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'A Man Never Knows his Luck in South Africa': Some Australian Literary Myths from the Boer War

Abstract
One night late in 1901, in the Spelonken district to the North of Pietersburg, a certain Australian Lieutenant in the Bushveldt Carbineers lay with his men in ambush above the laager of Field-Cornet Tom Kelly, a notorious Boer irregular leader: The night was intensely cold, but we lay there within 50 yards of them until the first streak of dawn. During the night a dog scented us and started to bark, a Boer got up and gave it a kick to quieten it, at which Morant remarked, 'A man never knows his luck in South Africa'.

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ON ONE night late in 1901, in the Spelonken district to the North of Pietersburg, a certain Australian Lieutenant in the Bushveldt Carbineers lay with his men in ambush above the laager of Field-Cornet Tom Kelly, a notorious Boer irregular leader:

The night was intensely cold, but we lay there within 50 yards of them until the first streak of dawn. During the night a dog scented us and started to bark; a Boer got up and gave it a kick to quieten it, at which Morant remarked, 'A man never knows his luck in South Africa'.

The commando was captured, to the great surprise of its leader Kelly, and Lieutenant Morant – for this was the notorious 'Breaker' Morant – was court-martialled and executed in Pretoria early in the following year. Not only did South Africa test the luck of individual Australians, it was the testing ground of certain myths that Australians held, and still hold, about their national character and identity.

Australia's involvement in the Boer War, like her later Vietnam adventure, was a controversial affair, at least to certain sections of the community. The debate, which raged in the various state parliaments and in at least one notable newspaper correspondence, was argued at first on ethical grounds: that is, whether to support the Empire 'right or wrong', or whether to question more closely the justice of the cause. These ethical arguments however did not seem to appeal to the hearts of the Australian people until a different note was struck: that of outrage at the treatment of Australian troops by Kitchener and the British High Command in a number of courts-martial of Australian soldiers. The most outrageous example was that of the trial and execution of Lieutenants Morant and Handcock, of the Bushveldt Carbineers, for the alleged killing of a number of Boer prisoners and a German missionary.

To understand the vehemence of the Australian response it is important to look at the timing of the Boer War involvement. The 1890s was the period in which Australia seemed to be reaching self-definition
in both politics and literature. The favoured self-image was that of a nation of ‘battlers’, all individuals, facing great odds with courage and swagger and, above all, acknowledging no authority. This image was fostered by political events; for instance the shearers’ strikes of the 1890s and the movement towards Federation. It was fostered most of all by the literature of the 1890s, in particular that of Lawson and Paterson. The outbreak of the Boer War, then, found a nation of Australians conscious of an image which was guaranteed to affront British notions of colonial subservience. The inevitable confrontation, focused on the Breaker Morant affair, generated a further national myth, that of the sacrifice of Australian soldiers as scapegoats – ‘scapegoats of the empire’.

Apart from outbreaks of controversy in the newspapers over the affair, fuelled in the early days by first-hand accounts from Australian Boer War veterans, there have been seven literary presentations of the Morant affair under the guise of history, autobiography and fiction. The one which has been the most influential, Kit Denton’s The Breaker, is frankly fictional. There has also been a successful play – Kenneth Ross’s Breaker Morant, which formed the basis for the film of the same name acclaimed, some years ago, at the Cannes Film Festival – and a series of paintings by a leading Australian artist, Pro Hart. The obsessive way in which Australians return to this matter, and the way in which it has been manipulated in a certain direction, demonstrates the popular need for a myth which justifies and romanticizes Morant and thus preserves the Australian self-image.

The facts of this matter – insofar as they can be called facts, for so much has been romanticized (and in any case the Australians have never really wanted the facts) – are as follows: Harry Morant, a young English scapegrace consigned to the colonies for some youthful escapade, was, before the war, well known throughout Australia as a rough rider, a polo and steeplechase rider and also as a bush poet of renown. His ballads appeared regularly in the Bulletin under the pen-name of ‘The Breaker’, which could equally refer to his reputation as a breaker of horses and of women’s hearts. Though his reputation was often unsavoury, he was apparently very popular. This is the account of Will Ogilvie, another poet:

He will leave when his ticket is tendered,
A bundle of debts, I’m afraid -
Accounts that were many times rendered,
And bills that will never be paid;
While the tailor and riding boot maker
Will stand with their thumbs in their mouth,
With a three cornered curse at the ‘Breaker’,
When the ‘Breaker’ is booked for the South.
This then was the man who enlisted in Adelaide for the Boer War, who covered himself with glory in the field and was commissioned from the ranks. He certainly returned to England on leave, and claimed to have been reconciled with an adoring family (he said he was the son of Admiral Sir Digby Morant) and to have become engaged to the sister of his best friend, Captain Hunt. On his return to South Africa he joined, as Lieutenant, the Bushveldt Carbineers, an irregular unit raised to clear guerilla bands of Boer Commandos from the Spelonken territory. The campaign was apparently marked by atrocities on both sides, and the niceties of warfare were not observed. Inflamed by the death of Hunt, Morant ordered the shooting of Visser, a prisoner from the commando unit which had killed Hunt, then later another group of Boers from the same commando unit who came in under a white flag to surrender. He and a brother officer, Lieutenant Handcock, were also suspected of shooting a German missionary, Heese, who was aware of the shooting of the Boer prisoners and presumably would have reported the matter. Four officers – Morant, Handcock, Witton and Picton – were arrested, court-martialed and found guilty of shooting Boer prisoners, but exonerated on charges of murdering the missionary. Morant and Handcock were executed almost immediately by firing squad, and were buried in Pretoria Cemetery, Witton was sentenced to life imprisonment but subsequently released, and Picton was cashiered. However, and this is most important, the Australian Government was not at any stage consulted, or notified of the execution, and the transcripts of the court-martial have never been made available.

This then is the raw material of myth, and a fine myth, both popular and literary, has evolved. It is a myth of national self-justification with Morant as a representative Australian figure. His faults are freely admitted, but these – drinking, womanizing, fighting, carelessness with debts and the appropriation of horses – are at least part of the national ‘macho’ image. The traditional Australian virtues – independence, the ability to ‘clean up’ in a rough situation and, above all, loyalty to ones mates – are emphasized. Morant, like Ned Kelly, has become a mythic hero and the mythic hero must conform to, as well as create, the national self-image. Furthermore he must be seen as a victim of the British in order to conform to national xenophobia and a false sense of national maturity, of release from the mother. The mythic version is melodramatic, adolescent, and has proved itself irresistible. It is interesting then to trace the way in which essentially sordid material has been transformed into myth in the literature which has dealt with the subject.

The first literary account was Bushman and Buccaneer, written in 1902, very soon after the events, by Frank Renar (Frank Fox, a journalist from the Bulletin). This sets the fashion for future accounts
by including a selection of The Breaker’s own verse, thus giving not only the ‘factual’ account (based, according to Renar, on ‘trustworthy documentary evidence’) but also proof of the high sensitivity of the victim Morant. Included is his last poem, ‘Butchered to Make a Dutchman’s Holiday’, which begins:

In prison cell I sadly sit,
A d---d crest-fallen chappie!
And own to you I feel a bit -
A little bit – unhappy!

and continues:

If you encounter any Boers
You really must not loot ‘em!
And if you wish to leave these shores,
For pity’s sake, DON’T SHOOT ‘EM!!

to conclude with more than a touch of bravado:

Let’s toss a bumper down our throat,
Before we pass to Heaven,
And toast: ‘The trim-set petticoat
We leave behind in Devon.’

Renar’s account is a fairly dispassionate one which recognizes the choice of interpretation required of any reader, who can consider either ‘the trusty friend, the daring rider, the man of great boldness to meet his death’, or ‘the stark bodies of Boer farmers, killed not in fair chance of war and heat of sturdy battle, but most ignobly in cold after-thought’ (p. 2). However Renar’s account is more manipulative than this suggests, particularly in the language, which is lofty and elegiac, especially when he deals with Captain Hunt’s death, his supposed mutilation before death, and the duty of all good Australians to avenge their dead mates:

With grim hearts the men rode out from Fort Edward, Lieutenant Morant leading them, sternly set upon avenging the blood of a comrade and wiping out from their own names the stain of cowardice. When men move in such a mood it is ill for those who chance to meet them. (p. 20)

The justification for later murders committed by Morant is given in the same heroic terms:

The body was there, sorrilly mangled in truth – whether in loathsome spite or in sad but unavoidable happening of battle no man can say with certainty ... (Morant’s) heart grew more savage, and his face took a sterner set as he saddled up again and followed on the track of the Boers. Not war but vengeance was in his mind. (p. 21)
Here the mythic dimension, obviously that of the Germanic heroic tradition, of the *comitatus*, is gratuitously imposed upon raw material which is essentially sordid.

The next full-scale treatment was that of George Witton in his *Scapegoats of the Empire*, published in 1907. Witton, one of the accused Carbineer officers who was sentenced to life imprisonment, served part of his sentence in England but was released in 1904 as a result of strong representation from an outraged Australian Government and public. Witton continues the vindication of Morant on the grounds of a justifiable passion for revenge. All murders after the death of Captain Hunt are excused by Witton on the grounds of Morant's sensitivity, his finer feelings for a brother officer and potential brother-in-law. Some other of the more sensational and legendary elements of Morant's story stem from Witton's account; for instance he emphasizes Morant's high birth (that this was the preferred version indicates the depth of colonial snobbery). Witton testifies to this, as well as to the fact that Morant spent his leave with his family in Devon, fox-hunting, and that there he became engaged to Captain Hunt's sister, the owner of the 'trim-set petticoat' of his last poem.

The truth of this has now been exposed. The Breaker was really Edwin Henry Murrant, the son of the Master and Matron of the Union Workhouse, Bridgewater, Somerset. He arrived in Townsville, North Queensland, in 1883 and was employed as a stockman on Fanning Downs Station near Charters Towers when, in 1884, he married Daisy O'Dwyer, a governess from the station, in the process lying about his age - he was still a minor. Any future marriage to Hunt's sister would have been bigamous. The bride, Daisy O'Dwyer, was deserted soon afterwards and was herself bigamously married nine months later. She too achieved mythic status in the Australian pantheon as Daisy Bates or Kabbarli, a woman said to have been disappointed in love, who devoted her life to the Aborigines on the Nullarbor Plain, living with them and writing about them until her death. Eleanor Witcombe, the screenwriter for yet one more film, this time on Daisy Bates and The Breaker, says:

She and Morant were two of a kind and they never ratted on each other. They both lied about their backgrounds, they both had fantasies that they eventually fulfilled, and then re-worked their histories to fit in.

Let us return now to another aspect of the vindication which Witton and subsequent writers present: that of vindictiveness on the part of the British. This version sees Morant, Handcock and Witton himself as scapegoats marked out to carry the sins of the British army in the brutalities of the mopping-up campaign. Their executions would demonstrate British impartiality, appease the European criticism of the campaign and clear the way for a peaceful settlement. Colonials would
not be missed and, in any case, their government would not know about it until it was over. According to Witton’s account Kitchener is the arch-villain. Orders had come from Kitchener himself that no Boer prisoners were to be taken in the Spelonken, particularly if they were wearing British uniforms. Morant had, being a sensitive man, previously taken prisoners, but after the death of Hunt he resolved to do the right thing, obey orders and kill all prisoners. Visser, a member of the commando unit which had mutilated and murdered Hunt, was (according to Witton) wearing Hunt’s clothing, so was executed. The other Boer prisoners were also executed in obedience to Kitchener’s orders. Subsequently Kitchener personally ordered the verdict of guilty, and the almost immediate execution, and absented himself from headquarters so that no appeal could reach him. Moreover, so the legend goes, Kitchener’s orders came from higher up. The Kaiser, it was said, had prevailed upon his cousin, the King of England, to make an example of the Australian officers because of the supposed murder of the German missionary.

A further example of imperial vindictiveness was suggested in *Scapegoats of the Empire*: Witton maintains that, when Kitchener unveiled the War Memorial in Bathurst, NSW in 1908, he refused to proceed until the name of Handcock, one of those executed, was removed from the memorial. This has become accepted fact in Australia but is, in fact, quite wrong. Handcock’s name, like those of many Boer War veterans, was not on the War Memorial either before or at the time of Kitchener’s visit. Recently his family and the Bathurst Returned Soldiers’ League have rectified this. What is certain, however, is that there was some sort of cover-up by Kitchener. In fact the cabled report of the courts-martial which Kitchener sent to the Australian Parliament, after repeated requests for information, contains so many factual errors that it suggests either gross inefficiency or a deliberate distortion of the truth.

The curious thing about Witton’s *Scapegoats of the Empire* is that so few copies of the original edition survive – probably only Witton’s own advance copies. It is said to have been suppressed by the Australian Government so as not to embarrass the British. In any case Angus and Robertson, moved by the commercial success of the film, have cashed in with a reprint of *Scapegoats of the Empire* which has run to two editions, in 1982 and 1983. At the end of the modern edition is printed a copy of a private letter which Witton wrote to the defending solicitor, a Major Thomas of Tenterfield, in 1929. This letter was deposited in the Mitchell Library, Sydney, with instructions that it not be opened until 1970. In it Witton contradicts his statement in *Scapegoats of the Empire* that Handcock and Morant were innocent of the murder of the missionary Heese. They had confessed their guilt to him in prison and, because they had been acquitted of this particular crime, he had kept
the secret for twenty-seven years:

[The shooting of Heese was a premeditated and most cold blooded affair. Handcock with his own lips described it all to me ... I consider I am the one and only one that suffered unjustly. (pp. 245-46)]

What is more important, Handcock had also made a written confession whilst in prison, implicating both Morant and Witton, as well as himself. Although Handcock later retracted this confession, it was held by Kitchener, and this could explain the apparent vindictiveness of the General.

So much for Scapegoats of the Empire. There is one more account from direct experience: that of Major C. S. Jarvis, C.M.G., O.B.E., a British officer who had met Morant in Pretoria and indeed had almost joined the Bushveldt Carbineers with him. In his book Half a Life Jarvis calls the affair 'the most ghastly tragedy of the war'. He describes Morant as 'a typical roistering hard case who took no heed for the morrow', and comments upon his literary pretensions. Jarvis's account is written in a very 'stiff-upper-lip' British manner, but his summing up is the most balanced in all the Morant literature:

My sympathies have always been with the unfortunate man, for I knew and liked him, and moreover one has the feeling that, but for the existence of men of his somewhat ruthless calibre during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the British Empire would not now be the envy of all her neighbours. There were many rough paths to be hewn out of the world between 1750 and 1900, and it was the men of Morant's type who did the work. (p. 133)

F.M. Cutlack's Breaker Morant: A Horseman Who Made History (with a selection of his Bush Ballads), published in 1962, adds little to the legend as it is basically a reworking of the Renar, Witton and Jarvis material. As a boy of twelve, in the summer of 1898-99, just before 'The Breaker' enlisted for the South African war, Cutlack had met him at Renmark on his father's property:

My father wrote a letter for Morant and did a lot to persuade a Colonel Morant, a Renmark settler, to recognise The Breaker ... There was no doubt in my father's mind about the identity of Morant's people; but proof of the evidence he had was never kept, for the matter was not under challenge. (p. x)

The notion of the suppression of the court-martial transcripts - an important part of the myth - originated with Cutlack, who had approached the British War Office and had been officially informed that these documents were 'no longer in existence' (p. xi). Kit Denton had no better luck; his later enquiries met with various explanations ranging from 'they were loaned out and not returned' or 'we don't have them but the Navy/Army/Public Records Office/Prime Minister's Office have
them' to 'they were destroyed by enemy action during the war'. This has fuelled the myth of a British cover-up. The truth is that the court-martial transcripts, probably through inefficiency, remained in South Africa. Dr Frank Bradlow, Chairman of the Van Riebeeck History Society in Cape Town, has announced that the court-martial papers have been discovered in South Africa by Professor Arthur Davy of the University of Cape Town. It seems that, although the papers were marked to be forwarded to the War Office, they were, for unknown reasons, never sent.13

Kit Denton’s 1973 best-seller, *The Breaker*, is by far the most romanticized version of the Morant myth, and obviously the most popular. In the Preface, Denton makes a gesture towards historical fact:

*There was a Breaker Morant. He lived his life in the times and company of the people mentioned in this story, and he went through much of the action in these pages ... I’ve departed from history only when the facts weren’t discoverable or when I felt it was necessary in the interests of a good story. (p.2)*

In *The Breaker* the stereotype is exploited to the utmost. The womanizing, drinking and brawling are glamorized and made to appear somehow heroic, while Morant is seen as a sort of John Wayne of the Australian frontier, a 'centaur' who leaps into the saddle with bird-like grace, who disregards injury: ‘... I wonder ... I wonder, if you’d mind shaking the other hand! I think that arm’s broken.’ (p. 38) and whose passion, when aroused, is terrible. The killing of Visser, for instance, performed in fact by a firing squad at Morant's orders, is a personal deed of passion in Denton’s account. First Morant tosses a gun to Visser to provide a semblance of fairness:

*Clumsily Visser fumbled with the bolt and Harry stepped a pace closer and fired into his face, blasting the head into a splash of red and white which fanned backwards against the tree, the body arching back incredibly under the blow and falling clumsily. Harry stepped closer again and methodically emptied the other five chambers into the chest and belly, and no one moved in those few seconds. (p. 185)*

This gratuitous violence is echoed also in the account of the mutilation of Hunt, a significant element in the justification of Morant, and one which receives varying treatment in all the material. In fact it is quite possible that Hunt was not mutilated at all; what is certain is that Morant didn’t view the body, which was buried at Reuter’s Mission Station an hour before Morant arrived. Denton takes the mutilation to the furthest extreme of violence and male dread:

*Captain Hunt’s body was struck by a bullet at close range. It passed through his right shoulder. This was a simple wound and did not cause his death. When found the body was stripped naked. The sinews at the back of both*
knees and ankles had been severed. The forehead was bruised and the right cheekbone crushed. Captain Hunt had been castrated. (p. 178)

The justification for the shooting of Visser is also unambiguous; he is flaunting Captain Hunt’s uniform, therefore must have been implicated in his torture and death.

The importance of this version, and the film which followed, lies in its widespread and manipulative influence upon a younger generation of Australians who had probably never previously heard of the Boer War, and who accept all this as absolute truth. The film, because it is such a good example of the film-maker’s art, is particularly manipulative. The casting is superb; that of Edward Woodward, of Callan fame, as The Breaker, brings to the screen just the right mixture of brutality, sensuality and sentimentality. The choice of music is masterly, suggesting by an ironic use of outmoded patriotic airs — ‘Soldiers of the Queen’ as sung by Edward Woodward, in particular — the foolishness of those young men who rallied to the call of the mother country, only to be victimized. The technique of flash-back is used to good effect, as the camera shifts from the court-martial to cut in on what, according to the film, really happened, always as a justification of the accused. Interestingly enough, Morant and Handcock admit privately, in the film, to the killing of the missionary, but this does not detract from the viewer’s sympathy, probably because the emphasis throughout is upon the unfairness of the trial. This emphasis is achieved by the clever argument of the defending counsel, Major Thomas — played as a country hick solicitor by the Australian actor Jack Thompson — who proves too clever and impassioned for the prosecution. The verdict is thus seen as a supreme act of vindictiveness. The film has been very successful, and deservedly so, but it is one of a number of good recent Australian films which cater to a new wave of nationalism and xenophobia by emphasizing national myths and stereotypes. What is certain is that, no matter how carefully and systematically the Morant myth is refuted, the Australian population as a whole will always believe the myth because of its irresistible suggestions of heroism and victimization.

Although the two most recent reworkings of the affair completely demolish any justification for the series of murders perpetrated by the Bushveldt Carbineer officers, they are unlikely to change the popular perception. The first, In Search of Breaker Morant, by Carnegie and Shields, presents much new material, some of it from South Africa, where Shields was researching the background for the film. It is this book which establishes the true facts of Morant’s parentage and his early marriage to that other paragon of virtue, Daisy Bates. But what is more interesting is its introduction of another figure into the well-worn fabric of the Morant affair. Ramon de Bertodamo, the son of a Spanish
nobleman and an Australian woman, grew up in NSW at the same time as The Breaker was burning his way through the colony. Educated as a lawyer in Sydney, he became an intelligence officer on Kitchener's staff, responsible for the Spelonken region. His account of the Morant affair is to be found in the del Moral papers in the National Archives of Zimbabwe. De Bertodamo investigated the murder of the missionary by sending Kaffir 'boys' into the camp around the Carbineers' fort. At least one of these spies disappeared, as did Morant's 'boy' who, according to de Bertodamo, had witnessed the killing of Heese. De Bertodamo relates the following exchange between himself and Morant – two very unusual Australians in South Africa – which, he says, took place in the prison yard at Pietersburg during the trial:

Morant came up to me and said that his trial for the shooting of the missionary was a scandal and a disgrace to the Army, that he was innocent, and that he had been selected as a victim because he had shot a few d---d Boers. You (de Bertodamo) are the man who has worked up all the evidence and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for the betrayal of your brother officers. (p. 210)

De Bertodamo replied:

You know in your heart that you and Handcock murdered poor old Heese because you were afraid that he would report the shooting of the Boers in cold blood ... You are guilty as Hell, and I am glad to help to send you there ... Where is your boy? He has disappeared. Have you murdered him too? (p. 210)

It is well established in de Bertodamo's account that Morant and the officers of the Bushveldt Carbineers had been engaged in a systematic and cold-blooded campaign of extermination culminating in the murder of the missionary and other witnesses. Kitchener was made aware of all of this evidence which could not be made available to the court-martial because of the disappearance of the vital witnesses, and this too explains his apparent vindictiveness.

Kit Denton's second book on the subject, Closed File, also demolishes the myth which he had so persuasively nurtured in his earlier romance The Breaker. He excuses his earlier falsification on the grounds of expediency; why spoil a commercial success in the interests of truth?

At the time ... I was concerned to write a good story, to write it as well as I could, and to put into it the sorts of marketable factors for which plain professionalism called. (p. 92)

Denton then proceeds to demolish the main justification for the series of murders for which Handcock and Morant were executed. It is highly probable, according to Denton, that Captain Hunt's body was not mutilated by the Boers. Moreover the justification for the murder of the Boer, Visser, that he was wearing Hunt's uniform, was also a fabrication after the event. In fact Denton makes much of the evidence
of Morant’s orderly, given at the court martial, that Morant himself was in possession of Hunt’s clothing.

So much for the mythic hero who was obviously a congenital liar. How then are we to sum up this disparate material? Kit Denton attempts it in *Closed File*:

Morant has gone not so much into history as into legend. He followed the admired track of other Australian folk-heroes — Ned Kelly, Moondyne Joe, Captain Starlight. They were all men against authority; good bad men or bad good men, always with enough human appeal to disguise the fact that they were outside the law, that they robbed and killed and were brought to book. Behind them all are the near-mythic figures of Hereward the Wake and Robin Hood, of William Tell and the outlaws of the Old West. People prefer to think of them all as bold and brave individuals, self-reliant and strong, defiant against great odds. Morant, in the popular mind, has joined their company. (p. 156)

But this takes us right back to the beginning of the affair, which has always had this ambivalent status. One of the earliest reflections on the career of Morant is a poem, ‘A Gaol-Wall Inscription’, published in the Sydney *Bulletin* in 1902. This poem was written by a brother-poet, a clergyman in fact, who should have known better:

A volley-crack, a puff of smoke,
And dead the Murderer grins;
Come cover with the Charity-cloak
That multitude of sins.
And though some blame and count it shame,
I won’t withhold the tear
For the cold heart, the bold heart,
That ceased its beating here.

They say his debts he oft forgot,
But one he settled up!
They say he used to drink a lot -
His last was a bitter cup!
And right or wrong, or weak or strong,
I can’t keep back the tear
For the Devil-heart, the rebel heart
That ceased its beating here.

I know he went from bad to worse,
I know what ill he wrought,
But I have seen him on a horse,
And heard of how he fought;
And, fool or wise, I own my eyes
Are troubled with a tear
For the rough heart, the tough heart,
That ceased its beating here.¹⁶

This, then, is the version that survives.
NOTES

2. K. Denton, *The Breaker* (Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 1973). *The Breaker* has run to ten printings. All further references are to this edition and are included in the text.
5. ‘F. Renar’ (Frank Fox), *Bushman and Buccaneer. Harry Morant: his "ventures and verses* (Sydney: H. T. Dunn, 1902). All further references are to this edition and are included in the text.
8. K. Denton, *Closed File* (Adelaide: Rigby, 1983), pp. 155-156. All further references are to this edition and are included in the text.
15. Although Morant was born an Englishman, his adult life was spent in Australia and he fought in the Australian contingent in the Boer War, hence his Australian status for the purpose of this argument. De Bertodamo, on the other hand, was born in Australia, but spent his adult life in Africa and Spain.