

is my good fortune to have to introduce to you my distinguished friend Mr. Selous. He has acquired a world-wide reputation not only as a hunter and explorer, but also as a man of science. His contributions from time to time to the Royal Geographical Society have won for him the Founders' Gold Medal, which was recently presented to him by that Society. But it is chiefly for his wonderful exploits during many long years in the unexplored regions of South Africa that his fame has been acquired. To this unique career he has brought most remarkable qualities. His marvellous endurance, his courage and bravery, have not been less his conspicuous attributes than his simplicity of character and modesty of demeanour. The man who could endure, in the lone and pathless land in which he has wandered, the privation of being on one occasion without food or water for four days and three nights, who has had his horse killed under him by an infuriated elephant, who has had other innumerable hair-breadth escapes from the jaws of lions, and from the assegais and guns of hostile natives, is a hero of no common stamp. Well and wisely, indeed, was he chosen by the South African Company to be their pioneer leader to Mashonaland. His influence with the great chief of the Matabele, Lobengula, enabled him to guide the expedition safely through the territories of that powerful potentate along the road since honourably called after his own name, to Fort Salisbury, and to a region which promises some day to be so valuable to this country. My own personal acquaintance with Mr. Selous commenced about four years ago, when we made the voyage together to South Africa. In connection with it, I remember with pride and pleasure an interesting incident. During the voyage I induced him (not without much persuasion) to give some account of his adventures to those on board the steamship "Spartan." Accordingly, on a memorable evening, Mr. Selous delivered his first public address in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean—subsequently repeated on board the vessel before our arrival at Cape Town—to a delighted audience of some two hundred people of the passengers and crew, who were fascinated with the graphic stories of his thrilling adventures, told with all the attractive simplicity of his charming style. Such is the gentleman who is with us to-night. I cannot help speaking about him (even in his presence) with enthusiasm, because I admire him so much: I will now call upon him to commence his address.

no films
 Proceedings of the Royal ^{Colonial Institute} ~~Geographical Society~~
 24 (1893)

"INCIDENTS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE IN
 SOUTH AFRICA."

MR. F. C. SELOUS: The Chairman has said so many pretty things about me that I almost doubt whether I am myself. Some four years ago, as Sir Frederick Young has told you, I had the good fortune to be a fellow-passenger with him on a voyage to the Cape, and at his request I one evening related to my fellow-passengers some of the adventures I had met with in the interior of South Africa. When I returned to England a few years ago I was invited to deliver a lecture on Mashonaland before the members of this Institute. It was impossible for me to do so at that time, but I promised to try to prepare a paper to be read on a subsequent occasion. Ever since that time I have been so constantly occupied that I have found it quite impossible to fulfil my promise, and that is the reason why I am this evening going to tell you in a rough way some of my hunting experiences, instead of giving you a paper of a drier though perhaps more instructive character. Some of the incidents occurred in Mashonaland at a time when that country was still an almost uninhabited wilderness. Now—as I think you must all know—the firm foundations have been laid in that distant land of what, before many years are past, must become a rich and prosperous British Colony. It can now no longer be said that an experiment is being tried. The experiment has been tried and has succeeded. Your countrymen there in their persons have shown that the British people of to-day still possess some of the finest qualities of their forefathers, for in spite of many difficulties they have established a British Colony governed by British law, and accompanied by many national institutions in a land where but three short years ago there were—to use a native metaphor—no lords but the lions. In the Mashonaland of to-day you find post and telegraph offices, schools, churches, and hospitals, and at least one circulating library. The thirsty traveller need never go very far before coming across a house of entertainment where he can be supplied with his favourite drink. At Salisbury there is one of the finest race-courses in South Africa, and in every township football, cricket, and tennis clubs are established. I have said these few words about Mashonaland because I wish to interest you in a country which bids fair to become before many years are past the home of thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and because I think the very fact of a British Colony having been established in a

country so distant and inaccessible ought to be a source of satisfaction and pride to every patriotic Englishman.

I shall now tell you a few of my hunting experiences. Adventures, of course, do not occur every day even in the interior of Africa, but if a man passes many years of his life, as I have done, in the pursuit of dangerous game, he must meet with a certain number of interesting experiences. It was in 1872 that an incident occurred to me that very nearly precluded the possibility of my going through any further adventures. It was the dry time of the year, and the waters along the road were few and far between. I was travelling with three companions in Matabeleland. We were at a pool of Chicani, and the next water was twenty-five miles distant, so, in order to give our oxen a chance, we travelled during the night. At daylight, having perhaps ten miles still to go, we loosened the oxen to let them feed. At that time giraffes were very common, and as fat cow giraffe is fully equal to the best beef we determined to ride out and shoot one of them, leaving one of our company to take care of the waggons. Our intention was to make a long detour in search of the giraffes, and to come back by sundown. We rode a long way before we came across any of these animals, but about three o'clock in the afternoon we discovered a fine herd. We at once went in pursuit. At that time I was quite unaccustomed to riding through the forests of the interior, and I got knocked off my horse without shooting one of the giraffes. Presently I found myself completely lost. I did not know where my other two companions had got to. I stopped for some time where I was, and fired three of the six cartridges in my belt as signals. This plan not answering, I saddled up my horse and struck out in the direction where I thought I should find the waggons. I rode on and on until at last the sun went down. I could not understand why the road was so far away. It was getting dark, and I kept my course by looking up at the stars. I began to think I must surely have crossed the road whilst I was looking at the stars. The road was at that time, of course, a mere track. It was now getting intensely cold, for in this part of Africa, although the temperature at that time of the year is very high in the day, the nights are bitterly cold, and I remember that whenever we left a little tea in the kettle at night there was always a skim of ice over it in the morning. I had on only a pair of moleskin trousers and a light cotton shirt. I tied my horse to a tree and tried to light a fire with the three cartridges in my belt. I was no smoker, and therefore had no matches with me. However, I made the mistake of leaving too much powder in the bottom cartridge, and almost blew the whole

thing away, so that I was minus three cartridges and had not managed to light the fire. I passed a most miserable night, and never suffered so much from cold in my life. Day broke, and I at once saddled the horse and rode in the direction I was riding the preceding evening. After two hours I felt I must have crossed the road in the night. I turned the horse's head round and rode in the direction I came from. Presently I arrived at one of those small hills that are scattered about this country, and as the horse by this time was tired and thirsty I off-saddled him and climbed the hill to have a look round. There was a vast expanse of forest-covered country, and though I could see several hills they conveyed absolutely no meaning to me. I saw, however, in the direction from which I had just come, a thin column of smoke rising from amongst the trees. It was the smoke of a wood-fire, and I thought there must be human beings there, so I went down, saddled my horse, and rode in that direction. Of course, on the level ground I could see nothing again, so after riding awhile I climbed a tree and looked round. I could see no smoke then, and thinking I was a great fool to waste time I turned the horse's head and rode to the west. The sun went down a second time. I had now been two days without food or water, but I cannot say I was suffering much from thirst. That night I allowed my horse to feed, and put the saddle over my head and chest for warmth. I do not know how I got through the night, but at last the day broke. I found my horse had wandered off. At that time I was not very well able to follow the tracks of an animal, and the ground was so hard that it took me a considerable time to follow even a short distance, so I soon gave it up. It was now the third day I had been lost, and I determined to leave the horse to get back as best he could, and to strike straight for a range of hills to the south-west. I put the saddle in a tree, and shouldering my rifle I walked away. I walked all that day, and as the sun was very hot and I was perspiring freely I began to get very thirsty; in fact on the evening of this the third day, I was suffering very considerably from thirst. I had to be continually opening my throat, which seemed to be drying up. Just as the moon was rising above the trees, I came to the base of a low range of hills. I had walked without difficulty or feeling of fatigue on the level ground, but as soon as I began to climb these steep stony hills I felt exhausted. I soon reached the top, however, and going across to the other edge of the first range I saw beyond me a mass of ravines and broken stony country, and I knew if there was water beyond I never should have strength to get there. I then went back to the edge of the hill I had first ascended in a gloomy

frame of mind, thinking I was in earnest lost in the wilderness. I lay down behind a big rock, and did not suffer so much from cold as on the two preceding nights. In the morning I rose, and from the top of the hill looked all over the surrounding country. Presently I saw a small hill in the distance, which I thought I recognised. Then I saw some little hills beyond, and I felt sure those were the hills near which we lived a few days before. I now knew that if I could only reach them I was practically safe, but I doubted whether I should have strength to last out. All that day I walked as hard as I could, sometimes ran, and suffered more and more from want of water. Every now and again, too, as I could not see the hills from the level ground, I had to climb a tree, and I found this most exhausting. At last, just at sundown or a little after, I came close to the nearest hill, and I then knew exactly where I was, and that I should not have to walk more than another half mile before coming to the water. At this time two Kafirs—bushmen—appeared, one carrying a little antelope over his shoulder. It was very lucky I saw them, because although without them I should have got to the water, I should have slept another night without food and warmth. I was not so absolutely exhausted that I could not call out to them, and they turned round and waited for me. When I came up I asked for water, and then walked behind them to their encampment, in a patch of thick bush some few hundred yards away from the waters. I soon saw they were bushmen in charge of goats, which I knew belonged to the chief—not the present enlightened ruler Khama, but his predecessor, a man of a different sort. Directly I came to the camp I saw by the fire the venerable-looking old barbarian, and again said to him "Water." He at once went into the interior of the encampment, and soon returned with a vessel containing the precious fluid. I again said to him "Water," but the ingenuous child of nature said, in his own language, "You must buy the water." I was so disgusted that, tired as I was, I commenced to get up, thinking I would walk on to where a pool of water was. However, a little boy came in with a large calabash of fresh goat's milk, and pulling out a clasp knife I said to the old savage, "Sell the milk." I soon got the drink. I have no doubt this is the best thing I could have taken. Since I had bought the milk they gave me as much water as I wanted, and I lay down by the fire with a large trough of water by me, every now and again as I woke drinking a lot of it. I now knew where I was. The waggon road lay 200 yards away, and it was a matter of following it up until I reached the waggons—a distance of twenty-five miles. I had to walk this distance on the

fifth day, but this I did without difficulty. My companions rejoiced to see me. The oldest of our party, when he heard how long I had been without food, would not allow me to eat anything but a little rice, which exasperated me very much, because I could smell antelope in the frying-pan. I never suffered from the privations I had undergone with the exception that I had a soreness of the throat, and in fact the next day I rode out in search of giraffes. My horse, strange to say, turned up. I had never thought he would save himself at all, for at that time the country was full of lions, and I thought one of these animals would be sure to kill him, or that he would be torn to pieces by the hyænas. However, he was never of much use afterwards. The bushmen found my saddle in the tree and took it to the chief, who sold it to one of my friends, and I bought it again the following year in Matabeleland.

In the following year, 1873, I was hunting elephants with Mr. George Wood, the last of the professional elephant hunters in Matabeleland. We had been hunting separately for some time, but had met one another and were hunting together and had been very successful. The experience of which I am going to tell you was one of those unlucky ones which I suppose happen from time to time. We were encamped at a very muddy pool of water, in the dry country between Matabeleland and the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. In the early morning we looked round in search of elephants, which at that time were very plentiful. We came across a spoor of a fine herd of bulls, and about mid-day came up with them standing in some dense thorn jungle. As we came up to the herd we saw a large herd of cows standing in the bush beyond. The ones we wanted to attack were the large tuskers standing on our side. One scented danger, for as we approached them he walked forward holding his trunk up. My companion said, "I will fire at that bull; you take the other," and we fired together. Several of our attendants had also guns, and they fired, so that there was a regular volley. Many of the herd had probably been fast asleep, and did not know from which direction the shots came. Waking up suddenly, they came rushing towards us, some screaming and making a kind of curious rumbling noise. We had each two big elephant guns—heavy old muzzle-loading things. My first had missed fire. In the noise and confusion of the moment my gun-carrier thought the weapon had gone off, and so instead of just putting another cap on the nipple he put a second charge on the top of the first in this young cannon. I did not know that. We all shouted, and the elephants, after coming near, swerved off. I

saw the elephant that I had shot at was very badly wounded. It turned round and went in an opposite direction from the main herd, accompanied by four female elephants. Presently the four cows walked ahead through the bush, and the bull walked slowly forwards by himself. I then ran up to him, shouting out and waiting for him to turn. He immediately swung himself round with ears up, and I fired. Then he lowered his ears and rushed into the bush, and I felt sure he never could recover from the shot. I rushed forward; the bushes closed behind him, and suddenly I came under the trunk of another elephant—evidently one of the cows that had walked in front. I saw the trunk coming down, and I rushed forward as hard as ever I could, and I may say that being in perfect condition owing to the life I was leading I ran pretty hard. I do not know whether you have ever heard a vicious elephant close behind you. If you have you will know they make a frightful screaming noise; each scream seems to send the blood tingling to the ends of your fingers. I dashed through the bushes at a tremendous pace. Presently I came to a piece of bush I saw no way through. There was no possible time to wait. I took a dive at the bush and went right through. When I came out on the other side I had nothing on but my shoes. My hat was torn off, my leather belt was cut in the projecting branches of the trees, and the whole of my shirt was also gone. There is no doubt, as we found afterwards, that the elephant chased me right up to the bush, and probably even smelt about at the hat, which was still hanging in the bush when we recovered it. My gun-carriers had run away, but on my calling out to them they soon came up. I then said, "Let us now go back and take the spoor of the wounded bull, for I feel sure he cannot be far away." Just then one of them said, "Look at the dust," and I saw the dust rising above the bush and knew the elephants were going through it. We at once ran towards the dust, but as soon as we came on to the spoor of the elephants we saw only the spoor of the four cows. The tracks of the big bull were not there, and there is no doubt that after getting the last shot I had given him he remained behind. I now said to the boy, "Climb up into one of those trees and see if you cannot see the elephant standing in the bush." He could see nothing, so we walked back to look for my hat and for the wounded elephant. Presently we heard the man shouting. We went in the direction; the shouts came again close to us, and we saw the big elephant bull, with the four cows behind him. I threw up a handful of sand to see which way the wind was blowing, and stood so that the elephant would pass me at a short distance and I could give him a good shot.

However, the Kafir called out again, and the elephant swerved and came down to us. The bush was so thick we could do no more than get out of the way, so that when the elephant saw us I fired into his chest. He sank on his knees, but regained his feet and went slowly round sideways. I hastily took the gun—the one twice loaded—and ran up alongside the elephant as he was making his way through the bush, and fired. There were two heavy elephant charges in this old gun, and it simply lifted me off my legs. The stock was broken into three pieces. I found my face badly cut and covered with blood, and I soon found I could not hold out my arm. The elephant, immediately I fired, simply stopped, and he was standing forty yards from where I was sitting on the ground. Elephants when they are wounded always put their trunks into their mouths, and drawing the water from their stomachs dash it over their shoulders to cool them. This animal kept doing this, and the water which he dashed over him was full of blood. Having got a boy to work my arm backwards and forwards in order to ease it, I took my first gun and sitting down took as steady an aim as possible, but instead of killing the elephant I simply gave him a bad shot—at any rate not a mortal one. He once more began to walk on through the bush. I then ran after him. He was vicious; he kept the ends of the bush off with his trunk, and turned half round and screamed. The boy said, "Leave the elephant alone," and I had to use a good deal of powerful language to make him come up with the gun. Presently the elephant went out into an open space within the jungle, and I said to the boy, "Now you told me about your being able to run; I will take the gun, and you run in front of the elephant and turn him back." This was not a difficult feat, as the elephant was walking slowly, so he made a big circle and standing behind one of the thorn trees in front of the elephant he called out to it. The elephant came walking slowly back to where I and another were standing. We were in the open, about one hundred yards beyond the bush. The elephant came on, and I wanted him to pass me so that I might get a good shot in the shoulder. However, he came straight towards us; I did not dare to move, because I knew he would see me. I have often found that elephants are very distrustful of their eyesight. They may see you, but if you stand absolutely still they will often imagine you are a tree or a stump, and putting down their ears go on as before. He had advanced within seventy yards when he put up his ears and came along slowly. I whispered to my companion "Stand," and I believe had he stood still the elephant would have gone on. However, he

moved, and the elephant came on with a rush. I could hear his feet coming through the grass; he came on with his enormous ears spread out—which is a bad sign with a wounded elephant—he never screamed at all. If a wounded elephant comes without screaming you may reckon he means business. There was now nothing for me to do but stop him. I was so exhausted with the kick from the gun that I could not run, so I simply stood still, and when the elephant was about twenty yards from me I fired for the top of his trunk. Although I had been shaky before, the danger braced up my nerves, for I held the rifle steadily and hit the elephant fairly between the eyes above the top of the trunk. This shot, as I afterwards learned, is a perfectly useless one to kill a charging elephant. It simply strikes the bone and does the animal no harm. However, it must have given him a sort of shock, for immediately the bullet struck him he stopped and seemed to sway backwards and forwards, looking at us with his ears out. Having fired, I ran towards the bush. The elephant did not follow. My man stood fast behind the tree and did not endeavour to turn him, and I was so exhausted I gave it up. It was some time after this I met George Wood, and it was too late for us to go and look for the bull first wounded. Late in the evening we got to the water, and found an enormous herd of buffaloes wading in it. They had turned the water into mud, and we could not drink until George Wood had filtered it through his shirt. He washed the blood off my face; we had neither sticking-plaster nor needles to sew up the wound. However, the life I was leading had brought me into perfect condition, and next morning the cuts joined and never opened again, having healed by what the doctors call “the first intention,” which was a very good one.

I could go on telling stories of this nature the whole evening, but I will tell you now something about one of those lions you see before you. It is not a very exciting story. This is about the finest lion I have killed. It was in 1891, about a year after the occupation of Mashonaland, that this animal began to make his presence disagreeably felt in the neighbourhood of the mining camp. One night he came round to Major Johnson's stables and drove two valuable horses out of the stables. They got so frightened by the lion smelling round that they rushed out to the top of the hill where Major Johnson was living. The lion killed both of them on the hill, among houses where the white men lived. He took a small mouthful out of one and then fed at his leisure on the other. Besides these horses, he killed several others of less value and a

great many donkeys and oxen, and was, in fact, a perfect nuisance. He was known as the lion of Hartley Hills. Early in December, 1891, my business of laying out new roads took me there. I asked the mining commissioner if the lion had been doing any damage lately, and he told me the lion for the last six weeks had behaved himself and done absolutely no damage. The commissioner's house was on the side of the hill, and I drew up my waggon at the foot of the hill and within fifty yards of the house. That day Mr. Graham (the commissioner) had to go away to examine some property, and he said, “Sleep in my hut to-night.” After seeing my bullocks tied up at the foot of the hill and the horses fastened alongside the waggon, I went up to have dinner and afterwards turned into Mr. Graham's bed. Two hours before daylight, while it was still very dark, I heard a shot, and starting up I ran to the door and heard another, and then two or three more in quick succession. On my calling out to John, “What is it?” he answered, “The lion; he has killed one of the oxen.” I ran to the waggon. The lion, however, had been driven off by John's shot, and it was so dark we could do nothing. I got a cup of coffee and sat up till daylight. I then looked at the ox. It had been killed on the edge of the waggon road and about thirty yards from my waggon. It was a large ox, weighing about 1,000 lbs. It was not marked except by claw marks on the muzzle and top of the shoulder. The lion had not bitten the animal, but its neck had been broken and its head twisted under its body. This will give you some idea of the enormous strength of the lion. At daylight we followed the spoor of the lion, but after travelling some distance had to give it up as a bad job. I knew, however, that he would come back; so I resolved to sit up and watch for him by the carcass of the ox. Close by there was a tree which at a little height from the ground branched out into two main stems, and John and I put up a little shelter at the back of this tree, with two places to fire through. I was so close to the ox that I knew if the lion came there even in the darkness I should be able to touch him almost, and kill him. I had this all arranged, and thinking the lion might again come down the road, I pulled away some of the bushes so as to leave another hole to the right. I came to the conclusion that the lion would not be bold enough to come until late when everybody was asleep, for all the Kafir boys were making a noise. The little place I was sitting in was so small I could only get the muzzle through one hole, and then take it out and put it in the other hole with the greatest difficulty, at least without

making a noise. I thought I should get a chance at the lion coming down the road, and therefore pushed the muzzle through that hole. Thinking I should have a long time to wait, I leaned back against the bushes, but I was astonished to see him suddenly walk past the opening to my right along the road, and within a few yards of me. In another instant he disappeared behind the right hand stem of the tree, and the next instant his head came out past the opening. I could have touched him on the head with the rifle. He turned his head sideways but never saw me, and turning back looked fixedly at the waggon. I was changing the position of the rifle when he gave a sudden growl, and turning round went quickly back along the road. I pushed the rifle out of the right-hand opening and pulled the trigger. He was within a few yards of me. Of course, I must have hit him and probably would have killed him, but the hammer just went down with a click, the gun missed fire, and the lion went off at a canter and soon disappeared. You may imagine my feelings. The little hut was not big enough to hold me. I went back to the house, and having found what was the matter with the rifle I set it in order. I did not think the lion would come back until daylight. However, just at daybreak, and as I was half dozing, John came up, smiling all over his face, and said that the lion, when he went away the night before, went up to Major Johnson's kraal and found a lot of sheep—that he had eaten one and carried one with him. I said, "Good heavens! why didn't you tell me?" for I was afraid some of the white men on the hill would follow up the lion and get the first shot. The lion had gone into the kraal, killed seven sheep, seven goats, and one calf—all by bites. He had only eaten one in the kraal, and had taken off the other down the river. I immediately saddled up my horse, and John and I took up the spoor. At the edge of the little stream where the white men bathe there was a low shingly ground, and we could not see the spoor. All at once I heard the lion give a sort of low growl. I jumped off the horse, which bolted, and John ran after it. I ran with my rifle alongside the stream, when the lion came out of a bush straight towards me, as if he wanted to charge. He probably simply wanted to frighten me. He came rushing on, growling and whisking his tail, until he was just about twenty yards from me on the other side of the stream. He offered me a splendid shot, and I hit him in the chest and knocked him right down, and he fell into the water. He disappeared, but his head came up, and as soon as he saw me he made a great bounce through the water. By the time he made the bank

he was so much exhausted I saw he was done for. I gave him another shot, which put an end to him. This is the finest lion I myself have ever killed.

I am afraid I have already exhausted the allotted time.—The CHAIRMAN and the audience inviting Mr. Selous to proceed, he said: I will tell you a story of a slightly different character. Some years after I first went out to South Africa I used to practise on a little musical instrument which I had learned to play in Bavaria, called the zither. This I found useful in procuring supplies of milk and eggs from the good wives in the Transvaal. I had a companion who was thoroughly conversant with their language—I also spoke it fairly well—and he went up to ask the ladies if they would like a piece of music, and I then took my instrument up to the house. My little Bavarian airs always met with a kind reception, and used to afford me butter, milk, eggs, and anything in the shape of provisions. Fresh milk and butter, of course, were always acceptable, but the good wives, as they wanted the milk to make the butter, were loath to part with much, so my companion used to take up an enormous zinc water bucket with apologies for having nothing smaller, and they were obliged to pour in a good deal to make any sort of show at all. This was a good *ruse*. One day we had to spend at a Boer farm. We were very much in want of butter and milk, so my companion, there being an old lady and two daughters, asked them if they would like a little music. They said "Yes," but the Boer himself, being a very sour-looking gentleman, said he could not have music on Sundays. The ladies were most anxious I should play, and at last he said I might play a hymn. I first of all played the Danube waltz. He looked puzzled, and said it did not sound like a hymn. I assured him it was a French hymn. I then played "Il Bacio," but this made him angry, for he said, "No, hang it all, that is not a hymn, but a hornpipe." We had great difficulty in quieting him, but the young ladies assured him they heard the same hymn when they went to the big church at Pretoria. He sat down and made no further remarks, and they gave us as much butter and milk and eggs as we wanted.

I will conclude with a brief elephant adventure in 1878, when I was hunting these animals in Mashonaland. We had followed the spoor of a large herd for a long way—almost the entire day, and my horse was excessively exhausted. Ultimately we came upon them. We shot several, and the elephants separating, I found myself with a small number alone. A wounded elephant gave two tremendous screams and rushed forward. I put the spurs into my horse, but was

unable to make a quick dash, and just broke into a slow canter. I heard a scream above my head, and that is as much as I know, but the first thing I remember afterwards is experiencing a very strong smell of elephant. The elephant must have rushed right into the horse, struck him with his tusk, and thrown him yards away and I with him. The elephant must have come forward, and seeing me on the ground kneeled down over me. However, she had come a little too far, for I was right between her legs, in fact, right under her chest. My garments, as we afterwards found, were simply soaked in blood. I dragged myself out and ran away. Of course the animal had been very badly wounded and the rush had exhausted it. At any rate, it was an almost miraculously narrow escape, because if the animal had struck me with one of its legs it would have broken my ribs or skull.

I thank you for your very great kindness and for the attention with which you have listened to me throughout this unceremonious address.

[Some beautiful views of South African scenes and incidents were exhibited on the screen.]

DISCUSSION.

MR. H. M. STANLEY: I really do not think there is anything left for me to say, because you have reserved for yourself, Sir, the very pleasing task of asking the audience to return thanks to the lecturer. I have been cudgelling my head to find some thoughts appropriate to the occasion, but I am not sure I can think of any. I did think at one time something about the lamb lying down with the lion, but evidently Mr. Selous is not the lamb, so that would be inappropriate. I should like, however, to ask Mr. Selous a question. I remember some three years ago, on my return from Africa, one of the directors of the South Africa Company met me in Brussels, and we travelled pleasantly across the Channel together. He asked for some ideas from me in regard to the South Africa Company and the exploitation of things there, and I suggested—I do not know whether the directors took my advice or not—that they would do wisely and well to levy a strong tax on all people who indulged themselves in the pleasant task of shooting lions. I should like to know whether Mr. Selous paid the tax to the South Africa Company. I understand he shot about 800. The tax I proposed was £10 per head. Now, if he shot 800 head, he would be liable for the handsome sum of £8,000. If I were Mr. Selous, I am afraid I should not be able to

lie comfortably abed at nights lest I should have a writ from the directors. Seriously, I do not like the idea of people going into Africa to shoot lions and elephants and hippopotami and other game indiscriminately, especially after what I heard at Zanzibar from the Consul. He said a gentleman had just left there who had shot 850 head. "Where? In the territory we hope some day to call British?" "Yes." "And in that territory we hope some day to have a railway?" "To be sure." "And these 850 head would have done to feed the poor workers on the railway?" "Yes." So I suggested to the Company they should levy a tax of £10 a head. There was an American expedition which had shot 600 head, a Russian expedition which had shot 400 head, and an expedition under a Dr. Astor had destroyed a multitude. Something like 3,500 or 4,500 head of game had been destroyed—game which would have been admirable support for the poor workers on the railway. But the happy preface with which Mr. Selous began his lecture this evening rather gives another feature to it. He told you about the monstrous behaviour of the lion. Had he lived long enough he would have killed some more horses, and probably some poor human being who deserved a better fate. For the sake of that, and for having rid the world of such a monster, I think the audience will sympathise with him and forgive him, and at the proper time will return him thanks. I am quite sure Mr. Selous, if he had not distinguished himself as a hunter, would have distinguished himself in another vocation. In America I have not the slightest doubt there are hundreds of interested audiences waiting for him. He is a capital lecturer. When I rose I said I had nothing to say. The audience has been so attentive that I will close my remarks now.

DR. P. L. SCLATER, F.R.S.: I should not like this occasion to pass without saying a word concerning Mr. Selous. Mr. Selous, let me say, is no less distinguished as a traveller, as a geographer, and as a naturalist, than as a sportsman. We all know he is the prince of the present generation of British sportsmen, but you may not all know so well how much he has added to our knowledge of the geography and the natural history in the territories in which he has travelled. I have the honour to serve on the councils of two societies in this metropolis—the Royal Geographical Society and the Zoological Society. At the meetings of both those societies he has given us some excellent papers. At the meetings of the Geographical Society he has on more than one occasion given an excellent account of the then unknown district of Mashonaland, and before the Zoological Society he has given a capital history of

the life of various wild beasts that are found there. Mr. Selous on this occasion has principally confined his remarks to elephants and lions, but there is a large tribe of most interesting animals called antelopes, which are abundant in Mashonaland and all through the Cape. These Mr. Selous is as well acquainted with as with other animals, and has written a most excellent series of notes on them in the Zoological Society's Proceedings. I mention these things because I do not wish you to be led away by the belief that Mr. Selous is a mere slaughterer of animals and does not care about other and more valuable subjects. As regards the observations made by Mr. Stanley I leave Mr. Selous himself to reply to them.

Mr. WENTWORTH D. GRAY: Those gentlemen who have already spoken have left very little unsaid, but there is one thing I would like to add. In the name of Young England, I wish to thank Mr. Selous for what he has done. Mr. Selous is not only a great hunter but a great guide and road-maker, and for these qualities we younger men are indebted to him. He led the pioneer force up through a hostile country without bloodshed, he made roads to Salisbury, and from thence to Umtali, which latter will meet the railway from Beira. I wish, in the name of Young England, to thank Mr. Selous for this country which he has opened up to us, where we can go and farm or mine, and make our living when crowded out from this country.

The Rev. Dr. A. T. WIRGMAN (Port Elizabeth): Mr. Selous deserves the thanks of every South African citizen who desires to see his country progress and the British Empire extended. He is not only a great hunter and a geographer and a road-maker, but he is a great peace-maker, as is proved by the manner in which he guided the pioneer expedition into Mashonaland, and the tact which he showed in smoothing the difficulties of the way. Mr. Selous is a friend to our Colonists, Dutch and English, and is on the best of terms with both European races. Reference has been made to the progress of Mashonaland. Fort Salisbury, I may remind you, is the first stage of the great scheme of Mr. Rhodes for carrying the telegraph over the continent. I heard at Capetown that the telegraph to Fort Salisbury already pays its expenses. That shows that the scheme may be successfully carried out and its difficulties surmounted.

Dr. J. W. MATTHEWS: I met Mr. Selous in Kimberley in 1874, when he was preparing for his second journey to the interior. We all know that extremes meet. It is a curious thing that my first

recollection of him is in connection with the little musical instrument to which he has referred, and as he won the hearts of the dear young ladies in the Transvaal he won my heart, for I have never forgotten the beautiful melodies he played. It is of such men as Mr. Selous that we may all be proud, and I fully expect that if Mr. Rhodes carries out his telegraphic scheme across Africa, we shall find Mr. Selous, not shooting the Mahdi, but with his marvellous tact, and perhaps with his zither, so subduing him that he will fall alive into the ranks of civilisation.

The CHAIRMAN: It is now my duty to bring the proceedings to a close by asking you to give a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Selous. I predicted that you would be deeply interested in the lecture, and I am sure you have not been disappointed.

Mr. SELOUS: I would like to say a few words in reply to Mr. Stanley. I find it rather difficult to do, because although the first portion of what he said was evidently intended to be witty or sarcastic, yet at the end of his remarks he was very kind. I therefore will consider he did not wish to say anything offensive to me, and I will say nothing offensive in reply. Some of his remarks are certainly based on want of information. I may say I was hunting in the country where the Chartered Company now reigns, eighteen years before the Company was ever dreamed of, and if it had not been for the knowledge which I gained of the interior of South Africa, and which I took every opportunity of laying before my countrymen, the Chartered Company would never have occupied the territory in which a British Colony has now been established. I went out to South Africa much more a naturalist than a sportsman. I was a poor man, and had to make my own living. I intended to make collections of objects of natural history. I found the only way I could make a living was by elephant-hunting. Of course, it is a destruction which everybody must regret; still, when a man is young and has to make a living he does not think much of that. However, I have not shot animals for sport. I had to shoot the elephants for the sake of the ivory, and I had to shoot a certain number of antelopes in order to supply my followers with food. I was just as much justified in shooting those antelopes as Mr. Stanley would be in shooting animals to supply the workmen on the railway. As for the Chartered Company putting a tax on the shooting of lions, Mr. Stanley has evidently very little knowledge of the character of those animals. During the two years we have been in Mashonaland very many valuable horses have been killed by those animals. Our oxen and donkeys have been constantly driven away

and killed. In fact, so long as lions remain in a country where there is a European settlement, constant war must be waged against them. Just as in the days of King Alfred a premium was put on the head of every wolf killed, so will the Chartered Company before long have to put a premium on the head of every lion killed in Mashonaland. I do not wish to detract from the harmony of this meeting. Mr. Stanley seems to me to have spoken without much knowledge of his subject. Still, I take it that in the latter part of his address at any rate he meant me kindly. I hope I have said nothing to offend him. At any rate, when a man follows elephants and dangerous animals, as I have done, with old, obsolete weapons like that before you, he takes his life in his hand, and I do not think I have ever done anything in Africa to make me feel ashamed. I beg to move a vote of thanks to our Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN, in responding, noticed with pleasure the presence of some members of the Cape Volunteers, and accorded to them a hearty welcome.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE.

The Twentieth Annual Conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute (founded in 1868, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1882) was held at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum, on Wednesday, June 28, 1893, and was attended by 2,114 guests, representing all parts of the British Empire. The band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Thomas, performed in the Central Hall; the string band of the First Life Guards, conducted by Mr. J. Englefield, in the Bird Gallery; and the Ladies' Pompadour Band, conducted by Miss Eleanor Clausen, in the Fossil Mammalia Gallery, the electric light having been specially introduced for the occasion into the building. Refreshments were served throughout the evening in the Refreshment Room, the Bird Gallery, and the South Corridor. The Central Hall was decorated with choice flowers and palms, and here the guests were received by the following Vice-Presidents and Councillors:—

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