

**THE BOER WAR:
ARMY, NATION AND EMPIRE**

**WITH BANJO TO THE KIMBERLEY:
BANJO PATERSON'S SOUTH AFRICAN WAR VERSE
AS HISTORY**

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Paterson, a Sydney lawyer turned part-time and then professional writer, was 35 at the outbreak of the war. He had enjoyed growing recognition from the school of bush-oriented writers working (mostly in Sydney) and fame from the publication of a string of ballads through the 1890s. Paterson became a master of the literary bush ballad, that is, the form developed—perhaps perfected—by the generation of writers active from the 1880s. These writers expressed a great knowledge of and affection for the outback, employing a strong, dramatic narrative form, often with an ironic or comic touch. The literary bush ballad reflected the growing expression of a distinctive Australian identity in the final decades of the century, a movement also apparent in literature generally (much disseminated by the *Sydney Bulletin*) and in the development of a self-conscious national group of artists. Though Australia was rapidly becoming—and remains—one of the world's most highly urbanised countries, the image of the bushman—and from the South African War the bushman soldier—became one of the dominant impressions of Australians at war.

The imperial and bellicose sentiments of his early South African verse present an ironic contrast to the first verse that Paterson published. In 1885 outrage at the death of General Gordon at Khartoum provoked the Government of New South Wales to offer a contingent to serve with the British force in the Sudan. Within weeks a force of 770 infantry and artillery had been raised and despatched, the only colonial contribution accepted by Britain. Despite the contingent's popularity—a crowd of 200,000 gathered around Sydney Harbour to farewell it—radical opposition to the contingent existed.² On the contingent's return—on a wet winter's day, accompanied by many fewer spectators—Paterson published bitterly sarcastic but anonymous verse in the *Bulletin*: before the contingent's departure and after its return in June 1885. The first, 'El Mahdi to the Australian Troops', explicitly questioned the involvement of an Australian colony in an imperial conflict:

And wherefore have they come, this warlike band ...
Men of Australia, wherefore have ye come? ...

To keep the Puppet Khedive on the throne,
To strike a blow for tyranny and wrong ...?³

Fifteen years later, as an established author, Paterson was selected to travel to South Africa as special correspondent for the major newspapers in Sydney and Melbourne.⁴ Banjo Paterson was an obvious choice. He was, and remains, the most celebrated of the bush writers of the 1890s. The proof is in the reception of his first published collection, *The Man from Snowy River and other Verses*. Published in October 1895, the first edition sold out within a week, selling 7000 copies within the year.⁵ It is almost certain that he has to this day outsold every other poet in Australian literary history.

Through 1899 the British commandants of the military forces of the six Australian colonies, and many of their members, had taken a keen interest in the crisis in South Africa. Several commandants had urged both their own governments and the War Office to offer or accept colonial forces, and on the outbreak of war each hastily raised and despatched the first of half a dozen contingents they would send to the war. By the war's end over 12,000 Australians would serve with Australian colonial or commonwealth units, a third of them enlisting twice (hence the familiar figure of 16,000 volunteers), with several thousand more serving in British or South African units. Until the formation of the federal Commonwealth Horse in 1901, Australians served in small colonial units distributed among larger imperial formations and columns. (This explains Paterson's satirical fantasy in which a War Office colonel, hearing of Tasmania's offer of 85 men, exclaims: 'I've seen bigger armies on the stage at Drury Lane'.⁶)

Banjo Paterson travelled to South Africa with the first volunteers to leave from New South Wales. Arriving in Cape Town late in November he immediately fell among and confirmed his talent for mixing with titled and influential men and women, a gift enhanced by his profound knowledge of horses. His encounters with Alfred Milner, Winston Churchill, Lord Roberts and Rudyard Kipling formed the basis of his gossipy recollections, *Happy Dispatches*, published in 1934. Paterson's memoir comes as a surprise. Though greeted as 'the Wild Colonial Boy, the bronco buster from 'the Barcoo' (an image that he played up to), Paterson was no rough bushman.⁷ The son of a pastoral family, he attended Sydney Grammar School, trained as a lawyer and played polo at Government House. Paterson's knack was to be able to find common ground with whomever he met, and his ability to mix with and speak for and to stockmen and shearers explains his insights into and his impact upon contemporary Australia. Despite his understanding of the working people of outback Australia, though, Paterson was no bush radical. (Not so his friend and fellow writer Henry Lawson who immediately expressed his scepticism of the war and of the need for Australians to join it. He became an articulate representative of what became a growing anti-war faction in Australia.)

Paterson appears to have been inadvertently but actually duced by his contact with the titled and influential British figures in South Africa. Within days of arriving in South Africa he found himself, on the strength of his reputation as a horseman, escorting the Duchess of Westminster and Lady Charles Bentinck hunting near Cape Town. Paterson was entranced, and the entree he gained into the highest circles—and the opportunities for reporting the war that followed—placed him literally in the Commander-in-Chiefs camp: Paterson's experience of war and his observations of its conduct and effects would produce in him a profound disquiet, an ambivalence which goes far to explain the uneven quality and tone of his South African verse.

Reaching the Orange River front between 'Black Week' and the beginning of Roberts' offensive, Paterson reported the war as the New South Wales troops saw it. He sent detailed reports to Australia that document the great British advance which raised the siege of Kimberley in February and went on to capture the Orange Free State capital of Bloemfontein in April. He remained to cover the occupation of Pretoria and Johannesburg, returning to lecture on the war later in 1900, by which time he was sometimes booed off platforms as insufficiently bellicose, or even 'pro-Boer'.⁸ Paterson's reports still make lively reading; arguably the single largest body of writing by an Australian written about the war at the time.

Paterson's South African Poems

Paterson published about 20 poems from South Africa.⁹ Though the exact dating of their composition is uncertain, they suggest a trajectory of his changing commitment to the war, from jingoistic imperialist to disillusioned nationalist.

Several are slight pieces. Two were composed aboard the transport *Kent* on the voyage to Cape Town. The first, 'There's another blessed horse fell down', is a relic of the difficulties of transporting horses by sea. The other, 'The Rum Parade', was written for a concert on board the *Kent*, and expresses bellicose sentiments acceptable to the eager volunteers:

We are ready for a march upon Pretoria.
And we'll pay off all the scores on old Kruger and his Boers ...

'The Reveille' celebrated the New South Wales Lancers, a squadron of which had volunteered for active service while on duty in Britain. It begins: 'Trumpets of the Lancer Corps/ Sound a loud reveille'. Paterson later regretted its gauche jingoism and never re-printed it, but others are just as inconsequential. 'Santa Claus' imagines the arrival of Father Christmas in camp. The gifts he brings are symbols of empire—'a frond of a New Zealand fern, a bloom of English rose'. In keeping with the literary conventions of empire, Paterson praised Scots, in two poems. 'Jock' celebrates in trite and conventional tones heroic and warlike Scottish soldiers, while 'The Scotch Engineer' is a spirited tale of a civilian engine driver who takes an armoured train to relieve an ambushed column at the cost of his life.

The reality of war first intrudes in 'Maxims of War':

Firstly, when fighting the Dutchman, make it your cardinal rule—
Think he's a rogue if it please you: never believe he's a fool ...
Parties of twenty for scouting—easy to see and to smother:
Neither can fight nor keep hidden—neither one thing nor the other ...

Finally, never get jumpy—e'en though the fighting is hot!
Think of how often you're shot at—think how seldom you're shot!

All the same, the poems include several laudatory, superficial pieces, such as 'Cape Mounted Rifles', to be sung to the tune of 'Botany Bay', probably for a camp smoke concert:

Now when you've done talking of trifles,
I'll sing you a song of the war—
A song of the Cape Mounted Rifles,
The dandy South African Corps.

The declarations of imperial loyalty are complemented by praise of other Australian contingents, in 'Queensland Mounted Infantry':

There's a very well-built fellow, with a swinging sort of stride,
About as handy sort as I have seen.
A rough and tumble fellow that is born to fight and ride
And he's over here a-fighting for the Queen.

He's Queensland Mounted Infantry—compounded 'orse and foot.
He'll climb a cliff or gallop down a flat.
He's cavalry to travel but he's infantry to shoot.
And you'll know him by the feathers in his hat!

The Kiplingesque 'orse' is a reminder that in Bloemfontein in May 1900 Paterson met Kipling.

'Johnny Boer' expresses a grudging respect for the enemy:

But when you're fighting Johnnie Boer you have to use your head;
He don't believe in front attacks or charging at the run,
He fights you from a kopje with his little Maxim gun.

But after all the job is sure, although the job is slow,
We have to see the business through, the Boer has got to go.
With Nordenfeldt and Lyddite shell it's certain, soon or late,
We'll hunt him from his kopjes and across the Orange State.

Following Roberts' army into the Orange Free State, Paterson saw war more realistically, and the cosy fellowship into which he had fallen in the early weeks became supplanted by a scepticism all the more fervent for the contrast with his earlier sycophancy. Paterson's disillusionment with the British Army is apparent from the bitter 'Our Underpaid Army', the 'our' referring to Britain rather than Australia. He deplored how 'each little cheap success/ Is quite enough to set the country yelling':

And D.S.O.s thrown out like pom-poms shelling.
With people drinking, Mafficking and brawling,
Our frenzied self-laudation is appalling!

'There is *no* hope', he concluded, 'the whole concern is worked/ In the sole interest of the "upper classes"'. The same idea animates 'Bandy Burke', a sergeant major who 'Of course ... couldn't afford/ to take a commission—he does the work/And the credit goes to a Lord'.

The later poems reflect a more mature disillusionment. 'Fed up' expresses the frustration of a cavalryman who complains that: 'We never get a chance to charge, to do a thrust and cut'. 'Commandeering' reveals the impact of war on occupied Boer civilians. 'Right in front of the Army' is a sardonic but ephemeral jibe at the ardour of all the new arrivals at the front to see action. 'That VC' satirises the desire for glory that many men entertained, in which a wounded man declines an offer to carry him to safety through a hail of bullets, denying a would-be hero a chance of being decorated.¹⁰ A fantasy, 'Driver Smith', describes how an ambulance driver from Sydney captures Paul Kruger and ends the war.

In 'No Class' Paterson expressed the disappointment of those who thought that 'When we took Pretoria we thought the war was done'. The poems of the war's guerrilla phase are more satisfying artistically, and are couched more in keeping with the conventions of the literary ballad form in which Paterson excelled. In one of Paterson's first expressions of an exclusive Australian nationalism, 'Our Own Flag' prophesies that 'We will carry our own flag-up to the front/When we go to the wars again'. 'On the trek' is a more reflective piece. It anticipates both the troops' disenchantment and the growing nationalism that became a by-product of Australian encounters with other imperial troops:

When the dash and the excitement and the novelty are dead,
 And you've seen a load of wounded once or twice,
 Or you've watched your old mate dying, with the vultures overhead—
 Well, you wonder if the war is worth the price.
 And down along Monaro¹¹ now they're starting out to shear,
 I can picture the excitement and the row;
 But they'll miss me on the Lachlan¹² when they call the roll this year,
 For we're going on a long job now.

'I Joined a Contingent'—a composite of ballad and spoken recitative—describes how an Australian who had joined 'in search of promotion and pay' shams death to avoid having to advance:

I'm alive, so I'm gay
 On my five bob a day
 As a Mounted Australian Cur.

This acknowledgement of cowardice and the grimness of 'The last parade' is far from the optimism of 'The Reveille'. Banjo, the horse-lover, expressed his feelings for the Australian horses who died in their thousands on the veldt, speaking through one of the survivors:

We froze on the wind-swept kopjes
 When the frost lay snowy-white,
 Never a halt in the daytime,
 Never a rest at night! ...

Over the sea you brought us,
 Over the leagues of foam:
 Now we have served you fairly
 Will you not take us home?

Given the alacrity with which their riders volunteered for what they believed would be an exciting war, the aggrieved tone is ironic. Banjo's final verse on the war, 'Concerning the African War', published in the radical *Reynolds' Weekly Newspaper* in London in 1901, is a 'bitter, sarcastic and scathing parody of Kipling:

Now listen to me and I'll tell you my views concerning the African war!
 And the man who upholds any different views, the same is a rotten pro-Boer!
 (Though I'm getting a little bit doubtful myself, as it drags on week after week:
 But it's better not ask questions at all—let us silence all doubts with a shriek!)¹³

'With French to Kimberley'

'With French to Kimberley', Paterson's longest war poem, and the only one which can stand comparison with the best of his bush ballads, offers two avenues of analysis. First, the degree to which it can be used to understand the British advance on Kimberley and the Australian role in it: to consider the poem as history. Second, it suggests questions about what Paterson's verse contributed to Australia's understanding of its part in the war. 'With French to Kimberley' can be read as the hinge of Paterson's encounter with and transformation by the war. The earlier, optimistic phase of his encounter with the war ended with his exposure to the sights of the fighting and the advance, so costly in the horses he loved.

The poem describes the audacious six-day 'flank advance' of Major-General John French's Cavalry Division from the Orange River to Kimberley. Its description of the advance parallels his long dispatch posted from Kimberley on 17 February. The poem compresses into 58 lines the feeling detailed in reports of several thousand words. Clearly, it is not intended to be a factual account, but it closely follows the course of events and can be read as a narrative:

The Boers were down on Kimberley with siege and Maxim gun;
The Boers were down on Kimberley, their numbers ten to one!
Faint were the hopes the British had to make the struggle good—
Defenceless in an open plain the Diamond City stood.
They built them forts with bags of sand, they fought from roof and wall,
They flashed a message to the south, 'Help! Or the town must fall!'
Then down our ranks the order ran to march at dawn of day,
And French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He made no march along the line; he made no front attack
Upon those Magersfontein heights that held the Seaforths back;
But eastward over pathless plains, by open veldt and vley,
Across the front of Cronje's force his troopers held their way.¹⁴
The springbuck, feeding on the flats where Modder River runs,
Were startled by his horses' hoofs, the rumble of his guns.
The Dutchman's spies that watched his march from every rocky wall
Rode back in haste: 'He marches East! He threatens Jacobsdal!'
Then north he wheeled as wheels the hawk, and showed to their dismay
That French was off to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

His column was five thousand strong—all mounted men—and guns:
There met, beneath the world-wide flag, the world-wide Empire's sons;
They came to prove to all the earth that kinship conquers space,
And those who fight the British Isles must fight the British race!
From far New Zealand's flax and fern, from cold Canadian snows,
From Queensland plains, where hot as fire the summer sunshine glows—
And in the front the Lancers rode that New South Wales had sent:
With easy stride across the plain their long, lean Walers went.
Unknown, untried, those squadrons were, but proudly out they drew
Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo.¹⁵
From every coast, from every clime, they met in proud array
To go with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

He crossed the Reit and fought his way towards the Modder bank.
The foeman closed behind his march, and hung upon the flank.
The long, dry grass was all ablaze¹⁶ (and fierce the veldt fire runs);
He fought them through a wall of flame that blazed around the guns!
Then limbered up and drove at speed, though horses fell and died;
We might not halt for man nor beast on that wild, daring ride.
Black with the smoke and parched with thirst, we pressed the livelong day
Our headlong march to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

We reached the drift at fall of night, and camped across the ford.
 Next day from all the hills around the Dutchman's cannon roared.¹⁷
 A narrow pass ran through the hills, with guns on either side,
 The boldest man might well turn pale before that pass he tried,
 For, if the first attack should fail, then every hope was gone:
 But French looked once, and only once, and then he said, 'Push on!'
 The gunners plied their guns amain; the hail of shrapnel flew;
 With rifle fire and lancer charge¹⁸ their squadrons back we threw;
 And through the pass between the hills we swept in furious fray,
 And French was through to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

Ay, French was through to Kimberley! And ere the day was done
 We saw the Diamond City stand, lit by the evening sun;
 Above the town the heliograph hung like an eye of flame:
 Around the town the foemen camped—they knew not that we came;
 But soon they saw us, rank on rank; they heard our squadrons' tread;
 In panic fear they left their tents, in hopeless rout they fled—
 And French rode into Kimberley; the people cheered amain,
 The women came with tear-stained eyes to touch his bridle rein,
 The starving children lined the streets to raise a feeble cheer,
 The bells rang out a joyous peal to say 'Relief is here!'
 Ay! we that saw that stirring march are proud that we can say
 We went with French to Kimberley to drive the Boers away.

'With French to Kimberley' offers a triumphant version of an admittedly audacious and in the end successful military operation. Its assertion of imperial unity and military achievement is, perhaps, not surprising. But there are, of course, significant differences between the campaign described by Paterson the poet and the events described by Paterson the journalist.

The poem refers obliquely to the hardships of the march, but barely at all to its human and equine cost. Only in his dispatch does he describe the 'pitiful' sight of exhausted British infantry collapsing, 'half delirious with heat and thirst', so far gone that many let their helmets roll off as they lay waiting for the ambulances. In the poem the advance continues regardless of hardship, but in the dispatch he describes the horses as 'starved and worn out, dead tired before they start from want of feed and ... rest'. The entry into the besieged town, a moment of high drama in the poem, is in the dispatch 'a great anti-climax', the heliograph exchanges bedevilled by the besieged wariness that the Boers had 'been playing all sorts of tricks'. Though in the poem the 'hail of shrapnel flew' in the charge at Klip Drift, the dispatch describes only 'a shot or two' as 'really the only shots fired by the Boers at the relief. In the poem the starving Europeans cheer: in the dispatch Paterson also notices the 'blacks ... all around our camp eating the horses that fall weak and are shot... like a crowd of vultures ... poor wretches'. Sunstroke, shooting horses, starving blacks and the confusion of reality had no place in the high diction of imperial unity under decisive command defeating foemen and Dutchmen to the pealing of bells.

Baptisms of Fire: Banjo and Bean

How could it be otherwise, we might ask? It is difficult to recapture the innocence of a century ago. Paterson wrote before domestic readers recognised the brutal realities of the war in South Africa, and long before the First World War shattered for ever the illusion of war's glory. A fragment of a short story by Henry Lawson, Paterson's friend and fellow writer, illuminates the innocence. In Lawson's story, 'Telling Mrs Baker', Jack, a drover, has to break the news to a man's widow that he is dead, but strives to conceal the fact that he drank himself to death. As he sits in the parlour of a house in Solong, a small town in outback New South Wales, spinning a plausible lie about Bob Baker's end, he stares at an engraving on the opposite wall depicting Blucher meeting Wellington on the field of Waterloo. 'I thought the artist had heaped up the dead a bit extra', he thinks, '... I wouldn't like to be trod on by horses even if I was dead'.¹⁹ He was unable to imagine a scene which no Australian was to have to confront until 1915.

There is in this a paradox. Paterson's South African verse arguably constitutes the longest, most popular, accessible and widely disseminated accounts of Australia's part in the war. If only because they appeared in his *Collected Works*, the war poems reached many more readers for much longer than any other Australian account of the war. The only rivals for the palm can be other correspondents' necessarily ephemeral newspaper reports, published during the period of greatest interest in the war. At the same time, even the reports and verse of Australia's most popular writer failed to ignite in his fellow Australians the sort of response which was to colour not only the Australian 'baptism of fire' in the First World War, 'but arguably to shape Australians' understanding of their military experience. Despite the creation of an Australian Federation on 1 January 1901, the conjunction between Australian national identity and the war in South African remained muted.

In 1914 another, larger Australian volunteer force enlisted in another war. First committed to battle in the landing on Gallipoli on 25 April 1915, its ordeal was immediately reported and celebrated by war correspondents, particularly the British Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and the Australian Charles Bean. Bean in particular, both in his newspaper dispatches and in the official history published from 1922, described the landing in terms of heroic nationalism. His rhetoric—regarded as the progenitor of the 'Anzac legend'—has dominated Australian military historiography, whether as gospel or foil, shaping a canon of military historiography that still dominates Australian military writing.²⁰

Paterson's 'With French to Kimberley' could conceivably have anticipated this reaction. Paterson was Australia's most popular writer (he was far better known in 1900 than Bean was in 1915), the war was popular; the campaign was both arduous and successful. There are several reasons why the poem did not. First, Australians were hardly united in believing in the war: substantial numbers remained either sceptical, indifferent or opposed to it. Second, Paterson wrote about events a year before the federation of the Australian colonies: the prevailing parochial 'colonial nationalism' was too tepid and declining an allegiance to justify such a reaction. Third, Paterson celebrated an Australian—or rather a New South Wales—membership of an imperial family. He—and most of his readers—were proud to serve 'Beside the English regiments that fought at Waterloo'. They regarded themselves as 'Australasian Britons', comfortable with a dual identity and closely attached to their British heritage. Only in the First World War would Australian disillusionment with the assumption of British superiority—a reaction beginning in South Africa—be supplanted by a pride in Australian achievement, and that would demand more than a creditable performance by a squadron of lancers. Lastly, perhaps most importantly, despite his stature as Australia's premier nationalist author, Paterson's ambivalence toward the war prevented him from expressing a strong, coherent view. In the end his verse expressed the same trajectory as much Australian opinion followed, from gauche jingoism through sober realism to disillusionment and doubt.

Without trying to make more of Paterson's verse than it can sustain, it is important to recognise that it constitutes not only arguably the first substantial Australian cultural response to war, but also the most significant medium by which the Australian part in the war was expressed and understood.

Endnotes

I am grateful to Mr Daniel Pask of the Australian War Memorial for his assistance in locating relevant sources for this article.

1. William Wilde, Joy Hooton and Barry Andrews, *The Oxford Companion to Australian Literature* (2nd edn, Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1994), 608.
2. Adrian Stevens, 'The Sudan Embarkation', *Sabretache* XXII: 1 (January-March 1981), 34-37.
3. Rosamund Campbell and Philippa Harvie (eds), *Singer of the Bush, AB 'Banjo' Paterson: Complete Works 1885-1900* (Sydney: Lansdowne, 1983), 41. Paterson maintained his rage: after the contingent's return he contributed an anonymous verse: 'So you're back from your baptism of glory/ And you bring a few spots on your hands,/ That our country may change her sad story,/ To the wail of the blood-guilty lands!': Clement Semmler, *The Banjo of the Bush: The Life and Times of AB 'Banjo' Paterson* (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1984), 56.
4. John Hirst, in his paper to this conference, reminded us that Paterson's pro-war verse would probably not have been welcomed by his former vehicle, the less respectable *Bulletin*.
5. Semmler, *The Banjo of the Bush*, 71.
6. Quoted in *ibid*, 104. The Barcoo is a river in western Queensland.
7. AB Paterson, *Happy Dispatches* (Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 1934), 7.
8. Semmler, *The Banjo of the Bush*, 117.
9. The poems Paterson approved of appeared in later editions of his verse, notably *The Collected Verse of AB Paterson* (Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 1927). The entire body of work is included in Campbell and Harvie, *Singer of the Bush*, though it is unclear whether they were necessarily written in the order in which they are arranged.
10. The poem was published in the *Bulletin* on 19 May. Curiously, Australia's first Victoria Cross was awarded to Captain Neville Howse of the NSW Medical Corps, who performed exactly this action at Vredfort in June 1900, not only while Paterson was still in South Africa but possibly after reading that issue.
11. A region of high plains and alpine pasture in the southeast of New South Wales.
12. A river in the central west of New South Wales.
13. Colin Roderick, *Banjo Paterson: Poet by Accident* (Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1993), 133.
14. Paterson recounted how he cadged lifts to join the column, camping on the night of 11 February by a deserted farm. This, he found, lay just inside the Free State border, and he reflected on finding himself in hostile country' for the first time. Hostile, but familiar—Paterson noted how the country looked very much like Queensland, around Longreach. In October 1999, driving over the same country in company with Craig Wilcox, I was struck by its similarity to the semi-desert of northern Eyre Peninsula in South Australia.
15. This is not poetic licence. The New South Wales Lancers squadron was brigaded with the 6th Dragoon Guards, the 14th Hussars and squadrons of the Royal Scots Greys and Inniskilling Dragoons, the Lancers operating interchangeably with the British regiments of greater antiquity.
16. Paterson's dispatch describes how the grass was set alight by 'careless soldiers': his expression of it here ('and fierce the veldt fire runs') is a classic example of his style.
17. This stanza describes the charge at Klip Drift, in which French sent his cavalry, as Leo Amery in *The Times History* put it, 'straight in front down the open valley'. Lamenting that the experiment was never repeated, Amery, and many others, concluded that 'the part played by cavalry in the main attack ... is one that will grow in importance in wars of the future', LS Amery (ed), *The Times History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902*, vol III (London: Sampson Low, Marston, 1905), 392-95.
18. Paterson perhaps allowed Australian readers to infer that the lancers in question were of New South Wales—the only others named in the poem. They were in fact the British 9th and 16th Lancers.
19. Henry Lawson, 'Telling Mrs Baker', in John Barnes (ed), *The Penguin Henry Lawson Short Stories* (Ringwood: Penguin, 1986), 205.
20. For a concise but authoritative survey of the origins and development of the Anzac legend, see Peter Dennis et al, *The Oxford Companion to Australian Military History* (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1995), 42-49.