

THE FIFTH CONTINGENT

2 March 1900

AUCKLAND, February 28.

The Premier says there must be some mistake in Sir Arthur Douglas, Under Secretary for Defence, demanding payment for the shipment of the Fourth Contingent. The Government will defray all the expenses of shipment.

As soon as the Fourth Contingent leaves for South Africa the Government will the Premier says, charter another steamer to carry five hundred of the reserves now being formed to Africa. It has been definitely decided send this reserve.

7 March 1900 - AT THE CAMP

Since the men went into camp on Saturday evening no time has been lost in getting them to put in as much drill as possible. From early morning until late in the evening the officers in charge have kept the men on the move, and the latter are already commencing to show the benefit of the few days' training. Yesterday afternoon the men had some excellent shooting practice at the rifle range on the Kaiti, and upon the whole acquitted themselves well. The camp quarters at Te Hapara could not have been better selected, and the Committee have spared no pains towards making the men comfortable. All sorts of delicacies have been daily provided by different ladies of Gisborne. Major McCredie, who is in command at the camp, desires to thank those ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly provided for the men in camp, and assures them that the good things sent along were done full justice to and much appreciated. In addition to those already mentioned, the Committee wish to thank Mesdames W. O. Skeet, A. F. Kennedy, W. Morgan, Hughes, Nolan, Macfarlane, McNair, and Townley. At nine o'clock this morning Captain Winter took the men under his charge, and put them through two hours of mounted drill. The various revolutions were creditably performed, and visitors to the camp expressed themselves agreeably surprised at the state of proficiency attained. Before the men were dismissed Captain Winter congratulated them on the progress made, which, he said, was very satisfactory considering the short time they had been under canvas. At eleven o'clock the men were measured for their uniforms, hats, leggings, etc., by Mr R. Johnston, and the measurements were telegraphed to Wellington to-day, so that everything will be ready for the men when they arrive in the Empire City.

After that hour the men were paraded, and Captain Winter read out the names of those who had been selected for the fourth contingent, and likewise those who had been taken for the fifth contingent. Captain Winter explained to the men that in making the selection the Committee, which consisted of Colonel Porter, Captain Winter, and Mr Macfarlane, had taken into consideration all their claims for inclusion, and had judged from several standpoints, viz., riding, shooting, physique, &c. Those members who had been declined could, if they desired, ascertain from the Committee the points upon which they had been deficient. He also informed the men that Colonel Pole-Penton would in all probability inspect them that afternoon, as he was expected to arrive by the steamer from Auckland.

Last evening His Worship the Mayor received a reply from the Minister of Defence in answer to his enquiries if twelve men would be accepted from this district for the Fifth Contingent. The Minister stated that the number offered would be accepted, the Government defraying all costs. This means that a total of 27 men will be sent from this district, twelve being at the cost of the Government and the balance at the expense of the district.

8 March 1900

It has been decided to take the men applying for the Fifth Contingent into camp at once, and the men selected will leave with the Fourth Contingent by the Flora on Sunday, and will go into the reserve camp at Wellington. The Fifth Contingent being entirely under the control of the Government, the men will have to pass a final inspection by Colonel Pole-Penton.

Men desirous of joining the Fifth Contingent must report themselves at the camp to-night.

9 March 1900

The cost of equipment and the transport of the Fifth Contingent will be borne by the Imperial Government, but only the Imperial Army rate of pay is allowed, the colony guaranteeing the difference between the Imperial and the pay received by the previous Contingents.

10 March 1900

There was a large attendance at Captain Tucker's paddock yesterday afternoon, when the volunteers for the Fifth Contingent assembled for riding practice under Captain Winter. After the men had been thoroughly tested with regard to their riding capabilities they were lined up, and Colonel Porter announced the decision of the selection committee with regard to the twelve to be sent with the Fifth Contingent. The following are the names of those selected:—

James H. Ferris, age 25. Chest measurement, 37in; height, 5ft 7in. Surveyor's assistant. Born at West Maitland, New South Wales.

William Taylor, age 24. Chest measurement, 37in; height, 5ft 9in; weight, 11st 6lb. Laborer; saddler by trade. Born in Auckland.

W. Cameron, 26 years of age. Chest measurement, 39in; height, 5ft 10in; weight, 12st 7lb. Laborer. Native of Invercargill.

G. A. C. Simpson, 29 years of age. Chest measurement, 37½in; height, 5ft 8½in; weight, 12st 2lb. Bushman. Born in New South Wales.

Geo. B. Carter, 22 years of age. Chest measurement, 35in; height, 5ft 7in; weight, 9st 6lb. Surveyor's assistant. Born in Gisborne.

H. Harris, 22 years of age. Chest measurement, 37in; height, 5ft 7in; weight, 10st 5lb. Station hand. Born in England; been five years in colonies.

Herbert Yardley, 25 years of age. Chest measurement, 38in; height, 5ft 9½in. Bushman. Born in Hawke's Bay.

John Charles Ferris, aged 21. Chest measurement, 37½in; height, 5ft 10in; weight, 11st 12lb. Station hand. Born at Waipiro Bay.

Geo. H. Gray, aged 32. Chest measurement, 35in; height, 5ft 7in; weight, 9st 3lb. Station hand. Born at Hokitika.

Frank Parker, aged 26. Chest measurement, 37in; height, 5ft 7in. Carrier. Native of New Zealand.

Michael Ryan, aged 24. Chest measurement, 37in; height, 5ft 11in. Born at Opotiki.

J. P. Thomson, aged 26. Chest measurement, 35½in; height, 5ft 6½in. Engine driver. Native of Scotland.

This morning Colonel Porter sent a telegram to the under-secretary of Defence asking if fifteen instead of twelve men could be sent from this district in the Fifth Contingent, as three most suitable men were on the list as emergencies. Up to a late hour this afternoon no reply had been received to the communication.

12 March 1900

One hundred and thirty one men of the Fifth Contingent for South Africa went into camp at Addington show grounds near Christchurch, on Monday, having been selected from more than 240 applicants. The camp is in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, his staff officer being Lieutenant-Colonel Slater, who was in charge of the Third Contingent camp, and Bombardier Coleman, of the Permanent Artillery, is again camp Sergeant-Major. Captain Palariet (Reserve), formerly of the Canterbury Mounted Rifles, is camp quarter-Master, and the officers of the Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry are again giving their services as instructors.

12 March 1900 GISBORNE TO PRETORIA THIRTY MEN ON THEIR WAY.

GISBORNE has set itself to breaking its records during the past week. The attendance at the demonstration at the Park on Thursday beat all previous records for outdoor sports gatherings in Poverty Bay, and the amount realised (£250) was the largest sum ever so collected in this district. The attendance at the concert on Friday evening was a record, and the door money the largest sum ever raked in here at the popular prices of 3s, 2s, and 1s, whilst the £26 11s 2½d contributed to the collection boxes after the singing of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" established a local if not a colonial record. Then again, the assemblage in the Theatre Royal at the church parade yesterday morning was the largest congregation ever met under one roof in Gisborne for the worship of God. And yet another record-breaking was the attendance of the public at the wharf last evening to bid farewell to our boys of the Fourth and Fifth Contingents bound for South Africa. At all the proceedings mentioned unbounded enthusiasm prevailed. Even at the church service the audience, carried away by their own feelings of patriotism and moved by the eloquent words of the preacher, the Rev. J. G. Paterson, imitated the worshippers of the early Christian Churches, and marked their approval by hearty rounds of applause, a somewhat unique feature of religious gatherings in this staid nineteenth century. The thirty young men who departed yesterday from the historic shores of Poverty Bay must have carried with them vivid recollections of the demonstrative sympathy and kindness of the local residents, their farewell being of a nature that bears favorable comparison with those held in the larger centres. The whole of the arrangements were excellent, and reflected credit upon Messrs Kennedy,

Miller, Harding, and A. Kees, who were responsible for them. Anyone who had seen the substantial barricades that were erected at the wharf on Saturday, when the wharf was deserted, would have questioned the necessity of the precautions in a small town like Gisborne, but in the surging crowd which swayed round the platform and the approaches to the wharf yesterday evening, when Sergeant Siddells and his men in blue and the Fire Brigade had all their energies taxed to keep the people from breaking through the barriers, there was ample justification for the precautions that had been made to prevent people forcing one another over the edge of the wharf. It was Wellington on a small scale, the crowd being just as pressing, just as enthusiastic as we saw there at the departure of the second contingent. For a long distance back the confines of the wharf were crowded. A large timber stack some distance away formed an excellent gallery, and it contained not even standing room. Every vantage point was occupied. The balcony of the Turanganui Hotel was crowded. Even the roofs of the wharf sheds and masts of the lighters carried their loads of people, determined to see everything at any cost of personal inconvenience. The crowd cheered and cheered again at the arrival of the procession with the contingent, and the speech-making was punctuated with applause, and as the brave boys for the front took their departure in the Tuna they came in for another tremendous ovation. And still their farewells were not done. Hundreds followed them in the Waihi and Tawera, and gave them parting demonstrations of goodwill until the Flora had weighed anchor, and borne them speedily down the Bay. We now give details of the proceedings.

The weather was glorious for the occasion. It was a lovely summer morning, the atmosphere tempered by a cool breeze, and for the departure in the evening better weather could not have been ordered. There was a good moon, the Bay was quiescent except for a slight roll just sufficient to remind the men and their friends that they were at sea, and all the clouds which threatened during the afternoon had passed away. Everyone could don their Sunday best for the Church parade, and the youth and beauty of Gisborne turned out in full force, the Theatre Royal being crowded soon after 10.30 by the largest congregation ever seen at a Church service in the district.

CHURCH PARADE.

The men assembled at the Drillshed at half-past ten, Lieutenant-Colonel Porter, Major McCredie, Captain Winter, Captain King, and Lieutenant Colebourne being also present. Headed by the City Band they marched to the Theatre, where a

great crowd of spectators had assembled. The hall was quickly filled, every inch of standing room being taken up, whilst the passage from the entrance from the door to the street was also crowded. Many desiring admission had to go away disappointed. The service was that of the Church of England, and was conducted by the Rev. Canon Webb, the usual order of the morning service being observed. The lessons for the day were read by Mr C. A. DeLautour. Special hymns were sung by a choir formed from all the churches in the town, Mr Marr acting as conductor. There was a strong orchestra, and Mr Sidebottom presided at the organ. The service throughout was of a most impressive character. The singing was remarkably good, the several hymns being exceedingly well rendered.

Rev. J. G. Paterson preached a forcible and stirring discourse from the first epistle of Timothy, 6th chapter, 12th verse: "Fight the good fight of faith." He prefaced his remarks by explaining the circumstances under which the words of the text were written by Paul to Timothy. "War," said the speaker, "was a very real thing, and would not bear to be trifled with. It was not a matter of pomp and pageantry, of drums and trumpets, of flags and fine parades. Only utter ruin could come to people who entered it in that spirit. In 1870 Monsieur Ollivier, who was President of the French Empire at the time, stated that he entered into the war with Germany with a light heart. He (the speaker) often wondered how long he kept his light heart. He thought that if he entered into the war with a light heart he did not come out of it with a light heart. Only utter ruin and failure could come to a nation who entered into war in that spirit. When a nation entered into war everything had to be given up, and all things had to be done, and done with all heart and mind. For instance a soldier had to have food, raiment, suitable weapons, and suitable surgery provided for him, and all this required a great deal of attention. And then he had to be drilled and disciplined, and taught to obey the word of command without question. All this required a great deal of care and time. And then there came the real matter of war—the long and wearying marches, tedious night watches; ceaseless vigilance was required as well as skirmishing at the outposts. Then the real battle followed, when blood flowed like water, and wounds and death counted as naught so long as victory was assured. War was a very real thing, and terrible both to the victors and the vanquished. Upon the present occasion they were met to bid good-bye to those who were leaving our district to go out and fight our battle. He could not help thinking of the

difference between the present occasion and the one when they met to farewell the members of the Third Contingent. How differently affairs looked then, when the Mother Land had got into a tight corner. It put him in mind of an old lion going into a cave to stretch himself, and whilst there falling asleep on the floor. The spiders outside, seeking to gain an advantage, set about and became very busy spinning webs over the mouth of the cave to keep the lion in. The spiders said among themselves: "He will never be able to get out; see, his teeth have been drawn, and his claws taken out by instruments made in Germany. (Laughter.) He will never get out." But finally the lion woke out of his slumber, and goes right out of the door without noticing the cobwebs, and makes the woods re-echo with his roar. They had got into a tight corner in South Africa, but, thank God, they were out of it. That night when he heard that the British army under Buller had had to re-cross the Tugela river, he must confess that his heart failed him. He was in a dream the whole of that evening, and those who heard him would not have understood what his prayer meant. It was on the morning of the Sabbath that the news he referred to came through by cable, and that day throughout the world in the great Anglican Church intercession and prayer was being made. Wherever the Anglican Church was prayer was made that day for the success of the British arms in South Africa. And almost immediately there came the news of Roberts' magnificent flanking movement and the relief of Kimberley. He believed that if it was not Sunday morning and they were met together in worship they would one and all cheer. The relief of Kimberley came as an answer

to the prayer of the nation. In his very heart and soul he believed that this was so, and there were many others with whom he shared the same opinion. Of the deed itself General Roberts, whom they all admired as a born soldier, telegraphed to General White, "Thank God the nation's prayers are being heard." They might say it was only a coincidence, and that what Lord Roberts had stated did not mean much. But the latter was a real man, and what he said he meant. He held that to a very large extent the great change that there was in the political and war outlook in South Africa was owing to prayer. As he previously remarked they were met together to say good-bye to the young men who were leaving the district to go out to South Africa and fight our battles. They had heard the call of the Motherland, and had responded willingly and cheerfully. He need not tell them that the call meant hardship. The war in South Africa was no sham fight: no holiday manoeuvre; no

great national military picnic. It was not going to be a walk-over yet. It was not going to be anything like that. It meant hardship, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. Just the other day a friend of his said to a young man "Are you going to the war," and the answer he received was "No, I can make more money at home." An admirable spirit that! a patriotic spirit that! His hearers would deprecate a spirit like that in anyone, and particularly in a young man. Scott must have had a man such as the one referred to in his mind when he wrote—

"Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

If all young fellows were like that, where would their patriotism be? If their patriotism was measured by the amount of money they could make, then there would never be any necessity for them to meet to bid good-bye either to a first, second, third, fourth, or fifth contingent. Our nation would sink down into a race of poor, pinched, miserable, and wretched money-grubbers, with souls so lean and thin, so pinched and starved that you could hold about half-a-dozen of them on the point of the finest needle. (Laughter.) That was what it would come to, but, thank God, there were not many such about. They would not only have to face hardship and self-denial, but there was the other grim alternative which might mean death. But for all this, knowing all that it meant, they had looked the matter fairly and squarely in the face and given the answer "that they were ready to go." He thanked God there were men who would do this. If they cared to know his own mind he could assure them that were he thirty years younger than he was that day, and possessed of the splendid physical physique that the young fellows before him had, it would give him the very greatest pleasure to go to South Africa to stand shoulder to shoulder with them and do his part to keep the old flag waving there. (Loud applause.) Notwithstanding all the dangers in front of them, they were prepared to go. Some of them were aware of the brave words which Macanley put into the mouth of one of the old patriotic Romans in the day of danger—

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can a man die better,
Than in facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods."

They were going out to help to rescue their oppressed and helpless brethren from the grasp of a cruel, merciless, and reactionary oligarchy. And they were going to do this. In one of the cablegrams recently received—they had some queer messages sometimes—it was stated that Kruger was willing to submit to arbitration.

"Arbitration!" said the speaker, emphasizing the word, "there are times, friends, when it seems to me that the question of arbitration is an insult. Supposing a man were to go to my house and kill my wife and child, rob my house, and then say that he was willing to submit the question to arbitration. How should I feel upon the question? I think that this is the feeling in this meeting, in this town, in this country, and throughout the whole of the vast Empire, that when we have done with this war we intend to put it out of the power of the Boer to trouble Great Britain again. (Applause.) We intend to do that. I read recently in a Napier paper a speech given by my old neighbor, Dean Hovell. The latter, addressing a meeting, told them of the time that Abraham Lincoln made his last great demand upon the Northern nation for three hundred thousand men. He concluded his words with the following—

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
 Three hundred thousand more,
 From Mississippi's winding stream,
 And from New England's shore.
 You have called us, and we're coming
 To Richmond's bloody tide,
 For Freedom's cause to lay ourselves
 Our brothers' bones beside.
 Six hundred thousand loyal men
 And true have gone before,
 We are coming, Father Abraham,
 Three hundred thousand more."

From all parts of this country I hear the response to the call of the great Motherland. From Canada I hear the answer, "We are coming, oh, dear Motherland, we are coming to your call." From Australia I hear the response, "We are coming, we are coming, from New South Wales, from Queensland, from Victoria, from South and West Australia, we are coming to the help of the Motherland." And from New Zealand, from these shores of ours, we hear the response, "We are coming, we are coming, to the help of the old Motherland." For every man that is leaving our shores, we are ready to send ten more. (Cheers.) For we mean to see the thing through. (Applause.) We mean to see the end of this. There is no discharge in this war. For the sake of freedom, for the sake of liberty, for the sake of our brothers so long depressed, be the cost what it may, we are determined to see it out. It may be at the cost of much bloodshed, but we are determined to see it through. In conclusion, addressing the members of the Contingent, Mr Paterson said: "We will think of you often, we will speak about you often, we will pray for you often, we will ask God to watch over your heads and shield you with His invisible protection, and to care for you in the days of danger. You will return, if not covered with honors, at least with the full consciousness that you have done everything that a man could do to keep the flag flying. As General White

said in respect to Ladysmith, 'Thank God, we have kept the flag flying,' and you will do your best to keep the flag flying in South Africa."

SHIPPING THE HORSES.

The arrangements for the send off were slightly upset by the s.s. Flora being a few hours behind time. She did not arrive from Auckland until three o'clock, and this gave little time for shipping the horses before the hour appointed for the embarking, which had ultimately to be postponed for an hour, causing the people who had flocked early to the wharf rather a long wait. No time was lost in shipping the fifteen horses accompanying the members of the fourth contingent. The arrangements for this work were under the charge of Mr Des Barres, who was ably assisted by Captain's Kennedy and Neale and their crews, and the fine troop horses, treated gently, were got off without fuss and bother in the shortest possible time

THE PROCESSION.

The people who had friends departing must have felt the wait rather long. The men had been given from dinner until five p.m. to say good-bye, and some time before the hour appointed all were in waiting, surrounded by hundreds of their relatives and friends, ready for the procession to start to the wharf. It was 5.40 before a start was made, and the moments of waiting seemed to hang heavily on all. On such occasions, however hard the parting, the natural desire is to get it over and be away, and we fancy that several of the members of the contingent, as they saw the wet eyes of their sisters and sweet-hearts must have chafed at the delay. At last came the order "Company fall in," and the men obeyed with alacrity. The procession was formed. Captain Winter, who marshalled and led the procession, was dressed in his East Coast Hussar uniform, and rode a fine bay. The City and Whataupoko bands, which had been entertaining the public during the wait, were in the front, and played several appropriate selections on the way to the wharf. Then came the civic officials—the Mayor (Mr Townley), the Hon. James Carroll, Messrs W. L. Rees, DeLantour, W. O. Skeet, Johnston, Lewis, Joyce, and Jones. Colonel Porter, wearing the New Zealand war medal, and a medal denoting 28½ years long service, in undress uniform of his rank; Major

McCredie, in the uniform of a full-dress Brigade-Major of Artillery, and wearing the Imperial and New Zealand volunteer decorations; Lieutenant Colebourne, of the newly-formed East Coast Mounted Infantry; and Captain King, wearing Lieutenant's uniform of the Napier Rifles, preceded the contingent, the members of which were accompanied closely by many of their nearest friends. Fathers and brothers

walked by their sides, and a crowd of friends and well-wishers pressed them closely as they passed along the dusty street. Many were the words of farewell showered upon them as they marched away; here and there the ranks would be momentarily broken by someone rushing in to give a last good-bye press of the hand. Following the contingent were the various Friendly Societies in regalia—the Foresters, forty strong, with their battleaxe, Bro. G. Markie, Chief Ranger, in charge (one of their number, F. Brady, was off to the front); the Oddfellows, twenty to thirty strong, under Bro. B. Cox, N.G. (Bros. H. Yardley and J. Thomson, a late member, were going from their fraternity); and then thirty Druids in their quaint disguises, under Bro. J. Dower, A.D. The latter body were losing three members, Troopers M. Ryan, Cameron, and Davidson, and one of the last services rendered the latter before they departed was that the Lodge brothers saw to the making of their wills. The streets were lined with people, and from the windows, balconies, and verandah tops along the line of march farewells were waved and shouted. As the procession approached the wharf, the Fire Brigade formed a guard of honor and lined back the crowd to allow the contingent to pass to their enclosure and the officials and speakers to reach the platform, round which a few minutes after their arrival the crowd pressed heavily. The vicinity of the wharf was gay with bunting and alive with people, who greeted the soldiers with cheer upon cheer and a chorus of good-byes. There were many farewells yet to be said. From inside the enclosure a member of the contingent would sight a friend in the crowd, and climbing up the barricade, he and friend would struggle hard to join hands in a last farewell. There were also a number of partings that were not for the eye of the public. Friends had the opportunity of sending for the soldiers at a side door of the goods shed, where in comparative quiet the last words were spoken. Meantime the speech-making was proceeding, and the crowd cheered lustily every patriotic utterance. Some of the speeches

were rather prolix, but we fancy that was designedly so, as the Waihi and Tawera were still out in the bay and were not yet ready to take the crowd of spectators aboard. The platform from which the speeches were made was occupied by the Mayor and Mr Carroll, the military officers, Canon Webb (whose son secured a place in the Fifth Contingent at the last moment), Messrs Jas. Macfarlane, W. O. Skeet, Bright, DeLautour, Rees, Lewis, Harding, R. N. Jones, Captain Chrisp, and others.

THE EMBARKATION.

At last the speechifying ended, and after cheers for the contingent had been called by the Hon. James Carroll and heartily responded to, the order to again fall in was given at 6.30, followed sharply by "Quick march," and to the strains of "Rule Britannia," played by the City Band, the troopers stepped from Gisborne soil on to the deck of the Tuna. A few officials and the City Band occupied seats on that steamer, which cast off from the wharf, to await the embarkation of sight-seers on the Waihi and Tawera. As the Tuna cast off there was fervent cheering; cheers for the contingent by the crowd, and for Gisborne by the contingent, who followed their cheers with a ferocious Maori war cry, which at several times during the evening they assiduously practised. "They are going to bring Kruger to Gisborne!" shouted Mr Carroll, as a start was being made. "Good-bye, Tom," "Good-bye, Billy, old chap," were the last words heard from the wharf as the little vessel dropped down the river, the men on board drowning all subsequent shouts from the shore by singing "Sons of the Sea." The stockyard and shore of the river were lined with people, who waded far out on to the mudbank to get a last look in the waning light at the men as they departed. On the Kaiti side there was also a considerable concourse of spectators; the schooner Awanui, which was gay with bunting, having many aboard. The trawler Beatrice screeched a farewell; the Tuna responded, the Waihi and Tawera joined in the chorus with their whistles, the bands (Whataupoko being on the Waihi) made all the noise they could, and for a few moments the Sabbath stillness was broken by pandemonium let loose. And with a chorus of "Soldiers of the Queen," the naval procession commenced, the Tuna leading the way, followed by the Waihi (crowded with sight-seers) and the Tawera. On the run out to the Flora Mr J. A. Harding presented Trooper W. Taylor with a handsome gold ring on behalf of his friends, Mr and Mrs Colbert and family, accompanying the

gift with many good wishes for the trooper's safe return. His comrades cheered and "Thank you, boys," was the recipient's brief reply. To the strains of the "Red, White, and Blue" and other patriotic airs by the band, Gisborne was left behind. A sprinkling of people on the breakwater gave the last cheers from the shore, and there were cheers awaiting the men as the tender ranged alongside the Flora, the decks of which were crowded with passengers. No time was lost in transferring the men from the Tuna to their temporary troopship, and when all were aboard, the Flora lifted her anchor, the Tuna cast off, and the last good-byes were shouted. The boys took possession of the boat deck and the rigging, and gave cheers and their war cry. At 7.30 the Flora steamed full speed ahead, and was accompanied for some little distance by the three tenders. The Union steamer was brilliantly illuminated with electric light, and presented a pretty picture as she steamed away, but seldom has the Bay been so bright and animated. The tenders burned blue lights, the steamers responded with rockets, the hulk Prince of Wales was gaily decorated with colored lights, and gave a blast of her whistle as the steamer passed; the ship Glencairn, having no whistle, sounded a merry peal upon her bell; the music of the bands floated over the water when it wasn't drowned by hideous screeches from the steamers whistles—and so we said good-bye to the thirty men who have gone to represent our district in the battles of the Empire. The Flora was soon but a speck of light on the horizon, and the steamers quietly returned to the wharf and discharged their living freight—too late for church, but not too late for folk to breathe a prayer before they retired for the safety of the boys in South Africa.

15 March 1900

The Government have practically completed arrangements for the departure of the fifth contingent. The New Zealand Shipping Company's fine steamer Waimate has been chartered to convey a portion, and she will probably take something like 300 men, and about the same number of horses. Another vessel, now in Australia, said to be the Toroa, is also under charter, and she will take the balance. The Waimate, so far as present arrangements go, will leave here for South Africa on March 31st.

RECEPTION TO GISBORNE MEN.

The troopers forming the Poverty Bay representatives for the Fourth and Fifth Contingents, who were passengers to Wellington per s.s. Flora, went ashore at Napier on Monday and were entertained at the Masonic Hotel by Mr Frank Moeller. His Worship the Mayor occupied the chair, and the guests included the Hon. James Carroll, Native Minister, Mr A. L. D. Fraser, M.H.R., Hon. Major Blythe, Mr Tamahau Mahupuku, the leading chief of the Wairarapa district, and many others. His Worship the Mayor expressed the pleasure he felt at meeting the Gisborne section of the contingent. He was sure that all those who were selected would worthily uphold the honor of the Empire as a whole, and of New Zealand in particular; and if it happened that some of those who were going down were not selected—and they all knew that the final selection did not rest with the local committee—they would understand that it was solely because there was not sufficient transport facilities to enable them to take all the suitable men who were offering. He felt sure that in taking up arms as they had done they fully recognised that they were fighting for Queen, for country, and for freedom.

After the toast of "The Queen" had been honored in patriotic style, the Chairman proposed the toast of "The Gisborne Contingent," coupled with the name of Lieutenant Beckham Arthur, who suitably responded. Trooper Webb sang "Soldiers of the Queen."

Lieutenant Arthur proposed the toast of "The Mayor and Mr Moeller," thanking, on behalf of the men of the contingent and himself, both of these gentlemen for their kindness, to the Mayor for the kind manner in which he had referred to the Gisborne men, and to Mr Moeller for his generous hospitality and entertainment. He should carry away with him pleasant memories of the warm welcome accorded them in Napier. This toast was received with a hearty three times three for each of the gentleman honored. His Worship and Mr Moeller briefly responded, both replies being strongly patriotic.

The "Native Race" was proposed by Mr Moeller, and was responded to by Mr Tamahau Mahupuku, in a short and pithy speech, which was interpreted by the Hon. James Carroll. The stalwart old chief wound up by giving a Maori war cry with all the fire and ardor of a youthful warrior. Mr C. D. Kennedy sang "The Absent-minded Beggar," and was heartily encored.

The Hon. James Carroll, in a short but eloquent speech, referred to the possibility of the colonial troops being retained in South Africa after the conclusion of the war as mounted police, and said it was recognised that in future the British army would not be complete unless it contained a percentage of colonial troops. He looked upon the colonials, with their knowledge of the working of what was undoubtedly the most free constitution in the world, as likely to prove a civilising and educational influence in South Africa.

Cheers for the Mayor and Mr and Mrs Moeller were given, and the meeting broke up with "Auld Lang Syne."

21 March 1900

The steamer Maori is to be fitted up to carry a portion of the Fifth Contingent, and she will leave Lyttelton for Wellington on Tuesday, bringing the Canterbury section to camp here.

The Waimate and Maori take the Fifth Contingents, and both vessels leave here for South Africa on the 31st inst.

In the absence of Colonels Somerville and Collins from Wellington, Captain Loveday will have charge of the camp for the Fifth Contingent, and on the departure of Colonel Newall, Colonel Webb, of Dunedin, will take charge of the Wellington volunteer district, and Major Moore, of South Canterbury, will temporarily succeed Colonel Webb in Dunedin.

Mr Seddon says that great difficulty and not a little unpleasantness has arisen, owing to the Defence Department not notifying the various localities as to the number of men which would be taken from the chief centres. The result was that in Wellington alone men were coming from various districts, and there must be quite 300 selected men here, while only 150 could go. How to discriminate was the question, and the authorities were at their wit's end. He thought that the result would be that those who passed the test and were unable to go with the Fifth Contingent would be formed as a reserve to await further developments in South Africa.

Further appointments are announced to the Fifth Contingent: Dunedin Company, Lieutenants McLennan and Marshall; No 1, Wellington, Lieutenant Polson.

28 March 1900

SIX GISBORNE MEN REJECTED.

Rumors having been afloat during the last two or three days that several members of the Gisborne Fifth Contingent had been rejected, His Worship the Mayor telegraphed to the Premier, Colonel Pole-Penton, and the member for the district, asking for information. The correspondence was as follows:—

The Mayor to Premier at Christchurch: "Regret to hear some of the Gisborne men balloted out of the Fifth Contingent owing to the great influx of men to camp. Whilst appreciating the difficulty the Government are laboring under, I beg to state that Gisborne has only sent the number allocated to them. Therefore I trust you will use your best endeavors to keep our original number of men for the Fifth Contingent intact, in order to avoid our number being reduced in Wellington the Gisborne Committee rejected large numbers here, and have not in any way exceeded the original number that the district was authorised to send, namely twelve; which number I think you will agree with me is not more than the district is entitled to."

The Mayor to Pole-Penton: "Regret to learn that some members of Gisborne's small contribution of twelve men towards the Fifth Contingent have been balloted out owing to large numbers offering. I therefore have to ask you to endeavor to have Gisborne's number as at first promised adhered to. In order that there should be no rejects from our section the Committee sent the men early to camp, besides rejecting a great many here. I think having kept within the limit the men should all be allowed to go with the Fifth Contingent, and I have to refer you to the Hon. James Carroll, who, I am quite sure, will support the district's request."

The Premier to the Mayor: "It is impossible for me to watch or to know every detail in connection with the selection of men for the Fifth Contingent. A certain number of men have been selected from each district by the Commander of the Forces. Twice as many men are offering throughout the colony as we can take and as far as I can gather, the allocation has been fair and reasonable."

The Mayor to Hon. Jas. Carroll: "I have wired Colonel Pole-Penton and referred him to you. Do what you can. Men must be sent at any cost. You might wire me the names of rejects in the mean time. Remember, all our section must go or there will be great trouble here."

Mr Carroll replied as follows: "An doing all I can for our boys. The name of rejects are: Taylor, Cameron, Webb Harris (? Ferris), Carter, and Brady."

This afternoon the Mayor received the following telegram from Captain Owen:—"I much regret that there was no way of satisfying the demands for inclusion from all parts of the district, as men were sent in despite my pointing out that there would not be room for them all. I quite recognise the hardship, and am trying to alleviate it. Colonel Penton returns tomorrow."

The Gisborne men are members of the No. 2 company of the fifth contingent, being joined with men from Hawke's Bay and Nelson.

27 April 1900

SEVERAL of the Gisborne members of the contingents' reserve being aboard the s.s. Waimate special interest attaches to her voyage, and we extract the following from the N.Z. Herald correspondent's account of the trip to Albany:—

TROOPSHIP WAIMATE, April 11.

Once the men had settled down their attention naturally was turned to the "Brough piano." Sergeant S. Fletcher formally unlocked and opened the piano, and found two cards, the inscription on which he read to the men, as follows:—"To the 'boys' of the Fifth Contingent. Mrs R. Brough; with love and very best wishes." "To the 'boys' of the Fifth Contingent. Mr R. Brough. Good luck and God bless you." The reading of these cards was greeted with such terrific cheering that might almost have been heard in Wellington. Music to go with the piano was received from a number of ladies. A capital supply of magazines were also found on board. Sergeant-Major Dewar, from Wanganui (formerly Napier), has joined No. 12 (Wellington) Company as junior lieutenant. A curious coincidence is attached to the date of his departure. He left England for South Africa on March 31st, 1895. Exactly five years later to a day, viz., March 31st, 1900, he left New Zealand for South Africa also. He arrived in England a Jameson raid prisoner on February 23, 1896, and exactly a year later, on February 23, 1897, he sailed for New Zealand. Lieutenant-Colonel Newall has appointed Lieutenant Dewar acting-adjutant. One of Lieutenant-Colonel Newall's orders for the day reads thus: "The following acting

appointments have, on the recommendation of Lieutenant Tuckey, been approved as from this date in the reserves—Private G. A. Paul to be sergeant, Private H. King to be corporal, Private A. J. Webb to be corporal. Sergeant Paul was formerly a member of the "H" Battery, Nelson. Corporal H. King comes from the Wellington Cycle Corps, and Corporal Webb is a son of the Rev. Canon Webb, of Gisborne. On April 5 a regular gale from the south sprang up, and quite a number of horses fell down, but were put on their feet again not much the worse. The first horse died the previous night, and was cast overboard. On April 6 another horse died and was cast overboard. On Sunday, April 8, church parade was held. Colonel Newall read a short service, the men heartily joining in the "Old Hundredth." Another service was held in the men's quarters during the evening, when Acting-Adjutant Dewar conducted service; nearly every man on the ship attended. Hymns were sung with great heartiness. Trooper Irwin, of Patea, has been in hospital for a few days, and Surgeon-Major Thomas is afraid the symptoms are somewhat resembling typhoid. We arrived at Albany on April 10 at midnight, and to our general surprise learned that the Maori had arrived at three p.m.

26 July 1900

In respect to the Auckland section of the Fifth Contingent joining the artillery, Captain Mair had explained that there was a battery of guns with no men to serve them. The New Zealanders volunteered for that service, and their offer was accepted, and they were now known as the New Zealand Artillery.

14 Jan 1901

A member of the Fifth Contingent, writing under date November 13th, from Lichtenburg, says:—"You wouldn't believe the work they give us New Zealand boys. They seem to think we can last for ever. We have got a good name here. Lord Methuen and Lord Erroll think a lot of us 'The Lucky Fifth.' We always lead, and have been mentioned three times in despatches."

By this morning's steamer from South Troopers Cameron (Matawhero) and "Jack" Harris (of Hangaroa) arrived from Wellington, where they arrived last week by the Karamea from Capetown. They were both members of the Fifth Contingent, and saw about nine months' service altogether in company with the Fourth. The two returned men were in Methuen's and Douglas's Scouts, a body of about thirty picked men. In their experience the nine months' work was arduous, and consisted of almost continual chasing and sniping. The chasing was one-sided, but when it came to sniping both sides took a hand, the result not always being agreeable to the pursuers. Both praise the mobility of the Boers, and Trooper Cameron gives it unhesitatingly as his opinion that without increased mobility the British army will never be able to cope with the enemy at all. Of the Boer personally they do not speak respectfully. He is, as far as their experience goes, dirty and slovenly, treacherous to a degree, and has the sovereign virtue of Ananias developed to an extent little short of marvellous. The colonials were, though, fully a match for them in cunning, and it was "sudden death" to the Boer who tried tricks on them. Of Kitchener the men speak most highly. "He is," said one of them to our representative, "a better man for this work than Earl Roberts. Being of a sterner disposition, his measures will be clearer-cut, and where his predecessor erred on the side of leniency, he will give those attempting to parley short shrift." Malmani, or Ottooshoop, was their biggest engagement, except that with enteric. And Trooper Cameron has a permanent memento of the "little affair" in his right hand, where a Boer bullet left its terse missive. It entered at about the middle of the back of the hand, a scar about a couple of inches long effectually marking the locality, and came out in the fleshy part of the thumb. But enteric did more than Boer bullets. It consigned them willy-nilly to the Kimberley Hospital, where they were excellently treated. That fact, and good constitutions, brought them out of the tussle "on top." When they were well enough to be moved they were sent down to the Woodstock Hospital, where a continuance of the good treatment experienced in Kimberley placed them on the thoroughly convalescent list. But before they were able, gaunt and haggard-looking, to enjoy the intelligence that danger was for the present past, nearly two months elapsed. They were sent out of the fighting line the

first week in November, and the end of December had arrived before they were sent away from Woodstock. About January 7th the Karamea was to leave Capetown, and they were despatched for the colony by her. They are now on sick leave, on full pay, at 5s a day. Of the commissariat arrangements at the front they do not speak in complimentary terms at all, indicating that the name that colonials got for commandeering food supplies was solely due to the pressure of extreme need. The British cavalry may be a body of very brave men, and under some circumstances useful men, too. But, taking the experience of this war, one of the troopers ventured the opinion that the cavalry were of no more use than "so many kiddies." As to the comparison between "Tommy" and the colonial volunteers, in point of adaptability to circumstances, Trooper Cameron remarks proudly, "We could lose them every time." Both look well on it, and have put on a good deal of condition since leaving the Cape. "But," remarked Cameron, "it's false fat. I'm as weak as a kitten." The men are simply on sick leave, and should occasion arise for further service from them, the men will, provided they are sufficiently recovered, have to again report themselves at the front. They have had a rough time, taking the experience of the contingent right through, and may be pardoned if they express a devout wish that they may not again have to leave the colony on such an errand. As an opening for farming enterprise, they do not regard either Cape Colony or the Boer provinces favorably. "You might as well try to cultivate that road," said Trooper Cameron, indicating Gladstone road. "But," he continued, "if you have any knowledge of mining you can command as much as 35s per day." "Then," interjected a bystander, "look at all the black labor." "Oh," replied the trooper, "you would not have to work. You would get that as an overseer." But Cameron says they grow the best fruit that he has ever seen, in some of the places he passed through. They saw a good deal of Lieutenant Arthur, and report that he has won a great name for himself by his pluck, dash, and intelligent, sturdy work. The Gisborne boys were well when they left. Nothing was known of the probable arrival of Cameron and Harris. Consequently there was no reception. Modestly, they had made no announcement of the date of their arrival, not wishing to have any ceremony. "Wait till the boys return all together," said Cameron. "If you intend to give a welcome, it can take place then."