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A HUNTING TRIP TO MOZAMBIQUE IN 1868

DICK HOBSON

In 1868, a party of British army officers set off on a big-game hunting excursion up the Zambesi and Shire Rivers towards Lake Nyasa (now Lake Malawi). Based on a diary kept by one of the participants, Colonel Luke Norman, the story of this adventure, with its quarrels, disasters and death and no great success, is told. The excursion took place only four years after Livingstone's Zambesi expedition had opened up the route which they followed.

IN JUNE 1868, a party of young army officers set out from Southampton for an ivory hunting expedition up the Zambesi and Shire rivers in Mozambique. The trip lasted 18 months, during which one member, Captain Luke Norman of Donegal, kept a diary in which he recorded briefly and matter-of-factly the party's adventures and perils and the disease and death which accompanied them. This diary is still in the possession of his family, and from it the following account has been compiled.

The leader of the expedition, Captain Henry Faulkner, a Wicklow man of 31, was the only one with African experience. In the previous year he had sold his commission in the 17th Lancers to serve as second in command of Gnr Edward D. Young's expedition sent by the Royal Geographical Society to check—and at length to dispel—rumours that David Livingstone, then on his last journey into the interior, had been murdered. Young, in his account of the expedition, praised not only Faulkner's 'unerring rifle and indomitable perseverance', but also 'his admirable skill on the *cornet-a-piston* [which] tides us over many weary moments'. It seems, however, from the Norman diary that he did not bring this instrument to the hunting party, the other members of which were Norman's friend Captain Thomas Casement—they seem to have met in India—Captain George Gubbins, and two paid engineers, Perrin and Donovan. On the voyage to Cape Town, the ship's third officer, Alfred Belleville, also joined them.

In Cape Town there was a delay of some weeks until they could hire a 70-ton schooner for £400 to carry them, their stores and equipment to the Kongani mouth, the deepest of the four main channels of the Zambesi delta. Faulkner's experience led them also to the Rev. J. F. Lightfoot, who was supervising the 42 Africans brought to the Cape by the Rev. Horace Waller in 1864: from among those he chose two, Chinsoro and Uriah, as interpreters. Calling at Durban on their way up the coast, they found that Gubbins, who had preceded them, was too ill to continue, and they took instead a young passenger from their ship to Cape Town, Arnold, who joined the party on payment of £150.

At last, on 2 August 1868, the party left in the *Florence* for the Zambesi. They carried with them a 50-foot (*c.* 15 m) steamer of 11 foot (*c.* 3·30 m) beam made in sections, a longboat, food and spirits for six months, a medicine chest and a quantity of calico, powder, beads, knives, scissors, flintlocks and old uniforms for barter and presents, their own hunting rifles and muzzle-loaders, something over six hundredweight of powder, and four small brass guns to mount on the steamer. The voyage to Kongoni took 19 days, considerably longer than they had estimated, bringing them close to breaking into the expedition's stores, and it took a further two days to cross the bar and reach land, though the area was by now reasonably well charted. By 5 September they were unloading the components of the steam launch, assembling it by 17 September, and ready to wave the *Florence* goodbye on 27 September. This moment brought Belleville an acute attack of homesickness, and he begged to be allowed to return. Faulkner, however, would not hear of it, somewhat to the disappointment of Norman and Casement: Belleville is, wrote Norman, 'a dreadful cad'.

The Zambesi delta was well provided with game and the party was soon out shooting

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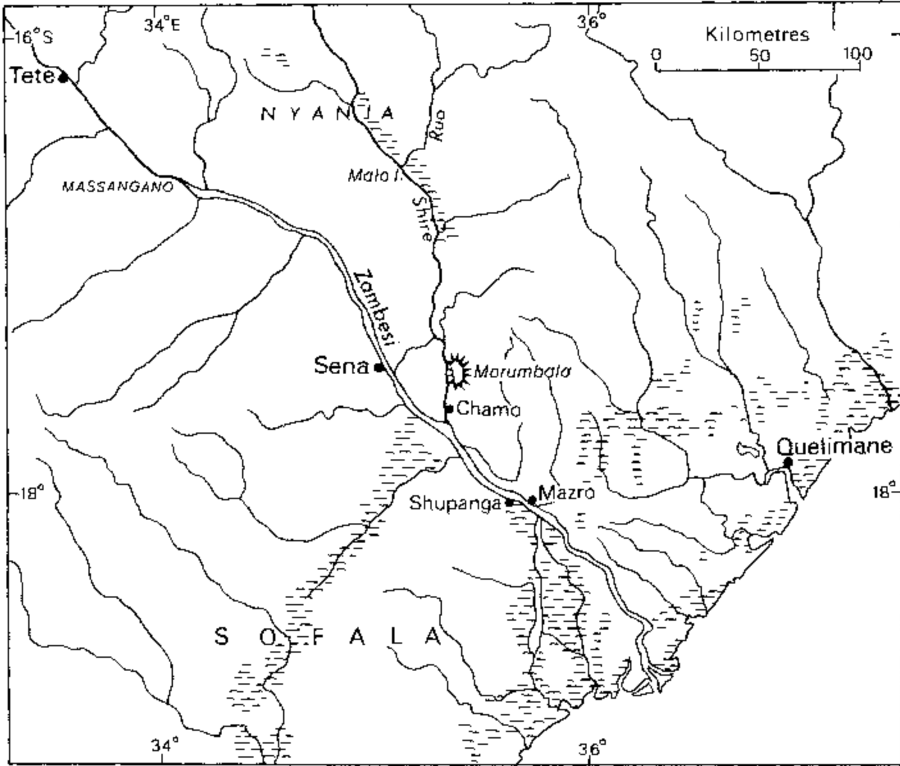

Fig. 1. Location map

antelope for meat. On the seashore they found a nest of turtle eggs which made 'a right good supper', and from a Portuguese half-caste (probably Correia de Mesquita, commandant of Inhamissengo), Norman bought a goose for a couple of sheets of notepaper. By 14 October they had launched and loaded the steamer and the longboat, hired native crews and set out up-river, anchoring each afternoon to camp and shoot. Norman's armoury at the outset consisted of 10- and 12-bore breech-loading rifles, an 8-bore breech-loading smooth bore, and a 9-bore smooth muzzle loader. With these he soon wounded and lost a leopard, and tried to kill a buffalo bull at 150 m. When the beast charged him after two further bullets, Uriah dropped the second gun and ran. 'Evidently he won't do for elephant shooting', Norman noted in his diary—and Uriah is seldom mentioned again. Before the end of October, Casement had overturned the longboat, soaking several bales of trade calico and got lost in the bush for a night, while Perrin fell in the river and lost an armful of tools. And with the river low in water at the end of the dry season, the steamer was grounding as it moved further inland and had to be laboriously kedged off sandbanks.

Fortunately, a passing Portuguese took a message up-river to the nearest government official, Colonel Maria de Azevedo, who sent them four canoes to lighten the load, and by 10 November they were anchored opposite the Colonel's 'fine house' at Mazro (Fig. 1) (though Young earlier described the place as 'a stockade of piles driven into the ground to afford security to a few miserable half-castes'). Azevedo, who had been educated in America and spoke fluent English, invited the party to dinner. 'His fine establishment', noted Norman, 'smells strongly of slavery . . .'. Three days later they were anchored by the deserted stone-built station at Shupanga, Livingstone's store base and the site of his wife's burial in 1862 near the graves of two naval officers from the 1826 Owen expedition. There were also many skeletons with crushed skulls scattered around, which the local Sena tribesmen explained had belonged to some of the Gaza

Nguni (Shangaans) who, on the pretext of celebrating the payment of tribute, had been made drunk on beer and then slaughtered with axes. (The Gaza, who for many years controlled the country south of the Zambesi, came north twice a year to collect tribute in the form of ivory, but the Nyanja succeeded in keeping them—and the Portuguese—out of the Shire Valley, thus conserving it as a valuable source of ivory and slaves.)

Now armed with a welcoming letter sent up from the Governor of Quelimane, the party continued up river to Chunga's village, where Faulkner imperiously demanded the removal of the yokes from the necks of a consignment of slaves. On 28 November they entered the Shire River, anchoring at Chamo, a stockade manned by Ferrao, half-caste son of the Governor of Sena. 'We have now done with the Portuguese', wrote Norman, 'as the natives won't have them up the Shire'. The 'natives' doubtless included the Makololo porters brought by Livingstone from Barotseland to hinder the depredations of the Yao and Gaza and to discourage the Portuguese from extending their dominion into the Shire country.

Early in December the party's relatively carefree progress was interrupted by ominous news at the camp under the hill, Morumbala, from which they were vainly seeking rhinoceros. 'A child of one of our natives died of smallpox. It is the first time I have heard it was among us, but I believe Faulkner and Casement knew . . .'. Three days later another child died and, on 14 December, Norman noted 'Faulkner complaining, looks very seedy'. After another three days there was no doubt that he had smallpox, and they got him off the steamer and into a village hut 'as it would not be safe for the remainder of the party, and to say the least of it decidedly disagreeable to keep him on board in so confined a space as our cabin'. Faulkner soon became 'a frightful object, head and face so swollen can hardly see out of his eyes . . . not an inch of his body not covered with pustules . . .'. Casement then came down with smallpox and Norman got his first touch of malaria. By Christmas Day, Faulkner had passed the crisis and was improving, but Casement was delirious and clearly dying, with Arnold, Belleville and Norman all feverish. Stoically, Norman 'gave those who could eat it spiced beef for dinner, then drank the health of those at home in rum and water'. For himself, Norman sensibly prescribed a 'Livingstone Rouser' and for Belleville, less sensibly, bleeding as 'the only thing for him, he sleeps on deck every night wet or dry and has only a waterproof coat'. The 'Livingstone Rouser' was a mixture of jalap, calomel, quinine and rhubarb prescribed by the great explorer himself, but bleeding, which caused many deaths during its vogue through excessive use, was recommended for many conditions, including fevers in which some 'disease poison' was circulating in the blood.

On the night of 28 December, Casement died. 'I told the fellows to knock up a shell and started for the village, to see all that remained of an old friend', Norman wrote. The rough coffin, covered in white calico, 'looked as well as the best', and the burial party 'turned out in our best shooting clothes, carrying our rifles. . . . We buried him after the manner of the natives here, at the edge of the forest'. Norman was not a soldier for nothing, and wasted no more time in sentiment. With Faulkner's gradual improvement, he resumed hunting. (He remembered Faulkner's advice to go for the brain shot with elephant, but in his first encounter, the muzzle loader failed to do more than annoy the beast.) In contrast, both Arnold and Belleville, frightened by the death of Casement and despondent at their wretched living conditions at the height of the rains, wanted to turn back and go home. Despite Faulkner's persuasion, Arnold insisted. Norman bought his powder and lead, swapped his two breech loaders for a muzzle loader by Rigby 'as the former kick badly when heavily loaded' and wrote letters, including one to Casement's father, for the traveller to take back to the coast. A few days later, Belleville bolted during the night and to Norman's regret ('I particularly dislike him and he can get on with none of us'), Faulkner sent a party of Africans to bring him back.

In the heavy rains of January, fever and dysentery increased. Faulkner became so ill that Norman suspected Chinsoro, the interpreter, now appointed personal servant, of poisoning him 'as I am always taken bad when I have eaten anything up at his home'. He told Belleville to examine under the microscope some seeds he observed in a dish of chicken, but they were unidentifiable. Under this suspicion there was little mercy for Chinsoro when he set fire to several houses in the village, saying it was on Faulkner's

instruction. Fortunately Faulkner heard the noise of the angry villagers descending upon him and staved them off by arming his own men. Norman's entry for the day concludes: 'In the morning his men carried [Faulkner] on board and we have made up our mind to start tomorrow as we do not consider this place any longer safe. Faulkner has picked up wonderfully since I last saw him. We held a court martial on Chinsoro and being found guilty he was shot'. A week later Donovan, one of the two engineers, developed malaria, probably of the cerebral variety, and died within 48 hours ('awfully sudden. I never knew fever end so quickly . . .'). He was buried on Malo Island, near the confluence of the Shire and Ruo rivers by the grave of Charles Mackenzie, first bishop of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, who died there in 1862, a few months after his arrival.

The party now set off up-river in heavy rains, but steaming against a strong current soon burnt up all their wood. They could not land on the flooded river banks, and in any case the nearest usable timber was estimated to be 30 miles (*c.* 48 km) away, so the big canoe—a 40-foot (*c.* 12 m) dugout—was chopped up. When Perrin fell sick, Norman had to spend three days in the tiny engine room. 'It is', he wrote sadly in his diary, 'rather hard work for a man not accustomed to that sort of thing', and the only relief was a visit from Chiputula, one of Livingstone's Makalolo. Like the other 25 or so, he had prospered in his exile and established himself as an influential chief and warrior. He had accompanied the Young expedition, and now came to see Faulkner, who knew him as 'a hard-working man but a great ruffian'. But he did not stay long. After a few days, he complained there was not enough to eat and that the party was moving too slowly for him. Indeed Norman described his own men as 'walking skeletons. . . . We are out of food and have nothing for ourselves but tea, coffee, biscuits and tobacco and a few tins of soup . . .'.

After a week, Chiputula returned with two of his wives who wanted to see the white men and, what was more important, with some food. Soon after came Moloka, a Makalolo who had been Faulkner's 'faithful and plucky hunting companion' on the Young expedition, and who now claimed to be 'head chief of all these parts'. To him Norman warmed. He was the only one to help them in the hard labour of kedging the little steamer up-river, and the only one Norman did not begrudge the grog and biscuits that Faulkner liked to distribute among the guests. In time to come, Moloka was to be a mainstay of the expedition, not least for what Young had described as his 'excellent skill as a stalker'.

At last, on 25 March, their slow progress brought them to Masaire's village, where there was a good market and they were able to buy plentiful supplies. It was also the occasion of Faulkner's first walk since he had contracted smallpox in December, and he was still weak, as their next hunt for elephant revealed. Faulkner and Norman decided to trek ahead of the steamer and to establish a base camp at Moloka's village. Here they ordered houses to be built and bought a small flock of sheep. They sent a messenger back to Belleville telling him to bring the steamer up-river. Back came the news of a third fatality: Perrin, who had suffered more from dysentery than from fever, and had been reluctant to treat it, had died after an acute attack. 'I would have gone down', wrote Norman, 'but we had sent the boat to the steamer and I was in fever so could not walk. Heard from Belleville again this evening that the anchor had sunk in the sandy bottom and that he could not get it up; and had broken our largest block and kedge rope in trying to raise it. I wish our houses were finished as I can get no sleep with the drumming and dancing that goes on all night in the village . . .'. In mid-May Faulkner had a final dispute with the egregious Belleville ('they have had rows enough but were determined to have a good one before parting'). After he had admitted tearing out from both Perrin's and Donovan's diaries pages which had critical references to himself, Belleville was given calico to pay his way to the coast and sent off. Faulkner and Norman were now the last remaining members of the original party of seven. Nothing daunted, Faulkner and Norman spent the next month, between bouts of fever, killing and wounding a variety of animals despite the hindrance of long grass: but the only elephant they killed was a calf with no ivory.

In June they paid off the porters, battened down their possessions in the steamer which they anchored at a mid-river island with a caretaker, and with a party of

Makololo set off in a caravan some 200 strong. Hippopotami, zebra, bushpig, impala, buffalo, warthog, all fell before their blazing guns, but it was July before they came across a herd of elephant (Plate IV). Norman killed a cow and captured a calf (which they later shot and ate), while Faulkner wounded a bull which he lost. It was over a year since they had set out from Southampton, and they had little profit to show for it. When Norman was poised for a shot at a 'splendid bull with enormous tusks about 30 yards to my left front', one of Faulkner's men fired wild and 'off went my ivories. . . . I was so disgusted I swore frightful . . .'. Next he was crippled by an insect bite on the ankle which went septic. It was while recuperating from this—which he cured by lancing—that Norman decided to overcome a shortage of rum by distilling his own 'grog', as he called it. From the evidence of the diary, it seems that he tried to make a mash from grain and yeast and used an old gun barrel as a condenser instead of the usual coiled copper pipe or 'worm'. In the uncertainties of experiment and the use of an open fire, Norman burnt the mash and imprudently ate it, causing him to be 'seedy' for several days. His bad ankle and stomach were compounded with an injured hip when he fell into an elephant trap.

In the cooler August weather, Norman and Faulkner were out shooting with Moloka when they came upon five elephants. Faulkner wounded one, Moloka killed another, but in his excitement ran across Norman's front as he fired and was lucky to be only deafened. Next day they found Faulkner's elephant dead, and this led to a painful dispute which Norman recorded with conscious restraint. 'Up to this time we have been halves in all ivory killed, but I suppose Faulkner, thinking that he and Moloka would make a better bag between them, it has been decided that we shoot according to Indian rules, and that each man keeps what he shoots as his own, except in the case of a single elephant and both being engaged in killing him . . .'. The agreement was put to the test within a few days. Norman fired both barrels at an elephant which spun round with a bullet in its brain. But Faulkner fired a third shot which felled the animal, and claimed both tusks. 'I said nothing at the time but that it would be better to talk it over tomorrow when we were both cooler'. Next day Faulkner was immovable and still claimed both tusks. Norman proposed that to avoid dispute they split up the trade goods and hunt separately, though he admitted to his diary that Faulkner would probably do better since he had taken Moloka who was 'a good tracker and shot and the only native not afraid of elephants'. They divided the country into two parts and set off in opposite directions, agreeing to meet from time to time. After their first reunion, Moloka left them on an unsuccessful search for trees suitable for dugout canoes, Faulkner set out for a month above the cataracts, and Norman went down with his worst attack of malaria. Within 48 hours he felt near death and left written notes for Faulkner. On 12 September he wrote: 'Can neither sleep nor eat, have had my head shaved, left out quinine and blister and told the natives to give me the quinine twice a day and blister my head in the morning'. It was not usual to blister the head—the principle was to use an irritant such as mustard or turpentine to relieve congestion of deep-seated organs by causing irritation of the skin and thus congestion immediately below it—and it was a painful error. Soon after issuing the instruction he became unconscious, and his next diary entry was made on 18 September, a date he judged by reference to the new moon. 'The first thing I recollect was finding myself sitting over a fire of roots enveloped in a sheet, my boys holding me up and then putting me back again to bed. Felt just alive and nothing more'. It was not until another four days had passed that, supported on sticks, he was able to stagger down to the river bank and back. He was also suffering intensely from his scalp: his instructions that he should be blistered daily had been carried out conscientiously by his servants, and the untreated blisters were badly infected. 'I have also lost the hearing of my left ear', he lamented.

A few days later he was sending medicine across to Faulkner, who had written to say he thought he was dying. Norman seems either to have been indifferent after their quarrel, or more likely did not take the suggestion seriously. He carried on hunting as his strength returned, but he did not have much luck with elephant even after Moloka came back from rhino hunting across the river. A weary and unsuccessful chase after a wounded one was followed by the bearers' attempt to burn the herd out of the bush. The resulting uncontrolled blaze in the long grass of the late dry season forced them into

a hasty retreat across the dry river bed where they thought they were safe. But the fire, fuelled by the debris of a camp they had earlier made in the river bed, followed them across, and they had to run for their lives in choking smoke. The diary for 3 October concludes: 'Now I have for some time been carrying about with me my last glass of rum in a small flask . . . and coming to the conclusion that I could never want it more than now, I drank it'. But it did not stave off a sharp attack of fever which kept him off the trail for a week.

Perhaps bored by the recurrent agues of the white hunters, Moloka told Norman that he had sent a warning by messenger to his enemy Kabvina that his warriors were going to attack him. 'Moloka's army marched out of the village', Norman recorded. 'A rum looking lot, armed with flintlocks, bows and arrows, assaghais, knives and clubs, and most of them carrying shields of zebra or other skins . . .'. He decided that when the result of this punitive expedition was known, he would go to Chiputula's to try to buy ivory and to move from there into lower country to look for elephant. He had not long to wait. Moloka's messengers had the desired effect: the enemy bolted without a fight, their village and crops were burnt and 'the army found one wretched man hidden in the grass, so they cut off his head which they put on a pole in front of the village, and cutting his body into four parts put them into four large earthen pots . . . on each side of the pole'. Norman now set off with Moloka down the river, stopping at a village where he had maize beer served to him 'in a Delft European article with a handle which, however, being thirsty, did not put me off'. He bought two tusks at another, but found that Chiputula would only exchange ivory for guns.

On 15 October, Norman's party reached the treeless marshland near the confluence of the Shire with the Ruo, marked on Livingstone's maps as 'Elephant Swamps', a fitting title, Norman found. 'As far as I could see, [it] was nothing but a living mass of elephants: there must have been several hundred of them'. He put four bullets from his breech loader into a bull, which merely sent it back into the herd. A fifth knocked it down, but only temporarily. Moloka wounded three more. They found none of these the next day, while the herd had prudently withdrawn into the impenetrable depths of the swamp.

A week later, Norman returned to the base camp at Moloka's village and found Faulkner just back from what he described as 'good sport' above the cataracts. He now proceeded to buy two tusks and a number of hippo teeth from visiting Makololo dealers. 'He has been more lucky in both shooting and buying than I have been', grumbled Norman, 'but I suppose every dog must have his day'. On the other hand, Faulkner said he had suffered so much from fever that he intended to leave at once for Quelimane to recoup his health and did not know if he would return to the interior. Norman, however, decided to remain for a couple of months longer 'as this is the best time of the year for elephants, though very hot [he recorded a temperature of 109° a few days later] and when I get to the coast I intend to leave the country for good'. He tried again to make 'grog', but again burnt the malt and resigned himself to 'waiting patiently till Faulkner is off', his only consolation the purchase of enough honey to fill a dozen bottles—'a great luxury as we have been out of sugar for a long time'.

Faulkner at last departed after breakfast on 7 November and Norman wrote firmly: 'I am all alone but have no doubt I shall get on first rate'. He had already agreed with Moloka's suggestion that they go back across the Shire to the desolated area of the Nyanja who 'having first been nearly annihilated and all their crops destroyed by the Mabitu (Nguni) and those that escaped them were afterwards attacked by the Ajawahs (Yao) and taken as slaves'. There were some risks—the rains were about to begin—'but I can see that it is my best chance of getting elephants and I must get more ivory before I can leave the country comfortably'. They took 30 porters to carry food and ammunition and came at length to the once prosperous village where Norman and Faulkner had quarrelled over the elephant in August. 'We had a most disgusting walk, as we were continually coming on the skeletons and dead bodies of the Manganjahs (Nyanja) who had been killed by the Mabitu; the village has been burnt and not a soul to be seen . . .'. Norman and Moloka shot buffalo for meat, but elephant eluded them for the first week. Then a village headman told them of a herd across the Shire. Crossing at dawn, they followed the tracks of a single, enormous bull. Norman fired from 30 feet (*c.* 10 m) and

put the bullet through its heart. It was the biggest trophy of the expedition, and not surprisingly a search party had to be sent out to bring back one of the carriers of the six-foot (*c.* 1·80 m) tusks with which, Norman noted, 'he might have bought five or six wives'. They followed this with two smaller elephants carrying reasonable ivory and moving into the hills killed two more bulls. But elephants that live in the hills, Norman believed, 'are not so large and do not carry the weight of ivory that elephants that live in the plains and swamps do'. It was at this time that Norman makes his only reference to smoking an after dinner pipeful of 'b[h]ang' (*cannabis sativa*), a practice he had doubtless picked up from the Makololo who were addicted to it.

On 25 November it became clear that the day-long downpour heralded the onset of the rains and that there might be problems with flooded rivers on the return journey. 'I must be satisfied with the elephants I have got', Norman wrote regretfully, 'though if I could remain here longer I am certain I might have grand shooting for another fortnight or three weeks or longer. I have taken quinine every day since I started, which has kept off fever, but I suppose I must pay for this in the long run'. Moloka, he added, was down with fever—the Makololo, comparatively recent arrivals from the malaria-free south, were 'unsalted'—and was dosed with quinine as well. Four days later they reached Moloka's village where Norman found a note from Faulkner about his progress to the coast, paid off his carriers and 'gave Moloka one of my elephant guns by Rigby that he has been using this trip, as a parting present'. Next day he cleaned his guns and except for the Sniders and the 12-bore breech-loader, put them away in mercurial ointment. Now he needed canoes for the journey to the coast, since the steamer had been sent drifting down river with a native crew to Colonel Azevedo in August. The Makololo now began to close in: it became difficult to buy craft, and Mlauri, an aggressive character, brazenly cheated Norman out of some ivory which he only recovered by offering to duel with knives. At last, with less than half the canoes he needed, he set out down-river. 'I was sorry not to be able to take my heads, etc as I have a very good collection, but at the same time I consider myself lucky to have got away as I am nearly certain that Mlauri's was put-up job to stop me. Had Moloka been in it, I would never have got away, but the others funked as I had my breech loader and a revolver in my belt, and they knew that if I had to shoot I would shoot the chiefs first'.

On Malo Island, he was surrounded by hundreds of armed and suspicious tribesmen while breakfasting and 'thought it prudent to leave', pleading an appointment with Maintinga. At Maintinga's village, where Casement was buried, Norman paused to visit the grave. 'I am travelling over the same river that I did this day last year', he reflected. 'Our misfortunes had not then commenced and it never entered my mind that I would have been coming down alone a year hence in canoes . . .'. Faulkner sent back some more dugouts and Norman was able to continue his journey more comfortably, reaching Azevedo's house at Mazro on 15 December when to his delight he found a case of brandy awaiting him, payment for ivory that he had sent down six months before. 'I have tasted nothing stronger than native beer since I finished my last glass of rum after the fire at Matumba . . . Azevedo has given me a house, and I breakfast and dine with him after a civilised fashion, but find it awkward to sit on a chair again'. Next day he recorded meeting the sickly remnants of a Portuguese punitive expedition—largely composed of Goans—which had been sent up to the Tete area of the Zambesi against Massangano. 'They are a rum lot and were well beaten by the natives. While they were shelling a native stockade, the natives, who had evacuated it, made a flank march and captured their camp and supplies, so having nothing to eat they had to retire and get to the coast as fast as they could. They are now dying by dozens of dysentery and diarrhoea. The Commandant however is a first rate old man. He gave me his last bottle of Bass today and a bundle of Manhilla cheroots; but is too great a swell to associate with his own officers'.

On 19 December, after selling two Sniders to Azevedo for £17, Norman packed his belongings into five canoes and was about to set off when a Portuguese officer attempted to commandeer three of them 'for Government service'. Norman was equal to the occasion. 'When I looked at him I saw he was a Goa half-caste and knew at once how to deal with him, so I told him, if he did not at once get out of the canoe I should throw him into the river, and started to slang him to his heart's content in choice

Hindustani which greatly surprised him'. (Many of the non-African inhabitants of Mozambique at this time were Goanese, since the territory was under the Portuguese viceroyalty of India in the eighteenth century.) There was to be another adventure before reaching the coast. Told by his carriers of a herd of elephant, Norman unpacked his 9-bore muzzle-loader, wiped off the ointment, and sat waiting for a group of nine to move out of the open space that made it impossible to get near them. At sunset Norman became impatient, and began to crawl towards them. At 25 m he fired at a cow who immediately charged him: he had only one barrel left and decided to bolt for a tree. At 10 m he fired the second barrel, which wounded her sufficiently to give Norman time to reload and fire a third shot. At this stage he ran out of powder and had but one barrel charged 'so there was nothing to do but go and finish her off with the remaining barrel. When I got near her, she turned round and fell dead without my firing another shot'.

He reached Quelimane at noon on 23 December. 'Found Faulkner looking much better from his trip to the sea, but suffering greatly from prickly heat and damning the place, he says it is the worst place he was ever in'. Christmas Eve found Norman trying to replace his worn clothes. 'Could only get one pair of boots in the place to fit me and they were of a bright yellow colour and I could not get a pair of trousers long enough to reach them, so I don't turn out smart'. By 27 December, Faulkner had made up his mind to remain in Mozambique, but for Norman it was enough. 'I have told him distinctly that I shall leave for home in the very first ship I can get as fever has got a tight hold of me'. Until the end of the month he passed the time 'eating, drinking, sleeping and playing Monte (a card game) with the Portuguese at night. Sold my ivory and hippo teeth as I must have money to take me home, got only 5s 6d a pound'.

There was a final adventure with what Norman rightly described as an unusual pest—a man-eating leopard which he shot while it was attacking one of the hunting party. It provided a fine skin, but reluctantly he presented it to the Portuguese commander-in-chief who had offered to buy it, but had also been 'very civil to me from time to time'. The next few days Norman spent at a country house near the mouth of the Zambesi some 25 miles (*c.* 40 km) from Quelimane. Here he unwisely offered to demonstrate his horsemanship after the commander-in-chief had been thrown. Norman was similarly rejected by the animal and ended up with a bad back as well as the inevitable dose of fever. He returned to Quelimane on 16 January 1870 in time to meet a ship from Portugal from which he was able to buy butter at 4s a pound—not much less than he had been paid for his ivory. On the ship, he and Faulkner weighed themselves. Faulkner had dropped from 15 stone (*c.* 94 kg) to 11.7 (*c.* 72 kg), but Norman had lost far less weight, falling from 12.2 (*c.* 76 kg) to 11.1 (*c.* 67 kg) stone. The fever now returned, and he 'simply existed' until 27 January when an English ship, the *Piccadilly*, arrived from Algoa Bay. The next day Norman celebrated his 29th birthday, but it was not until 7 February and several attacks of fever later than he finally paid £15 for a passage to Port Elizabeth and slept aboard the *Piccadilly*.

Not much is known of Luke Norman's subsequent career. In 1871, however, he was appointed captain in the Donegal Militia, in 1874 he married Miss Elizabeth Edwards of Dublin, and in 1883 he was promoted major. His nephew, Colonel Dudley Norman, recalls him as an old retired colonel living at Sunninghill, Ascot, in 1917. 'I used to visit him frequently at that time when I was at Sandhurst. He was a strong and vigorous man who lived well into his 80s despite smoking up to 100 cigarettes a day. On my visits I used to come away with a box of 100 Army and Navy cigarettes and a 10s note—most acceptable to an impoverished cadet'.

Henry Faulkner, it seems, never left Africa. There is evidence that a year or so after his return to the interior, he was murdered by the natives at Malo, north of the Ruo river. Sir Harry Johnston recorded in 1897 that Faulkner 'had a son by a native wife who now bears his name, and who was the first half-caste, so far as we know, born in the Protectorate'.

Alfred Belleville, despite his early homesickness, his disdainful treatment by Faulkner and Norman and his final ignominious dismissal, still returned to Africa. He became attached as a lay worker to the Universities' Mission to Central Africa in 1875 after a long recuperation for, it seems, 'his health was shattered on the Shire'. From East Africa, Belleville submitted papers on 'A journey to Magela on the borders of

Usambara' and 'A trip round the southern end of Zanzibar Island' which were published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* in that year. He was one of Bishop Steere's party to Lake Nyasa, but fell ill, was sent back and resigned. He is last heard of in Durban, whence he wrote to the Society in 1877, signing himself 'FRGS' and asking (in vain) for complimentary copies of its publications for the public library there, and unsuccessfully offering his services for a proposed expedition in search of gold beyond the Zambesi.

And Moloka, that 'thorough sportsman'? It is said that in time he became despotic and that about 1875 he was shot by his old enemy Kabvina.

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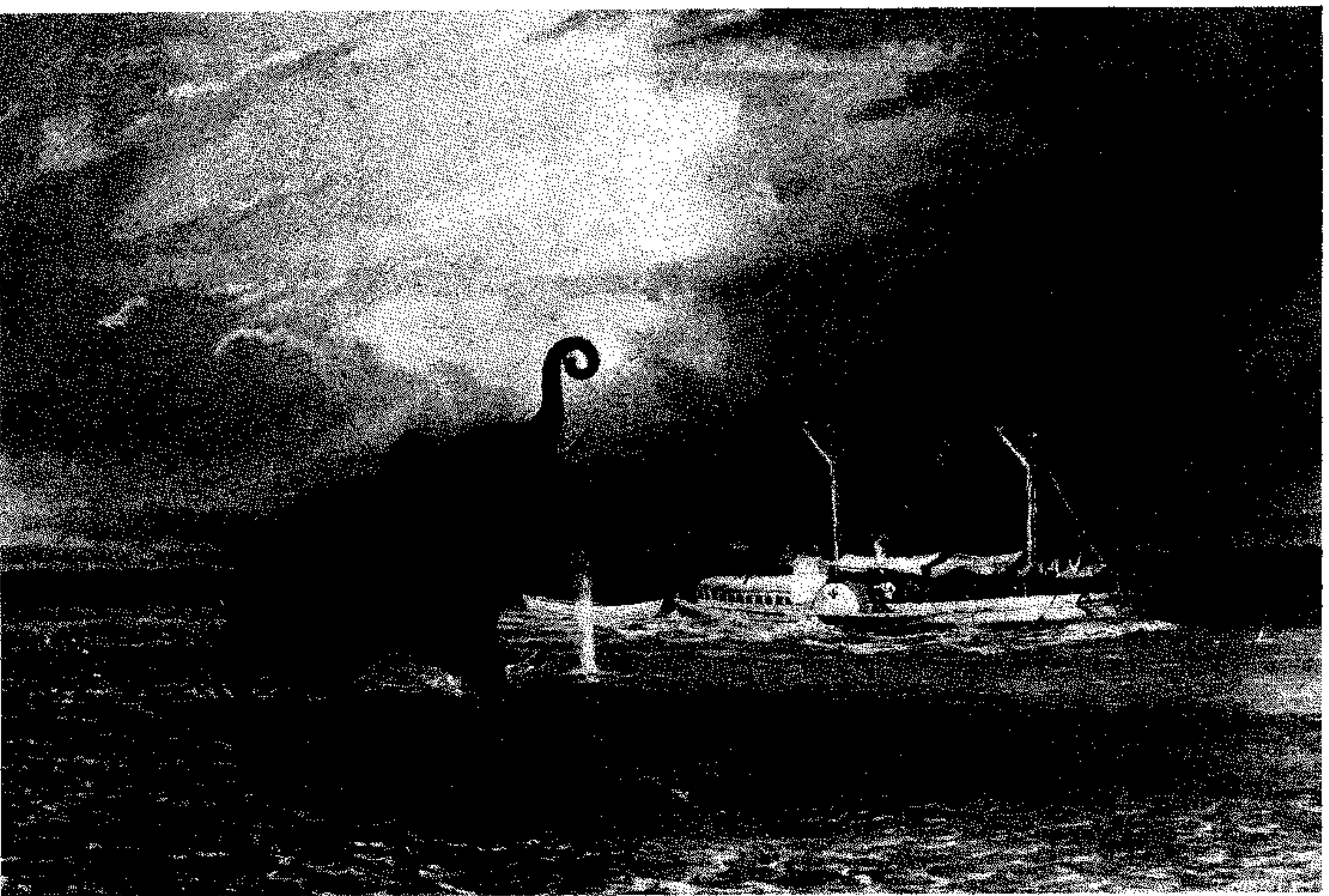
PLATE IV



Elephants in the shallows of the Shire River—the steam launch firing, 1859. (Oil painting by Thomas Baines in the Society's collection.)

See pp. 202–10