

a maze of stony hills, were forced to go off our course a good deal. Just after sundown we reached a small stream, the Savakaranga, where we slept. There was said to be tse-tse fly here.

On 13th August we continued our journey for about two hours in a general northerly direction, through a succession of steep stony hills, until the footpath we were following brought us to a small village at their foot. From this village a flat forest-covered country stretched away as far as one could see to the north and north-east. The head man of the district was named Garanga. He seemed a friendly old man, and said that if I would remain at his town for a day, he would give me two boys to show me the way to the Portuguese on the Zambesi (for a consideration, of course); so, as my feet were rather sore from walking over the stony hills during the last two days, I agreed to do so.

We had now descended into the Zambesi valley, and both birds and insects were more numerous than amongst the rugged hills we had just left. I saw here, amongst others, the beautiful scarlet-winged plantain-eater (*Corythaix porphyreolopha*), so conspicuous both for the beauty of its plumage and its loud harsh cry of Glock-glock-glock. I also noticed along the little river which ran beneath the village three species of kingfishers: the great African (*Ceryle maxima*), the common black and white (*Ceryle rudis*), and the lovely deep blue one (*Alcedo semitorquata*), somewhat similar to, though larger than, our English bird. The very small blue kingfisher (*Corythornis cyanostigma*) so common on most African rivers I did not see, though it, too, is doubtless a native of these parts. I also saw what was to me a new species of bee-eater, the body dark green, and head, throat, and breast red, with no long feathers in the tail. A whole colony of them had taken possession of a high bank for a nesting station, and drilled it with holes in a manner that reminded me of the nesting-places of sand martins at home. I caught here several (to me) new species of butterflies, one a very handsome species of Vanessa, I think. My old friend, the tse-tse fly, was also now commencing to make his presence disagreeably felt.

Early next morning I left Garanga's, with three of his men

as guides. At first we took a path that led north-north-east as far as the little River Kadzi, where we breakfasted. We then held a better course for the rest of the day to the east-north-east, crossing a tributary of the Kadzi, the Ma-ovi, soon after breakfast. The path we were following now took us along the Kadzi for the rest of the day, and we camped on its bank. The country is quite flat about here, and covered with open Mopani forests. Along the river there is a great deal of palm scrub, and I was often reminded, in the course of the day, of the country along the banks of the upper Chobi. In the morning I saw two small herds of zebra and a few Impala antelopes, and along the Kadzi there was a good deal of buffalo and black rhinoceros spoor; I also noticed the tracks of a fine herd of elephant bulls, which had crossed the river a few days before. In the evening I shot a wild pig (wart-hog), which was the first head of game I had bagged, or had had a chance of bagging, for some days. The tse-tse fly swarmed along the River Kadzi, and was a great pest, keeping one in a perpetual state of irritation all day long.

The next day we made about fifteen miles to the north-east, and slept at the little River Biri. As we reached our camping-place some time before sundown, I went out to see if I could not shoot anything; but, though I saw a herd of waterbuck and wounded one of them, I lost it in the bush, and eventually got back to camp long after dark, tired and disappointed. That night a lion roared close to us.

On 16th August I started before sunrise, and, after a hard walk of over three hours, reached a small stream of water. From here, about another five miles brought us to the River Umsengaisi, which, where we crossed it, was about two hundred and fifty yards broad, with a sandy bed, over which the water ran with a good current, nowhere more than knee deep. Here I shot two Impala antelopes, so I determined to remain over for the rest of the day. This river swarmed with the accursed tse-tse flies, which gave us no peace. In the afternoon I took a stroll down the river catching butterflies, and saw herd after herd of graceful Impala antelopes coming down to drink. They were very tame, but, as I had meat enough, I did not attempt to molest them. I also saw a good deal of spoor of

black rhinoceros; these animals only come down to the river to drink at nights, lying asleep during the day at some distance off, where there is thick covert. From where we were camped this day we could see a range of hills, on the other side of the Zambesi, apparently about fifteen miles to the north-east, among which was one very high peak called Degoza.

Early the following morning we once more resumed our journey, and at first followed the course of the Umsengaisi to the north-east for about five miles, when we left it, and took a footpath trending slightly to the south of east, which we followed for about three hours; we then turned again to the north-east, and presently nearly due north, and, just at sundown, after a hard day's walk over a very roundabout road, reached Chabonga, as it is called by the Portuguese, a native town on the banks of the Zambesi. The chief of this place was an educated black man, who had been brought up, I suppose, at Tete by the Portuguese. His name, he told me, was José Miguel Lobo, but by the natives he was called Chimbuna. He received me very kindly, gave me the best dinner I had had for some time, and a stretcher to sleep on in one of the empty chambers of his low roomy house. He was an elderly man, and had been a great traveller in his time, knowing the whole of the Zambesi country well, and having been by steamer to Mozambique. He told me that he had met with Dr. Livingstone in the land of Cazembi, far to the north of the Zambesi.

The following day, 18th August, I remained at Chabonga with old Lobo, and bought a goat and a little tea and sugar from him. I was now enabled to get some definite information as to my whereabouts, for although I knew I was somewhere between Tete and Zumbo, I had but little idea how far I was from these places respectively. I first tried to carry on the conversation in Kafir, but although, through my boys, I was able to command three native dialects, neither of these was altogether intelligible to old Lobo himself, or to any of the men he produced as interpreters, and I finally found that I could get on better with the very small stock of Portuguese of which I was master. My host informed me that I was only four days' walk from Zumbo, whilst it would take me eight to

reach Tete, and, moreover, that the road to the latter place led for much of the way through a very rough and hilly country. Although I should have preferred going to Tete, and getting back from thence to the Mashuna country along the course of the River Mazoe, two reasons decided me to make for Zumbo instead, and then ascend the Panyami, until I got somewhere near to Lo Magondi's country, whence I could strike straight for my waggon. The first reason that led me to adopt this plan was the dilapidated state of my one pair of "veldschoon," which were already in such a state of disintegration that I felt sure they would never hold out through eight days of rough walking to Tete; and the second was the time that such a journey would occupy, for, as my waggon was standing all alone in the Mashuna country, with no one to look after my property but some Kafir boys, I did not care about remaining too long absent. Having finally decided to start the following day for Zumbo, I set to work to patch up my shoes with some Impala skin, which occupied me for the greater part of the day. The heat of the sun was now very great here, although the nights were still cool and refreshing. I noticed in the fields round the town great quantities of tomatoes; and old Lobo told me that he raised a good quantity of wheat along the river, and was always able to supply the Portuguese passing up or down with as much as they wanted. Just opposite here, on the northern bank of the river, was a high flat-topped mountain, called Matemwi.

On 19th August, after having breakfast with old Lobo, I bade him adieu, and started westwards towards Zumbo, getting as far that day as the mouth of the River Umsengaisi, near the farther bank of which we slept. Just where this river emptied itself into the Zambesi, and on the eastern bank, there was a small native town, with a couple of square houses with broad verandahs standing out conspicuously among the round native huts. This town belonged to a half-caste Portuguese named Perizengi, who at the time of my visit was absent on a slave-trading and hunting expedition to the Senga country, north of the Zambesi. At this village I noticed three women tied together by their necks, newly-caught slaves doubtless; but at this time, although illegal by Portuguese law, slavery on the

central Zambesi was by no means a thing of the past, as some people would have had one believe.

The following morning, after pursuing the course of the Zambesi for some distance, we got into a well-beaten footpath striking obliquely away from the river, and thinking that it would prove to be a short cut across one of the large bends, we took it and followed it for several miles, until at last, as it began to trend more and more to the south, we became convinced that it would not lead us back to the Zambesi at all, but would probably take us to some native town miles out of our course. We now left the path and struck straight back for the river, having to make our way through a lot of rough, thorny bush and over several stony ridges intersected by ravines full of brambles. In this thick bush we continually came upon black rhinoceros spoor, much of it so fresh that I expected every moment to see one of the animals themselves. The black rhinoceros is still very plentiful throughout a large tract of country along the southern bank of the central Zambesi, as it doubtless is also in many other parts of the interior of Africa, and it will be many years, perhaps centuries, before it is altogether exterminated; whilst its congener, the large, white, grass-eating rhinoceros, whose range was always much more limited, as it was entirely confined to those parts of Southern, South-eastern, and South-western Africa where were to be found the open grassy tracts necessary to its existence, is upon the verge of extinction without there being a single specimen, or even the head of one, in our national museum. When we at last reached the Zambesi again, it was just getting dusk, and we were all of us, I think, pretty tired. Just where we struck the river a herd of hippopotami were disporting themselves, and as long as I was awake I could hear them snorting and bellowing.

The next day we made an early start, and, finding a well-beaten footpath along the river's bank, got over a good deal of ground during the day, reaching Matakania's town, which was situated close to the mouth of the Manyami river (here called Panyami), just after sundown. During the day I shot a large crocodile and an Impala antelope. A little after dark, when we had made a comfortable camp, and just as I was

about to make an attack upon my evening meal, a lot of Matakania's people came down and insisted upon my coming up to the town to sleep. At first I refused to do so, protesting that I was much more comfortable where I was; but, upon their making a great fuss, and saying that I would not come to the town because I had a Matabili army behind me, and had come on to spy out the land, and that they would beat their war drums and summon the people from all the surrounding villages if I remained where I was, I thought it would perhaps be as well to humour them and avoid any chance of misunderstanding. Upon going up to the town I found that Matakania was away to the north of the Zambesi, in the Luisa country, somewhere near Cazembi, on a slave-trading and elephant-hunting expedition. No doubt, had he been at home, he would have treated me as well as did old Lobo; as it was, the man he had left in charge of his town offered us no food, and only a dirty old hut to sleep in; but, upon my refusing to enter a place only fit for dogs and Kafirs, they gave me a stretcher under the verandah of Matakania's large square house.

At daylight the following morning I packed up my traps ready for an early start; but, upon going down to the river where the women were already getting water, I saw a hippopotamus about eighty yards from the shore, lying with its head and part of its back above the water, calmly looking at the people as they came down to the river. It was lying in a sort of back-water, out of the stream, so, knowing that if I killed it the current could not carry it away, I went and fetched my rifle, and, sitting on the bank, took a steady aim between its eyes as it lay stolidly gazing at me. The bullet struck it fair, and it gave one plunge forward, and disappearing from view, never rose again, so that I felt sure, as did all the Kafirs who were looking on, that it was dead. Knowing that the carcase would not rise to the surface for several hours, perhaps not till late in the afternoon, I unpacked my things again and made breakfast, intending to wait and see if I could not get any fat for cooking.

Whilst I was engaged upon my scanty meal, one of Matakania's daughters, a nice-looking young girl, came and



ROCK PAINTINGS IN MASHUNALAND.

CHAPTER IV

Prepare for journey to the Mazoe and Sabi rivers—Lichtenstein's hartebeest—Shoot wart-hog and Tsessebe antelope—Shoot roan antelope cow with fine horns—Eland hunting—Large wart-hog shot—Cross the Manyami—Fine country—Devastations of the Matabili—Ostrich shooting—Find ostrich's nest—Wound cock ostrich—A cold wet night—Resume my journey—Roan antelope shot—Reach Sadza's villages—Eland hunting—Hyæna carries off eland skin—Hyæna killed—Another eland shot—Skin spoilt by the natives—Reach the Sabi—Description of natives of this district—Search for Lichtenstein's hartebeest—Mount Gato—Cross the Masheki—Large baboon shot—Scarcity of game—Cross the Sabi—Black rhinoceros shot—Lion heard at night—Return to main camp.

It was during the year 1883 that, after first having made an unsuccessful search for elephants to the north and west, I pre-

pared for a journey across the Manyami to the head waters of the River Mazoe, and from thence to the eastern bank of the River Sabi, or Shabi, where I hoped to obtain specimens of the white rhinoceros (*R. simus*) for the British Museum, and at the same time of a species of hartebeest which I knew to be an inhabitant of this district of South-eastern Africa.

This hartebeest is the *Alcelaphus lichtensteini* of Dr. Peters, and was first met with by him in the neighbourhood of Sena on the lower Zambesi. I had myself seen and shot these animals near the Kafukwi river, to the north of the Zambesi, and believe it to be the common species of hartebeest met with in South-Central and Eastern Africa. However, with the exception of the specimens obtained by Dr. Peters which were in the Museum of Natural History at Berlin, and a couple of skulls purchased from myself by the British Museum, this animal was at the time of which I am writing unrepresented in all European collections; and I was, therefore, anxious to get a few good specimens for mounting.

It was already the 11th of July before I was able to make a start. I took with me the lightest of my two waggons, pulled by fourteen oxen, and my two best shooting horses, and was, of course, accompanied by crowds of meat-hungry Mashunas. The first day I shot during the morning a wart-hog and a Tsessebe antelope, and in the afternoon a very fine roan antelope bull with a beautiful pair of horns, measuring thirty inches over the curve. The following day an incident occurred which is perhaps worth relating. I had been the whole morning engaged in trying to get hold of some elands, which during the preceding night had been feeding in the corn-fields of some Mashunas living close to where my waggon was standing; but after having followed them for several hours, they had finally got my wind in some thick bush at the foot of a range of hills, into which they had retreated, and as I did not care to have my horse's feet knocked about, I left the spoor and rode home, reaching my waggon about three o'clock in the afternoon. After a good meal of cold wild pig's head, washed down with tea, I got restless again, and so called for my second horse, having resolved to take a ride by myself round a range of hills to the west of the camp, in the hope of

which rose sheer from the plain in the form of a sugar loaf, a gigantic naked mass, nearly a thousand feet in height. It would be a conspicuous landmark for many miles around were it not that there are other similar masses of rock in this district.

A couple of miles after passing Gato we crossed the River Masheki, a pretty little stream of crystal-clear water about sixty yards broad, and from two to four feet deep, flowing rapidly over a sandy bed. Shortly after crossing this river we saw two koodoos, one of which I shot, and a few miles farther on came to a small stream, on the banks of which my guide advised me to make a camp from which to hunt for Unkwila nondo antelope. As there was still an hour's sun when we got here I took my rifle and made a round on foot, but saw nothing whatever in the shape of game. Whilst returning just at dusk, and when not more than two hundred yards from camp, I met an enormous old male baboon coming up from the water. He was walking along very slowly with his head turned towards the camp listening to the Kafirs talking, and never saw me. I looked at him coming and he seemed to me to be the very largest baboon I had ever seen, and, as I wanted the head of a very large male, I prepared to shoot him. As he stalked slowly past, chewing the wild fruits of which his mouth was full, I fired, and the bullet going right through both shoulders killed him on the spot. He just fell on his face perfectly dead and never moved again. When I came to examine him I was astonished at his size and the great length of his face from the eyes to the tip of his nose, which was eight inches. He was so old that he had no canine teeth with the exception of one broken fang, so that his head was useless to me. But the Kafirs carried him into camp, and one of them took his skin, and thus his life was not sacrificed altogether for nothing.

On the following day, 1st August, I had a long day's ride in search of Unkwila nondo antelopes, but though I saw a little spoor, I did not come across any of the animals themselves. In the course of the day I shot a wart-hog, the only living creature I saw. Several times during the day we came across the tracks of a herd of buffaloes, which animals seemed to frequent this part of the country; the freshest spoor, was, however, several days old.

Following the advice of my guide I now resolved to cross to the western side of the Sabi, and, leaving our camp at sunrise the next morning a two hours' ride brought us to the banks of the river close to the Rukwi kwi Hills. We saw no living animal on the way, and indeed, game of all kinds seemed to have been all but exterminated by the natives in this part of the country. Where we crossed it the Sabi is a really fine river, with a running stream of beautifully clear water over one hundred yards wide, though the full breadth of the river's bed from bank to bank was more than three hundred yards. It is, however, only full from bank to bank during the rainy season.

After crossing the river we travelled to the south-west and camped on a small stream to the south-east of Se-bum-bum's mountain. Taking a ride up the valley in the evening I met an old rhinoceros bull of the black or prehensile-lipped species. I had only my little 450-bore rifle with me, but disposed of him with three shots, all running ones, as he got my wind and made off just as I saw him. After giving him the first shot I galloped close up to him to try to turn him down towards our camp, but he resented this and chased me for some distance, and at a great pace, snorting furiously the while. After sustaining another chase I gave him a second shot and disposed of him with the third. He seemed a very old animal, and his horns, though massive, were short, and evidently much worn down. As I had no boys with me I left him as he was for the night, intending to return in the morning to chop off his horns and take some of the hide for sjamboks. Shortly after dark a lion roared loudly close behind our camp, the first I had heard for more than a month. I was in hopes that he might smell the dead rhinoceros, and, thinking I might possibly find him there early the next morning, made a start for the carcass as soon as it was light. However, the lion was not there, nor had he been there during the night; so, leaving some of the Kafirs to cut up the rhinoceros, I made a big round with the rest, not getting back to camp till sundown. The only game we saw during the day was a herd of roan antelope.

I was now close to the edge of the "fly" country, which at this time extended from here southwards along both banks of the Sabi, and I was therefore unable to proceed any farther

in that direction with my horses. When I left my camp at the Manyami I had hoped to find white rhinoceroses and also Lichtenstein's hartebeests outside the "fly" country, but I now felt convinced that the former animal was only to be met with in the "fly" country, whilst the latter, although it still existed beyond this limit, was, at any rate, scarce and difficult to get hold of. I had now been so long away from my main camp that I was anxious to get back again, and so resolved to recross the river, have another hunt there for Lichtenstein's hartebeest, and then, whether I obtained specimens or not, to return to my waggon and travel back to my camp on the Manyami as quickly as possible.

As it turned out I was very unlucky this year, and never saw a single specimen of Lichtenstein's hartebeest. On my way back to the Manyami I followed my own waggon track as far as Sadza's villages, and then striking farther westwards, struck the Inyachimi river near its source, and followed it down to its junction with the Manyami. I then passed through a district which had been devastated by the Matabili only a few months before, and reached my main camp after an absence of six weeks.

CHAPTER V

First expedition sent by Lo Bengula against the Batauwani—Difficulties of the journey—Expedition only partially successful—Vitality of savages—Failure of the second expedition to Lake Ngami—Pulinglela, a brother of Lo Bengula, shot—Many Matabili drowned in the Botletli—Horrors of the return journey across the desert—Murder of Bushmen—The Masarwas—Their language—Racial affinities—Weapons, etc.—Great antiquity of the Bushman race—Researches of Dr. Hillier—Further notes on the Masarwas—Their sense of locality—The Bakalahari—Chameluga, the wizard of Situngweesa—Prosperity of his people—Their country devastated by the Matabili—Murder of Chameluga—Escape of his son—Flight of his people—Massacre of Mashunas on the Bembisan river.

EARLY in the year 1883 the first of the two expeditions that were sent by Lo Bengula against the Batauwani of Lake Ngami was undertaken. This was a very bold enterprise, as the marauders had to traverse nearly four hundred miles of desert country, entirely uninhabited except by Bushmen; a country in which game too was very scarce, and throughout which water was only to be found in pools, often widely separated one from another. Although not a complete failure, as was the subsequent expedition, this raid was only partially successful, as the Batauwani, though partly taken by surprise, managed to keep the marauders in check with a small body of mounted men armed with breech-loading rifles, whilst their women and children crossed the Botletli river in canoes. The Matabili succeeded in capturing a considerable number of cattle, and also burnt down the large native town in which the Batauwani had been long living in peace and security. With the exception, however, of murdering a good many Bushmen, and capturing some of the children of these wild people for slaves, the expedition was, through no fault of theirs, a singularly bloodless one.

and Mrs. Greeffe received me with their usual kindness and hospitality, and the next day I remained at Mangwi until late in the afternoon, and then again resumed my journey, intending to ride on till late in the night, and to finish my journey before mid-day on the following morning. Latterly we had been having intensely hot weather, but during the last few days rain had been threatening, and of course it chose to set in soon after I left Mynheer Greeffe's house. I was soon soaked through, and as I could not light a fire I passed a miserable night, and got thoroughly chilled; nor could I get a change of clothes until I reached Fairbairn's house the following mid-day. Returning to Tati I had much the same experience, as wet weather had now set in; and these chills, following upon the great heat that had gone before, brought on a severe attack of fever, which, though it never actually laid me up, hung about me, and made me feel weak and ill for several months. This season I did not go down to the Transvaal, but remained in Matabililand, and sent my specimens down country in a trader's waggon.

As I still had a large number of unfulfilled orders for the skins and skeletons of certain antelopes and other animals that were more plentiful in Mashunaland than anywhere else, I determined to spend another year collecting there, if I could get leave from Lo Bengula to do so; so in December I took my waggon up to Bulawayo. Lo Bengula demanded a salted horse (worth say £60) for the right to hunt in Mashunaland. This was a very long price to pay, as elephants were no longer plentiful; but as he would take nothing else I at last agreed to give him a horse on my return to Bulawayo, provided I might go into the hunting veld as soon as I liked, and remain there till the end of the year. I also got leave to shoot five hippopotami if I wanted to do so. When I told the king that my heart was still sore at the way I had been treated in the "sea-cow case," he said, "Houw! that case is finished! dead! what is the use of thinking any more about it? Go and hunt nicely until your heart is white" (*i.e.* until you are in a good temper).

After making everything right with the king, I trekked over to Emhlangen, where I was the guest of my old friends

the Elliotts, from whom, as well as from all the other missionaries and their families in Matabililand, I have received the most constant kindness. I had intended to have waited here for my friends, Mr. H. C. Collison and Cornelis van Rooyen, and to have travelled to Mashunaland in company with them; but as I knew they would not return from the south before April, I grew restless, and resolved to go on by myself, the more especially, as I thought that the change of air and scene might be good for me, and help to shake off the feeling of languor and weakness from which I was suffering. It was still early in February, therefore, when I left Matabililand, and as it was so early in the year I had good hopes of finding elephants outside the "fly" infested districts, and of having a turn with them on horseback.

As the main object, however, of my expedition was to collect the skins and skeletons of large mammalia for mounting in museums, and as such things are very bulky, I took two waggons with me, and thirty-two bullocks to pull them. In addition to these I had a good many loose cattle, amongst which were a bull and ten milk cows, and I also had with me five pack donkeys and four horses. Of the latter, one was Nelson, who had now served me well and faithfully for four years. A second was the stallion I had had with me in the Mababi. He was a big powerful animal and a wonderfully steady shooting horse, but liable to become sulky and to refuse to run at his best pace—a phase of temper recognised by the Transvaal Boers, and described by them by the word "steeks,"—and when in this mood spurring was simply wasted upon him. Of the other two, one was a horse that I had just bought from a trader at Tati because of his good looks, and in spite of his bad character. He, however, turned out hopelessly bad, and is the only really vicious horse I have ever had anything to do with in South Africa. I almost cured him of bucking by riding him with an adze handle, and stunning him by a heavy blow administered between the ears as soon as he commenced, which he invariably did as soon as one touched the saddle; but I never could make a shooting horse of him, and finally gave him to Lo Bengula in the hope that he would present him to Ma-kwaykwi, or some other of his endunas,

against whom I had a personal grudge ; but, as I never heard of any one being killed by him, I expect he was turned loose amongst the large number of his horses that are never ridden, and of which no use whatever is made. My fourth horse was a fairly good animal, but old, and in very low condition.

As it was now the latter end of the rainy season, and I knew from experience that the whole country would be covered with long grass, making it very difficult to see game, I did not expect to shoot much along the road, though I thought that after crossing the River Gwelo I should always be able to keep my boys and dogs in meat. However, it was not till the fifth day after leaving Emhlangen, and when near the River Se-who-i-who-i, that I saw a small herd of Tsessebe antelopes, one of which I managed to kill.

It was within a mile of this spot that two years previously I shot the last two white rhinoceroses (*R. sinus*) which I have killed, and they were probably the last of their kind that I shall ever see. They were male and female, and I preserved the skin of the head and the skull of the former for the South African Museum in Cape Town, where they now are. I shall never cease to regret that I did not preserve the entire skeleton for our own splendid museum of natural history at South Kensington, but, when I shot the animal, I made sure I should get finer specimens later on in the season. However, one thing and another prevented my visiting the one district where I knew that a few were still to be found, and now those few have almost all been killed ; and, to the best of my belief, the great white or square-mouthed rhinoceros, the largest of modern terrestrial mammals after the elephant, will in the course of the next few years become absolutely extinct ; and if in the near future some student of natural history should wish to know what this extinct beast really was like, he will find nothing in all the museums of Europe and America to enlighten him upon the subject but some half-dozen skulls and a goodly number of the anterior horns.

In 1886 two Boer hunters, Karl Weyand and Jan Engelbrecht, got into the little tract of country where the few white rhinoceroses were still left, and between them killed ten during the season ; five more were killed during the same time by

some native hunters from the Matabili country. A few were still left, as in the following year (1887) I myself and some English sportsmen saw the tracks of two or three in the same district, but could not find the animals themselves. Some few white rhinoceroses no doubt still survive, but it is not too much to say that long before the close of this century the white rhinoceros will have vanished from the face of the earth. I hope my readers will pardon this long digression, but the subject of the extinction of this huge quadruped has a melancholy interest for me, when I remember that, twenty years ago, it was a common animal over an enormous extent of country in Central South Africa.

After shooting the Tsessebe antelope, as I have described, I had all the meat carried to the waggons, and then trekked on to the Bembisan river. Here I found that the banks had been washed away at the old ford by the heavy summer rains, and it was only after a couple of hours' work with all my Kafirs, and by putting the two spans of bullocks on to each waggon in turn that I managed to cross. However, by sundown I had got both my waggons standing on the farther side, and had chopped a small "kraal" for my loose cattle, milked the cows, and made everything snug for the night. That night a heavy misfortune befell me, for Moscow, my useless vicious brute of a horse, kicked my well-tried shooting nag Nelson on the inside of the hough, laming him completely ; indeed, so badly was he injured, that not until four months had elapsed from the date of the accident was I able, once more, to put a saddle on his back. Could he have had perfect rest from the commencement he would doubtless have recovered sooner ; but I was obliged to drive him, lame as he was, for more than one hundred and fifty miles to where I finally made my permanent camp on the Manyami river. After this my journey was an uneventful one till I reached Umfuli. I travelled very slowly as time was no object to me, and I wished to get a little stronger in health (as I was doing daily) before coming to the elephant country. As soon as I had got on to the high plateau of Mashunaland, although it was about the hottest season of the year, I found the heat by no means oppressive by day, and the nights cool and pleasant. Every day I saw

left hand, I leant out as far as possible and awaited the onset. When he was very near me—so close indeed as to preclude the possibility of his being able to swerve and pass on the other side of the tree—I pulled my body with a sudden jerk up to and beyond the stem, and, shooting past the buffalo's hind quarters, ran as hard as ever I could to another tree standing in the direction from which he had come. I knew that by this manœuvre I should gain a good deal of ground, as, even if my adversary had followed me, the pace at which he was going was such that he would not have been able to turn till he had got some way past the tree where I had given him the slip. Had he come round after me I should have now climbed for it; but, as I expected, when I dodged from under his very nose and shot past behind him he lost me entirely and ran straight on. He did not, however, go far, but stopped and lay down, and I killed him with another bullet. On examining him I found that the shot I had fired at him as he was charging had struck him in the gristle of the nose (which was, of course, outstretched, as it always is when a buffalo charges), and, passing through the back of his tongue, had entered his vitals and inflicted a mortal wound from which he would soon have died without another shot.

As with the African elephant, so with the buffalo it is almost impossible to kill either the one or the other with a shot in the front of the head when charging, owing to the position in which the head is then held, though both may be easily killed by a shot in the front of the head when standing at rest.

In 1879, when hunting near Linyanti, on the eastern bank of the Chobi, I took a stroll from camp one evening with my gun carrier and wounded a buffalo bull, which I followed through some rather open bush. I sighted him several times, but as the bush was by no means thick, he always saw me coming on, and galloped off before I got within shot. At length the covert grew denser, and on the edge of an open valley became very thick indeed. Here I took my rifle and followed the spoor myself slowly and cautiously. However, the wounded animal went right through the bush into the open, so I handed the rifle back to my boy, and told him to take

the spoor again. He almost immediately lost it, but we soon found that it had just gone into the open, and then turned short round and entered the bush again. Just in front of us was a large mass of evergreen shrubs, and as my boy, who still had the rifle, got round it he started back. As he did so I caught the rifle from his shoulder with my left hand, and at the same instant saw the wounded buffalo, which had been standing just behind the bushes, coming on with loud grunts, and literally within ten yards of me. I had no time to raise the rifle to my shoulder, but, swinging it round to my hips, just pulled the trigger, and at the same time sprang to one side. At the same moment I was covered with a shower of sand, and some part of the buffalo, nose or horn or shoulder, touched my thigh with sufficient force to overturn me, but without hurting me in the least. I was on my feet again in a moment, ready to run for it, but saw that my adversary was on the ground bellowing, with a hind leg, evidently broken, dragging out behind him. Before he recovered himself I despatched him with a bullet through the lungs. My random shot must have passed under his chest, between his forelegs, and had broken his right hind leg just above the hock, bringing him down suddenly and covering me with a shower of sand. As there were no trees about, but only scrubby bush, if it had not been for this lucky shot disabling him he would probably have got me.

As much of our South African hunting is still done on horseback, and one gallops after game at a break-neck pace over all sorts of rough ground, the true nature of which is often concealed by long grass, it is not to be wondered at if one gets a good many spills. I, myself, have had my share of these, but I have seldom hurt myself.

Late one evening in September 1883 I was riding over to my camp on the Manyami river, Mashunaland, and was quite alone, as I had left my boys about thirty miles off in the morning and ridden on. I had entered an open valley which ran down to within a short distance of my camp, when, from the bush I had just left, a black rhinoceros trotted out into the open, having no doubt got my wind as I passed. At first I had no intention of meddling with him, as I had no Kafirs with me to cut him up if I shot him, but before he had

got far I bethought me that his skull would be worth something to me as a museum specimen, and at once galloped up and gave him a good shot with a small 450-bore rifle I was carrying. He had broken from a trot into a gallop before I fired, but on receiving the shot went a good deal faster, at the same time snorting violently. The ground was now perfectly open and first-rate for galloping, as the long summer grass had been burnt off; so, hastily remounting and pushing in another cartridge, I put on the pace in order to get a second shot before reaching the belt of timber which skirted the open valley.

A black rhinoceros can gallop at an extraordinary pace



BLACK RHINOCEROS DRINKING.

for so heavy a beast; indeed, it is just as much as a good horse can do to overtake one, so that as I ranged alongside, my horse, a powerful stallion, was going at his utmost speed. I was just going to rein in for another shot when he either crossed his forelegs or trod on his own front foot, and came down all of a heap with tremendous force, shooting me far over his head. I felt great pain in the groin at once, but nothing else; but as I got on my feet, doubled up and groaning and pressing my right hand to where I felt the pain, I heard the unmistakable sound of bone rubbing on bone—crepitating, I think, is the word—and raising my hand found that my left collar-bone was badly fractured, the one broken end sticking up in a point under the skin. It seems that the stock of the rifle had caught me a severe blow in the groin, and the barrel,

coming up across my chest, had broken my collar-bone. In addition to this I had fallen on my right shoulder, and so was sore all over. I did not trouble any more about the rhinoceros, but getting on my horse, which was not materially damaged by the fall, rode slowly down to my camp a much sadder man than I had been before I saw the rhinoceros. I was alone that year in the veld, and so had nobody but my Kafirs to help me to set my broken collar-bone. However, I knew pretty well what to do, but spent a tedious time in camp waiting for the bone to set. On the twenty-third day I shot a Tsessebe antelope, the following day two elands, and the next three sable antelopes. The bone was not then properly set and hardened, and ached so at nights, owing to the strain on it from guiding my horse with the left hand through the bush, that I got but little sleep; but it got better every day, and was soon all right.

One day in 1887 I was riding with Mr. J. A. Jameson (brother of the Mr. James S. Jameson who, to the infinite regret of all who ever knew him, lately lost his life on the Congo), when, near a place called Pondoro's, we espied four splendid koodoo bulls coming down from some rocky hills to drink in the stream below. As soon as they saw us they halted and, after gazing towards us for a few moments, turned and cantered heavily towards the hills, and we at once galloped in pursuit. They gained the rocks before we could get within shot, and, when just on the ridge, stood amongst some great boulders of stone and again looked back at us. My friend here dismounted for a shot, but as he could see nothing but the head and horns of the largest bull, its body being covered by a rock, only got a very bad chance, and fired without effect. The koodoos at once disappeared and entered the thick bush behind the ridge of rocks, and I galloped in close behind them. Of the four two were very large bulls, one of which had a magnificent pair of horns—long, well twisted, and perfectly symmetrical. The bush was now so thick that it was impossible to dismount in it and get a shot, so I resolved to stick close to them until they got into more open ground. Being mounted on a quick active pony, I was able to press them pretty hard and keep close to them. They soon separated, two going off to the

moment we expected to hear the shrill trumpet of one of those animals; but the night wore on, and no sound broke the perfect stillness but the loud howl of a hyæna that had winded our hippopotamus meat. At length we all fell asleep. At daylight next morning we sent a Kafir to see if the elephants had been down to the water, and he soon returned with the news that they had, and brought with him a large thorn branch freshly broken off to support his statement. He reported that as far as he could gather from the spoor the herd consisted of a young bull, two large cows, and some half-dozen small animals. As it would have been ridiculous for all four of us to follow so small a lot of elephants, we resolved that two should take their spoor, whilst the other two should proceed farther up the river; and we cast lots for choice. Fortune decided that French and I should follow the elephants; so, leaving two Kafirs to look after our traps—not forgetting to put a pot of hippopotamus meat on the fire, with a view to a dish of rich thick soup on our return in the evening—and bidding good-bye for the present to our companions, we made a move without further delay.

Soon after leaving the river and entering the sand-belt we came upon a large herd of zebras and sable antelopes feeding together. Amongst the latter was one remarkably handsome bull with long sweeping horns. I longed to try a shot at him, and was sorry afterwards that I had not done so, but in the early morning a rifle shot can be heard at a great distance, and as we did not know how near the elephants might be to us, we were afraid to run any risk of disturbing them. Although the sable antelope is far from numerous along the Chobi, it is to be met with sparsely, as far as I have been, all along the banks of that river; and it appears to me that the horns of the males in that district attain to a greater size than in any other part of the country. After passing the sable antelopes, we tramped steadily on the elephants' spoor for several hours without a halt, seeing nothing but a small herd of eland cows, which wary animals sighted us when we were still several hundred yards distant, and at once trotted still farther out of harm's way. All this time the spoor had taken us continually down wind; so that, had we got near the elephants, they would

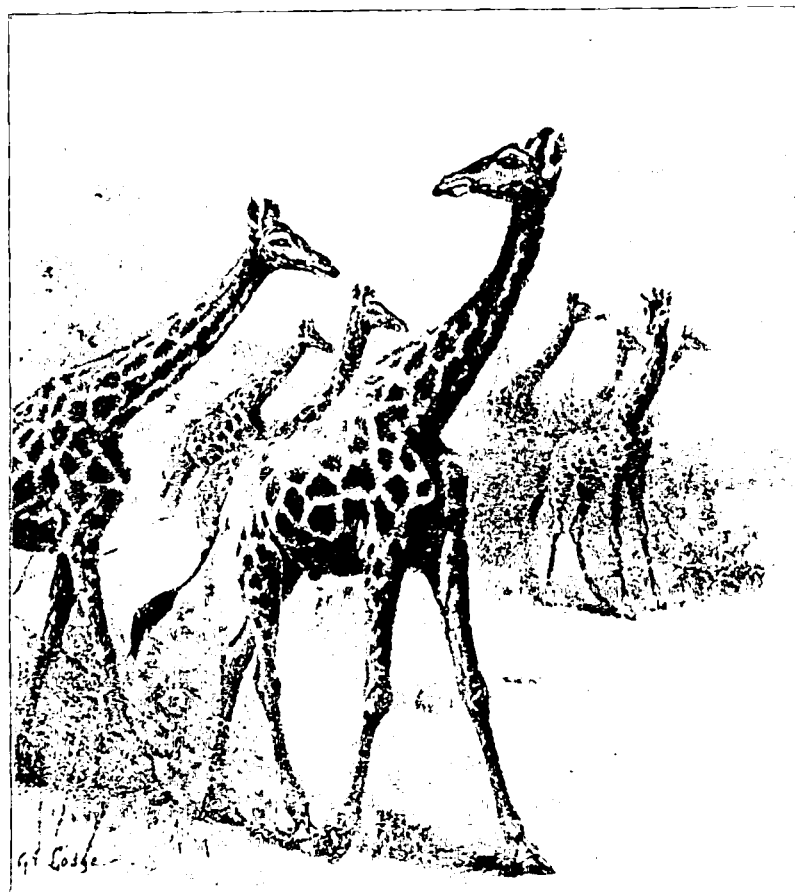
infallibly have scented us and bolted, probably before we caught sight of them. As, however, they were still far ahead, we always hoped they might change their course and give us a chance of approaching them; but shortly after mid-day, as they showed no signs of doing so, and were miles ahead of us, we called a halt, and coming to the conclusion that it was not worth while following such a worthless lot of elephants any farther under such unfavourable circumstances, we turned about and retraced our steps towards the river.

About an hour later two of our Kafirs, who had gone off in pursuit of a honey-bird, came rushing back, saying they had come upon a rhinoceros lying asleep, though they were afraid that the birds which were upon it had noticed them, and would give the slumbering beast the alarm. Clutching our heavy elephant rifles, we advanced silently and swiftly towards where the monster lay. "There he is, there he is!" suddenly exclaimed one of the Kafirs, and at the same instant I, too, caught sight of a black or prehensile-lipped rhinoceros, standing broadside on about a hundred yards off, though almost hidden from view by a thick bush. He evidently suspected danger, and stood with his head held high, listening intently. I was trying to point him out to French, whom I wished to have first shot, when, without more ado, the beast started off at a great pace through the bushes. There was then no time to wait for my friend; so, taking a hasty aim with my single-4, I fired, and striking the rhinoceros, as it afterwards appeared, high behind the shoulder, and in all probability grazing the backbone, rolled him over in his tracks like a rabbit. Running up, we found him floundering about on the ground, twisting up his great ugly head, and then dashing it sideways against the earth, squealing repeatedly the while. Another bullet in the chest, from my friend's heavy single-8, settled him. He was as lean as a crow, and though the Kafirs cut some of the meat for themselves, we only kept a small piece of the heart, trusting to fall in with something more tasty later on. This was a large, full-grown prehensile-lipped bull rhinoceros. I measured him carefully with my tape-line, and found, by planting an assegai at his shoulder, and another parallel to it at his forefoot, and then taking a straight line between the

two, that he stood 5 feet 8 inches in vertical height. His anterior horn measured 1 foot 11 inches in length, and the posterior 8 inches.

A little later on, having resumed our march, we sighted a herd of giraffes stalking quietly through the forest in front of us. There were sixteen of these stately beasts in all, and a grand sight it was to view so many of them together. They were much tamer than is usually the case with these shy and long-sighted animals, and allowed us to approach to within two hundred yards of them, before starting off at their peculiar gallop. (N.B.—Giraffes never trot, as they are so often represented to do in drawings. They have but two paces, a walk and a gallop or canter, and break at once from the one into the other.) As these giraffes, upon taking to flight, made straight towards the river, holding the same course as we ourselves were pursuing, we soon sighted them again. This occurred several times, and upon each occasion they allowed us to approach a little nearer, till at last French tried a couple of shots at them, after which we saw them no more.

It must have been about two hours later, and when we were not more than two or three miles from the water, that, upon emerging from a patch of thick bush, we found ourselves in full view of an immense herd of buffaloes. They were feeding down an open glade in the forest, and coming obliquely towards us, so, as we had no good meat, we resolved to try to shoot a couple of fat cows. About a hundred yards to our right was a large ant-heap, within shot of which it seemed that some of the buffaloes would pass if they held on their course. The ground was rather open, but by creeping cautiously forwards on our hands and knees, pushing our rifles in front of us, and remaining perfectly still whenever one of the buffaloes raised its head and looked in our direction, we at length managed to gain its shelter unobserved. The foremost animal, an old cow, was now almost within shot; but, as she was a lean-looking beast, we resolved to let her pass, and devoted our attention to a round, sleek-looking heifer that was coming along on the near side of the troop some fifty yards behind. Before this latter animal, however, was well within shot the old cow, who had got past the ant-heap, raised her head and must have made us out,



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neglected to cover them with a blanket. The third lived for two months and was doing well, when it met with an accident and was killed. The old cock was a splendid bird, but unfortunately the ends of the white and most valuable feathers had been worn down and soiled during incubation. The black and tail feathers were, however, very fine. Had this bird been shot three months earlier in the season, he would have been worth at least £25. As it was I got £18 for him.

On 4th September I again rode out in the early morning and shot two sable antelopes, the one a very fine bull with a beautifully-curved pair of horns measuring forty-two inches over the curve. The following day, there being now a fair supply of meat in camp, Jameson and I started on a trip to Lo Magondi's kraals, which lay amongst the hills about fifty miles to the north-west of our camp, and just on the verge of the "fly" country. As we expected to be away from the waggons for a fortnight or so, we took supplies of tea, flour, etc., for ourselves, and maize for our horses, sufficient to last that time. Late on the afternoon of the first day's ride we sighted three sable antelopes and a herd of impalas, and giving chase to the former, I shot one of them, a fine male:

Early on the morning of 6th September we came upon the carcass of a white rhinoceros that our mutual friend Collison had shot a few days previously. A little later we saw a large herd of roan antelopes near the River Umsengaisi, amongst them one old bull with a very fine pair of horns. I did my best to get a shot at him, but he was very wide awake, and always kept well in front of the herd; so that, although I might have shot one or two of the cows, I could not get a chance at him, and finally lost sight of the herd in a thick grove of mahobo-hobo trees. During the day we saw the recent spoor of several rhinoceroses, both of the black and white species, but nothing of the beasts themselves; nor indeed did we meet with any game whatever, with the exception of three zebras (Burchell's), one of which I shot, as our boys were without meat. Jameson also wounded one of the others, but lost it in the bush.

That evening we slept on a Kafir footpath, not far from Lo Magondi's kraals. About two hours after sunrise on the

morrow, when we were quite close to the foot of the hills amongst which the kraals are situated, we met a fine old eland bull face to face, coming from the opposite direction, upon which we at once shot him. As we had a little business to transact with Lo Magondi, in whose charge we had left several trophies of the chase in the previous July, and from whom I expected to be able to buy some ivory, this supply of meat, so near his town, was very opportune. We at once sent two Kafirs on, to apprise the old fellow of our arrival, and then off-saddling the horses (there was a beautiful running stream of water in the valley just below us), set to work to cut up the eland and make a camp.

In the afternoon our messengers returned, accompanied by Lo Magondi and about twenty of his followers. We at once presented the old fellow with a hind quarter and half of the heart fat of the eland, whilst on his side he gave us a large pot of beer, a basket of ground nuts, and some pogo meal. That night there was great feasting and rejoicing in our camp, our own boys, who had long been living upon meat and longed for a little vegetable diet, buying large supplies of maize, beans, meal, beer, and tobacco from the equally meat-hungry Mashunas. Lo Magondi had brought with him all the hippopotamus tusks, rhinoceros horns, etc., that we had left in his charge, but no ivory. He, however, said that he would send for two tusks the following day, upon which I showed him my stock-in-trade, consisting of cotton shirts, beads, coloured handkerchiefs, etc.

At the old man's request we rode out the next day under the guidance of some of his people to try to shoot him some more meat, he at the same time sending men to fetch his ivory. We rode a long way without seeing any game at all, but at last sighted a small herd of roan antelopes, one of which, a fine bull with a remarkably handsome pair of horns, I shot. On our way back to camp we crossed the spoor of some bull elephants that had been about here not many days before us. They had broken the trees down in all directions, and peeled the bark off scores of machabel saplings, making the surrounding forest look quite white.

Upon returning to camp I set to work to do a trade with