

How Lieutenant Grieve Died.

MR. F. W. WILKINSON, correspondent of the DAILY TELEGRAPH writes:—One of the saddest incidents in connection with this movement is the death of Lieutenant Grieve, who, as you will remember, was given a commission in the Black Watch soon after the Magersfontein fight. They were short of officers and disheartened, and Grieve had no difficulty in getting his company. With his boundless enthusiasm for soldiering he soon established himself a favourite with his brother-officers, and he worked like a Trojan to put some confidence into those shaken Highlanders. He was always happy and cheerful when any work had to be done, and he was always to be found where the bullets were thickest, and soon he came to be known as one of the bravest officers in the regiment. At the Koodoosberg fight, under General Hector Macdonald, Grieve narrowly escaped death. A shell which took his neighbour's head clean off just caught his field glasses, which were slung on his right side. The Black Watch had done a forced march to Koodoosberg, and on arrival in a nearly fainting condition they were sent to take up a position on top of a kopje, commanding Modder river crossing. They found the Boers on top, but drove them down on the other side, and proceeded to build a little redoubt there. They remained over night, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that the Boers were bringing up a gun behind the next kopje. They found it out next morning, for at dawn they were subjected to a terrific fire. The first shot from the Boer gun struck our redoubt and smashed it to bits. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders left hastily, almost overturning the Black Watch, who were in support. Lieutenant Grieve rallied his men most gallantly, and led them into the redoubt, arriving there under a perfect hail of bullets. He set to work himself to repair the damaged wall. Almost immediately a shell struck his companion, and smashed up his own field glasses; in spite of this, and the fiendish fire and the fact that they had had practically no food for six hours, they held this position for the rest of the day. Grieve, after this fight, seemed to have a sort of presentiment that he was going to go under before long. No amount of rallying could shake his faith in this presentiment. He met his death most gallantly in that disastrous business when we hurled the pick of our troops at the Boer trenches, just in the same old way that we had been getting accustomed to. We had discovered a Boer laager, and immediately proceeded to surround it. The 13th Brigade was sent along the southern bank of the river with the Highland Brigade on the same side, while the 19th Brigade waded across a drift and extended along the northern bank. With the 19th Brigade were the Canadians, who were all so eager to get into action that the supports and firing line soon became merged into one. The Cornwalls, with the same brigade,

ports and firing line soon became merged into one. The Cornwalls, with the same brigade, were ordered to charge, and the Canadians, taking the order to apply to them, also joined in the advance with fixed bayonets. They rushed up to within 400yds. of the trenches under a hailstorm of shot, and finally retired discomfited with tremendous loss. In the meantime Lieutenant Grieve, with his company of Highlanders, was working his way across the open veldt on the other side. Here also the fire was most fiendish. Grieve, although shot through the body, went to the assistance of a comrade close by, and while thus engaged he received another bullet through the head, and a third through the chest. Thus fell a young Australian officer, who, if he had lived, would have earned the V.C. as thoroughly as any soldier out here. Poor Grieve! Everybody loved him. Our Mounted Rifles buried him in one of their own blankets, and we placed a wooden cross over the spot. Fifty of the brave fellows whom he so gallantly led sleep by his side, just under the kopje. Chaplain Robertson, also one of the bravest men I have yet met, held a most touching service over the grave.