

fontein. He had had a fatiguing journey from Kimberley, but with Major Lord Rosmead, his aide-de-camp, he was starting off to hunt up the New South Wales troops. Then his shoulder straps were bare, but next morning he had mounted the cross swords of a major-general. Legge and his men he found bivouacking in a mud vlei, with shelter improvised out of blankets. Colonel Knight and his contingent was east of Karee Siding, twenty-five miles from Bloemfontein, holding our most advanced post, with the enemy sniping night and day, and a couple of feet of water in the trenches.

"One of the General's first acts—after visiting the Australians in hospital—was to send a case of provisions to Legge's starving command, for the supply of bully and "forty-nines"—army biscuit—had given out. That the army moves on its belly is with him an article of faith. 'Eat first, then I want you to work.' Such were his instructions.

BRILLIANT PARADE AND INSPECTION.

"Next day there was a parade and inspection. The men rose from their rain-sodden bivouac looking like so many retrievers emerging after a dip at Mrs. Macquarie's Chair. They stood to attention in two feet of mud. The horses looked tucked up and famished, but they carried their riders to the assault of an imaginary kopje. The next and succeeding days the Queenslanders and New Zealanders had a day out, under precisely similar conditions. The last-named two profess to see that no good will come of the amalgamation. We don't want Hutton; we will lose our identity and our respective Governments will kick against the arrangement, say they.

"We were favored by a visit from Messrs. Sleath and O'Connor, members of the N. S. W. Parliament, who are here to study the South African problem on the spot. Their arrival was not heralded by any beat of drum, and there was no deputation to meet them at the station. They arrived unobtrusively in a goods truck one morning before daylight, having successfully run the gauntlet of British military officialism, from Bethulie Bridge.