jolly like it and I think he thought the conversation had better drop and certainly the men didn't want any altercations to be made.

The Demonstration was not very interesting. The 9th Brigade went out, so I followed. Our guns blazed at them and they replied but their shells were rotten. I saw one hit in the sand in the place a man had just lifted his foot. If it had burst, a horrible scene would have followed. As it was, the man got no more than a sand bath.

A gymkhana cheered us up, but the routine of a dusty camp and the life in a Mess where there are so many empty seats is trying to tempers. As another proof of the rottenness of the Boer shells, take this.... I called on the Naval party on the line who were blazing at the ridge with sixteen 4.7s. They lived in a hut at which they told me 16 Boers had fired over 80 shots. Their marksmanship was good, proved by a huge shell lying on the far side of the hut and a yard from the wall. It had made a hole the size of a hip bath but, as it hadn't burst, no damage resulted. To reach us they must have cocked their gun up like anything as their shells came down perpendicularly. They asked me into lunch saying, "A Sailor on the roof will warn us when a shell is coming." Soon I heard a bell and, "Under fire." All rose and moved to a cutting – we could hear the shell ringing and the report from Magersfontein, which the sentry had anticipated by seeing the puff of smoke, and about a minute from the time of the alarm, a big shell fell with as little effect as its predecessors.

Sunday, 17th December 1899

At last I've had a decent voluntary service. At 7 am a fair number came and at 7.30 am 20 attended Holy Communion. Northamptons paraded. Colonel Denny asked me into his tent, which we vacated hurriedly as a snake was in possession until he gave him a slice with his sword. Holy Communion again in Denny's tent.

Colonel Pilcher lent me a horse to ride to Loyal North Lancashires who were lying on Riet South Bank in a sort of empty reservoir, which the Boers [had] held in the battle of Modder. The Sergeant Major said, "You want a voluntary service? Very well. You go to the Mess and leave things to me till I warn you and don't

come out with a party of officers and expect the men to join you.” He put this very politely but that’s what he meant. I gladly left things to him and refreshed myself with tea. After a bit, the Sergeant looked in and said, “All ready.” Major Churchward said he would start hymns. About 60 were present which, considering there were only about four companies and they were much under strength, was very good. I hope I’ve learnt my lesson. Get the men to gather and when the Tommy element is in the ascendant, invite officers. I rode home happy.

I had great trouble in getting a horse and yet my work is impossible without. The sand is so thick and hot, the books so heavy and the camps so far apart. Good horses are all wanted and remounts to fill the place of deaders.

The news of the war in Natal is not given to us, but guesses are being made as to the end of the war and issues of rum are occasionally demanded to celebrate the reported relief of Ladysmith. Nine men gave dates as to the end of the war. The most optimistic is March 30th. Major Lane (Warwickshires) and Gunner’s Mate Bett the two most pessimistic – March 31st to June 18th.

Sunday, 24th December 1899

Reverend Falconer seedy so had to take all the services.

7 am Guards. 7.30 Holy Communion. Breakfast with Guards.

I told Methuen I could not delay the 7 am to allow of more men assembling, it was a voluntary service. This was cheek and foolish as I could have deducted time lost at the beginning from the end, but I dreaded unpunctuality at all other services if late on first.

9 am Cavalry and Gunners and Army Service Corps

9.45 am 9th Brigade – Hospital Service

5 pm North Lancashires. Sergeant Rathborne again assembled the men and Major Churchward started hymns.

Monday, 25th December 1899 [Christmas Day]

6.50 am Parade Service Northamptons

7.20 Holy Communion (20 Communicants)

9.00 am Parade Service 9th Brigade
9.45 Holy Communion (75 Communicants)
10.15 am Parade Service North Lancashires.

The men knelt round the drum for Holy Communion. General and all. They all removed their helmets as I commanded them. It was an inspiring service.

Tuesday, 26th December 1899

Had an attack of something the doctor said was like dysentery. He told me to lie still, but notice of a funeral arrived. Falconer was in bed too. I got up and was sick as I walked to the funeral. Got back feeling ever so much better, went to Mess to be met by the doctor who abused me well. However, I didn't return to bed and had no further attacks so I thanked my duty.

I was pleased to overhear Colonel Money in the Orderly Room telling a man off for singing an immoral song at a concert given by the 5th and King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry the night before. The man's excuse was, "Didn't know there was any harm" – "You ought to have, etc, etc." He is a great disciplinarian and woe betide any man who cuts through his camp even if it's only a wee corner. He is proud of his regiment and loves it.

I got a message from Reverend Falconer about men having to sit during voluntary services. "What?" I said (jumping to extreme conclusions, like a fool) "Sit for the Creed!"

"Yes."

"And for *God Save the King*?"

"No."

"Then they shan't for the Creed."

"It's an order."

"For the Guards, not for the 9th."

"For all."

I said, "I shall see General Pole-Carew." I went off and told him my whole trouble. He was like a Devon gentleman always is and told me there had been some misunderstanding and I could go my own way in the 9th Brigade. Really, the

men could sit for a good deal – Lesson, Sermon and some subjective hymns and I am sure if I had been patient, I could have obeyed the orders sufficiently to satisfy myself and the General Officer Commanding without this fuss.

Monday, 1st January 1900

I now take Matins daily at 6.30 am. Four came today. Major Leverson, Royal Engineers, McPherson, Trevis and Guy. Met Major Lane (Warwickshires) cousin to Stucki Coles. I visited Artillery camp to see if there were any Communicants. The Major dashed out and asked me if he could help, only too pleased to, etc, etc. I said, “Oh, I am only looking for any confirmed men,” and hoped this would satisfy him. Instead of which, he shouted out for his Sergeant, told him to go round the tents at once and bring any confirmed Churchmen there might be. This was awful, and still worse, when three luckless Gunners were paraded in front of us. The Major stood on one side, the Sergeant on the other, I’m between facing the three. “There you are,” said the Major as though he had done the most splendid bit of evangelical work. I was tongue-tied. The Sergeant looked fearfully “red tapey” and the three patients as though they wished to blow us all – especially me – to bits. I don’t know what I said, not what I felt, but the Sergeant relieved the situation by saying “Dismiss.” I also cleared, wondering whether the Major was mad or wicked or drunk.

I have started a Thursday 6 am Holy Communion at the School Room – two soldiers and three civilians – also a Bible class in the trees by the riverside. The men have made a sort of harbour and want a meeting every night – a bridge of boats enables one to cross the river dry shod. The Royal Engineers are busy mending the iron bridge which the Boers blew up. The river is rapidly rising and there seems some doubt as to whether the bridge of boats will hold.

Sunday, 14th January 1900

6.00 am King’s Own Yorkshire Light Infantry Parade Service and breakfast

8.15 am 5th Northumberland Fusiliers and Northampton

8.45 am Holy Communion (7 Communicants)

10.00 am Cavalry

10.30 am Holy Communion (14 Communicants)

11.00 am Civilian Service School

2.30 pm Started for Loyal North Lancashires, Klokfontein

5.00 pm Evensong Loyal North Lancashires.

I never remember such a dust storm as we had one afternoon. Fitzwilliam, Army Service Corps lent me a splendid horse but though it saved my legs, my eyes suffered terribly. I could hear a wagon ahead of me and followed the sound across the drift seeing nothing. I knew the camp was on the Riet and so kept to the banks of the river hoping I might hit their camp. However, at 4 pm the wind dropped and I saw the camp just in front of me, bathed in sunshine.

Monday, 15th January 1900

Ordered to go to Orange River Station to make way for regular Chaplain to the Forces just out from home. Said goodbye to the 5th and Hospital, 9th Lancers and Naval Brigade and had lunch with Captain Barecroft, Royal Navy. McPherson saw me off, reported myself to King Hall, Munster Fusiliers and General Wood. Colonel Money introduced me to Colonel Spens, 85th Regiment. Found a Soldiers' Christian Association Tent in full swing. Services, tea, etc and literature.

Called on Colonel Alexander, Scots Greys – also on Major Fiasci and a doctor in charge of the Australian Hospital (all tents green) and dined with General Wood.

Enteric very bad here, making me very busy in the hospital and cemetery.

Sunday, 21st January 1900

6.30 am Parade Service

7.00 am Holy Communion (4 Communicants)

9.00 am Scots Greys

6.30 pm Evensong

Made friends with Captain Taylor, Royal Engineers, a real good Churchman and “Christian”.

Rogers of Service Army Corps, Railway Mission called and accompanied me to Honeynest Kloof where I intended to give services to the Munsters.

Lieutenant Jackson and Crocker met me. Met Colonel Evans, Major Stewart, Lieutenant Wise, Major Sir G Thomas, Royal Horse Artillery.

Thursday, 25th January 1900

Conversion of St Paul

6.00 am Parade Service. Lieutenant Waddington started hymns

6.30 am Holy Communion (only 3 Communicants)

I find many Australians and Canadians from the lines of communication are in hospital. Dr Barry seems to be a lay preacher attached to the Canadians. He slept in my tent one night.

Sunday, 4th February 1900

I had a service for Mounted Infantry. Colonel Hannay and four others came to Holy Communion. As the men were off to the front on Monday, we sang "God be with you till we meet again". I lunch with Captain Taylor, Royal Engineers on Sundays.

Thursday, 8th February 1900

Roberts and Kitchener arrived. Roberts visited the hospitals and Kitchener went on to examine the Orange River Bridge. Actions which seem characteristic of the men, I thought. Cakebread looked into my tent suddenly and with great glee told me how he was now Kitchener's servant. So his path of duty certainly was the road to worthy success also.

Friday, 9th February 1900

Nesbitt's horse came in. I had a long talk with Major William Currie and Captain Nesbitt and Douglas and Leary, all from Grahamstown. Colonel Money wired me to look in at his train as he passed through – the old fellow has a kind heart.

Sunday, 11th February 1900

6.00 am Funeral

6.30 am Parade Service

7.00 am Holy Communion (six Communicants)

9.00 am Parade Service

9.30 am Holy Communion (seven Communicants)

6.00 pm Evensong in the moonlight at Nesbitt's camp across the river where I slept as I celebrated Monday 6.30 am, but no-one came.

Taylor is making me a cemetery cross: Two culvert sleepers form the cross. It is fixed in a tub of concrete and it [is] projecting from the top of a cairn of boulders. Two or three funerals daily and so many enterics to see. I don't get much camp visiting. I write to all the next-of-kin [of] those at whose deathbeds I've ministered.

Thursday, 15th February 1900

Reg Currie arrived. Gave him lunch and wired Major Currie of his arrival. The Major didn't want his son with him and asked me to dissuade him from joining him. However, he replied "Send Reg up at once."

ENTERIC FEVER**Sunday, 18th February 1900**

6.30 am Parade Service

7.00 am Holy Communion (11 Communicants)

9.00 am Parade Service Dragoon Guards

9.30 am Holy Communion

I took this Holy Communion in a tent for, once communicated, felt so queer I had to hold the two sides of the tent to support myself while celebrating. The consecration prayer seemed to help me but I feared before that I would never get through the service. Afterwards Foster, the Communicant, gave me a glass of "Eno Fruit Salts" and I felt better in the open air so went up as usual to Taylor for

lunch. Told him I felt rotten. This stirred his sympathy up and he filled me up with fowl and shape and ginger beer, etc.

I took a funeral at 6.00 pm.

Monday, 19th February 1900

After breakfast I looked in at Dr Moffat and told him I had a fat head so he let me lie on his bed, but in an hour said he was sorry but he must ask me to leave as he had to do business in his tent. First, however, he said “Let me take your temperature – 104.7 °F.” So I was told to go to hospital where Taylor, a St John’s Ambulance man, nursed me. I had a letter or something from dear old Gertrude proposing to come and nurse me. A vision of the ward’s surprise and Nurse Dawson’s bristles occurred to me so I told my servant Croxford [to] wire back: “Don’t fret yourself”. He or the telegraphist altered this to Sister Gertrude, “Don’t forget yourself” – a rude reply to anyone and especially bad when addressed to a Sister of the Church.

The ward holds about 20 beds and has a nurse and two orderlies to run it. In my delirium I was possessed with the idea that Woods – the orderly – when moving me from one bed to another had left my legs behind. Anyway, I couldn’t feel anything below my hips in the new bed, so I waited for him until his duty compelled him to bend over my bed then I let fly with the limbs he had left me and as he retreated I told him it was nothing to what I would have given him for his robbery if only I had my legs to get at him. Bradshaw, a Canadian officer, lay in a bed at the end, he had been shot through the body, Jervoise of the Munsters was next bed but one to me with a crushed toe. He entertained himself on an auto-harp and abused the Boer prisoners next hut for their ceaseless singing of “All people that on ... etc.” They were depressing certainly, especially after dark, but not as irritating as Jervoise’s instrument or his nightly criticism of the Mess Menu when I was denied even a crumb. However, he was a good fellow and gave me much pleasure by games of Halma. Pringle of Roberts’ Horse, in his enteric ravings took great exception at my getting an egg when he had but slops, my explanation as to being a week ahead of him appeased him nothing. “He,” he said, “was unfairly treated just because he was a colonial and I petted because I

was an Englishman.” This was too much for me, so when the doctor came I said, “For goodness sake, give Pringle an egg or something,” at which the silly nurse assumed the role of doctor’s mother and shouted, “Dr M knows his duty without your advice, Mr Hill.” Pringle got his egg all right but I gave him up, as every wise man should give up enteric lunatics. When next day I was promoted to a custard he set up his squeals again.

I remember once just catching a delirious enteric as, with eyes reflecting demons, he dashed stark naked out of his tent over the veldt. I was very afraid of squeezing [him] but luckily he quieted in my embrace and let me put him into his blankets again.

News of a large convoy having been captured by the Boers, but the news is very vague so I hope it’s not so bad as the worst version has it.

Tuesday, 10th April, 1900

Left in an ambulance train bound for Wynberg and was driven up to the Military Hospital. Lieutenant Bowen, Loyal North Lancashires next bed, I am glad to say. Met Sergeant Oates again.

Friday, 13th April 1900 (Good Friday)

I went to St John’s Church and on Easter Day there to Holy Communion at 7.00 a.m.

BACK TO ENGLAND

Wednesday, 18th April 1900

I was transferred to Claremont Sanatorium where all imaginable luxury abounded. I met Orford Cameron of the Gunners and Lyndhurst. He told me a shell had gone so close to his face that it had sucked his cheek out and left him with awful neuralgia, this together with his siege in Ladysmith had made him a bit of a wreck and so he, too, was undergoing repairs.

Saturday, 21st April 1900

I was ordered to go home on *HMT Britannic* and at 4.00 pm we started.

Colonel Challoner, Imperial Yeomanry and an MP, is Officer Commanding. Captain Ellison, Life Guards, Adjutant. Sir Claude de Crespigny accompanies his son who has a bullet in him. Bowen also is in the ship, I am glad to say. I got up concerts and had services as often as possible. T Deeks of the Scots Greys having a splendid collection of clean, really funny songs.

Thursday, 3rd May 1900

We passed Steamships Iago and Fugo and ran into St Vincents where we were coaled by *HMS Juno* as the natives were on strike. The Royal Navy Chaplain sent me papers. I had a splendid view of three whales playing and one, to our delight, leapt clean out of [the] water and sent up a splash a submarine mine would hardly beat.

Saturday, 5th May 1900

Left port passing Steamship Antonio.

Sunday, 13th May 1900

Arrived at Worthing where Lily met me with a cab and drove me up to Mother. We three made our Communion together at St Andrews on the Monday and I revelled in Home.

Friday, 18th May 1900

The Milkman told us Mafeking had been relieved and that London was mad.

Ethel arrived from Forres on 25th May. I visited Exeter and Blue Hayse where we had old times over again. Uncle Reg the same as ever – perfect.

Wednesday, 30th May 1900

Dined with Bishop Webb in London, meeting Humphrey (without Webb knowing) in his house for an hour or so before he arrived.

Called on the Community of the Resurrection at Little Cloisters. Nash, Rackham and on to Miss Bonsor, 11 Upper Belgrave, etc. Returned to Worthing. Mother, Lily and I visited Aunt Gertrude at Brighton. Bernie and Cyril's wife and child were there. Harry Pennell, Royal Navy called in to see us from Selsey Bill where

the *Prince George* is. He stayed over Sunday with us and made his Communion at 8.00 am with us.

Friday, 8th June 1900

Lily and I went to Wrexham and stayed with Fletchers where, of course, I had all my old parishioners to see. On Monday we went on to Llangollen and stayed with Wynne-Jones. We parted here.

Thursday, 14th June 1900

I went on to Forres where I arrived at 9.50 am. Sister Florence is in charge of the House. Sister Clare is there also. The Rector Douglas gave me meals excluding tea which I had with the sisters and Miss Bonsor. I saw their Girls' club and Laundry and preached at their evensong, leaving 11.30 pm for Worthing and Mother and Ethel.

Friday, 22nd June 1900

I went to 18 Grosvenor Square (Mrs Bennea) to speak on behalf of St Peter's Home, lunching with Scott Holland first. Bishop Wilkinson took the chair and Father Waggett and Scott Holland on either side. It all seemed stiff and terrifying to me until Bishop Wilkinson came in and asked all to kneel, when a girl – who looked to me as though she had just stepped out of a popular racy novel – seemed solemnised and the room's atmosphere altered. Bishop Webb was also there and introduced me. The only reason people wanted to hear me was because I was Chaplain to St Peter's Home and they hoped I might have some war anecdotes. I was uninteresting and only told them about St Peter's Home and then cleared to stay with young Drake at Purleigh and then on to Worthing. Clement stayed with us.

SEA VOYAGE

Wednesday, 27th June 1900

I left for London to embark at Tilbury Docks. Met old Burrows at 10 St George

Street in a fine company – Talbot, Member of Parliament for Oxford, his sister and Lady Cavendish. However, I got Burrows out of this assembly and made my confession to him as I did at Leeds Clergy School and then to Little Cloisters where Clement entertained me.

Thursday, 28th June 1900

Clement and I made our Holy Communion at St Matthews and I embarked on the *HMS Orotava*, Major Ellacomb Officer Commanding. On Thursday night we were told that we should have our stations assigned to us on Friday at 10.00 am, whither we would go in the event of fire, etc.

Friday, 29th June 1900

At 09.00 am I was enjoying my buttered eggs and coffee at breakfast when a terrible bump deprived me of a mouth-watering morsel. Our stations had not been assigned to us and yet this bump was sufficient cause for our going to them if only we had them. As we hadn't, it didn't seem to matter much what we did. I went on deck but could see nothing but fog. However, the interest was, of course, in the bows, so I went there and at last saw we had run into the middle of a three-masted ship and looked as though our bows were about coming out at her other side. Her entire mast lay across our bows and up it her crew of fifteen were climbing as fast as monkeys. The captain with his log book under his arm, seemed to think his progress with one arm and two feet not fast enough under the circumstances and so used his fourth limb and lost his book. His haste was wise for the ship suddenly began to part in the middle. This was bad enough to watch but the scene was rendered more awful by an engine room man who had come up last, suddenly dashing down again. Sold, I thought. The fool. He came up as she split in half and he went down with the two halves in a whirlpool that sucked every stick and cork down with it. The fog clung round us and swallowed up all the sea as effectually as it had the good ship Bremen and the Engineer. After what seemed ten minutes, (two I suppose), we heard a roaring as of a calf coming from the fog on our right front. A boat was lowered and we all peered after it as it disappeared. Bales of cork were now continually bobbing up and bursting their bands, like pistol shots and scattering their corks more effectually than the Boer shells did their iron. The

shouting continued and didn't stop until we concluded that the boat had got to him (the Engineer). When he was aboard, we all wanted to know how our bows had suffered. We were not told much but by the amount of mattresses we saw going forward, it looked as though they had a big cavity – as the dentists say – to stop.

I remember when I got on deck after the collision, feeling a great sinking fear, which the omnipotence of God and not the Incarnation seemed alone able to quiet. The numbers on the ship, the fewness of the boats, the hopelessness of any passing ship seeing us in the dense fog combined to make me feel human help was useless. I watched in a dazed way a man tugging on one of those complicated life belts, I fancy he had but his leg through the holes meant for the arms or else got an infant's one; anyway they stuck and tied him up so effectually that no matter what his fears might have been he could not have run and if he had been shot into the sea, he certainly would not have floated head uppermost. Most of us would have put on belts, too, but the Captain hadn't suggested it so no-one did anything but wonder which ship was filling. The fog, of course, made it impossible to see how comparatively little our damage was.

The crew of fifteen were made comfortable and I soon got a chance of seeing the engine man I asked, "Why on earth did you go down when the ship was sinking?"

"To let off steam."

"Why?"

"Cold water on boilers often bursts them."

"Well?"

"Their bursting might have blown your bows in."

"Splendid fellow," I thought, "and yet neither you nor your pals seemed to think you are." I then asked him how ever he came to the surface.

"I caught a bale of cork as I sank and then felt [an] irresistible pull down and down and down until the suction stopped and the bale began to pull up and up

and up. Every moment I felt I must gasp when, just as I had given up hope, my head came out and I let out the roar you heard.”

It seemed almost providential that his bale did not burst, but the human explanation probably is that a pair of strong arms with a drowning man at one end of them ever tightening their grip prevented the swelling cork having a chance of bursting the bands.

I asked the men if they would join in a service of Thanksgiving. All agreed and we had a real stirring service with a Hymn of Thanks they meant every word of. If they had hit us, 1400 men would have been in the sea instead of fifteen. As it was we put back to Southampton for repairs where we spent Saturday to Tuesday 4.00 am.

Sunday, 1st July 1900

8.00 am Holy Communion (8 Communicants and 16! non-Communicants)

10:45 am Parade Service

3.00 pm Communicants Class (18 came)

6.00 pm Evensong

No leave from the ship.

This is the best voyage I’ve had. The Bump has brought men’s religion to the surface. I am even asked to say Grace before Mess; Lieutenant Rose, Scots Fusiliers tapping his glass for quiet. I don’t know if he exceeds his orders but no-one objects. The subalterns are delightful. Gildea, (Scots Fusiliers), Cary (knows Ross Cameron) and Cain, (Devonshires), Anderson, (Manchesters), Westmacott and Isaac, (Le Gallais) and Sarpent – nephew of Pappé – GP to Tosco (I knew at Forthampton) of 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, Brown, (Thornycroft’s Mounted Infantry), etc. They have splendid rags after Mess. One starts by chaffing another about the obscurity of his regiment. This leads to a duel but the victor is robbed of his fruits of victory by a subaltern of a friendly regiment who again is assaulted by one of a hostile corps and this goes on until the pile of kicking legs and punching fists makes it wise for the one spectator to draw his legs up and recede into the back of his chair.

Captain Bailey, Royal Army Medical Corps is a real Christian and a great help to me in getting up concerts and Bible classes. One officer I screwed up my pluck to ask to come to Holy Communion said, "Well, if you haven't said just what my Mother said last Sunday and I can't resist the pair of you," so he came.

The crush in the men's quarters is awful – 7 ft from deck to ceiling and three layers of men in between. Hammock-table, under table. Vermin abound and the air is awful when the officer makes his night rounds. Stowaways keep appearing – boys of under age determined to get to the war.

Some of the 23rd are on board so I get them to sing a Welsh hymn after the Evening Service. They are inoculating men against enteric and making them sick for several days.

Splendid sports. The obstacle race was brought up to war standard. The competitors had to mount a revolving ladder and, when at the top, reach up to a boom above the one round which their ladder was slipping, get over it and down on to the ladder again and this giddy performance was done while the bosun peppered the fellow with a heavy jet from the fire hose. Those who survived this then found the Sailors had provided any amount more things to get through, over or under and I was not surprised at the winner and number two having both to receive their prizes in hospital.

On Sunday 1st July, I had Holy Communion at 7.00 am with 17 Communicants. After breakfast I lay on my bunk wishing I could have sent my stomach into the hold with other things "not wanted on the voyage" as it was I felt that my little stomach would keep my whole body from doing duty at the 10.00 am Parade Service. However, Providence thought otherwise for a big green wave poured into my porthole, drenched me to the skin, cooling my head and stirring me up to action and the service. I find Faulkner of the Hampshires (a son of Reverend Faulkner, Chaplain to the Forces) is on board, decent, quiet fellow, also Black Hawkins of Hampshires and Palmer, Imperial Light Horse.

Saturday, 7th July 1900 – Las Palmas

Friday, 20th July 1900 – Table Bay.

Rowed ashore with Captain Collins, Ellacombe, Rose, Gildea, Kane.

Major Tatham met me and said Gertrude was at the Jones', St David's, Wynberg, expecting me.

Sunday, 22nd July 1900

Called on Goodwin, Senior Chaplain to the Forces and left for Wynberg at 7 pm. Pitch dark and raining. I got directions at the station but got lost in the bluegum avenues until in despair I made for a light which proved to come from some house, the front door of which was at the top of some steep stone steps. I stumbled up these, tripping in my long cloak at every third and knocked at a glass door. A frightened-looking "young man" came to the door. I asked if they were a hotel as some one had said it was a Boarding House and would they give me a bed. The young man expostulated vehemently wishing to terrorise me and secure fame for himself from the female audience within. His last words were, "Any way, whether we had a bed or not, it won't be given to a man in the drunken condition you are in." Further enquiries seemed hopeless and I went down the steps again bearing a character as black as my clerical coat. After this I saw a light and got to another house, my knocks brought my original director[!] to the door and he personally conducted me to St David's. The Jones' already were in bed but soon came down to welcome me.

Monday, 23rd July 1900

I saw Goodwin, Senior Chaplain to the Forces regarding my duty and bought an outfit with Gertrude. Mrs Jones "decked" my valise over with a Mac sheet. Gertrude and I called on Cavendish Benticks and then packed my outfit.

Wednesday, 25th July 1900

Saw about my orders (to join 8th Division, 16th and 17th Brigade). Had a long talk with Gertrude in her room and then started North with her at 9.15 pm. Gertrude slept with a nurse. We met next morn for breakfast.

Met the troop train with the **Orotava** men and hailed them all. Our train soon left theirs behind. Lunch with Gertrude. Then we prayed together in my empty carriage and she left me for a Grahamstown coach at night. The glass is still in her face and worries me more than her.

After leaving Springfontein a load of fodder fell off a truck and derailed another truck which however ran on, helped up by the rest but smashing the track up.

IN THE FREE STATE

Friday, 27th July 1900

Arrived in Bloemfontein. Reported myself to Railway Staff Officer and went to Dean Oliver, Chaplain to the Forces at the Clergy Home. He tells me he is having thirty funerals a day – enteric. Parliament House a big hospital.

St Michael's Home also a hospital and the scene of Tommies in blue flannel and sisters is strange and nice. Met my old friend, Captain Taylor, (Royal Engineers) and Walch, (Berkshires) of Grahamstown. Railway Staff Officer says no-one may go up line. Kitchener's orders.

Sunday, 29th July 1900

Celebrated at St Michael's Home. Soldiers and Sisters present. Classrooms used as wards.

11:15 am service at St Andrew's

11.45 am Holy Communion there

2.30 Service at Barracks

7 pm Catholic

8 to 9 pm Institute. Molyneux and Powell, two Assistant Chaplains to the Forces also there.

Monday, 30th July 1900

The Railway Staff Officer, quoting Kitchener at me, made me feel he was an impossible fellow to deal with, especially when he gave me to understand no trains were running North. My orders told me to join [the] 8th Division in Senekal

District and, obviously, I must obey them and not be deterred by his instructions about which I felt some scepticism so I just got into the Guard's van with my valise kit bag and hand bag and waited. A Guard soon asked me for my Pass. I said, "I've not got it."

"You must get out then."

"I won't."

"Must."

"Shan't."

"See the Railway Staff Officer."

"He is useless."

"Well, what if you're seen?"

"That's my business."

"All right. General Kelly-Kenny is travelling by this train. So you had better keep hid." Saying this, he left me and soon the train started. I lay low for a bit but got bolder as Bloemfontein got left further and further. My orders were clear and the Senior Chaplain to my mind had more authority than these red-tab Railway Staff Officers.

At Smalldal I got out as it's the junction for Winburg, the nearest point of the line to Senekal. At Smalldal I found Captain Lyons who agreed to a service at once. I held it in a goods shed and then messed with the officers and retired to the Ladies Waiting Room for sleep.

Tuesday, 31st July 1900

7.00 am Holy Communion in shed (40 present, three hymns and three Communicants).

Breakfast with Mess.

Left 8.30 am in a truck containing sacks of oats. Reported myself to Colonel Lloyd, Officer Commanding Winburg and got a horse (chose it out of 60 Argentines no-one wanted) and a servant (Hamley, Worcestershires). Met Powell, Chaplain to the Forces who sleeps in Church Vestry and seems a fellow who knows how to look after himself and do his duty. I went to the Winburg Hotel. The man next door had *delirium tremens* (Captain Walker). I sat with him as his cries were awful. His native was the only one who could quiet him. He kept saying, "You are a good boy, aren't you, Jim?"

"Yes, Baas."

As I couldn't get a saddle, etc from Army Service Corps, I bought one from the Hotel keeper.

Wednesday, 1st August 1900

Colonel Lloyd now made difficulties about my going on. I said that by good luck a convoy was leaving that afternoon for the 8th Division. He looked at my orders and said, "The convoy is to the 16th Brigade, your orders are to the 17th Brigade."

I said, "Both are in 8th Division and to get from one to the other is simple." He stuck to his objections. I then said "The Senior Chaplain to the Forces told me he didn't mind which Brigade I served but would name one and leave me and Jellicoe, Chaplain to the Forces to settle which we each should have."

"No, you can't go. I've no authority to let you go. The Boers are in the neighbourhood, etc."

I sent my servant to the convoy and told him to put my kit on a wagon to which Captain Wynne of the East Yorkshires had agreed when I showed him my orders. I rode down about 4 pm to see Colonel Lloyd who had come to see the convoy off. He told me how some fellow had left without his orders once and how he had sent after him and had him brought back. I chatted about Polo with him and tried to get the conversation into safer channels. At last when he saw the convoy about to start he left for his Mess and I very soon left for the convoy.

I slept in my valise – awfully cold – breath all frozen. A dog wriggled under my blanket and kept my toes warm and also had its breath frozen on the foot of my blanket.

Thursday, 2nd August 1900

My servant woke me in the pitch dark morning with some stewed tea which I spent the rest of the day trying to get rid of and only recovered myself after buying some eggs from a Kafir [sic].

Rode with Quartermaster Sergeant Garrat, Brabant's Horse and talked about his home life about which he told me. Met Lieutenant Harrison, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He gave me some of his tinned food. We crossed two rivers.

Friday, 3rd August 1900

Met Captain Unit of East Yorkshires and got eggs, etc from Natives and supped with Unit in his tent.

Saturday, 4th August 1900

Got into Senekal and breakfasted with the East Yorkshire Regiment on a hill overlooking the town. At Senekal I found many suffering from their wounds got at the Biddulphsberg engagement. The long dry grass had caught fire and many wounded were burnt. One told me he escaped by unrolling his cloak and wrapping himself in it and then, as he couldn't walk, he got ready to roll directly the flames got to him. He went through them and on over the hot ground until he had to stop from exhaustion. He saved his life and got off with little else but scorched hands.

I called on Church Warden Cooke and F got church ready. Took services in the school and Dutch Reformed Church both used as hospitals. Took a funeral at which I started a hymn and no-one joined in. Joined East Yorkshires Mess.

Sunday, 5th August 1900

7.00 am Holy Communion in camp.

8.30 am Parade Service

11.00 am Parade Service in Church

11.30 am Holy Communion.

5 pm Evensong on a hill

7 pm Evensong in Church. Captain Maxsted played. Colonel Ward, Captain McCormack and Captain Sweetenham.

I was rather surprised at Captain Maxsted's great readiness to do anything I asked in the matter of playing at services and still more at the Colonel of the East Yorkshires, when he saw me getting the church ready and preparing to do the lamps, telling me to allow him to do them and not to soil my hands over them. (This from the Colonel of Jim's old Regiment.) But things came to a climax when the Colonel rode up to me one day and, after a bit, said, "You know, I never expected to have my regiment honoured with a Bishop as its chaplain."

"Why not?" said I, thinking he was fooling.

"Oh, Bishops, you know, don't as a rule, etc, etc." At last I saw he was serious and coupling his remarks to his previous attentions in the matter of lamp oil, I undeceived him. This anyway was some compensation for my being ordered out of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry camp by a sentry and almost getting a bayonet into me from a gunner when bent on pastoral duty to the artillery. This was due then to my "reach me down" boots (3 months without blacking) and a coat which neither fitted nor was clean. Was this topsy-turvy treatment now due to a 6-guinea uniform or to my saying to Captain Maxsted (when he asked me where I came from) "Oh, my diocese is Grahamstown."

Monday, 6th August 1900

Convoy continued. On our way we met General Paget with 2000 Boer prisoners on ponies six deep – guarded on both sides by a line of Tommies marching with fixed bayonets. It was a picturesque column; the Boers all with coloured blankets rolled up on their saddles and dressed in all sorts of coloured coats and hats and the uniform line of Munsters and King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry with bayonets glittering in the sun guarding them. This great snake-like column wound

its way along the valley like a spotted snake until we lost sight of it as it rounded the spurs of the hills leading towards Winburg.

We passed Zerengkranz Farm and halted at Modder River Farm which Unit's machine made 5200 ft up. Icy wind. I read my offices in a dry riverbed by Alton Farm. At last got to where we meant to camp for the night. Captain Young took me round outposts and Captain Maxsted told me of his work in Central Africa as a government official.

Wednesday, 8th August 1900

The oxen continually have to be taken out of the span as this trekking by day knocks them out and the road has their corpses about every furlong. One went a bit mad this morning and charged Maxsted who rose to his feet and shot it dead. Again we saw more prisoners all part of the Brandwater Basin capture – 1500 this time with General Bruce Hamilton, a Major of East Yorkshires leading and Sussex and Camerons escorting. The country is mountainous and grand and is a splendid setting for a body of troops from a scenic point of view. Reports say a Boer laager is over the hill. Young and I satisfied our curiosity by walking up and peeping over – all we could see was burnt veldt and dead oxen.

Thursday, 9th August 1900

Got into Bethlehem where we found Boyd and Stanhouse of East Yorkshires. Called on Reverend Ball and reported myself to General Hunter. Called on Robertson, Chaplain to the Forces whom I knew at Modder River. Met General MacDonald. Gertrude wires she is sending me Mac, bath and gloves.

A native is hanging from a telegraph pole for attempted rape.

Ball told me of a wounded English officer at a farm nearby. So I rode off to see him and found him at Thompson's Willow Glen Farm and it was my old friend Captain McPherson of Munsters who had been shot through the stomach in a scrap nearby and been carried to this farm. His wound must have healed but, as he only knew that starvation was the treatment and didn't know how long to keep

this up, he had erred on the safe side and reduced himself to such a skeleton I didn't recognise him at first.

Convoy waiting but I found two wagons and a herd of oxen going on under two civilians who said I could accompany them so I decided to leave the East Yorkshires to the Rector's ministrations and push on. I wired my address, Harrismith, to Gertrude and Senior Chaplain to the Forces.

Left 5.20 pm. Halted after crossing Bridge. Icy wind. I got my valise under the lee of a big rock, but the horses pushed me out and I had to shiver all night in a wind that cut through my valise and blankets as if they had been tissue paper.

Sunday, 12th August 1900

The Transport Drivers, Slater and Coleman, gave me a Breaker of veal and kidneys. I gathered from Coleman he was speculating with his herd of oxen. They would get an excellent price per head at Harrismith, but then again the Boers might capture the lot. It was a bold speculation and he didn't worry or watch at night any more than the corporal and two Tommies or I did. We saw one Boer but he seemed far more afraid of us than we of him for he cleared hastily.

One or two soldiers had also joined us, and now one fell sick. I thought it was enteric so I went to a store keeper (Mayer) [at] Tigerkloofspruit and asked him if he would take him in and nurse him, etc and put him in his bed and I then got my cheque book out to pay. "What?" said he, "Take money from a sick man on the road? Never."

"Come to our service," said I, thinking I had met a real Christian.

"I am a Jew," said he.

I told Edward that if he got worse I had this in store for him. He got better at once and foot-slogged the rest of the way.

I had 10 am prayers for the few men and an Evening Service round the fire.

Monday, 13th August 1900

We passed the place where the new line from Harrismith to Bethlehem has reached and also passed a big suspension bridge and then camped just outside Harrismith.

BATTLING WITH BUREAUCRACY**Tuesday, 14th August 1900**

Said goodbye to my kind hosts and rode into Harrismith. Reported myself not to General Officer Commanding, as I ought to have, but to Jellicoe, Chaplain to the Forces and called on Rector H Brown. I feared if I reported to Rundle I would be tied by the leg and I wanted to get on to 17th Brigade which I heard was at Vrede. I took up my quarters at the Railway Hotel and looked for someone who would drive me to Vrede. There obviously is no need to stay here with a Rector and a Chaplain, not to speak of a Wesleyan and Presbyterian Minister, Reverend John Pagan, a learned man.

I called on Captain Seeley, Hampshire Imperial Yeomanry and asked him about chances of getting to Vrede. Reported myself to Colonel Harley, Commanding Staff Officer of 8th Division who expressed great surprise at my delay and ordered me to stay in Harrismith, to my wrath. Got up a concert. Sergeant Cottrill of Imperial Yeomanry (a Dover doctor) has a splendid tenor.

Sunday, 19th August 1900

9 am Holy Communion Scots Guards

11 am Parade Service

Lunch with Guards

3 pm Hospital

5 pm Town Hall

7 pm Church

Met Boycott of Staffordshire Imperial Yeomanry and Colonel.

The West Kent Regiment came in but were halted for half a mile out of the town as many had lost their trousers and some their boots also. They were told to lie

low among the trees until kit could be got for them. The regimental tailor, however, had made himself a pair of knickers out of his blanket and was immensely proud of himself, especially as only he was allowed in the streets.

The Manchesters came in, in much the same condition. The concert was held in the Town Hall. Tickets cost 6^d. The hall was packed and proceeds went to the Church of England Rectory.

Saturday, 25th August 1900

The Guards (Grenadiers 2nd Battalion) are to go out tomorrow. I told Jellicoe I had had no orders to accompany them and he said he hadn't. I said, "This is rot. We must remind the Commanding Staff Officer about this, no-one pushes for our 'Department'".

He said, "No, await orders."

What I said was: "Even to the last minute, when it will be too late?"

"Yes," said he and the Rector agreed that Patience was a virtue I should practise.

I said, "Bosh, if it means that our Parish will leave with no-one to take services, minister to the dying or bury their dead." I am bound to say my religious zeal was really secondary to my desire for adventure, but it sounded well as an argument and really was sound in itself even if I was unsound.

Sunday, 26th August, 1900

The column left at sunrise. I celebrated at 6.45 at the Hospital where Dr Robinson, Royal Army Medical Corps said, "It's shocking taking no Chaplain."

"Hurrah," I said, "You're my side." He was Church warden of some church I believe and had a brother who was a priest.

So, emboldened by his sympathy, I started to look for General Rundle whom I had never seen. I went to the house I was told he lived in but could see no-one. At last I thought of Harley, Commanding Staff Officer. He was in Church at 8 am Holy Communion. I waited outside and told him how I had sought Rundle, which

proceeding seemed to shock him as the method of approach to a General Officer Commanding is through the Commanding Staff Officer. I felt a bit desperate though and felt a subject has the right of appeal to the King when sorely aggrieved. He said something about sending me with the next column but I said, "Why should these be priestless meanwhile?" He is a gentleman and instead of pitching violently into me, he eventually agreed to my going.

Colonel Robinson had left a donkey and cart behind in case I was successful in my arguments with the General Officer Commanding. I popped my kit into it and put my servant in as a driver and then mounted my horse and we started off to catch up the Guards. I joined Colonel Robinson's Mess, 21st Field Hospital, through the Grenadier Guards very kindly asked me to join theirs.

The 16th Brigade 2nd Battalion Grenadiers, Imperial Yeomanry, Staffordshires, Glamorgans and 77th and 79th Royal Field Artillery, Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps 21st, the Leinsters [Irish] and Scots Guards and more Imperial Yeomanry and Guns, etc, joined us on 1 September at Bethlehem. General Campbell commands Guards Brigade with Major Gascoigne as Brigade Major. Rundle, General Officer Commanding with Colonel Harley, Commanding Staff Officer.

I took a voluntary service at 6 pm, the Guards' Fife and Drum band accompanying. I let the men sit for as much as reverence would allow of.

Monday, 27th August 1900

We are trekking towards Reitz. Rain.

Tuesday, 28th August 1900

I refereed in a match of the Imperial Yeomanry versus Grenadier Guards.

Wednesday, 29th August 1900

Rain. All my clothes wet, nowhere to dry them, so pushed them into my sleeping bag and let the heat of my body dry them for the morning.

Thursday, 30th August 1900

Rain. Hail, then sun.

We passed a duck pond with a duck nearby, two Tommies gave chase but the duck succeeded in getting to the pond first. One Tommy pulled up, the other couldn't but went in, head first. It was deep and when he came to the surface, his desire for roast duck seemed to have gone, the other meanwhile was stripping and while his comrade was dripping on the bank, he was swimming towards the duck. When he got to it, it dived and then came up out of his reach. This game continued until the man started to dive after it and eventually got it.

Bethlehem, not Reitz, seems our objective. Only the General Officer Commanding knows.

Friday, 31st August 1900

Bethlehem.

Saturday, 1st September 1900

Colonel Robinson, Dr Parson and I took up our quarters in an empty house. Called on General B Campbell and Major Gascoigne and Colonel Golightly, Imperial Yeomanry and Courteney, Army Service Corps and Lord Ardy regarding the Sunday services.

Sunday, 2nd September 1900

7 am Holy Communion.

10.45 am Service Voluntary and Holy Communion

5 pm Evening Service at Imperial Yeomanry camp

7 pm Service in Church

Monday, 3rd September 1900

7 am Holy Communion at Imperial Yeomanry Camp

Called on Withers, Bank of Africa.

5 pm Bible class.

Tuesday, 4th September, 1900

Left Bethlehem, passing a great flour store and mill. Someone had broken a window and tapped a sack and this doubtless would have led to a wholesale looting of the place had not the owner come out and kept up a storm of indignation, asking if the British army was so poor its men had to steal flour, etc. This he sustained until the last man had passed and certainly saved his huge store as flour so close would have proved an irresistible temptation to men living on hard biscuits. I told Campbell of his abuse and he swore he would burn his store to the ground for it but I am glad to say we had left it too far behind for this to be possible.

The plucky defence of 150 Worcestershires at Ladybrand against 3000 Boers and 9 guns read out to us and our congratulations sent to them.

Our oxen die continually owing to long marches in the heat of the day and at a faster pace than they are accustomed to.

Had a long talk with Reverend Forrest, Roman Catholic Army Chaplain to the Forces, a very well-educated fellow. He has an extraordinary hold on his Leinsters. On one occasion the doctor came to me saying some beastly Leinster man had bagged his gold watch. He also poured out his wrath on Forrest, who quietly replied if a Leinster man has it, he will return it tonight. When we got into camp, Forrest announced a preachment and soon had the men round him. He told them of the theft and then of Purgatory and into the hottest quarter of the same he said the thief would go unless he returned the watch to his tent while he was at Mess. On his return he found the watch and restored it to the doctor, an Irish Protestant, who I fancy sees there is something after all in "priest craft". The Colonel of the Leinsters told me he had been asked to report on Forrest as to whether he should be made Chaplain's Forces or not and added, "If I tell the truth, I must say he has more power in the Regiment than I have". Forrest is a quiet fellow, rides alone and, if asked about the war, says he disapproves of it but his duty is pastoral, not military.

When I last saw him he was very bad with dysentery. He begged me to get a priest up from Ladysmith to anoint him, saying his soul would never leave his body until he had received extreme unction. I told him the true use of unction was for Healing. He said, "No." So I left him remarking as I closed the door, "You will find out, it will heal you." I got the priest up and the unction soon had Forrest up, too.

Friday, 7th September 1900

Camped at Commando's Nek

Saturday, 8th September 1900

Ficksburg.

Reverend Olive told me he had been asked by his congregation to stick to his post but found when things went badly for the English his congregation did not stick to him. He was very hard up and I felt quite touched when he told me how, when he heard British troops were arriving, he hurried home and put on his best coat, a poor one at that, to do them honour. I wired to the Senior Chaplain, asking him to give Olive the post of "officiating clergyman to troops" at Ficksburg seeing there were three military hospitals there.

Called on McBride and Mr Taylor.

Sunday, 9th September 1900

Marched all day.

6 pm Voluntary service.

I arrange this for sunset. The men sit and sing until more and more collect. I ask officers not to come until the singing is loud enough for them to know a good crowd of men have gathered. Men come with boots and tunics off and I only ask them to stand for prayers and creed and a few prayers. The Leinsters have a brass band and so I have them instead of the Grenadier Guards' Fife and Drums.

Monday, 10th September 1900

We remain stationary.

Tuesday, 11th September 1900

We remain stationary. I got in a service for the Army Service Corps, the men providing lanterns as the moon didn't rise in time.

Cricket and Footer. Ride with Major Milner, Scots Guards.

I was also able to have week night services with the native drivers, conductors interpreting for me. Tommies came to these services who would have been as surprised as Colonel Money was, angered at the thought of whites refusing to worship with blacks.

I rode out to Warden's farm for butter. The daughter of the house stared at me and asked me how I dared to ride into her farm without a rifle. I said, "Why would you shoot me?" She showed me photos of many officers in the 'States Artillery' [sic] while the native packed the butter.

As I left I saw Cavendish come in to commandeer all her cattle, he was giving her valid receipts for them but her wrath was prodigious and when last I saw her, she was standing on the farm wall, denouncing the army and saying she would tell her husband to shoot Cavendish or one of us like a buck.

8 pm, No natives to service. Harris spoke to them in Dutch.

Saturday, 15th September 1900

I rode to Worcestershires' Camp and asked Colonel Oakes about a service.

MOVING ENCOUNTERS**Sunday, 16th September 1900**

7 am Holy Communion in our marquee.

9.30 am Parade Service Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards. Leinsters, 77th, 79th, Royal Field Artillery. Royal Army Medical Corps.

Marched at 2 pm.

8 pm Voluntary service.

Met Scott Hewitt of East Kent Imperial Yeomanry and of Christ Church. He knew all my pals who remained after I went down, though we never met.

Cavendish gave me four novels and promises to post a letter to Gertrude as he is going to Cape Town.

The way we march is thus –

The Cavalry in front on each flank and behind some guns to support advance guard and some to help rear guard, the Infantry are always in the centre, though some are always doing duty in front, rear and flank.

To see the Imperial Yeomanry charge a hill in front with the Gunners putting shells over its crest to help them is splendid. I thought on one occasion that the Major wouldn't dare fire again, as the Imperial Yeomanry were so near the top, but he did and they knew our artillery were the best marksmen in the world and that even if the wind of a shell did send their helmets over their faces, no-one would be hit. To watch them in the rear was also interesting. The Imperial Yeomanry, when the column starts, relieve the Infantry outpost and remain until the guns and Infantry have reached the next commanding position then the Imperial Yeomanry who have kept back the Boers, who surround us like mosquitoes, gallop down their hill and across the valley while the Gunners, directly they think the Boers will be reaching the hilltop the Imperial Yeomanry have vacated, send a shrapnel to burst on its far side.

Sometimes the Imperial Yeomanry pretend to retire but instead of all doing so, some dozen lie in ambush, perhaps in a donga, to give the unsuspecting mosquitoes a volley on their approach.

The Imperial Yeomanry's work is the jumpy duty. They are always away from the main body, often knowing they are to ascertain whether some ugly kopje has Boers on it or not by seeing if they are or are not fired at therefrom. "Draw fire" work they call it. I once rode with them, Colonel Golightly in command. He took me up and down the side of a donga that their Basuto ponies easily managed but my beast of an Argentine, when climbing up, tottered in the balance and only its

fear of being made to do the climb a second time if it failed prevented the lazy brute falling back on top of me.

On the other side, there was a thickly wooded Kloof running about a mile into a kopje. It looked a useful place for Boers. Colonel Golightly turned to a subaltern and said, "Just ride round that kloof and see if there are any Boers there." He galloped off at once and came back a good time later, not having been fired at and not having seen anyone.

The Imperial Yeomanry we have are the best Cavalry in the world for this war. They are often members of a hunt; their officers, squires or squires' sons whom they've known since boyhood. They have enlisted for ½ a day (i.e. 2s 6d), not 5/- and of course have in many cases given up lucrative billets.

Tom Blackburn is an Oxford man and when he left, was at Leeds Clergy School. Trooper Chas Yorke, Imperial Yeomanry was Squire Yorke's son and a middie in the Navy when I first knew him, though certainly he was not in the Navy when he enlisted.

Seeley is loved by his Hampshire Yeomanry and is a fearless fellow though a bit of a politician and a liberal at that. I slept in his tent once where he had a lovely photo of his wife and other things which made his tent nice to look at. As we were undressing, he said, "Well, I say my prayers every night when alone, but I am blessed if I can with you here."

Colonel B Davenport of the Staffordshires is the man in the Imperial Yeomanry who impresses me most. A village in his constituency gave him a Maxim and this he told me he did his best to lose, feeling the value of Imperial Yeomanry lay in their mobility, which a Maxim would detract from. He left camp once and failed to warn the Maxim party and so got rid of them for a few days. They turned up, however, later on, expecting cheers of joy at their arrival. They had to be tolerated for a bit after this but when I met him, the Maxim was not in their midst.

Colonel Davenport had strong views about a gun backing up an advance of Imperial Yeomanry and sending a shell over a hillcrest or into a kloof instead of

the Imperial Yeomanry discovering the enemy by being fired at. On the other hand, there is a great terror of a gun being lost and a nasty headline in the London dailies. Once he said, "Well, if you won't let a gun support them, you must give the order to my men to go up that hill and not expect me to." He got his 15-pounder and it was not captured.

Seeley once was made a prisoner or something by our Brigadier for refusing to retire when ordered to. He told me he and his men were on the crest of a hill keeping the Boers back. To retire meant to give them the hilltop and their backs as targets so, for his men's sake, he disobeyed. A dangerous thing to do I remembered, as I hadn't forgotten how rumour said a certain Cavalry Colonel was sent home at once by Methuen for thinking it better to disobey an order than have his men, as he thought, needlessly slaughtered.

I took a great liking to Dr Parsons, a civilian doctor who messed with Colonel Robinson and Captain Cooper – both of Royal Army Medical Corps – and myself. He was very critical of the amount of clerk's work put upon a doctor and the way in which promotion seemed to separate the most experienced doctors more and more from the sick and tie them tighter and tighter to the ink and pen. He was a devoted fellow, like his brother, a soldier who got the VC for carrying water under fire to wounded men. He gave all he had to his work. Once he was far from well and he came into our tent as I thought to turn in. The rain was coming down in bucketsful and running across the floor of our tent so that, but for our valises, we would have had a watery bed and it was not a night to stay up in. However, Parsons said, "I am with the Advance Guard tomorrow before daybreak and so must do my prescription for tomorrow, now." When he had finished he said, "Lend me your Mac."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "To see how the tents of the sick are standing this downpour." He went out into the rain with only his pyjamas beneath my Mac. It was a long time before he returned, having found many tents were succumbing to the rain or else that their trenches were unable to prevent tent floors being flooded. He was up for duty

soon after he got into bed, it seemed to me. Poor fellow – he told me he was going to send a series of letters to “The Times”, criticising the Royal Army Medical Corps methods, but this night’s work began the end.

Men are not inspired like women to kill (!) themselves or even overtire themselves for their patients and as the Royal Army Medical Corps cannot, from the nature of its work, have the discipline of an Infantry or Cavalry Regiment, the men too often fail to make themselves do a duty which is so undefinable, and cannot easily be made to do it. It’s not their fault but their failing and lack of sensitiveness, besides which so many men were taken on by the Royal Army Medical Corps when the war demanded more orderlies than the Royal Army Medical Corps could supply, that the new hands were taken on with little or no regard for their qualifications in character or training. For example, I had to dismiss my servant for continual drunkenness and was preparing to send him back to his regiment, when he said “There’s no need for that, as the hospital has taken me on,” and they – poor beggars – told me they couldn’t be choosers. When it came to pluck, the Royal Army Medical Corps were splendid. I noticed this when watching the stretcher-bearers. A man was hit, up came the stretcher-bearers, put him in a stretcher and proceeded to carry him down the hill. Instantly a volley was poured into them. They, however, went on until they got to smooth ground – then they put him down and lay down themselves. I said, “Why didn’t you put him down after the first volley instead of going on until you got the second?”

“What?” said one, “Put him down on stones?”

You brave and silly fools I thought. The man was safe until you came and interfered. You lifted him out of cover, let the Boers have two volleys at him and what was the hurry? “First Aid” had been rendered by a man while lying down, his wound was fatal and 15 minutes later the Leinsters had driven the Boers away, so – considering all things – there was no need of hurry. I have known stretcher-bearers shot through their keenness to get to wounded lying in the very front. This would be wise if the foe were savages and our men retiring but foolhardy and foolish against Boers. Of course, trained men would not fire at stretcher-bearers but in the front there are too many stray bullets and too much blind shooting for

the Gunners to be a protection and I question if the average Boer knew anything about the Red Cross.

Tuesday, 18th September 1900

Marched 5.45 am

Halted 10 miles from Senekal. We are to cooperate with the Worcestershires and try to surround some Boers. Can Infantry ever do this to such a very mobile force as these Boers? We heard that Rundle had captured 48 wagons and 1 gun, McDonald, 46 wagons. Other rumours are rife, for example, that Russia has ordered us out of Pikin [sic].

Wednesday, 19th September 1900

I like Major Gordon Gilmour of the Grenadier Guards. He was a churchwarden, I believe, at St Peter's, Eaton Square. Anyway, he is one of those men who make men respect Christianity and feel it's virile and joyous. He said so nicely when he invited me to come to their Mess and I said I had already joined the 21st Field Hospital. "Well, you must give us the pleasure of your company next trek." He is a regular Communicant and helps others to come. He will suggest an early dinner on Sunday when in town to admit of men going to Church. Soldiers certainly consecrate their gift of bravery to God's service and, as the army won't tolerate humbug, you get a very pure virtue. It's jolly meeting the officers on the march as it's easy to ride alongside another man who is riding. The Guards won't let an officer ride until he has passed their regimental test of jumping, etc which I should say is stiffer than Sandhurst. Of course, many would prefer to march with their men, for example. They have a "Crock Company" – a splendid thing. It's for men who are not ill enough to be carried but too bad to keep up with the fit. This company marches apart from the main body and has more frequent halts, etc.

Halted in front of Biddulphsburg Church. Then we followed Commandant Haasbroek's trail. Le Gallois and Mounted Infantry are at his heels.

Friday, 21st September 1900

Marched around Witkop. I rode with Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry. Some

farms had to be burnt because they had harboured the enemy who had fired at us therefrom. It's sad to see the women and children turned out. They give them time to get their goods out also.

Someone says our trying to catch these mounted Boers, who carry practically nil, seeing every farm supplies every need, is like a bald-headed old gent trying to catch a butterfly with his hat. When we come they have always just left. On a wall they had passed 15 minutes before us, one of them had scribbled up "We will march you English off your legs."

Sunday, 23rd September 1900

Bethlehem

Met Anderson and Harris, Manchesters of *HMS Orotava*. Pushed along Reitz Road. Service 5.45 pm and for Natives 7.45 pm. I in English. Commander Harris interpreted into Dutch and a Basuto into Basuto.

Monday, 24th September 1900

7 am Holy Communion. 7 Communicants and service for Natives at night.

Tuesday, 25th September 1900

6.30 am March. Our Imperial Yeomanry fired at from a farm so four shells put into it. We found one of the mountain guns captured at Nicholson's Neck in 1899 and 165 000 rounds of ammunition. At night in orders: "Major General Bruce Campbell pleased to issue a tot of rum per man to, etc, etc."

Met Allcard and Hope, 77th Royal Field Artillery.

DESULTORY MARCHES

Wednesday, 26th September 1900

Continued our desultory marches. Someone looted a chair for me and I had preached against looting so I rode back to the farm which had been burnt (the furniture is left on the veldt, only the mildest view of the order being executed). It was a sad sight. The old Dutch farmer and a wife who looked older sitting utterly

dazed by their still smoking ruin. Both absolutely silent brooding over their belief in Predestination and allowing it to encourage their natural apathy and slackness. He didn't wake up when I rode up and took my money in an absent-minded way and relapsed into his trance again. War is nation versus nation, not merely soldiers versus soldiers, I suppose.

Friday, 28th September 1900

Enemy attacked up but driven off by a few shells. We captured 400 oxen.

Lovely camp – water, green valley, mountains and over all a sunset. Roly-poly for supper.

Saturday, 29th September 1900

Rundle joined our Brigade and brought the cow gun, 32 oxen to draw it and 50 men to hold it back going down a steep hill.

We have several Boer prisoners. I begged blankets for them. One boy, on receiving his, said "My heart laughs with joy."

Sunday, 30th September 1900

5 am Marched.

1 pm Halted.

5 pm Marched to Lydenberg Vlei 8 pm.

No services possible.

Monday, 1st October 1900

Lily's birthday.

7 am Holy Communion. One Communicant.

Le Gallais' Horse and Hunter's Brigade joined us.

My horse nearly drowned in a muddy pond by the Wilge River. Two Imperial Yeomanry wounded: arm and body.

Thursday, 4th October 1900

A poisonous weed common. A mouthful kills a horse almost on the spot. Colonial

horses won't touch it, others seem to like it. I hear 18 have been killed tonight before nosebags could be put on.

Good dinner. Hashed goose (loot I fear), carrots. Gravy & patties. Roly-Poly, Ginger. Whiskey. Coffee. Jam. Sugar. Potted meat.

Friday, 5th October 1900

Vrede.

Cleaned Church out.

5.30 pm Service. Fourteen Dutch women came. The Dutch Church is a hospital.

Robinson, Cooper, Parsons and I are occupying Solomon's vacated Head Office.

Saturday, 6th October 1900

Choir practice. Miss Malan at organ, 5.45 pm

Sunday, 7th October 1900

8 am Holy Communion. 6 Communicants

10 am Parade Service. Grenadier Guards and Imperial Yeomanry, Royal Artillery

11.15 am Church – Full

6 pm Church – Full.

I buried a Farmer, Mr Zeitman, aged 71.

Baptised Henry Rundle! Boyes! Richler, Irene Grace Absolom.

Boers made a night attack on us. Only one of ours hit. Visited Mrs Absolom who is ill through childbirth and got her "medical comforts". Visited Malans and brought her strayed hen (in a sack) and brood (in a bucket) to her. Lieutenant Coleby, Grenadier Guards lives in our Mess now as his throat is bad. We are a very happy set. Cooper a merry fellow who lost his billet as doctor in the Guards because he drew a caricature of his senior medical officer in the Mess Scrap Book and someone squeaked.

Tuesday, 9th October 1900

7 am Matins in Church

7.30 am Holy Communion

3 pm Christenings

5 pm service in Hospital (that is, the Dutch Reformed Church)

Cowley 6 ft 4½” lights the Church Lamps for me.

A company of Grenadier Guards attacked the Boers and burnt the farm they occupied. The Leicester Imperial Yeomanry have a pet baboon I enjoyed watching.

A night attack is expected. Took the usual services. Secured the Masonic Hall for a concert and wagon to carry chairs to it but it had to be early. It would have been a wash out but for Miss Malan’s “Deathless Army” which she sang in a rich contralto and evoked shouts of applause.

Friday, 12th October 1900

Imperial Yeomanry, Grenadier Guards, Scots Guards and Royal Field Artillery stormed a kopje. Eight of ours wounded. Sergeant Reeves, Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry, wounded in the head and chest, killed. Buried Saturday 13th October.

Sunday, 14th October 1900

At 10 am the Column started. So I remained behind and took services at 8 am and 10.30 am. Lunch with Absoloms and then rode after the column. It’s so long that if the Advance Guard started at 6 am, the Rear Guard is ever so much later.

6.15 pm Service in camp.

Tuesday, 16th October 1900

Halted by the Wilge River all day. Good luck for me as I got poisoned by the water and spent the day trying to return it, the pain causing me to faint until Robinson took pity on me and gave me an injection of morphia after which all was peace and when I awoke I drank milk and felt quite free of pain.

Wednesday, 17th October 1900

Drove in Cape Cart and let someone ride my horse.

Thursday, 18th October 1900

Boers shelled by our Royal Field Artillery. My stomach still tender.

Friday, 19th October 1900

Reitz.

I rode in with Robertson of Christ Church and Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry. Visited Hospital. Arranged service for Military Parade. Baptised Mona Irene Noble, Chas Roberts James Buck. Supped with Bucks.

Saturday, 20th October 1900

Left Reitz at 7 am. I caught the Brigade up at 10 am at the drift.

Sunday, 21st October 1900

Bethlehem.

Monday, 22nd October 1900

Trekking for Harrismith.

Tuesday, 23rd October 1900

Returned to Bethlehem. I hear that when we left, some 40 footsore soldiers were put in the Town Hall under a Red Cross flag. Their rifles were put under the floor. Next morning a Dutch Commandant awoke them and asked what right men only footsore had to the Red Cross flag protection. He said he believed they were armed and ordered the boards to be taken up. By good luck he took up the wrong boards. He left saying he understood enteric, etc being under the Geneva Cross – but footsore men. That night the cemetery witnessed the burial of 40 rifles in the deepest grave ever dug.

Wednesday, 24th October 1900

Campbell, my Brigadier, gave me leave to ride into Bethlehem. My main motive was to give the priest some Hymn Sheets. My second motive was to buy bread,

etc. All went well until Colonel Harley heard of my entry, then I was sent for. He had evidently screwed himself up to tell me off but I knew my act was safe. He began by asking if the appointment of Chaplains was my business. I said, "No, I had only supplied Hymn Sheets."

"What escort did you have?"

"None."

"Why not?"

"General Campbell gave me leave to ride in alone."

He dropped the subject then, his parting blow being, "Well, you aren't going to have an escort back." Why on earth I wanted one when our outposts and his were within a mile of each other. I got two sacks of loaves and dined with General Campbell. He said, "What rot Ritualism and Fasting Communion were," but gave me a bottle of Champagne which he expressed surprise at my not finishing. He is a dear old fatherly man. He peeped into my tent next trek and said "Where's your bed?"

I said "I have a valise."

He asked various other questions as to my comfort just like an old father might. He always asked me to lunch on Sundays and, on one occasion when the rain prevented Parade Service and I had got up a Voluntary one at 11 o'clock, (at which to my joy more turned up than a Parade Service would have got), I noticed in the middle of my sermon the old General sitting amidst the men listening. He was brave as could be in the field and only shortness of breath, I was told, kept him from being more forward than a General ought to be.

Thursday, 25th October 1900

Rain. Sick convoy arrived 3 pm. Lightning struck in camp.

Friday, 26th October 1900

Rundle and Boyes joined our Brigade and the Division crossed to Harrismith

Road. When near the River, the Boers opposed us, firing at our Imperial Yeomanry from a donga. Our transport outspanned under cover of a ridge while our guns and cow gun blazed at the kopjes the Boers were on and at a large farm house under the hills. The Grenadiers and Scots Guards then advanced in open order, rushed the kopje and burnt the farm. I heard that Rundle and his staff had a volley into them. Hushton and Holmes, 2nd Scots Guards were mortally wounded – one died in a wagon, one in a tent. Lord Grosvenor of the 2nd Scots Guards hit in the thigh. Dandy, Scots Guards hit in the chest.

We supped at 9 pm.

The nature of the country is such that a few mounted men can easily hold up a column. They merely get on kopjes commanding the line of march, leave the ponies just below the crest on the side, away from us and themselves, hide behind rocks. On our approach they fire away. If we storm the hill, they are over hilltop onto their ponies and away on a hilltop 1000 good feet off, ready to give the storming party a volley when they take the hill which they (the Boers) have just vacated. Reverend Wilson, the Presbyterian Chaplain's Forces, buried Hushton and I Holmes whose Mother I wrote to (Mrs Whittle, 26 Benbrookshire Street, Gillington, Bradford.)

Sunday, 28th October 1900

Trekking between 6 and 10 am and then again between 12 and 5.30 pm. I took a service in the Women's laager. A Miss Murray, Head of Bethlehem's Girl Seminary, had to accompany us as she would insist on her staff praying against England's great wickedness in warring against the Boers and was not silent as to her views at other times. She defied all but eventually she, with other women, were brought along. Their Laager was made of wagons with the ends facing inwards and forming a square. Soldiers sent to do all their work. An officer told off to supply "Medical Comforts" and Rations.

The General Tent was pitched near to give protection. Sentries set. At the service I asked Miss Murray to start hymns. She did.

Sunday, 28th October 1900

Continual rain. Tents flooded. Parsons out in it. Visiting wounded.

Monday, 29th October 1900

Entered Harrismith at 9 am. When we left (on August 25th), I wired Sister Cecile "Bishop had better correspond with Senior Chaplain re my return." The Senior Chaplain has twice offered me a permanent chaplaincy but I've refused as I promised Webb to do five years in Grahamstown.

Returned to camp.

I bought a pig for 7/6 to give the Guards band as they had helped me. But as I never cleaned it by the time it was evening, the pig was blown up like a balloon and the only present they got was the job of digging a grave.

Got into Harrismith. Ordered printer to do me 500 Hymn Sheets of hymns 23, 24, 27, 228, 172, 300, 537 and 257.

Sacked my servant for getting drunk and being generally fat and lazy. He, however, got taken on as a Royal Army Medical Corps orderly. Got Private Leach of East Yorkshires instead.

Thursday, 1st November 1900

Ordered to proceed with General Boyes' Column. Said goodbye to General B Campbell. Boyes' camp just across the spruit. Rain. Only my valise dry so I got into it.

Sunday, 4th November 1900

Holy Communion at the hospital. Breakfast with the orderlies.

12 noon at Church.

8.30 pm Tent service.

Wrote to Bishop Cornish asking if Dean wouldn't take over the Highlanders.

Monday, 5th November 1900

Trekked at 5.30 am. Manchesters, East Yorkshires, 79th Royal Field Artillery, Middlesex and West Kent Imperial Yeomanry.

GUERILLA WAR

Tuesday, 6th November 1900

5 am started. At 8 am the Boers attacked us. Trooper Hall shot in the thigh, he had his pockets rifled before our men drove them off. Trooper Rhodes of Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry hit in the stomach and fell off his horse. Dr Moon and Lupton got him into an ambulance and I tried to keep him from being too bumped. The hypodermic syringe blocked and so his agony could not be eased. The ambulance had to go down the side of the kopje and pick its way between rocks. The jolting was awful. Rhodes cried, "This is killing me." I stopped the ambulance instantly. Up rode the doctor and swore at the driver.

I said, "The man's agony is awful."

"Can't help that, I can't lose my ambulance."

"Bosh," I thought, "We're a Red Cross."

On we went, at times neither of us were on the floor of the cart, his agony was appalling. Again I asked to have the man taken out and left to die in peace on the veldt where I, under a Red Cross, would stay with him. "Impossible, must bring the wounded in." If ever I wanted to swear at a young officer who didn't see red tape needs elasticising to keep it from being ridiculous, I did then. It's the fools who administer the red tape, I blame, and not red tape, which is but method. On we went like two peas in a pan but Rhodes I could see would soon be "where there is no more pain." Bump. Thud his poor body went and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from camp he died and the young officer had the satisfaction of having done his duty like a mechanised lever would have. I buried him. He is, I hear, a nephew to Cecil Rhodes. The Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry came and Sergeant M Cotterell, West Kent Imperial Yeomanry started "Peace, Perfect Peace" in his splendid tenor at the end. The sky seemed to sympathise with the funeral as it was spread with soft

clouds of soothing colours and the veldt at sunset always looks calm and large after its day's battle with a scorching sun, as though it had fought and won its peace.

Wednesday, 7th November 1900

Started 5 am. Boers opposed us at Newmarket. Three Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry wounded. Trembath severely. Royal Field Artillery shrapnel drove them back and shelled a house, too. When I got to the house I saw a "Castle" of wool bales (each I should say 500 lbs in weight). I climbed up and peered over the top of this square building. At the bottom an old man and his wife were sitting as safe as could be, seeing no shell would penetrate such vast bales of compressed wool. I looked about a bit more and saw their son, a boy of about 15 running about in high delight at having secured an exploded shrapnel case.

Boers hold Botha's pass, so we made a detour and got into camp about 10 pm or rather, got our convoy in then.

Thursday, 8th November 1900

Lieutenant Woodhouse, Manchester Mounted Infantry hit in stomach by a Boer over 1000 yards away. All he said was, "That was a good shot." I spent the whole time I was in camp with him. Thunder and rain outside. He asked for water but to let him have it would be fatal. He never bothered to ask again. Morphine injected four times already. He tells me he wants to think quietly of his death. I slept beside him. At 1.30 am he awoke and said he would like the Holy Communion now, about which he had time to think. So I got my vessels and made a rug roll an altar. The moon gave me enough light to see what I was doing. I gave him a dipped wafer. At 2 am his thirst was awful. I moistened his lips with a feather dipped in water and gave him a very wee sip of milk which relieved him. At 5 am he was lifted into an ambulance to die! How awful this is.

The Boers started at us again, especially on our right at 8.30 am. He died in the ambulance. Private Prigg also died in another ambulance at 9.30 am. I was with him and prepared him. He sorrowed so for his wife, poor fellow. At last we got into Vrede with their laagered wagons of food, etc.

Saturday, 10th November 1900

7 am Holy Communion at Hospital (six Communicants)

8 am Church (one Communicant)

2 pm proceeded. I asked Major S of Leinsters to take Sunday Parade Service and followed column fighting on the right. I went up the hill and found Trooper Dickson badly hit. Soon after I saw about 30 horsemen on the skyline, and one of ours flanked, galloping toward us saying, "Boers". The Leinsters prepared to fire. "No," said Colonel Firman, Imperial Yeomanry, "They are our Yeomen."

Certainly they looked like it and took no pains to hide themselves, their rifles, too, were in buckets it seemed and nothing like Boers. However, the flanker, I thought spoke with conviction and it was his business to know and he had come from there. Still the order was not to fire. The thirty then took cover on the far side of the crest and "bang!", we got volley after volley. The Leinsters then, I supposed, thought they might as well reply but what use it was I don't know as one could see nothing and we were fine targets for them. I lay flat and gathered a stone or so for my head leaving my Argentine to its fate and devoutly wishing it wouldn't be so friendly but would go further away, as being the only animate being standing up, it drew the fire. They were rotten shots. One shot I think passed between the hairs of its tail but even this failed to put spirit into this soulless beast. It only whisked its tail and went on eating. I was lying by Dickson who was dying. The bullet wound looked small. It was into his chest and had stayed there. A good old Maxim arrived and by its sort of "fire hose" rush of bullets soon silenced the Boers. The doctor showed me poor Dickson's body, just to let me see what an expanding bullet did. You could put four fingers into his liver and that was an example of the general havoc the splinters had made. Cruel and silly, as a wounded man hampers the foe more than a funeral.

Sunday, 11th November 1900

I buried Dickson, having the grave dug just by the hospital. The Boers were attacking and so I had to take the service while one of our 15-pounders 10 yards from me was blazing shells into the Boers. It was a stern accompaniment and

rendered my prayers inaudible at times and altogether it was not like a Sunday morning.

Two men hit, one in the stomach and one in the thigh. Crossed the Klip River and so we were in the Transvaal. My first visit.

Held service at 6 pm. Manchesters and afterwards in the Hospital.

Monday, 12th November 1900

Entered Standerton. The good old Devonshires with Major Ellacombe (of *Orotava*) and Reverend Drake sent out by diocese of Exeter for Devonshires, came to meet us. The Devonshires and King's Royal Rifles hold the Klip Drift, till we return. We camped on the South side of the Vaal outside Standerton.

Wednesday, 14th November 1900

Lunched with Lieutenant Hill, Berkshires Mounted Infantry. Called on Reverend McCormick and Mrs, old veterans it is a privilege to meet.

Met Charters of Christ Church.

Thursday, 15th November 1900

4.30 am left with 77th Royal Field Artillery. Major Percival, Captain Keen and Lieutenant Ewart – a fellow who had come from Klondike to get to the war. He worked his way through Canada – he took any job going, for example, papering a room for which they paid him to stop[!] and, on board, he got his passage as a mechanic.

Friday, 16th November 1900

Beastly Boers as usual shot three of the advance party. Only two brought in, firing too hot to get the third. Later on when the Boers had gone I rode out to a place a fellow showed me as being where he was. No-one could say whether dead or alive. He had cried "Oh, my poor wife," when hit and that was all I could gather. I got a white flag and went to the spot where Dr Moon joined me. We were just giving it up when Moon saw him – dead and bootless – a sad, sad sight, not like that of one killed in battle, but sniped by a toad in a hole. Some good old

stretcher-bearers, of course, were near and an ambulance. We all got in after dark (having being reported captured).

The man we brought in was a Roman Catholic and as the other wounded man died, the Colonel of the Leinsters had one grave dug and ordered service. The Leinsters made an awful hubbub over the idea of a holy Roman lying besides a naughty Churchman and volunteers were ready to dig another grave at once, which the Colonel agreed to though he would not order it. (The Roman Catholic priest after Belmont showed no such silly prejudice.) We had one funeral party. I took our service and Lieutenant Trueman the Roman Catholic service and all returned together. This didn't hurt their feelings, but to be in the same grave was awfully [sic]. I don't think they considered how it was only at the last moment his corpse was found and, but for that, would have had no grave at all.

Sunday, 18th November 1900

Left Vrede at 5 am. Camped near woodside. Evensong was at 6.15 pm. Faith in Jesus, God and Man.

They brought brood mares in but no-one could keep on them. If bucking, etc didn't relieve them of their riders, they would roll.

Monday, 19th November 1900

Had a long talk with Major Percival, 77th Royal Field Artillery on Fitch's lectures on Teaching and other matters.

Sniping. Two Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry hit. Grey and Morgan.

Tuesday, 20th November 1900

Captain Lord Denham, Sergeant Scott and Troopers Howe and Witts, Imperial Yeomanry hit. Cornelia River.

Wednesday, 21st November 1900

East Yorkshires and Scots Guards, etc passed to our South, Bethlehem way. We heard their guns going. Private Wray, East Yorkshire, dying. I communicated him and wrote to his mother.

Friday 23rd November 1900

Entered Harrismith. Bishop agrees to my leaving St Peter's Home now older Chaplains are available but Ellison asks me to join Railway Mission. I will do my five years in Grahamstown diocese but want to see the war through first. I wrote to Gore about the Society of the Resurrection rules and the difficulty of keeping to them.

Sunday, 25th November 1900

9.30 am Parade Service

10.00 am Holy Communion. Douglas Pennant

11.15 am Lunch Grenadiers. Murray Thripland

6.30 pm Evensong

7.15 pm Hospital.

Monday, 26th November 1900

It seems that Colonel Harley is arranging, I suppose, with the Bishop for me to stay on – anyway my orders to leave are cancelled. Tea with Lord Cavers. Grenadier Guards. Visited Captain Quilter's Company and the Cooks. Sergeant Hillier, Privates Averall, Page and Hickman helped me to gather men to a service.

Tuesday, 27th November 1900

Orders to move at midnight. My servant ill. All went well in the march until a wagon stuck in a drift and the column split in half. The front part went on but left no connecting files. Consequently when the wagon got out, we followed our noses which somehow didn't point the way the other fellows' noses did. We at last met at Elands River Bridge and soon Campbell's column arrived.

Southey shot dead. Major Hanbury, Scots Guards shot in three places. Had a service for Captain Guillers, Grenadier Guards Company.

Thursday, 29th November 1900

7.15 am Holy Communion.

Returned to Harrismith.

Sunday, 2nd December 1900

8 am 1st and 7th Companies, Grenadier Guards

9.30 am 17th Brigade

10.00 am Holy Communion

11.30 am 16th Brigade

5.45 pm Hospital

7 pm Evensong.

Dr Parson's dying. First of all violent diarrhoea seized him. He kept up all day and would lie silently when we got into camp under a wagon. We got him into Harrismith and I visited him up to the last. Just before he died, he wrote in his leather cigarette case "Hill from Parsons". If ever a man gave his life for his fellows, he did and I never can forgive myself for not having helped him that night, though what all the Royal Army Medical Corps orderlies were doing, I can't think.

I heard another Column 17th Brigade was off on Monday so asked the Manchesters (who were in the column) if I could join their Mess and, as they agreed, I hoped all was ok, when the above note arrived. Dear old Harley. I must be a sore surprise and thorn to his military mind. I saw him just before and he just wrote Hill from Parsons in his leather cigarette case. He is a Man whom the Son of Man will put among those who lived and died for their fellows. His mother must be proud of her other son following his brother, VC, who brought water to the wounded under fire and then was shot three times doing his duty. I buried dear old Parsons.

I stayed in the town and am criticising the lack of sanitary thoroughness in many camps. Latrines too shallow, no lime, meat thrown about. I am suffering from 'Modders' and so are others.

Saturday 8th December 1900

Choir practices. Nine Grenadiers and Conduit on Cornet.

Sunday, 9th December 1900

8 am Ammunition Hill

9.45 am Grenadier Guards

10.15 am Holy Communion

11.45 am Cow Gun Hill

6 pm Evensong

7 pm Evensong.

Monday, 10th December 1900

Visited Hospital.

Wednesday, 12th December 1900

7 am Holy Communion at Dutch Reformed Hospital. 10 Communicants present.

Two natives collared a Boer! They were looking after our cattle when a Boer rode up and demanded the oxen. The natives asked for a receipt. The guileless Boer put down his Mauser to write out some note when the natives seized him and brought him into camp, triumphant.

Friday, 14th December 1900

Made a map of the Cemetery and pegged out places for new graves.

Sunday, 16th December 1900

7.30 am Holy Communion

9 am Parade Service

10 am Service

10.45 am Service

12 noon lunch with Captain Cholmondely, Grenadier Guards – he has ‘Modders’ too.

6 pm Evensong.

Arranged for Christmas festivities. Cotterell will help with Carols.

Sunday, 23rd December 1900

Same services as last Sunday.

Tuesday, 25th December 1900

Christmas Day.

7 am English Church

8 am Choral service and

12 noon.



H Brown, Rector takes Church services of course.

8.30 am Hill

09.15 am Parade Service Church

10.15 am Imperial Yeomanry

11.45 am Grenadier Guards

4 pm Native service

7.30 pm Carols. Town Hall – jolly good.

Wednesday, 26th December 1900

Tea for 40 Royal Army Medical Corps orderlies, songs, etc.

Sunday, 30th December 1900

Services as usual.

Six funerals of enterics this last week. Hospital visiting rather much in consequence.

Sunday, 6th January 1901

Harrismith.

7.30 am Holy Communion

8.30 am Parade Service Ammunition Hill

9.30 am Imperial Yeomanry

10.00 am Holy Communion

11.30 am Details

4.00 pm Natives

5.30 pm Funeral

6 pm Evensong in Church

7 pm Evensong in Church.

Rode with Quinton Hepburn Brown who was in such pain we had to walk.

Saturday, 12th January 1901

Rode out to Campbell's column. Lunched with Major Milner, Scots Guards.

Arranged services with General Campbell and Gordon Lennox.

Slept with Captain Seeley, Hampshire Imperial Yeomanry in his tent and under a caross. He told me something about his home life in the Isle of Wight.

Sunday, 13th January 1901

Took Sunday services.

Lunch with Staffordshires – Colonel Bromley Davenport strikes me as the most able of cavalry officers.

Monday, 14th January 1901

Rode back with Seeley and Hampshire Imperial Yeomanry. Webb and Cavendish, Grenadier Guards joined us. We advanced as a body and so the Guard put a bullet over our heads.

Quinton got enteric. Met Pagan, Presbyterian minister, an able fellow.

Friday, 18th January 1901

Letter from Colonel Harley asking me to report the minister who kept a funeral waiting five minutes. First answered "I was," and then tore it up and wrote a page showing how the funeral party marched too quickly to the grave and so had to wait.

Tuesday, 22nd January 1901

Queen Victoria died 6.30 pm. Feel an old friend has gone.

Thursday, 24th January 1901

21 Gun salute. Great depression.

Friday, 25th January 1901

Got Reverend Dunston (Wesleyan), Forrest (Roman Catholic) and Pagan

(Presbyterian) to discuss a joint memorial service. They accepted Brown's and my Order of Service.

Sunday, 3rd February 1901

Requiem for Victoria

9.45 am Front Town Hall draped. Troops three sides of the square.

Friday, 8th February 1901

Reverend Hordern arrived – much the worse for Ladysmith. His wife also here.

Gave him hymn books, etc as I've received orders to join Campbell's column at Standerton.

Saturday, 9th February 1901

Got Railway Staff Office to give me a truck for my Basuto through Ladysmith to Standerton. I walked over Wagon Hill, took my pony out at Volksrust and watered it and slept in the Customs house.

Monday, 11th February 1901

Arrived Standerton 4.30 am. Reported myself to Major Burrows. Went to the Soldiers' Section A Tent. Rain in torrents.

Tuesday, 12th February 1901

Preached 12 pm in Soldiers' A Section tent. Called on Ellacombe, 2nd Devonshires and watched 4.7 blazing at Boers miles away.

Thursday, 14th February 1901

Campbell's column came in. Got a tent and servant (as Catt my servant had to go to hospital), called Grace of Leinsters.

Sunday, 17th February 1901

8 am Holy Communion Standerskop

10 am Campbell's column

10.30 am Holy Communion

Lunch with Campbell, Gascoigne and Parker. Pennant.

6 pm Soldiers' A Section Tent. Drake preached.

I made myself comfortable in a tent under Standerskop. Got O'Neil from Leinsters as groom and various cooking pots for Grace to cook my ration in. Rain bad.

Ash Wednesday, 20th February 1901

7.30 am Holy Communion at Church

6 pm Preached in Town Hall for McCormick.

Standerton is well fortified – magnificent fort on Standerskop with revolving 4.7, wire entanglements all along to river. Two naval 12-pounders.

Dined with Devonshires. Drake gave me dry shoes. Major Briggs, Osborne, Smith, Mortimer. Cherry pie and cream. Felt bad next day.

Saturday, 23rd February 1901

Visited Cavans, Grenadier Guards, 9th Company. Sergeant Taylor told me how his being a freemason made his capture at Helvetia that of a guest's, rather than a prisoner. Eggs and bacon was his fare, at last they gave him 20/- of unused OFS stamps and a pony and showed him where to ride to find the British.

Visited Chomely's and Trgoni's Companies.

Sunday, 24th February 1901

7.30 Service

8 am Service

11 am Service

Lunch with General Barrington Campbell

Tea Staff IV

6 pm Service.

Wednesday, 27th February 1901

Played football with Cavan's Company, 8th Grenadier Guards and then had a service for them. Long talk in moonlight with the men.

Monday, 4th March 1901

Joined 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards for Mess at Colonel Lloyd's invitation. We

started on trek and got to Klip River at noon. Sniping on left. Dined with Leicesters. Chess with Byron.

Tuesday 5th March 1901

Started 5.30 am. Sniping on left which a few shells stopped. On right Leicesters, Derbyshires and Staffordshire Imperial Yeomanry had a hot time. Entered Vrede and found Hill, Royal Scots Mounted Infantry recovered to my surprise as I had left him dying and asked to see his grave on return.

27 cases in Dutch Church Hospital.

Wednesday, 6th March 1901

Funeral Lieutenant Scobell, Leicesters.

Visited Church with Major Staverd and gathered its “furniture” together. Visited Ball (condemned to 10 years), dined with Campbell and staff.

Friday, 8th March 1901

Packed all Church ornaments into a big case. Lunch with Hill who shot two doves for it.

Vrede being looted – watched a subaltern of Grenadier Guards in a chemist’s shop sending pill pots and potions whizzing across the street up against the house opposite until cod-liver oil and Beecham’s pills and Mother Seegal syrup, etc combined in a horrible mixture to flow down the gutter. He said he didn’t want to leave any medicine to heal sick Boers. I helioed Principal, St Andrews, to ask if he could admit Frances Ball at once.

Sunday, 10th March 1901

Mooi Bank. Imperial Yeomanry rushed a hill while guns shelled its top. Mist and rain. The natives were the last to leave Vrede and before their departure visited a milliner’s shop helping themselves to every kind of ladies’ garments, summer and winter, girls and fat ladies’ – Hats too – and into these they struggled providing an appearance of a regiment in a uniform never yet imagined by any war office.

Monday, 11th March 1901

Heavy rain.

I crossed the drift. General Campbell looked me up at night and asked me to sup. He is as kind as Father but doesn't love his brother Boer.

Wagons can't get across the drift. Fourth and 5th companies Grenadier Guards had no tents or blankets in consequence. They made a fire using an empty house stoep for fuel (and as night went on, the rest of it). Much blasphemy about not having blankets. Some wag conducting a Prayer Meeting Parody (11 pm) around the fire, calling on Brother Atkins for his favourite hymn which he responded to by roaring out some ribald song. I wondered how to stop this and decided I ought to do so by some positive means and not by a mere negative as, after all, this blasphemous service was entertaining men who were shivering cold and very angry. I suddenly remembered some packets of Quaker Oats and tins of milk. I approached the mock minister with these and suggested his playing the role of cook instead of minister which he readily agreed to and called upon his "elders" to bring full dixies into which with much talk and laughter he poured the oats, etc and, by good management, provided all his "congregation" with porridge.

Wednesday, 13th March 1901

Buried H C Leicester above Mooi Bank Drift, South side, 1000 yds East on hilltop.

Got Frances Ball, age 13, to Browning of National Bank, Standerton.

Thursday, 14th March 1901

De Lange's Drift, Klip River. Trekked 6 am. River risen 12 ft so halt.

Sniping. Sergeant Martin, 13th Hussars who was for home (but who had a presentiment of danger last night) was hit through the brain and lay speechless till he died, poor chap. One day's march from station and England when this bullet did for him.

Friday, 15th March 1901

River too high to cross. Played rounders with Gloucestershire and Staffordshire Imperial Yeomanry.

I have been asked by Ellison to join Railway Mission and give up army which I've twice been asked to join. Shall I? Ellison suggests Naauwpoort.

Sunday, 17th March 1901

Parade Service cancelled so I had a Voluntary and got more to it in spite of the rain. Old Campbell came in undress and I lunched with him after. Some wagons swum over; worst sick boated over. Major G Gilmour lent me "*Quo vadis?*"
Lunch with Sergeant J Keen, 77th Royal Field Artillery, who seems a politician.

Wednesday 20th March 1901

Wagons being towed over drift.

Saturday, 23rd March 1901

Standerton

Campbell took leave of Imperial Yeomanry, Leicester, Staffordshires, Derbyshires. Ball stuck to by his old friend Browning, who refused to believe anything against him, however much proved.

Sunday, 24th March 1901

10 am Service

10.30 am service

5.30 pm service

Lady Day, Monday, 25th March 1901

7 am Holy Communion in my tent.

St Andrew's Bloemfontein agrees to take in Frances Ball: "Yes, willingly, at once." Got him a free pass to Bloemfontein and sent him off with some kit. Long talk with Mrs McCormick (Miss Biggar).

As Imperial Yeomanry has left us, our column must go back by train to Harrismith.

Monday, 1st April 1901

Started at 1 am. I arranged to climb Majuba with Forrest, 5 am. At 5 am news

came to say goods train ahead of us blown up. Laings Nek occupied and Majuba also.

We all got out wondering what had happened to the other half of our battalion of Grenadier Guards, seeing they had passed into the tunnel while we had been waiting at Charlestown. Soon we were ordered to climb over Laings Nek instead of training through it. On the top we found two naval officers with a gun. They said the Boers had rushed on to Prospect Station and blown up an up-train but they couldn't tell what else, there had been much rifle fire and they had joined in by loosing a few shells at where they thought the Boers were. This explained part of the message we received as besides saying how the Boers were attacking them from Majuba, it also said they had a gun on the Nek which had bombarded the station! We soon got into the station below and learnt that our half battalion stopped their singing, etc as they passed through the tunnel and lay quiet in the empty trucks until they got into Prospect Station where an up goods passed them, only to get a few yards on its way when it was blown up and fired into by a party of Boers ambushed on the spurs of Majuba. To this the half battalion of Grenadier Guards replied astonishing the Boers who thought Prospect Station only mustered five men. This made them clear but not before they had lifted several cases of whiskey from the overturned trucks and commandeered the driver (who was blown sky high and lay dazed at their feet) to carry a case up the hill before them, where they relieved him of his boots but appeased him with a bottle.

O'Neill's Farm sees to have been their rendezvous, though O'Neill stoutly denied it. Some orange peel in his yard gave him away as he couldn't account for it (his attempts only landing him deeper) but which was proved to be peel dropped by Boers from OFS and this proved he knew of their presence. I heard old Campbell telling he ought to be hanged, etc and saw him taken off as a prisoner. He it was who owned the same farm and was present when the Majuba Convention was signed after the Battle.

UP TO NATAL

Wednesday, 3rd April 1901

Newcastle. Slept in train. Natives jabbered outside. Heard a window open and Campbell's voice "I am General Officer Commanding and if you don't shut up, I'll have you all sjambokked."

Ladysmith. Left Ball in Prison. Called on Archbishop Barker. Rode over Wagon Hill with Grenadier Guards officers and Pretorius who commanded a commando in the big attack on it. He told us his men wouldn't face our fire and lay doggo in a donga despite his tongue and sjambok with each of which he lashed them.

Maundy Thursday, 4th April 1901

Holy Communion at All Saints.

Breakfast with Archbishop Barker, Mrs and Miss

I preached to soldiers at 5 and 7 pm. Rain.

Good Friday, 5th April 1901

7 am Trek.

Remained for Matins at All Saints. Worked up a service for 7.30 pm in the camp. Grenadier Guards turned up as well.

Easter Eve – Saturday 6th April 1901

6.30 am Trekked. Grass high – 6 ft in places, and 4 ft generally.

Arranged for Holy Communion at 5 am.

500 oxen sent to help us up van Reenen's Pass, right below which we camped.

Easter Sunday, 7th April 1901

5 am. Opened my tent well, put a packing case with fair linen and lights at opening and men knelt in long grass in a semi-circle around. The moon over the great van Reenen Peak made a glorious cathedral-like feeling and each man embowered in grass gave a reverent seclusion to each, and yet each had full view of the altar.

Rode up the pass. Glorious scenery.

Evening: Found Derbyshire Light Infantry, East Surrey, Dorsets and Royal Field Artillery on top.

Easter Monday, 8th April 1901

Got a choir practice going at 7 am in someone's tent. Heavy mist. While they were practising I climbed up peak and suddenly pushed through the mist and saw rolling white clouds all over Natal and Orange Free State with only the peaks of the Drakensberg showing through. Suddenly I heard the Easter hymns coming up through the clouds below and realised I had to get down to take the service which was hearty.

Tuesday, 9th April 1901

Albertina.

Choir practice. Fiddle.

10 am Parade Service

10.30 am Holy Communion in station

Lunch Major Barlow, 14th Hussars.

Precipices behind, river in front. Awful wind.

Wednesday, 10th April 1901

Rode into Harrismith. Returned to Brigade at Bloemhof. Saw something of Major Milner, Scots Guards.

Monday, 15th April 1901

Grenadier Guards refused to let me pay any Mess bills. Goodbye to Rundle, Cavan, Cavendish, Seymour. Major Gordon Gilmour whom I like best – left my pony and saddlery for my successor and paid off Grace and O'Neill. Goodbye to Keen, Royal Field Artillery, Cockran Marshall Stuckeley, Grenadier Guards, and set off for Pretoria. Ball put in prison at Ladysmith. Browning met me at Standerton and told me about Frances Ball.

Thursday, 18th April 1901

Arrived Germiston.

Called on Pope, Assistant Chaplain to the Forces, dined at General Hospital with him. Evensong in Church. A nasty dusty approach to an ugly tin church. Pope succeeded Flack at Cowie.

Friday, 19th April 1901

Pretoria.

Called on Watson. Went to Reverend Fisher for confession in Cathedral as Watson deaf. Watson refused to let me stay in Pretoria over Sunday as K very down on any Chaplain not at work on Sunday but he gave me a big dinner at Café Riche, McPherson, Chaplain's Forces, dining with us.

Sunday, 21st April 1901

Bloemfontein. Lunch. Dined Springfontein. Met Jess of Lancing and Army Service Corps there. Also 13th Hussars.

NAAUWPOORT**Monday, 22nd April 1901**

Breakfast at Norvalspont.

Naauppoort 2 pm. Found a room in a brick house and a layman named Skey and two soldier servants, Smith and Cole, Wiltshire Regiment whom Hewitt left for me.

McConnell, a Communicant civilian called on me. Got a horse from Remount and, as Wiltshires were leaving, I got a servant (Chops) from the Coldstream Guards and arranged about a Soldiers' Home.

Sunday, 28th April 1901 (Third Sunday after Easter)

7.30 am Holy Communion Hospital Chapel

9.30 am Parade Service

12 noon Hospital

6 pm Hospital

7.30 pm Evensong at the School.

Sunday, 5th May 1901 (Fourth Sunday after Easter)

7.30 am Holy Communion

9.30 am Parade Service

10 am Sunday School (Skey)

11 am Matins

12 noon Matins

3 pm Sunday Service (Skey)

4 pm Native Service (Skey)

5 pm Evensong

7.30 pm Evensong.

I find Hewitt has started a building fund for both a white and native Church. We must build a memorial Church and call it All Souls.

Gertrude came to stay with me on her way to England.

Sunday, 14th July 1901

Rose, who had a horror of Sisters met her with a bunch of violets and put her up most hospitably.

Gertrude came to Native School for 8 am Holy Communion and then had breakfast with Hands. Then we had a number baptised. Forshaw took 9.30 Parade Service.

10 am Sunday School

11 am Matins

5 pm Hospital Service

Natives and

12 noon

3 pm

7 pm Evensong in White School.

Gertrude left for England, Worthing, all unexpected by Mother.

Saturday, 31st August, 1901

Jenkinson came in, shot in arm – blood poison. Tried to save his arm but it had to come off and now his life is in danger. His wife wired to in Jamestown or Dordrecht which is invaded by Boers. She drove out, stopped by Boers, but as they approached she put several official letters, including the mouthpiece of a bugle under her apron and saved them from the Boers who ransacked the mail bags and looked for the bugle mouthpiece. The Boers whipped the native, telling him to say where it was but he would say nothing. All the while she was nursing an unweaned baby who needed all her care in this bitter weather.

Sunday, 1st September 1901

Jenkinson's wife arrived at our camp and at once went to her husband and nursed him with one arm and held her babe to her breast with the other. I saw he was dying and so prepared them for Holy Communion, though she was a Wesleyan. Still, I thought in the face of death I would stretch a rule and at 9 pm celebrated. She never left him and was as devoted at 1 am when I returned as she was at 3 am when he died.

Buried Jenkinson at 3.30 pm. Dear old Forshaw giving his big arm to Mrs Jenkinson as she walked behind the coffin. Forshaw certainly held her up physically and spiritually. I collected £7.10 for her and the Tommies gave her much more out of sympathy and admiration for her courageous devotion. She then returned having done her duty, as a widow, with Clement her baby.

Got a site from Shaw for Parsonage and Church. Crosse giving another stand so that we could extend the Church when we wanted to. Some hitch with Rector Wilson of Colesburg regarding our Church building as we are in his parish and are not a Peculiar, cut off therefrom as was intended.

All Souls' Day, 2nd November 1901

Foundation stone of All Souls' laid. Ellison came up. General Inego Jones laid it at 2.30 pm. Had a marquee pitched by the stone and provided tea and then races. The band played. Longueville, Major Granville, Smith, Crosse, Rose, Ellison and I dined with the General.

4th December 1901

Jolly expedition to round up a farm supposed to be inhabited by rebels.

Colonel Byrne, Officer Commanding with a troop of Mounted Infantry started at 6 am. I had best horse of all – an Irish hunter – that disliked any horse in front of it. We rode to Tweeddale, then off cross-country to Savory's Farm but got no information from the Natives. Inspected the farm in question from 4000 yards.

Two scouts went up one side, with three on the other and four in the centre. Found the farm empty. Lots of milk, which we lessened the bulk of.

Started a circulating library along the blockhouses as my advert in the "Morning Post" has resulted in packing cases of books coming for me.

22nd December 1901

Visited old St Cyprians, Highlands – someone shot or dead in every home.

Les Lanham shot. He had warned the Officer Commanding not to proceed as he knew Boers were ahead. The Officer Commanding said his orders were to advance so Les said, "Well, I'll come, too," and soon after fell. Queen Victoria heard of this and wrote Mrs Lanham a letter which was read to me as it had been to countless others, making us all say, "God bless her".

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ZULULAND

1906 PUNITIVE EXPEDITION AGAINST ZULUS FOR RESISTING A POLL TAX

Father Hart and I wrote to the “Leader” mildly condemning South Africa’s action against the Zulus but we got no support and some criticism.

Christians were ignorant of causes and took this line from war makers and money wanters.

7th June 1906

I left Johannesburg and at Durban I took the train to Gingindlovu. Drove through lovely country to Eshowe. Reported to Colonel Mansel, met Major Nichol, met Sergeant Bawcut Seaton, Chapman, Royal Field Artillery.

Inhabitants persuaded to take refuge in Prison where I met Dr Maberly and family. This propagates panic behaviour enough to recruit thousands for an unnecessary ‘war’, a missionary and 3 dozen gents.

Sunday, 10th June 1906

Services, and Transvaal Mounted Rifles we hear surrounded an Impi in Mome Gorge and killed all.

Monday, 11th June 1906

Left Eshowe with a troop of Transvaal Mounted Rifles. Lent a pony. Lovely country. Hills and forest. Off saddled 12-1 near a Scandinavian Mission. Rode with Trooper Brook of **P.O.** Arrived Fort Yolland. Lieutenant Bruce Durban, Naval Corps Officer Commanding. Met Colonel Pontain, De Messeger, Saner, Dr Brown.

Left Fort Yolland with Isemonger, Sturgeon (Standard Bank), Chapman, Dunlop. Met three wounded, Trooper Grover, Lea, Lieutenant Marsden. Arrived Nsuze Valley. A lovely spot – grass by the rocky banks of a deep swiftly running clear

river. Forest on sides of hills. I joined Colonel Barker's Mess. Jardine his Brigade Major. Dr Penn with us too. Meeting of Officer Commanding regarding a night attack 9 pm.

Wednesday, 13th June 1906

Met Commander Horn. Rode his horse. Saw Mome Gorge battle site. Met Warren late Middlesex, who told one of Gingindlovu fight in first Zulu War and how the river rising saved his regiment.

Troopers returned 7 pm.

Lieutenant Bruce, Lieutenant McKay, Commander Horn, Dr Penn. I bathed. Met Liggertwood, Imperial Light Horse.

Saturday, 16th June 1906

Colonel Briggs and Colonel Greenwood arrived, congratulated Transvaal Mounted Rifles on Mome battle.

Sunday, 17th June 1906

7 am Holy Communion. Penn, Sergeant Woodford, 3rd Imperial Light Horse.

8 am Parade Service – All present. I spoke on "Kindness".

7 pm Candle Service – 100 present.

Monday, 18th June 1906

A native carried in by two troopers from Mome Gorge. His leg shattered. He had crawled to the stream.

Concert.

Mitchell, Woodford, Ogden, Gilbert.

Nongai war dance

Wednesday, 20th June 1906

Gymkhana. Lieutenant Tryon, Imperial Light Horse, best. Trooper Webber good.

Lecture on Evolution. Trooper Williams (St John's, Cambridge) discussed it with me.

Thursday, 21st June 1906

Trekking for Middelburg Tugela.

Supped with Trooper Hillier and Smith. Service at night. "7 Sailors", met Smeaton Grub.

Friday, 22nd June 1906

Rode to Intomene.

Bruce, Dobson, Thomas. I washed by a waterfall. Met Holders, pal of Dunstan old St John's College.

Saturday, 23rd June 1906

Rode with Macfarlane, Johannesburg Mounted Rifles (D Factory).

Saw Kranz kop in distance. Grand view. Slept by a looted store.

Sunday, 24th June 1906

7 am service round a wood fire (100 attended)

Discovered a natural sanctuary in a dry water-course draining to the Tugela. Two dry water falls overhung by trees formed two terraces covered with sand. A rock formed an altar and a hanging nest looked like a sanctuary lamp, and its parents sang like choristers.

Ogden, Woodford and Williams communicated.

Football match: AFC Navals and Transvaal Mounted Rifles. I refereed. 1-1.

Navals in 3/8 bags (Greenacres, Durban).

Natal Rangers – General McKenzie passed us.

28th June, 1906

Last Holy Communion on cascade.

Left 2.30 am. Crossed Tugela, up side of Kranzkop in moonlight, through forest and bush. Rode and zig-zagged – grand gorges. Mystic in moonlight. Boiled my Mess tin on flats.

Met Major Mercer.

Kranzkop Village. Pennington, Chaplain's Forces.

Greytown. Camped in long grass. Left in dark. Lost my ring and purse. Campfire concert. Trooper Jones Johannesburg Mounted Rifles stars. Comic and clean. Court martial of Trooper Pollard for theft of port.

Sunday, 1st July 1906

Noodsberg. 7.30 pm service.

BATTLE

Monday, 2nd July 1906

Trekked at 7 am. Rainy through the night. Zulus tried to rush our advance party at the brook. The main body and rear guard rushed forward to the scrap, leaving our flanks and rear undefended. I was with the ambulances in with a few men who were sick. The scrap only lasted a little time. The Zulus fled and tried to hide themselves in the reeds, bushes and grass. They were bayoneted or shot and no quarter. Trooper Knight, Trooper Simcox of Northern Rifles, Transvaal Mounted Rifles pushed too far into the wood and got hit by our rifles. Knight got it in the stomach and fell, while Simcox got hit in the leg and fell back between Knight's legs and was prevented from rolling down the hillside by Knight's leg. Knight died so six of us got Simcox into a stretcher and by joining hands got him up the hillside to the Regimental Aid Post at the looted police station. We got Knight in later and buried him at sundown. I preached.

C A Barker asked me if I wasn't going to congratulate him and I said, "No," as I felt disgusted at no quarter orders from McKenzie being carried out, especially in the case of one who was taken prisoner, questioned, and after refusing any information, was taken past me and then, to my horror, shot by our butcher.

His guard had jibbed at doing it, so the butcher who was nearby cutting up the meat, did it. As I looked at the corpse, I felt more shocked than by the sight of the piles killed in the reeds. This one was killed in stone cold blood and his body seemed to cry “Shame” on us all.

I covered the slain with bushes. I saw many had Bibles but none belonged to any European Mission. A witch doctor was among the killed. Spears, buck skin shields, knobkerries and a horseshoe axe, but not a firearm, and yet they charged our magazine rifles and Maxim, some believing the witch doctor muti would turn our bullets into water! At nightfall, our laager formed near a wood at Esidumbeni. Report of a Zulu impi nearby.

Tuesday, 3rd July 1906

I slept just by a wagon which helped to form a laager in which was our horses, just in front were the Transvaal Mounted Rifles in a square, rifles with fixed bayonets stuck by each Trooper in the ground. His saddle on end between him. Its front forming a night cap for his head. A false alarm of an impi’s approach was given at 9 pm, after which pickets were placed 100 yards in front of our men. Sentries paced right 50 yards and touched the next sentry, and then left 50 yards and met the sentry on his left.

In the middle of the night I felt a wave of terror striking the pit of my stomach and all I knew was that I was out of my valise, under the wagon. I saw the pickets racing in, shouting “Pickets”. I heard shots fired at them by men suddenly awakened. Fists and bayonets were used by sleepers trodden on by the panicked pickets. Then I heard Regimental Sergeant Major Garner’s voice cursing the pickets for deserting their posts without orders and saw his huge figure. Order was restored. The pickets were disentangled from Troopers, some of whom had collared them for Zulus and were scragging them and one was among the heels of some mules. One had a bayonet in his thigh and was put in an ambulance. Unless I had felt the panic in my sleep as a nightmare, I should have criticised all, but men, when asleep, are susceptible to panic.

A precaution was ordered to prevent a recurrence, viz, an inlying picket. The sentry to awaken sleepers on the outlying picket's alarm. The alarm was thus: One picket, who had just gone off sentry, had given a shriek in his sleep and caused the sentry to let fly a shot into the bush where every shrub looks like a Zulu if looked at long enough.

No excuse for the pickets bolting in as they did as their orders were to lie down and fire and be the first line of defence. They were to retard Zulus till the second line awoke and came into action. I think the pickets were expected to do too much and should have had a small square of sods into which to retire and fire. The two sleeping pickets could be in it and the sentry could pace 50 yards each way and, on alarm, run to the square where his two pals would be ready to stiffen him.

ESIDUMBENI

Wednesday, 3rd July 1906

False alarm, following the scrap of the 2nd July.

Thursday, 4th July 1906

Saw a (native) woman come into camp, with a white flag, asking for her boy some Transvaal Mounted Rifles had taken. The boy didn't want to go. I said: Consider the parents' wishes, not the child's.

All squadrons but one went out. Devastating.

Friday, 5th July 1906

Saner said native boys came in with joy to be servants. My point is parents' wishes should be consulted. Two men I hear have got parents' consent for the child coming.

Saturday, 6th July 1906

Two women came about a boy taken by Transvaal Mounted Rifles. I saw one woman ask Trooper Thunder, Imperial Light Horse and Gunner's Mate Warren her question. She came to seek her son. I told Jardine a woman had come for her son. He replied "She has been told twice she cannot have him." Afterwards he said the Magistrate had a record of all births, etc and would see to boys being properly taken.

Saturday, 7th July 1906

I told Jardine I considered no child should be taken away from a district except on the basis of parents' leave and Magistrate's sanction. He said fact of hut being burnt and food looted constituted sufficient excuse for taking child away. I told him Mapumulo was our Magistracy, not Dalton.

Lieutenant Tryon, Sergeant Mitchell, Trooper Baker and Dr Penn left. Dr Carry arrived.

Sunday, 8th July 1906

Drove in Captain Vaughan and Burgoyne's cart to Dalton. Lunch with Dickens.
Service on tennis court.

I left the Transvaal Mounted Rifles as I could not agree with taking these children.

Monday, 9th July 1906

Told Bishop regarding taking of picannin.

Wednesday, 11th July 1906

Wrote to Magistrate, Mapumulo regarding law regulating engaging of small native boys. Said I was not satisfied regarding parents' consent.

Reply from Magistrate, Mapumulo:

"All boys under 15 are brought to this office by their father or guardian who give their consent."

Signed Maxwell, Magistrate, Mapumulo.

Wednesday, 25th July 1906

Wrote to Dr Taylor saying I wanted some information from his mission station and asking for Swetye's (the native missionary) address.

3rd August 1906

Wrote to the Bishop regarding Dr Taylor not answering and what I wanted.

5th August 1906

Reply from Taylor who had just returned from Esidumbeni.

7th August 1906

Wrote Taylor: "Does M Swetye know of any native women complaining that their young sons went off with the Transvaal Mounted Rifles?"

15th August 1906

Reply from Taylor. Told me of one small boy taken by Transvaal Mounted Rifles

to Congella Camp of whom boy's father told him and said his request for the boy's release had been refused. Taylor saw Barker and got boy's release.

12th September 1906

Taylor wrote: "Swetye has sent me the boys' names as he has been given them by the parents. Any consent that may have been obtained from the parents must have been obtained under compulsion. The parents do not wish these boys to remain in Johannesburg.

- 1 & 2 Bhensa and Jantshi – sons of Sintwangu Bulose
- 3 Upikieti – son of Pasiwe Mbasasela
- 4 Mpondobizi – son of Mazita Gcabatye
- 5 Magqibagqiba – son of Deliweyu late chief of the amaNyuswa.

18th September 1906

I wrote Taylor. Please satisfy yourself as to the correctness of Swetye's general statement and also get all details possible, such as dates. I asked him if he could say what squad in the Transvaal Mounted Rifles the man who took them belonged to; it would narrow the search.

The parents should surely make their complaint themselves to the Magistrate, but I am sure it would be wise if you could satisfy yourself personally that their statements were in order, consistent and clear.

I also should say you should back up this complaint to get it well attended to. Maxwell, I hear, is a good fellow and I feel sure will see justice done. I prayed.

28th September 1906 (received 2nd October)

Goodenough wrote:

- i. Boys taken about July 4th.
- ii. In no case did parents consent, nor do they consent that the boys remain.

iii. From natives in Transvaal Mounted Rifles camp I learn:

- 1 Cakidi – son of Pasiwe worked for Mr Crewe
- 2 Jantshi – son of Sintwangu worked for Colonel Barker
- 3 Mpondomyizi – son of Mazibu Gcabatye worked for Colonel Barker
- 4 Upikiti – son of Pasiwe worked for Captain Jardine.
- 5 Ubensa – son of Sintwangu worked for the man who had charge of the forage (name unknown).
- 6 Magqibagqiba – son of Deliweyu worked in the camp.

I have verified Swetye's statements by calling parents of these boys. They say they did not consent and do not consent now that the boys should be away from home. They wish them returned.

4th October 1906

Called on Colonel Barker and asked for an interview and left my 'phone number.

5th October 1906

Wrote to Colonel Barker saying I had received a letter about some young native boys taken by the Transvaal Mounted Rifles, stating that their parents did not consent to their being taken. Would he deal with the matter if I send him the names of the boys.

I understood from Magistrate, Mapumulo that boys under 15 had to be brought to the Magistrate's office by their parent or guardian who gave their consent before the boys are engaged.

10th October 1906

Called on Colonel Briggs and asked him regarding the taking of Native Boys. Gave him a "copy" of Goodenough's list of Boys and their masters. Told him

about July 6th. Briggs said Magistrate was person from whom enquiry, etc should come. I told Goodenough about seeing Magistrate at Mapumulo.

13th November 1906

Heard from the Native Commissioner, Native Affairs Department. Called and gave him a copy of Goodenough's statement.

REFLECTIONS

Why did the Church make no protest against this expedition???

Purchase and I discussed it and this is what I gathered:

- i) Natal in financial straits.
- ii) Decide on a Poll Tax
- iii) Natives find suddenly that Hut Tax is increased to a Poll Tax and resent the surprise and in one case refuse violently to pay.
- iv) War propaganda followed.
- v) Panic created among whites at Eshowe and a mild one in Johannesburg lest houseboys should rise.
- vi) Poll Tax defended
 - a) Compel natives to work on mines to get money to pay tax.

Poll Tax condemned.

- a) No fault of natives there was a deficit in Natal
- b) Natives didn't benefit by the tax
- c) Forcing them to work in the dust of dry gold mines is murder.

The war came because some wanted it and no-one could get facts to condemn it.

The orders of no quarter were bad for our men.

?Is there going to be power to stop another such raid on the defenceless blacks?

Does Christianity condemn war? To say so is very extreme but war always has atrocities in extremes and if condemnation of war is extreme it is not more so than war.

Wars differ. Some might be in a just cause. But who is to say the cause is just. Who would defend Crimean or Chinese wars now? Atrocities are inseparable from war and only extremists like Quakers will bring this home to us. My sympathies are all with the heroic Quakers.

All Christians should insist on arbitration instead of war but Christians will preach war and laud it assuming their side is, of course, right.

