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THE

CAMPAIGN IN RHODESIA.

BY

LIEUT.-COL. R. S. BADEN-POWELL, 13 TH HUSSARS.

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Field-Marshal The Rt. Hon. F. S. LORD ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Commanding the Force in Ireland, In tne Chair.

THE CHAIRMAN--Ladies and Gentlemen, the "Time" and some of the other leading newspapers recently published Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington's dispatch to the High Commissioner of South Africa at the close of the campaign in Rhodesia. That dispatch contains a list of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who distinguished themselves during the campaign, and in introducing to you Lecturer, Lieutenant-Colonel Baden-Powell, who was Chief Staff Officer to Sir Frederick Carrington throughout the campaign, it is unnecessary for me to say more that his name is given a prominent position in that list. I think that this Military Society is to be congratulated on hearing from the lips of one who is so well able to relate it, the first authentic account of that interesting campaign.

MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--I feel myself very out of place in being put up here to speak to you ; but I have been asked to come as there is no one better, and I will do what I can to give you an idea of the recent campaign in Matabeleland. I do not wish to make out that this little campaign was anything of a great war, but it is by practice in these small operations that we perfect our machine for greater events that may come in the future. He who, by practice, has learnt to make a watch successfully, will probably be able to make a clock when required.

In all our many small campaigns it is generally possible to pick up some lessons, and from this last one I think that we can all-except those among us who are past masters in the art of war-lear something. I am sorry to say that lecturing is not in my

line, and this is my maiden effort in that direction ; so I hope you will bear with me if I do not carry out strictly all the etiquette of the occasion, and I hope you will help me in this way, that if I do not make myself understood, you will not hesitate to ask me question, either during the lecture or at the end of it, and I will endeavor to make my meaning more clear.

Now, to get an idea of the origin of the campaign, it is as well to have some knowledge of the geography of the country. I know that until I got up there myself I had very vague notions as to the positions of places and the distances between them, and I suppose that it is the same with ninety-nine out of a hundred people. I have here drawn, very roughly, because it has been done in the last half hour, a sketch map, to show approximately how the country lies. This smaller map shows South Africa generally, Cape Colony at the bottom, then Natal, the Orange Free State, and Bechuanaland to the west ; then the Transvaal and Portuguese territory on the east, lying all along the coast, and north of the Transvaal comes the country in which we are now interested, i.e., Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and the country about the Zambesi, which are included under the name of Rhodesia, and Which in size are equal to Italy, France and Spain put together. The larger map merely represents Matabeleland and Mashonaland, the theatre of the recent operations. These two countries occupy the water-shed between the Zambesi and the Limpopo rivers, Mashonaland being the eastward country and Matabeleland being the westward of the two. I would propose in my lecture, firstly, to give you a short history of the campaign, and, secondly, some of the lessons which we learnt from it.

PART I.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Well, to go into the origin of the rebellion, and I will not be longer than I can help. Sixty years ago Matabeleland was occupied by a native race called the Makalakas, who had no very good points, nor any particularly bad ones, but they were not warlike. At this time down in Zululand a big portion of the Zulu nation rebelled agains their king, and under their leader,

Mosilikatze, they had to clear out of the country. They made their way northwards, through the Transvaal, and finally arrived in this country, occupied by the Makalakas, and finding it a country entirely suited to them, they settled there. A country suited to them was one which produced good crops and plentiful cattle under the hands of people who were not strong enough to protect their property. Matabeleland and the neighbouring country, Mashonaland, were inhabited by people who had lots of cattle and lots of corn, and that was all that these Zulus wanted. They settled themselves there, and every year, when the time came round for the crops to be gathered in or for cattle to be got, these Zulus, or Matabele as they came to be called, helped them- selves freely at their neighbours' expense. And they did it very systematically. One year they would raid in one direction, the next year they would raid in a totally different direction. They seldom visited a country at a less interval than four years. In this way they did not actually clean a district out, but gave it a few years in which to recuperate before they came upon it again for a fresh instalment of supplies. This system of freebooting they carried on for 50 years up to 1890.

In 1890 a body of white pioneers moved up by the north-west of the Transvaal under the direction of Mr. Rhodes, go into Mashonaland, took possession of that country, and established their capital at Salisbury. Logenbula was at this time king of the Matabele, and claimed sovereign rights over Mashonaland, and his consent to this occupation on the part of the whites had to be purchased ; the only sum that he would take for it was 1,000 Martini-Henry rifles, and 100,000 rounds of ammunition. His people found the value of this possession when we came to blows last year.

After the whites were settled in Mashonaland the Matabele did not remain quiet very long. In 1893 they tried their old games of raiding the Mashonas ; but these were now under the protection of the white men, who sent out their police and drove back the raiding parties. And as the Matabele still continued to threaten them, the whites organized and expedition which, starting from Salisbury and Victoria into Mashonaland, advanced into Matabeleland, and after a couple of fights, seized Buluwayo, which was Logenbula's head kraal. Logenbula himself fled northward and died in the bush.

One mistake the whites made on this campaign, and that was, that in fighting such Matabele regiments as they met they

thought they were fighting the whole Matabele army, whereas, in point of fact, the main portion of that army was at this time away on an expedition near the Zambesi, and the force encountered by the whites consisted of merely a few regiments left for the protection of the women and cattle.

When the main army returned from the Zambesi they found their country in the hands of the whites and their king dead. They were without a head to lead them, and they thought that the whites, following their own custom, would probably clear out of the country again when they had sucked it dry of cattle and other supplies. But their discontent began to grow when they found the whites continued to remain in the country during 1894 ; and in 1895 the Matabele began to think it was time to turn them out if they were not going of their own accord. Moreover, various events occurred which added to their dislike of the whites. For one thing, there was a scarcity of rain and drought came on their crops ; then locusts came in swarms, a kind of locust, too, that had never been seen in the country before, and the natives all said that this was the work of the white man. Then, to top all, came the rinderpest, which killed all their cattle ; this, of course, was put down to the work of the white man. Thus their bitter feelings were aroused, and having a good supply of arms in their possession, they were only waiting their chance to go for the whites, and that chance came at the time of Dr. Jameson's raid. The Doctor took from the country, practically, all the armed forces that there were there, and marched them down to the Transvaal. The native chief seeing this, and hearing of the defeat of Jameson's force, laid their plans for clearing out the women and weaklings that had been left behind.

To get their orders conveyed to the whole nation they employed the priests of their god, the Mlino ; this god was an invisible deity, believed in by the Makalakas, Mashonas and Matabele alike. There were about half a dozen priests living in different districts of the country, and these were wont to give out prophecies and orders of the god to the people, who believed them and obeyed them without question.

The leaders of the rebellion sent out through this agency their orders to the people, and these were, that on the new moon at the end of March last year, all the men were to arm themselves, and the regiments were to assemble in the neighbourhood of Buluwayo, and on the night of the new moon they were to go into the town and kill every white person they could find. They

Were to leave one side of the town open–the south-western side – so that any whites that might escape in darkness would thus find a bolt-hole left open to them, and they would then avail themselves of the road to Mangwe and Mafeking to escape by. After slaughtering the inhabitants of Buluwayo the rebels were then to attack and destroy all outlying farms and townships.

The probability is that their plan would have come off perfectly well, and the white men would have been cleared out, but luckily it miscarried. In coming to the rendezvous to carry out their plan of murdering the whites in Buluwayo, some of the warriors could not resist the temptation of falling upon outlying farmers and prospectors, and they murdered numbers of these. But some few escaped and got into Buluwayo, and gave information just in time. Mr. Selous, whose name you all know, was one of these, and riding in with his wife, from their farm, some 30 miles east of Buluwayo, he gave warning to the people in the town.

These, to the number of about 1,000, immediately went into laager ; that is, they fortified the market-hall in the centre of the great open Market-square, and formed a rampart round it of a double line of bullock wagons, and stocked the place with supplies of food and ammunition, and organized all the able-bodies men as a defence force. Two or three nights afterwards the Matabele arrived, and came into the town in the dark ; but they found the houses shut up and no lights burning, because the inhabitants were all living in laager, and they got suspicious and frightened and said amongst themselves, the white people have put out all the lights, it means that they know we are coming, and they are laying a trap for us ; and they did not attack, but retired outside the town again, and camped round it on three sides to the number of about 10,000. They still left the Mangwe road open, hoping that the whites would avail themselves of it to escape by ; but the whites only used it for the very different purpose of getting up supplies and reinforcements.

Meantime the other townships of Matabeleland also heard of the murders of farmers in their neighbourhood, and went into laager in good time. Mashonaland was all the time quite clear of rebels, and peaceful ; directly they heard of the outbreak in Matabeleland the men of Salisbury formed themselves into a relief column and marched down to assist Buluwayo. At the same time, in Cape Colony, Colonel Plumer, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, raised a corp of Mounted Rifles, and moved up by Mafeking to the relief of Matabeleland. A corps of Cape

Boys was also organized by Major Robertson, and old Royal Dragoon, These Cape Boys were natives of Cape Colony, generally speaking English or Dutch, and clothed like Europeans ; they had not before been known as specially good fighting men, but during this campaign they proved themselves excellent troops in action when well led.

Meantime, while these reinforcements were coming up-it takes nearly two months-the people in Buluwayo organized a field force, and did their best to drive the enemy off ; this they could only do by making frequent sallies from the town. Of course they had to work under great difficulties from want of proper organization, and from the presence of too many heads ; it was often difficult to know who was in command ; consequently, though they fought with great dash and pluck their efforts were not sufficiently in combination to have the best effect on the enemy. Various leaders tried their hand at the game ; but it was only after a month of it that Captain Macfarlane, a former 9th Lancer officer, managed to deal the enemy a really heavy blow. But even this only shifted the enemy a few miles back from the town. In each of the many fights and patrols which took place during this time, the utmost gallantry was displayed by the men, and individual acts of personal prowess were as common as peas ; several cases have since been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

Well, then, Sir Frederick Carrington was sent for to take command of the troops on the spot, and, with two or three other inferior officers, I went up as one of his staff. On arriving at Buluwayo we found plenty to keep us occupied, for the enemy were still round about, although driven back from the neighborhood of the town by the unremitting exertions of the Buluwayo field force and of Colonel Plumer's regiment. Our first care on arrival was to look into the stores of supplies, and we found that these were things that had not, so far, been duly thought of ; the supplies were running low, and there was no systematic plan for bringing up more.

Rinderpest had killed off the only transport of the country, *i.e.*, oxen, and the road from Buluwayo down to the railway was 587 miles long, and a bad road at that, heavy sand and no water ; so it was a very difficult job to work it with mules. Oxen were the only animals that could do it properly, and they were all dead. At one place on the road we had passed two hundred wagons abandoned owing to the death of their teams of oxen, over 3,000 animals. That was only one place on the road ; but abandoned

waggons and dead oxen were frequent all along it. Well, we set to work to get all the transport that could be got in Cape Colony. The Boers would not let us have much out of the Transvaal, as they feared scarcity there themselves. But from Cape Colony they sent all the mules and waggons they could buy ; every train brought instalments of these to Mafeking, whence they were sent up the road as fast as they could come ; but it took nearly six weeks for a waggon to get up, and the loss of mules on the road from want of water and food, and from sickness, was enormous. These efforts merely enabled us to keep ourselves going in food from day to day ; but we had also to make provision for the wet weather due in October and November, when transports would be unable to move, and unless we had a proper reserve of food in hand we should be starved out of the country.

Then in addition to getting food in, we had to deal with that of getting the enemy out. Sir Frederick Carrington's plan was first to drive back this lot to the northward of Buluwayo, to break them up, and to plant forts in the best parts of their country in order to hold the ground won ; this would prevent their re-assembling after their being dispersed, and would prevent any but friendly natives from sowing or reaping their crops. To effect this, we formed three flying columns and sent them out in three different directions, north-east, north, and north-west ; they tackled such of the enemy as they could meet with, broke them up, and sent them flying northwards ; they left garrisons in different forts about the country, and were back in Buluwayo by the first week in July.

As an instance of the fanatical zeal of the Matabele, I should like to give you an example that occurred at the time when these columns were started northwards. Late one evening just as we were closing up the office-and office hours there went on till midnight sometimes-Sir Charles Metcalf came in rather draggled-tailed, and said that having been up to visit one of our camps outside the town, he had come across an army of Matabele. We could scarcely believe that the enemy could be so close outside as he had said ; however, I spent the night examining them, and found that they were there sure enough, and in the morning we got together about 200 men to attack them. The enemy were about 1,200 to 1,800 strong, and they were camped along a ridge on the far side of a small stream. They did not seem at all disturbed at our moving out against them, and simply sat watching our advance. We formed our line, all mounted men, and crossed the stream that

lay between us, and then charged right up to then. We had no swords nor other weapons for a charge, but a cavalry charge seemed a right thing to do, as the enemy was there waiting for us, so we went smack into them, and they did not seem, till then, to think that we were really going to attack them ; but as we came up out of the stream towards them they opened fire on us with some hurried volleys, and as soon as we were in among them they broke up and fled, and we pursued for nearly five miles.

We afterwards found out from prisoners that this impi or regiment was formed of detachments representing all the other impis of the rebels. They had been told by the Mlimo that the white people in Buluwayo were nearly dead of rinderpest, and that they were to come and sit on this rise outside Buluwayo and lure the survivors out to them, and that as soon as the whites attempted to cross the stream the Mlimo would cause the stream to open and swallow them up ; the impi was then to take possession of the town, and to keep it in good order for Logenbula, who was about to come to life again. This yarn was most thoroughly believed by the rebels, and when the stream failed to swallow us up they became quite dazed with astonishment. But that was the sort of belief in which they fought on all occasions. They were fanatics, they believed everything Mlimo told them, and this really accounted for much of their courage. On various occasions they had attacked us with the greatest bravery in spite of the Maxims and other fire we brought to bear on them ; often they attacked right up to the muzzles of the guns, simply because their old Mlimo had told them that our bullets would turn into drops of water on striking them.

Many of the fugitives from the impis broken up in the north made their way down to the Matopo hills, 25 miles south of Buluwayo, where already large numbers of rebels were massed ; it then became my duty to go down and reconnoitre these mountains, and it took me nearly a month of night work to find out where the enemy were posted. This range of hills is a most awfully broken bit of country ; mountains about 800 feet high, consisting of piled-up masses of rock and great big boulders, some of them smooth, dome-shaped ones as large as a house, others great big blocks as large as this room. These hills are all honey-combed with caves and overgrown with bush, and among them the enemy take their position. There were now seven different impis in these hills, each impi composed of from 1,000 to 1,500

men. The Matopo hills extend for nearly 60 miles east and west, and 20 miles north and south ; the enemy were generally distributed along the northern edge of the range.

At first we tried reconnoitring them in the ordinary way, taking out a patrol of half a squadron, but finally we reduced it to a few men, because we found it difficult to move with a large party in that country, and the enemy always had warning of our approach and disappeared, and we got no value for our money. In the end it reduced itself to one's going alone, with a reliable native to keep a look-out and hold one's horse. We used to start in the night from Buluwayo, or from one of the outlying forts, and make our way through the first line of hills in the dark, because on these hills lay the enemy's outposts ; the main camps of the enemy were in the mountains, and in the early dawn, when the warriors lit up their fires to warm themselves after the cold night, we were able to mark their position very well ; and then we had to get away again, and this was generally where the excitement of the day came in, because they used sometimes to hunt us. But they are very suspicious where they see small numbers, and they are very slow about coming close up to you, as they are afraid of being lured into an ambush, and luckily for us they mistrusted their powers of shooting at a moving object. After a time they got to know me, and they wanted to catch me alive, but we never gave them the chance. In this way we gradually found out the position of each of the impis, and of what was equally important, the hiding-places of the women and cattle.

The women in this country and in war time are more important than in some other countries, because they practically form the transport and commissariat department ; the enemy relied on their women to fetch in their supplies from outlying districts, and to carry their supplies when they wanted to shift their position. Whenever we could locate a camp of the women we knew we had got their transport, and could starve the rebels into submission.

On the Mangwe road a whole chain of forts had been erected to ensure the safety of our line of supply ; but it was rumored that the rebels intended now to cut this road, and that the priest of the Mlimo in the western country near Mangwe intended to call up the people there to carry this out, and we therefore endeavored to capture this priest. It could not be done by a large party ; therefore, Mr. Armstrong, a native Commissioner, and the Scout,

Burnham, went there together to effect his arrest. But the people became suspicious and looked dangerous, so Burnham shot the priest, and the two whites only got away by the skin of their teeth. But the effect of killing this one man probably prevented the whole province from breaking out, and left the road clear.

Just when we had finished reconnoitring the Matopos, and were preparing the forces for attacking these strongholds, there came upon us the awful thunderclap that the rebellion had spread into Mashonaland, that the Mashonas were murdering farmers right and left, and that different towns were all going into laager. The outbreak was brought about by a party of Matabele, who, after being defeated in one of our fights, had made their way up into the Hartley Hill district, and had there spread the news amongst the Mashonas that every white man among the Matabele had been killed, and that no natives had been killed since the Mlimo turned all hostile bullets into water ; they, therefore, advised the Mashonas also to rise in rebellion and to drive the white men out of their country into the sea. They also said that Logenbula had come to life again, and that if the Mashonas did not destroy the white men in their country the whole of the Matabele nation would come down upon them and wipe them out. Accordingly, the Mashonas rose, murdered the outlying settlers, and threatened the towns. They also held the main road by which supplies came up from the sea via Beira.

As I told you before, Salisbury had sent a relief column to Buluwayo, and we had therefore to send them back hot-foot to the relief of their own people, and we sent up two other small columns to their assistance. But, meantime, they behaved very pluckily themselves in Victoria and Salisbury and elsewhere. Patrols were sent out to rescue outlying farmers and performed many heroic acts. One patrol of 13 men, under Captain Nesbit, went out from Salisbury to rescue a small party at Mazoe, among whom were some women. They rigged up a waggonette with corrugated iron to make it bullet-proof, and started off. Half way out they met the enemy in force, but instead of turning back for reinforcements, they fought their way through, got the women and farmers, and brought them back, fighting their way as they went ; and out of their little party they lost three killed and five wounded, also seven horses and most of the mules. This was only one out of several plucky patrols.

The enemy had cut the telegraph line between Salisbury and Buluwayo, but another line went a roundabout way, by Victoria

and Tuli, and through this we kept up communication with Salisbury.

This outbreak of the Mashonas put nearly 20,000 more enemy into the field against us, and the white armed men in Mashonaland only amounted to nearly 2,000. The General now called for Imperial troops from Cape Colony, and columns were immediately sent up. 500 Mounted Infantry and Engineers, under Colonel Alderson, with their own supplies and transport, were ordered up to Mashonaland by sea, *via* Beira, and for Matabeleland a squadron of the 7th Hussars, with the York and Lancaster Mounted Infantry, under Major Ridley, were sent up from Mafeking, *via* Mangwe, to Buluwayo, and another column of 7th Hussars and West Riding Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Paget, were sent by Tuli and Victoria to Gwelo. But these all took seven weeks to get up to the scene of operation.

Meantime we had to go on as best we could with our attacks on the Matopos. Here we had three or four good fights in the worst possible country at the following strongholds, Inugu, Babyan, and Sikombo, as well as various attacks and raids on smaller strongholds. We lost a good many men in these attacks, as the enemy gradually gave up all idea of attacking us in the open, and got into strong positions among rocks and caves, and stuck to them like wax ; and they had plenty of arms and supplies, they had plenty of Martini-Henrys, a good number of Lee-Metfords, and a number of elephant guns, and other firearms of sorts. They made their own powder, and understood reloading old cartridge cases, and when they could not get lead, they manufactured their bullets out of any material they could lay hands on. Sometimes it was a stone, covered with lead to make it fit the bore, or telegraph wire cut into lengths of 3 or 4 inches, and pot-legs were a favorite missile; these were legs broken off the three-legged iron cooking pots used by the Kaffirs. On one man we found a number of brass taps hammered down into missiles to fit his gun. As these were generally fired at close quarters, you may imagine what awful wounds they frequently made. Altogether, it was not pleasant work tackling them in their caves; but if we have time I will tell you what were our usual ways of doing this. The result of the fighting was, that after about three weeks of it, we got them to come out and give in their submission after they had lost pretty heavily. Mr. Rhodes carried out the negotiations, but it took nearly five weeks of arguing with them before the actual terms of peace were agreed upon.

The Matopo district being cleared, there still remained forces of the enemy both in the north-east and east parts of Matabeleland, and the Imperial troops having now arrived on the scene, were sent up to clear these districts. Colonel Paget, from Victoria, went into the Gwelo district, and I was put in command of the column which Major Ridley had brought up. This column was strengthened at Buluwayo with some of the local troops, colonials, Boers and Cape Boys, so I had a very mixed lot under me; but it was wonderful how well they pulled together. Our business was to clear out the people in the north-east, which was chiefly forest country ; two or three impis were said to be there, one of them being Mqwati's impi, that is to say, a special regiment told off to defend the high priest of the Mlimo. (This is his stick I am pointing with.)

Well, the first place we came to was Uwini's stronghold, about 100 miles from Buluwayo. It looks close to Gwelo on the map, but a dense forest lies between the two ; so, practically, we were alone there. Two impis were immediately to the north of us, and another one between us and Buluwayo, so that we were practically working on our own resources. Uwini's stronghold consisted of eight koppies (a koppie being a small mountain of boulders and caves). The column took one of these koppies, but had lost one man killed and four wounded in doing so, and they captured one man, and this was the chief, Uwini. Two of our men had very pluckily hunted him about in his own caves-it was like crawling about in a drain-they kept shooting at him, and he at them, in the dark, until at last he was wounded and captured. Uwini was one of the chief leaders of the rebellion, and was supposed by his people to be one of the chiefs appointed by the Mlimo, and, therefore, immortal. When we got him out I asked him to order his people to surrender, but he flatly declined. He said that he had ordered them to kill every white man and to hold out in their strongholds, and he was not going to go back on his order. He was a plucky old fellow, but we had no option. He was tried by courtmartial, and was shot in front of the stronghold where all his people could see it. The following day we had a thousand of them in camp ; they all gave in. Had we not done this we should probably have lost a number of men, in addition to killing a large number of rebels ; but the shooting of this one man had the same effect, and we were able at once to move on from this spot to tackle the other rebels to the north of us.

The day after Uwini was shot we moved on into the forest, to go for an impi reported on the Gwelo river ; but luckily we captured some women on our way, and these informed us that the impi was already on the move, getting away from a white army approaching from the eastward. This was evidently Colonel Paget's column coming up, so that our obvious course was at once to move north and cut off the line of retreat of this impi, which we eventually did. We carried out the clearance of the forest by dividing up the column into three strong parties, each having its own tract of country told off to it, and we hunted the people about until they were broken up and glad enough to come in and surrender. But harassing them was harassing also to ourselves. Food was very scarce, as we could not take waggons into this country, and had to carry all we wanted on our horses, and water was sometimes altogether absent. The rivers on the map look very nice and blue ; but there they are mere beds of sand, in which you have to dig and scrape for water, and it is not particularly good when you get it. Our horses soon began to give out, and we had to do much of our work on foot, and then our boots gave out. Although living on half rations, we soon ran out of tinned meat, and the game being dead of rinderpest, we had at one time to kill horses for food. But as matters got worse Tommy Atkins always got more cheerful, and our only regret was that we never succeeded in getting a good fight. Once some of the Mounted Infantry had a chance, and acted as cavalry, that is to say, they fixed bayonets and charged like Lancers.

Having cleared the forest, we came back against the impi which lay between us and Buluwayo, but on our approach they sent in and surrendered. When within 40 miles of Buluwayo I got a note from the General, which was evidently subsequent to some message which he had set me, but which had never reached me. This note just mentioned something about "when you and Paget have finished Wedza I want you to do this, that and the other." From this sentence it was evident that he had sent some order previously, that I was to co-operate with Paget against Wedza ; so on the strength of it I at once started off to get to Wedza's, which was 100 miles distant in a south-easterly direction, and I sent runners to Buluwayo with messages to be telegraphed to Paget to that effect. Wedza's stronghold was a celebrated place, being a large mountain with half a dozen high peaks on it, each of which was fortified and occupied by the enemy. Eventually Paget found it impossible to join me for attacking this place. I did not like to

leave it, and yet was not strong enough to attack it ; so we played a game of bluff, surrounded it with small posts for two days and a night, and kept up a continuous fire from all sides at once, and lit up a chain of fires around it by night, so as to give the enemy the impression that we were a big force. This had the desired effect, and during the second day the enemy made a bolt for it. We cleared the place, destroyed all the kraals, and followed the enemy up with a patrol of 60 miles, after which Wedza and the other chiefs of this district surrendered themselves; and we then joined Colonel Paget's column, which had cleared all the country round Gwelo. This, practically, finished the war in Matabeleland.

In the meantime the Imperial troops had come up through Beira into Mashonaland, but their difficulties in getting there were very great. They had 50 miles of river, with very few tugs and barges, and they met with various mishaps, such as sticking on mud banks, etc. Then they embarked their men and horses on the little railway that runs up from Fontes Villa, and that was pretty hard work, considering the thermometer stands at 115°, and it is a damp heat at that. Then one of the trains ran off the line, and the railway people got excited and sent off another train, which dashed into the debris, and there was another smash; and when, eventually, they got off the railway, and through the mountains into Mashonaland, they found the enemy waiting for them in a mountain defile, well named "The Devil's Pass." But instead of going through they worked round the flank, turned the enemy's position, and took his fortified town by assault. In this fight Captain Haynes, R.E., was killed. They then fought various other small tribes who threatened the road, and then establishing forts all along the road, ensured the safety of the supply route for Mashonaland. When they arrived at Salisbury they found the people there practically at the end of their food supply, and they were able at once to relieve them. Afterwards, as more supplies came up, Colonel Alderson's force was sent out in strong flying columns against the various chiefs in different directions, such as Mashingombi, Umtigeza, Makoni, and others, and they smashed them all up in turn; but it was, all the same, unpleasant fighting among boulders and caves. The Mashonas are a most cowardly nation, and never fight in the open. They hide between the rocks, and plaster up the crevices, leaving only a tiny loophole through which to fire when anyone offers a fair target ; and in attacking these places you have not only to look out to your front and all round you, but also under your feet, for

they are very apt to fire from below ; and it was in this way that so many of our troops were badly wounded in the feet and legs. Finally, by the 25th of November, the Chiefs of Mashonaland had generally given in their surrender, and the whole rebellion was at an end. It was then the Imperial troops were withdrawn, just before the rains and the unhealthy season came on. And we had now been able to get up sufficient supplies to stock the various towns ready for the rainy season.

The whole of our forces combined amounted to a little over 5,000, that is, 3,000 in Matabeleland and 2,200 in Mashonaland. This included 1,200 Imperial troops, composed of detachments of the 7th Hussars, the Special Service Mounted Infantry Corps, Infantry and Mounted Infantry of the West Riding and the York and Lancaster Regiments, some Royal Engineers and Artillery, Medical Staff, etc. The local forces included 4,200 English, Dutch, and Cape Boys, who were organized in local field forces for each town, also Plumer's Matabele Relief Force, Turner's Natal Troop, Cape Boy Corps, etc. Besides these, we were supposed to have about 4,000 friendly natives, but they were not much good to us ; and then we had a large number of transport drivers and other employees, all of whom had to be fed.

Our casualties among the fighting force were as follows : -- Killed in action or died of wounds, 70 ; died from other causes, 57 ; accidentally killed, 7 ; total, 134 deaths. Wounded in action, 158 ; accidentally wounded, 15 ; total wounded, 173. Of these casualties 14 officers and 39 men belonged to the Imperial troops. In addition to these the number of persons murdered or missing amounted to 258. The proportion of killed to wounded was a large one, and was principally caused by the awful wounds inflicted by the enemy's missiles. These necessitated a good number of amputations, which, of course, could not be done so well in the field, especially as our Medical Staff arrangements were somewhat sketchy, owing to want of proper material. The doctors were good enough, but the ambulance and apparatus were all of the rudest description. A good number of those who were killed or wounded by accidents suffered from the inexperience of others in handling their guns, and several were blown up in an accidental explosion of the magazine at Buluwayo.

The country was now garrisoned by a newly-raised force of armed police, 1,200 strong. These were distributed about the country in 27 different forts, which were generally placed in the best grain-growing districts, and thus commanded the supplies of the

people. And I think that now they will settle down to a quiet time ; and as they learn the value of peace, they will turn into industrious and law-abiding subjects. They did not understand the white rule before ; the whites were trying to rule them with a hand of iron inside a velvet glove. That is all very well, supposing the natives understand that there is a hand of iron inside the glove. These people thought it was only a velvet glove. They pulled off for themselves and found that it was an iron hand inside, and I think it is better in the end that they should have done so. They now know our strength in South Africa, and will recognize our right and power to dominate and protect them.

PART II.

LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

SCOUTING. -- The best lesson that I personally learned was the art of Scouting. I could spend a week telling you all about it, as it is, of course, the most interesting work that one could possibly be engaged in. However, I will now only sketch in a few words what struck me as the principal point about it. I hardly know of a fight in history of which the result was not in some way due to good or defective preliminary reconnaissance; and the important art of scouting is not to be learned in a day, and its elements ought to be, and could be, practiced by everybody in peace time. One can train one's self in peace by educating the mind in two essential particulars. That is how it struck me. I may be wrong; but I found it useful in my own case to have practiced myself in the two following points. One is the habit of noticing every little detail, and the other is practice in putting those details together and reasoning out their meaning ; the art of spotting things in the first instance, and then of putting this and that together and drawing your conclusions from them. Now, if you go across country with a trained scout his eyes will be everywhere ; he will notice little tiny signs on the ground at his feet, or other signs in the far distance ; he will notice details that you can hardly see yourself, and he will read them out in a moment and tell you what, as a whole, they mea ; he reads them just as you read the page of a book. An uneducated man will ask you, "How do you know the book says that?" “Well,” you reply,” here it is. This

letter and that letter make up a word, these words make sentences, and the sentences make sense, and that is how I gain the information from this page.” In the same way the scout sees such small signs as four broken twigs, or a bent blade of grass, which form the letters, and several of them, put together, form words and sentences sufficient to give him full information. I will give you an example of what I mean. I was out scouting with my native boy in the neighborhood of the Matopos. Presently we noticed some grass-blades freshly trodden down. This led us to find some foot-prints on a patch of sand ; they were those of women or boys, because they were small; they were on a long march, because they wore sandals ; they were pretty fresh, because the sharp edge of the foot-prints were still well defined, and they were heading towards the Matopos. Then my nigger, who was examining the ground a short distance away from the track, suddenly started, as Robinson Crusoe must have done when he came on Friday's foot-mark. But in this case the boy had found, not a foot-mark, but a single leaf. But that leaf meant a good deal ; it belonged to a tree that did not grow in this neighborhood, though we knew of such trees ten or fifteen miles away. It was damp, and smelt of Kaffir beer. From these two signs, then, the foot-prints and the beery leaf, we were able to read a good deal. A party of women had passed this way, coming from a distance of 10 miles back, going towards the Matopos, and carrying beer (for they carry beer in pots upon their heads, the mouth of the pot being stoppered with a bunch of leaves). They had passed this spot at about 4 o'clock that morning, because at that hour there had been a strong wind blowing, such as would carry the leaf some yards off their track, as we had found it. They would probably have taken another hour to reach the Matopos, and the men for whom they were bringing the refreshment would, in all probability, start work on it at once, while the beer was yet fresh. So that if we now went on following this spoor up to the stronghold we should probably find the men in too sleepy a state to take much notice of us, and we could do our reconnaissance with comparative safety. So you see there is a good deal of information to be picked up from merely noticing two small objects, such as crushed blades of grass and a single leaf, and then reasoning out their meaning.

And these two habits of mind are what every man can practice in peace time. Houdin, the conjuror, used to train his son di to notice and remember things in a shop window to such an extent

that, after taking one look, he could away and tell you every object that was shown in the window. This was developing the "prehensibility of mind," which is necessary for a scout. Then, for instances of "inductive reasoning," one cannot do better than read the Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, and to practice the art on similar lines. A scout, to be of any use, must have absolute confidence in his abilities, and his abilities by him will be largely the outcome of practice in peace time.

FORTS.--Another thing we learnt on this campaign was how to build forts suited to the local circumstances. These were not altogether in accordance with the book of Field Fortification. Everybody seems to have an idea that a fort must necessarily have a ditch round it, but a ditch in the rainy season, and for a long time after it, means stagnant, fever-breeding pools round your fort. So we did without ditches, other than small surface drains, and a dug-out stable under one face of the fort, so placed that we could fire over it. We also carried out the plan I had tried at Coomassi, namely, of having a "crow's nest" in the center of each fort. An Engineer officer objected to it, but it was found to be very useful notwithstanding. Using an existing tree, we cut away its upper branches, erected a stout platform, on which a machine-gun was mounted, with a breast-work round it of sand-bags, or, as in one instance, of parts of a field oven; from this position one sentry sufficed for the protection of the fort. The men lived outside the fort, within a strong fence of thorn-bush. For some distance beyond this fence we allowed the grass to remain, because on its light yellow color the black forms of any enemy showed up strongly, especially at night; but about 100 yards away from the fort we burnt a tract of grass all round in order to prevent grass fires coming up to us. The fort was, as a rule, constructed to hold about 40 men, and contained two huts-one for hospital and one for stores.

LAAGERS.--Sometimes we had to make standing laagers with our waggon, and round outside these we put entanglements of barbed wire, and paved the ground with broken bottles, and placed mines which could be fired from the laager by electricity. In one laager, indeed, at one of the mines, they had made an arrangement for receiving the enemy very warmly, with scalding water in fact, played through hoses.

USE OF DYNAMITE.--Dynamite was freely used both for mines, for felling trees, improving fords, storming koppies, and catching fish. For storming koppies we used to load up old jam-pots with

dynamite, and use them as hand grenades, throwing them into the caves, to be attacked either with percussion or short time fuses. On one occasion the time fuse had to be very short ; they threw in a grenade with an ordinary fuse, and some plucky man among the defenders sent it back among them, and it was very nearly a case of the engineer "hoist on his own petard." A second time the same thing happened, but the third time they put a very short fuse indeed, and the man inside was too late in his attempt to return it.

COLUMNS SUPPLY.--Then the management of flying columns, or, as they were usually called there, patrols, furnish very good lessons to the officers commanding them in every part of their duty, such as equipping, provisioning, doctoring, as well as guiding and manoeuvring them. It was a great difficulty to find officers capable of doing this efficiently, mainly owing to want of previous training. Even when they had got their supplies they were not well up in systematically issuing and keeping account of them, and, consequently, frequently found themselves in want of food or ammunition unexpectedly, and in positions where it was difficult to replenish them. The system of supply was at first very sketchy, and consisted merely in lumping together all that they could get, and then when anybody wanted food, ammunition, or clothing, he would be told, “right ; here you are ; help yourself.” They never knew what was in stock or how much had been issued. At one time we badly wanted some clothes for the men, but at the stores they said they had none. A week or two later, digging about under some sacks of flour, we came on 1,000 suits of uniform, or rather the remains of them, for the white ants had got at them freely. This same want of system is responsible for the large amount of ammunition in the hands of the enemy. Rifles and ammunition were issued-I am talking now of long before the war-with a free hand to prospectors and others traveling alone in the country. These men were not always trustworthy, and were very apt to pay away both arms and ammunition in the purchase of information regarding gold-bearing reefs, and for cattle, etc.

When Colonel Bridge and his staff of A.S.C. and O.S.C. clerks came up they soon introduced system into the place ; and when the officers commanding flying columns got to work systematically also, an immense saving was effected, both of money, and what was then of more value than money, of stores and ammunition. Happily, in the Service we are trained to look after Government

stores, and their proper issue; but on going on service I think fellows are a little too apt to become careless in the matter, and to say, "Oh, all that will be written off as lost on active service ; " whereas, if they have learned in peace time a thoroughly good principle of accounting for their stores, they will, without difficulty, avoid much waste and confusion on service.

NIGHT MARCHES.--Then as to night marches. These are things that we sometimes practiced in peace time, but. I think not nearly enough . They are not things one undertakes on one's initiative at home, and yet on service they are of the greatest value ; but depend for their success very much on practice and experience. In Matabeleland we moved more by night than by day. It was the only way we could tackle the niggers. I remember on a patrol down the Shangani, where we moved almost entirely by night, some native prisoners, whom we captured, asked to see our horses, and when they saw them they wanted them to spread their wings, because they believed they were a kind of gigantic bat that flew with us by night. That successful night marching was a good deal the result of practice. We had practical proof of the Colonial Corps of Buluwayo being better at it than those that came up from the south to reinforce it, and who had had practically no previous experience, although I must say they soon got into it.

Well, those are all points which, in my opinion, should be well practiced in peace time-that is, the scouting, the working of small independent columns, getting up tactics or fortifications at your fingers' ends, so as to be able to apply, or alter them, to suit local circumstances, the care of stores and accounts, and the practice of night marching.

Of course it may be said, "Oh, it's all very well ; but you will pick them up quickly enough on service." So you will in a short time ; but it is just in those first few days that a man may get his best opportunities or may fall into the most fatal of mistakes. So many poor fellow got shot un there at their first introduction to native fighting from sheer ignorance of the enemy's ways. They would say, "I don't see a nigger anywhere ; it's no use getting flustered or taking cover." They never seem to believe that, although they did not see them, niggers were lying among the grass or rocks close to them, and they were slow to take the advice, "always to keep under cover or to keep moving." A native will very often reserve his fire if you keep moving about, in the hopes that you will presently stand still and give him a fair

target. Four occasions I was sent with a flag of truce to talk to the rebels. The first time I *stood* to talk, and the only reply I got was a bullet or two around me. Afterwards I always did my talking while walking about, and was listened to with much better attention.

TRANSPORT.--The transport was another big job with us. On this diagram you see what length of road our supplies had to come. The first one, from Cape Town to Matabeleland, went 900 miles by rail, and then 587 by road, and a sandy, waterless road at that. The transport of supplies by this road was carried out by mule waggons belonging to contractors. We used to pay them for every 100 lbs. brought up. The cost at first was £10, which was afterwards reduced to half that; and in addition to this payment, we had to assist them a good deal in the matter of mules, forage, and drivers, Then the second supply route, from Cape Town to Mashonaland, was, by sea, 1,700 miles ; then from Beira, 50 miles by river, 100 miles by train, and over 200 by road, part of it mountainous district. This road portion we worked with our own waggons in stages ; the waggons and mules being supplied from the Cape, and the system worked very effectively. Then, in addition to the two supply routes, we had to find regimental transport for the numerous small columns acting against the enemy in all parts of the country. Altogether, we had about 5,000 mules and 3,700 donkeys thus employed. On the Salisbury Umtali road, in the mountainous part of it, the rinderpest had not been so virulent as elsewhere, and we were luckily able to keep a certain amount of ox transport going ; and we had here 600 oxen, and from 3,000 to 4,000 carriers, on the worst part of the road.

Then we also worked under other difficulties, such as want of artificers and repairing material. When waggons broke down and harness gave out we had to repair as best we could. We had some very good adjustable pack-saddles, but we were not able to make much use of them, because the horses were not strong enough to carry loads, and the mules were too wild by nature to make good pack animals without a great amount of previous training. The mules were good enough for waggon work, because you just yoked ten of them in and they had to pull or die.

STORES.--The unexpectedness of the outbreak of war and the simultaneous destruction of the means of transport by rinderpest greatly added to our difficulties, because there was no provision of a reserve of supplies in the country ; and we felt

it so much in many little details, especially boots, and drugs for the sick and wounded. We were badly off for chloroform and bandages and such things. And when the supplies did begin to arrive, they came in such bad cases, which were much smashed up on the journey, and, consequently, there was great loss or damage to the contents. And the supplies we got were not all of the best quality ; much of the tinned meat had, previous to the war, been cast as unfit for issue, but was now brought on charge again to meet the demand. We brought home some samples of our coffee and sugar, and sent them to Mark-lane for report. They said of the sugar, that it would be useful for farmers as manure. Many of the men used tea for tobacco.

HORSES.--Of our horses we had 2,600, and those of the 7th Hussars were a splendid looking lot when they came up ; but when they had to do a great deal of hard work, on little or no food, and a very limited supply of water, they gave out altogether ; and when once they had given out, they did not seem able to revive, or to be of use for anything except to serve as beef. The Mounted Infantry were mounted on ponies of 14 hands, and they were excellent, and stuck to their work as long as they could move. They were little better than skeletons, and died in numbers. We lost 39 per cent. of our horses through overwork, and probably a large number have since died from horse-sickness, for the season of that scourge is now on, and they generally reckon on losing something like 50 per cent.

ARMS.--Well, then, as to arms. The Lee Metford was on trial a great deal, because we were all armed, more or less, with Lee Metfords. The Colonials had the sporting rifle, the 7th Hussars had the carbine, and the Mounted Infantry the rifle. They all made excellent shooting. The Imperial troops made a name for themselves as marksmen, which I don't think they could have done with any other rifle. The Boers who were with us expressed real admiration for the shooting of the troops, and in one or two cases, where they were fighting side by side, it seemed to become a kind of shooting match between the Boers and the Imperial troops, and I must say that our fellows invariably won.

People have said that the Lee Metford bullet has not enough stopping power ; certainly, very often when a man was hit he showed very little sign of it at the moment if it did not happen to hit him in a vital spot. But we heard from prisoners that those men who got away from a fight with little holes in them, as they

expressed it, never live long after it ; the cold of the night seemed to kill them. With a very little alteration, however, the bullet seems to be quite as effective as that of the Martini Henry.

Then we had a large number of Maxims with us, both the .450 and .303, but we preferred, as a rule, the .450 ; the other did not seem to have sufficient recoil action. Most of these Maxims were mounted on cavalry carriages, which also carried a tripod, and though they were put to very severe tests over bad ground, they proved thoroughly satisfactory. After one of the fights a native came in and asked to see the Doctor, who found he had nine wounds from one discharge of the Maxim, which had just shaved past him, and left him crimped all down one side as if somebody had been at him with an iron rake.

Then we had some 7-pounder screw guns, which were carried on mules, and did excellent work. Their portability enabled them to be brought into action from the summits of difficult koppies, and their accuracy had a great effect on the enemy. "Bye and bye" our niggers called them, because after firing them there is a pause, and "bye and bye" the shell arrives at its destination. These guns also proved themselves very useful at close quarters. Sometimes the enemy appeared to get accustomed to the Maxims, and to come on in spite of them, but they never could stand the mighty bang and discharge of case at 150 yards from the 7-pounder.

As regards swords, the 7th Hussars had only one chance with theirs. A small party of them met with a small party of the enemy, and scarcely allowed one to escape, doing the whole execution with the sword, the enemy being armed with assegais and battle-axes. The distribution of ammunition was a difficulty with us, because we had so many different kinds to deal with. For the Artillery we had 7 different kinds of ammunition, for 12 different patterns of gun, for amongst our ordnance we had several guns taken from the Portuguese in a previous war, among which was a quick-firing one-pounder Hotchkis, a most useful weapon. Then we had six different kinds of rifle ammunition for seven patterns of rifles ; for we had Winchesters and Colts, besides Lee Metfords, Martinis, and others.

MEDICAL STAFF.--Our Medical Staff was arranged by getting all the local doctors to join, and they were assisted by two officers sent by the Red Cross Society, and were later on joined by the officers of the Army Medical Staff. We had a civilian doctor as P.M.O. ; but the army doctors pulled together with the Colonials,

and worked under him without a hitch. Then we had a large number of Medical students and practitioners, who formed a very useful Medical Staff Corps. And at three base hospitals a number of Nuns acted as Nursing Sisters, and they regularly slaved their lives out for the sick and wounded ; they worked splendidly. For ambulances we had to fit out as best we could the ordinary waggons or covered waggonettes, adding springs and mattresses to them.

HEAD GEAR.--Now, my Lord, I have detained you very long, and I will only very briefly allude to one or two remaining points. Someone, on seeing a photograph of me in my Matabeleland costume or kit, said, "You were wearing a hat ; why not a helmet?" Well, I think that in that country a hat is the best thing you can wear, a broad-brimmed cow-boy hat. The helmet is a very useful thing for warding off a blow ; but I don't think it is good for anything out there. For one thing , it exposes the tip of your nose. This is a small thing, at least with some people, but it is a very important one. There are things you suffer from in that country in the way of veldt sores, and these are very apt to come on places blistered by the sun ; consequently, a large number of men wearing helmets suffered from terrible sores on their noses and ears. Now, a hat protects the whole of the lower part of the head and neck from the sun ; moreover, it protects you in going through thorn bush, you can sleep in it, and it does not get damaged from getting trodden on as a helmet does

WASHING.--Another principle to be observed on the veldt is, do not wash. Dr. Nansen did not wash at the North Pole, nor did we in Matabeleland. If you wash your face and hands too often it seems to render the skin more liable to veldt sores than it otherwise would be, and if you bathe the "altogether," as Trilby would call it, in rivers, you are very apt to get fever.

SHOES.--Indiarubber soled shoes were a grand thing for working over the granite boulders among the Matopos ; and if we ever have to work again in such country they might well be served out to the men, for in some cases they had to take off their boots in order to get a foothold on the slippery surface of the rock.

KOPPIE FIGHTING.--I have put up here a diagram to show the nature of a koppie. It is, as you see, a pile of massive granite boulders. Near the top is built the village, and on the most inaccessible rocks, to keep, them safe from thieves, are the bins in which the people keep their corn. There is generally only one path up to the village, and that is barricaded with stockades,

which are further defended by loopholes, or crevices, in the surrounding rocks. But in attacking one of these places, when you have knocked away the stockade with shells, and have clambered up to the village, you find that the enemy have disappeared underground, for the inside of the koppie is almost always honeycombed with a labyrinth of caves. This second sketch shows a section of the koppie, giving you some idea of the way in which the caves traverse the place. Then you have to fire a few shots down these caves, and crawl down immediately after ; and it was not unlike going down a drain-pipe or a chimney ; and though a very few determined men could easily hold a stronghold, once they were tackled inside it they generally gave in ; but at best it was not pleasant work.

VARIED CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TROOPS.--I have said before we had a very varied lot of men to work with-Colonials, Cape Boys, Boers, and Imperial troops. Well, the Colonials are excellent men on the veldt, and they quite understand how to manage for themselves, and to act independently ; but they do understand letter-of-the-regulation discipline. Their fire discipline was not good ; if they saw a nigger, every man who could get a glimpse of him had a shot at him. The Cape Boys were very much the same, excepting that even those who did not see the enemy, opened fire also on nothing in particular ; but they were very good men in the attack, especially under good white leaders, such as Major Robertson, their Commandant, who was coolness itself under fire ; but they could not be relied on to work indepen dently. Then the Boers were just good honest farmers ; they did not pretend to have any soldierly dash or go about them, and they did not consider it worth losing a white man over tackling a few niggers in a cave. If you asked them to attack a koppie they would look on you as mad. With Tommy Atkins it was just the opposite ; you showed him a koppie and he was at it at once, often not wisely, but too well, for many of them got hit at this game. Then their fire discipline, in addition to their good marksmanship, was a treat to see. The Boers and Colonials were particularly struck with it. It was only after they had seen the fire discipline of the British troops that they began to understand what I was driving at when endeavoring to infuse some of it into them. They could never understand why, when they saw a nigger, they could not shoot at him at once without waiting for orders ; but they grasped the idea when they saw a squad of Mounted Infantry watch one rebel after another come out, without attempting to

fire till after a good clump of enemy had made their appearance, the word was suddenly given for a volley, which was delivered with deadly effect.

DISCIPLINE.--In dealing with mixed bodies of men one realized something of what discipline really is. The Cape Boys and Boers did not seem to have any real idea of discipline, whereas the British-blooded Colonials, under their independent manner, and the Imperial troops seemed to have a good ground-work of real discipline in them. Whether it is born in them, or whether they get it trained into them, I do not know, but it seemed to me to be what is, probably, very much the outcome of the games they learned in their youth, viz., The discipline of football, cricket, and that sort of thing ; and this is the best kind of discipline. It is very different from the kind of veneer which you see in Continental armies. The sole idea of our people seems to be to "play the game." They carry out those two leading rules, or, at least, what used to be the leading rules, when I played at football. One was, "keep in your place," and the other, "play the game." Keep in the place to which you have been appointed, not thinking of it as a stepping-stone to other places, nor fiddling about at other people's business. Keep in the place in which you are put, and play the game ; back up on every occasion where you see a chance, in order that your side may win ; don't play for your own glorification, or merely to win medals, stars, and such things, but wholly and entirely that your side may win the game.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you very much for your patient hearing.

LORD ROBERTS–If there is anyone present to whom Colonel Baden-Powell has not made himself perfectly understood, I am sure he will be very glad to answer any question that may be put.

After a pause,

LORD ROBERTS continued--I understand from your silence that the Lecturer has made himself perfectly understood to you all. Colonel Baden-Powell has given us a most interesting lecture, and I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you all appreciate as highly as I do the intelligence, energy, and perseverance displayed by those men who surmounted the difficulties that Colonel Baden-Powell has told us of, and who conducted to a successful issue the Matabele Campaign. Fighting, when well fed and sufficiently clothed, is easy, comparatively, to fighting under the circumstances related by Colonel Baden-Powell. Soldiers, of course, expect, and are prepared to endure, short commons occasionally, and when obliged, to go without what are considered the ordinary necessaries of life ; but to have to endure short commons for any length of time, or frequently is, particularly when you have not got the excitement of a battle going on, a

very serious trial, and nothing is a greater test of the discipline, courage, and endurance which are the chief characteristics of a good soldier. Only those who have the experience of lengthened periods of such privations can have any idea of what a test it is, or what a fruitful cause of anxiety it is to a Commander, who is responsible for the safety and the welfare of his troops, to experience a scarcity of food or the want of a properly organized Transport Corps. Little wars like the one in which Colonel Baden-Powell has just taken part are, as he has already told us, most valuable for many reasons. I will not take up your time by detailing them ; but I must say that with regard to what he remarked about scouting, that it is one of the most valuable and profitable examples ; it brings out the soldierly qualities of our troops, while the wars generally bring forward good men who might otherwise pass unnoticed in their career. We may rest assured that the experience and the knowledge gained by those who are upholding the honor and prestige of our country in distant lands, and, under adverse circumstances, will be of the greatest advantage to us if at any time we are called upon to engage in a campaign or war nearer home. We all fervently hope that that time will never come ; but should it come, you may depend upon it that this experience will be of the greatest advantage, and that the best, in fact the only, way for us to overcome such a danger is to have men about us who are experienced, and to be ourselves always ready and prepared for such a calamity. I am sure you all wish me to express the great interest you have taken in the lecture, and to thank Colonel Baden-Powell for coming here this evening to give us such an interesting and instructive address.