

# AFRICAN HUNTING

FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI

INCLUDING

LAKE NGAMI, THE KALAHARI DESERT, &c.

FROM 1852 TO 1860

BY

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a young calf charged me ferociously in the bush, down a steep hill. I stood my ground, as I had no time to run away, and gave her a bullet high up in the near fore shoulder, as she came within about ten yards of me. I then made a spring on one side, and she crashed past me, almost grazing my breast. With my second barrel I rolled her head over heels, not more than three lengths from me. She soon regained her legs, turned and made up the hill, trying to get at my gun-carrier, who was up a tree, just out of her reach. I was behind another tree close to her, but she did not see me, and I kept as still as a mouse. She then hobbled away down the hill mortally wounded, and I finished her off with a third ball.

*July 22nd.*—We crossed the Black Umveloose, and on the following day the Inyoni. At the kraal which we visited, the Kaffirs were all very inquisitive to know how I came by the wagon and oxen, as last year, when I had spent some time there, I had not even a Kaffir in my service, and I had increased 500 per cent. evidently in their estimation, as they despise a poor man as much as they respect a rich one, to whom they are very fawning and servile.

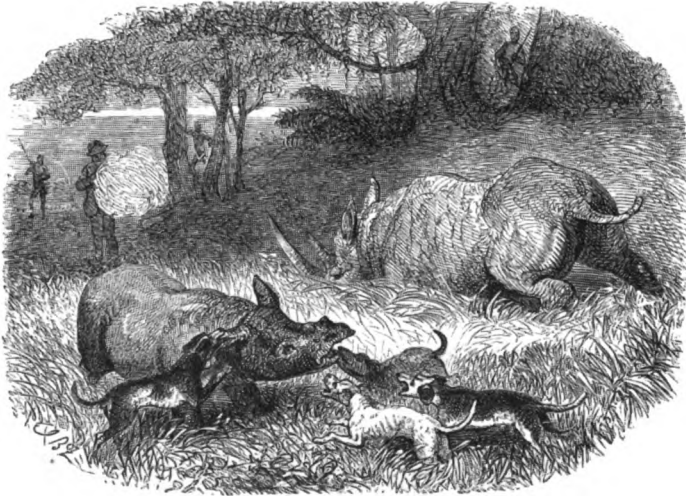
*29th.*—I got three letters from home and a Natal newspaper, and by their help and that of my driver, who recollected the days of the week, I corrected my reckoning, which had been two days out.

*August 1st.*—We were ploughing our way through long, heavy wet grass and scrubby thorn trees, when an old rhinoceros cow got up slowly from behind a

thorn tree, and, after giving me a good stare, advanced slowly towards me. I had only my small rifle, my gun-carrier being about twenty yards behind with my No. 9. I beckoned frantically to him to come on, but he seemed very undecided. At last, however, being a plucky little fellow, he came up, threw the gun at me, case and all, and ran up a tree like a monkey. I lost no time in getting the gun out of the cover, and gave the rhinoceros a ball in the chest. She turned round in double quick time, panting like a porpoise. I followed, but a Kaffir cur prevented me from getting very near, so she got away.

On climbing the top of the hill I saw two more, and sent my Kaffir below them, thinking they were sure to make down hill. I could not get near them, but just as they were about to make off, I shot one in the shoulder, but rather too low, and away they went. The dogs turned one, and brought him back not fifteen yards from me at full trot, his head up and his tail curled over his back, stepping out in splendid style, with fine high action. He looked very much inclined to charge me, but a bullet behind his shoulders, which dropped him on his knees, made him alter his course. I felt convinced that I had killed him, and followed him. At last, we saw a brute lying down in so natural a position that I never thought he could be dead, and shot him behind the shoulder, but he had laid down for the last time some hours before. It was the one I had shot first. After cutting out his horns, some sjamboks and his

tongue, and hanging them up in a tree, we went off for water, and had not gone far when I saw another, about twenty yards off, looking at me, uneasy, and apparently trying to screen herself from being seen. I waited some time till she turned, and then shot her behind the shoulder, when she immediately came at me, but a ball in the centre of her forehead stopped her progress, and she fell dead



not ten yards from me: a lucky shot, as I hardly knew where to fire, and I had not an instant to lose. I must have been impaled on her very long horn if I had not been fortunate enough to kill her. She had a very young calf, squealing most lustily, which the dogs were fighting with. I got them off, and wanted very much to take him to the wagon, and sent off my Kaffirs forthwith for half a dozen fellows

to carry him. He was like a well-bred Chinese pig, prick-eared, very fine skinned and fat, and shone as if he had just been polished with black lead; but while John and myself had gone to shoot a wildebeeste to make something to carry him in, slung between two poles, the hyenas had killed him, preferring him to the mother, though I had expressly cut a great portion of her hide off, that they might feed, as we were obliged to leave the calf all night to get water.

13th.—Hard day's bargaining with Mopitas, and I was forced to pay very dear for four young oxen, which I was obliged to buy to replace deaths.

14th.—Ascended a very high hill, and spent some hours at the top in taking a survey of the surrounding country, as broken, rugged, and hilly a country on every side as can well be imagined, but the view well repaid my labours.

15th.—Started off again in the direction of the Pongola, crossed the Umkusi, and pitched my tent for the night, being unsuccessful in getting any game, though I worked very hard. I was the more astonished at this, as I never travelled over more promising ground, beautiful short, new, green sweet grass, with plenty of bush and water.

18th.—Returned to the wagon, killing only one reed-buck. As I was trying to jump the St. Luey, the bank broke in with me, and I fell in, over head and ears. Saw a great number of koodoos and two troops of elands, buffaloes, and a vast quantity of game, but

did not stop to shoot, as I had lost myself, and was afraid I should not reach the wagon that night, and my Kaffirs had my blanket.

19th. — The hottest wind I ever yet felt in the colony. I was in the water half the day, and knew not where to put myself. These hot winds are, however, of rare occurrence.

20th.—Just as cold as yesterday was hot, and raining hard; but, fortunately, I have got the loan of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' for a few days. Turned out in the evening, got a steinbuck, koran, and dikkop.

Sept. 19th.—Inspanned, and started on my return; two deaths among my oxen, the rest rather fine drawn; have been the most of my time away from the wagon, shooting and spending a few days with Riley, Forbes, &c., and some very wet weather we have had. On the whole, very bad sport; five old bull buffaloes afforded good sport, and took a deal of killing. I had many chances at black rhinoceros, but they are not worth a shot; lost Nettle, by a tiger I suppose; saw five lions at different times, but being alone, did not venture battle, as I did not see one by himself. Almost tumbled over three rhinoceros in the dark, and they hunted me away, following me up a good way, and showing every demonstration of their displeasure, ploughing up the ground, &c.: made a sad mull of two sea-cows, which I took for rhinoceros, the night being very much overcast, and did not venture as near as I might, as it was an open plain. I was not more than twenty-five yards off, but

the wind being very favourable, I might, had I known they were sea-cows, almost have gone up and scratched them, and made dead sure of my shot; as it was, owing to having no white paper on the muzzle of my gun, I could not aim with any certainty. Saw several large snakes about the St. Luey, and one horrid puff adder alarmed me considerably. I was trying to despatch him with an iron ramrod, when his head and throat swelled to an enormous size, turning a hideous livid colour, as he reared himself up, and, with a horrid hiss, pitched himself at me; but I managed to dodge him, and he disappeared. Got a couple of crocodiles, and caught a small one, about one foot long, alive—a wicked little monster; took from one a lot of beautiful fat, which burns brilliantly; have got about 350 pounds of ivory to take down with me, and shall endeavour to make up my load with twenty-five buffalo hides, as I hear there is a sale for them.

*25th.* — After losing the oxen for a couple of days, and a couple of stick-fasts, got on to the missionaries without any adventure. Mothlow shot a sea-cow, and I went down with a whole troop of Kaffirs to bring up half a wagon-load of speck, hearing she was a very large cow, and so she proved, but as lean as a crow. It was an awfully wet night, so I made a Kaffir kraal, and stayed the night, supping on a delicious wild duck, amas, tchualla, and coffee, and I contrived to bake a loaf of bread between two pieces of a broken Kaffir pot, so that I was truly in

clover. My tent kept very heavy rain off surprisingly, and the soil being very sandy, soaked all up, and I spent a most comfortable night, when I had expected, from all appearances, just the reverse.

26th. — Made the wagon again. I got over the ground, twelve or fourteen miles, barefoot, very well, to my intense satisfaction ; it is an accomplishment I longed to achieve. Inspanned a young ox, which I had christened Lanky, after several hours' hard fighting with him. I never saw so wild a brute ; he roared, and bellowed, and charged all before him in the most savage, determined manner, and butted furiously a bull-stag he was coupled with, but a right good buffalo rheim defied his utmost efforts, and when everything failed, he lay down, alas ! never more to rise. I thought dragging him a few yards might have the desired effect, but when we stopped the wagon, his neck was broken. I cut his throat, skinned, and cut him up, and have converted the most of him into bell tongue.



## CHAPTER V.

1856.

## THIRD HUNTING TRIP INTO THE ZULU COUNTRY.

I LEFT Mr. Eastwood's, on Tuesday, October 7, on a tramping tour into the Zulu country, for the purpose of looking up my hunters, and taking them fresh ammunition. I took six Kaffirs with me, and while detained for four days at the Tugela, we were nearly starved. On going out one morning in search of a buffalo, I left one of my men under a tree, saying he was dying, but on my return with the news that I had shot one, he immediately revived.

I and one of my Kaffirs did not fare so badly. Being unable to shoot anything, as game was wild and wary, and the bush very thick and impenetrable, so that we could not get on without making a noise and scaring the buffaloes, we swam the Tugela at night, and had a good feed of boiled mealies and milk, but were unable to bring anything across for the rest of the party, in consequence of the breadth of the river and the rapidity of the stream.

My old horse Mouba (Sugar) strayed away, owing to the carelessness of the Kaffir in whose charge he

was, knee-haltered, with a head-stall on, and a strap attached to it fastened to another very strong padded one, buckled above his knee, which kept his head within one foot of his knee. This plan is usually adopted in the colony, to facilitate catching one's horse without hindering his feeding. We could not track him a bit, owing to the stony ground, and he remained knee-haltered for nearly three months, when he was found by a party of Dutch Boers hunting. I eventually recovered him, with no further injury than a deep scar above his knee, and a ring of white hairs round. The Boers who found him told me that, from the tracks he left, he must have slept and drank every day and night at the same place; he was still knee-haltered, and it was extraordinary that he escaped the lions so long.

On the 20th, we reached the house of Mr. Schroeder, the Norwegian missionary, by whom we were hospitably entertained during several days' bad weather. I thought myself very fortunate to be under his roof, as neither my little tent nor a Kaffir kraal are very agreeable, under such circumstances.

I left Mr. Schroeder's on the 23rd, with a supply of medicines, which he kindly gave me. I tried walking barefoot, but did not get on well. After sleeping at a Kaffir kraal, we continued our journey through a bad broken country, very slippery after the rain. However, I was in very good condition, and stood a long day's unsuccessful hunt after a sea-cow without fatigue. On the 25th, we crossed the Umslatoose,

where my biscuits had the misfortune to get a thorough soaking, owing to the carrier getting into a quicksand.

*26th (Sunday).*— Spent the day at the Norwegian Missionary Station, where there was a large muster of Kaffirs at church. The Norwegians are excellent hands at making up a good dinner out of poor materials, and on this occasion Mrs. Aftebro fully sustained the reputation of her countrywomen.

A fat Muscovy duck, however, when young and tender, is not a bad subject to work on ; the stuffing, made of mealie meal and eggs, is excellent, and a substitute for apple sauce, made of sour dock, is worth knowing of. They have a queer custom of giving you soup, afterwards, which I declined, but changed my mind on hearing it was sweet, made of arrow-root, preserves, &c.

I left the station the next morning, and had a good bit of shooting, bagging two steinbuck, one peau—a brilliant shot at 140 yards—and two koran. On reaching the kraal where I had told the Kaffirs to stop, I found them dancing and singing over two more steinbuck which they had killed.

*28th.*— The Kaffirs were very importunate that I should shoot two reedbucks which they saw close at hand, so I took my gun and knocked one over, and soon afterwards a splendid crest-peau or bustard. We already had more meat than we could carry, and even the dogs turned up their noses at the daintiest morsels ; but the Kaffirs, though heavily laden, could not make up their minds to leave anything behind,

so we cleaned and plucked, and made all as light as possible, and the Kaffirs carried off everything, not excepting the huge crested bustard. In the course of the day we crossed the Umsindoesie, and, after some hard walking, reached the Umveloose at sunset.

The next morning we walked about four miles up the river, and, having found a crossing-place, we got safely over, though the river was high. The day was burning hot, and we reached Johnson's wagon in the afternoon. An attack of English cholera laid me up there for several days, and I did not leave till late on November 4. I walked hard and reached the St. Luey, which I found much flooded, at sunset. In the course of the night we heard numbers of lions, but saw nothing of them.

5th.—Went into the bush, where the thick foliage and underwood and the long grass made the travelling bad and the shooting worse. However, I succeeded in bagging two bush buck. Ragman, a six-months' old puppy, behaved remarkably well, sticking to the second, a young doe, for fully two miles through the bush, and finally bringing her to bay at the river. He was dead beat when we found him, but he still held on like a vice. He is a whelp of great promise, bull and greyhound, with a dash of the pointer, the best breed possible, and the best feeder I ever saw, eating huge rashers of any animal just killed, when the sun is at the hottest, at which time very few dogs will feed, however hungry, saving us the trouble of carrying food for him. The natives make their

curs carry their own food, by cutting a hole in a huge piece, slipping it over their heads round their necks ; and I have frequently met a score of curs ornamented with a necklace of the kind, cut from a hind leg, which part they value least of any, and each weighing half as much as the animal which carries it, and they can neither get it off nor eat it.

6th.—Rain all day. I made two sheaths for knives, and had a shot at a hyena in the evening, but being out of breath with running, I missed him. He was gorged to the verge of bursting.

7th.—Crossed the St. Luey, one of the best rivers I know of for sport of all kinds, and nearest to the colony ; it rises somewhere at the foot of the Om-bombo Mountains, and runs through a splendid wooded valley. Lions are very plentiful. One night I was encamped in my small tent, weighing only 10lbs., which I had pitched as usual at the foot of a large tree, easy of ascending in case of need. My old pack ox Dancer was made fast with a rheim through a hole in his nose, and pegged down close to the tent for safety ; and two Kaffir boys (the rest of my party having gone back to the wagon for stores) were at a large fire in a small belt of thorns (mimosas) within twelve yards, just opposite the opening of my tent, when I heard the deep low subdued murmurings of a lion gradually nearing us. Old Dancer became very fidgety. There was a lot of meat hanging in the tree — koodoo, waterbuck, &c.— out of reach of the dogs. The lion came on very stealthily

and quietly, the night being very dark, and actually tried to claw the meat down from the tree close to me. I was sitting cross-legged, with my double rifle across my knees, expecting every moment to see his outline between me and the fire, where my lads were, as I thought, asleep; the brute actually stumbled over the tent ropes at the back, which were pegged down some six yards behind, causing a jar through the tent. Just at this critical moment something burst through the opening into my tent, quick as thought, and fell at my feet, and I was within an ace of shooting my two Kaffir boys, who had been awake all the time, lying as still as dormice, but could stand it no longer. I expected every moment the lion would have sprung on old Dancer, who remained perfectly passive, but after in vain trying to claw the meat down again he left us. On getting up in the morning I saw some six or seven different varieties of game; I hardly knew which kind to hunt, but gave the koodoos the preference.

8th.—A long, heavy walk, through vleys and water and foot-paths running down with wet, brought us to the first Amatonga kraals, the most wretched habitations imaginable. The poor fellows were all but starving; they had nothing to live on but wild figs, Kaffir oranges, and other fruit of the kind.

9th (*Sunday*).—Another wet and miserable day, my clothes, blankets, &c. all damp and unwholesome.

10th.—To-day we had a long tramp through the bush. I wounded an inyala doe, and had a long

chase after her, but eventually lost her. They are very wild and wary, and it requires the greatest caution to get a shot at them. Shortly after, I broke the leg of a buck. Ragman and Juno soon brought this one to a stand, and it dragged them a long way through the bush, bleating lustily. The dogs held on splendidly, and we followed the sound through the bush. At length I came on Ragman covered with blood, and was greatly surprised to find he had left the buck, but, hearing a row in the bush, I went on, and found three hyenas tearing away, and bolting skin and flesh at such a rate that in three minutes more there would not have been a particle left. Juno had fled in fear and trembling, and did not appear again for an hour. The hyenas retreated on my approach, and I was unable to get a shot at them, though I followed them, growling, a long way.

I went on afterwards to St. Lucia Bay, which I found swarming with wild fowl. I knocked over five geese at once, and shot a crocodile also.

*12th.*—As we were going out after a sea-cow, the Amatonga who was leading cried out, ‘There is a dead buck,’ and I saw what I took to be an inyala doe, and went leisurely towards it. My fellows, however, ran, and when within about thirty yards, up rose a fine black-maned lion, and slunk into the bush close by. The Kaffir in advance vanished like smoke. Ragman ran, and was barking, when out came two lionesses brilling savagely, at which the

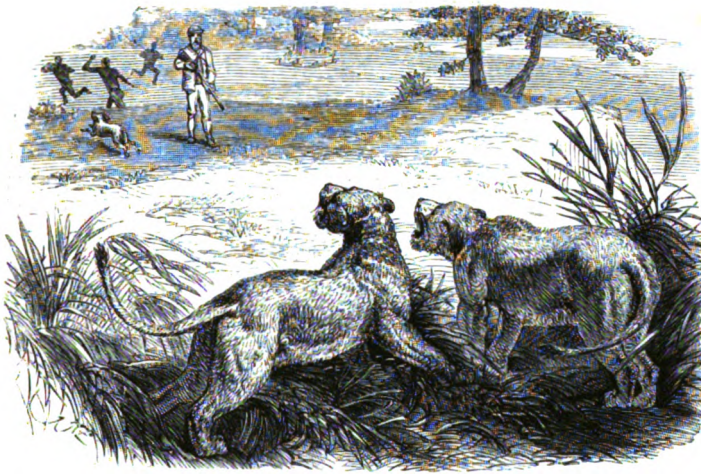


**INYALA, DOGS, AND HYENAS.**





Kaffirs all fled at the top of their speed. The lionesses eyed me some time at a distance of about thirty yards, and I was casting my eyes round for a



tree, as I expected them to come at me, but they slunk into the bush, and I never saw them again.

I afterwards gave a sea-cow a shot which I thought was fatal, but as he did not rise I went to look for another, and shortly hit one just under the root of the ear (the best shot you can give), and, after plunging and rolling over and over, for about ten minutes, he subsided, and we dragged him out some 200 yards below. The poor Amatongas were delighted, and carried all away but his head and back bone.

13th.—The first fine day we have had for a long

time. I turned out about two hours before sunset, and got a good chance at an inyala, but my gun hung fire, and the second barrel snapped. In coming back I gave one of the Amatongas a prod behind, to call his attention to a kind of wild dog, when he gave a most unearthly howl, and a bound which I never saw equalled, dropping all his assegais, whipping off his moutcha in a twinkling, and entreating me to come away, saying that an inyoka snake had bitten him, and that he should die. It was some time ere I could persuade the fellow otherwise.

14<sup>th</sup>. — To-day I started my Kaffirs in quest of my other hunters. The rivers had detained them until now, as they are frightened at deep water and very few of them can swim. I mended a gun belonging to one of them, and he went off in high spirits.

We had a long chase after an old bull buffalo, along the river's edge. I put forth all my powers to beat Mahoutcha, a fine Kaffir, who aggravated me by passing me at railway speed. I had the advantage of him, as he had a gun to carry and I none. We passed and re-passed one another about six times, my gun changing hands three times. I was utterly blown, and just about to yield the palm to Mahoutcha, though I was leading, when luckily for my credit the buffalo took the water and vanished into the dense bush on the other side.

I espied water-buck over the river, waded, and got

a long shot at a fine doe, which we eventually bagged after a long chase. We were kept awake in the night by the dogs fighting wolves, and turned out once, thinking we heard buffaloes drinking, but the sound proved to be only running water.

15th. — Off long before daylight down the river after sea-cows. I scrambled into a tree to see over the reeds, and got a shot, and though my gun hung fire, I struck him fairly, hearing the bullet pat. While waiting for it to rise, the rain came on furiously, and continued all day.

Anything more miserable than our situation can hardly be conceived. I made a kind of awning for my Kaffirs out of my large blanket, and they were comparatively snug. The ground was saturated with rain, all my traps wet and unwholesome, and my tent had begun to leak. This kind of life is sufficiently hard in fine weather, but in the drenching rain one gets in Africa it is positively unbearable, and enough to give the most light-hearted fellow a fit of the blues. As I had no cooking utensils of any kind except a kettle, all I could do was to roast my meat on a stick.

16th (*Sunday*).—I was lying in my little 9lb. tent enjoying Byron's poems, and meaning to have a day of rest, when the Amatongas came in a large body and were most importunate that I should go out to shoot them some meat, as they were very hungry; and there came also a lot of pretty girls to back their entreaties, bringing me small presents of

meal, rice, eggs, and beer. I at length agreed. They shortly hit off the spoor of two old bull buffaloes which had fed on an open plain early in the morning. We spooed them beautifully into a dense thicket, black as midnight, and so still and silent you might almost hear a leaf fall at the entrance ; the Amatongas one and all most politely made way for me to go in, silently pointing to the spoor. For the first time I began to take an interest in what I was about, took my double-barreled gun from the hands of the carrier, took off my shoes, and stepped cautiously and very quietly along the path, and had proceeded about one hundred yards, when, just as the path turned, I found myself face to face with an old bull fast asleep, lying down within ten yards. I dropped on one knee, cocked the left hand barrel, holding the trigger back to prevent the click, and, as soon as I felt the lock catch, took a steady pot in the centre of the forehead. Just as I touched the trigger my gun went down and stopped at half cock. The bull instantly opened his eyes wide, and was half up when I cocked and fired the second barrel and hit him. I ran through the smoke fifteen yards back, and dropping behind a bush to ascertain the effects of my shot, heard a crash through the bush. It was the other breaking cover, and my old friend on his legs, with his nose high up, snuffing the air for me. He made a dead set, getting my wind ; and immediately made a desperate charge right through the middle of my bush, which I avoided by jumping on one side. He turned im-

mediately, and made another dead set at me. There was but half a bush between us, and he stood not ten yards off, eyeing me furiously, the blood streaming down his face from a bullet between the eyes, but too low to be fatal. A second tremendous charge I



avoided almost literally by the skin of my teeth. All this time, which seemed to me almost as many hours as it was in reality minutes, not a Kaffir or even one of my dogs came to my aid to attract his attention, though they must both have heard all that was going on. A third time we stood in close proximity; there was nothing but the remnants of the trampled bush between us. I never removed my eye an instant from

his. He backed some four feet and lowered his head as if about to charge, and we stood for two minutes or more with some tangled brush-wood not four feet high and very thin between us. I hardly know myself how I avoided his last charge; I threw out both arms and pushed myself from his body, and away as hard as I could, closely pursued by the bull. His hot breath was on my neck, and in two strides more nothing could have saved me; but at this spot the path turned to the right, and missing me he went headlong through a fearfully tangled thicket and broke into the open not twenty yards a-head and about seven or eight on my left, carrying half a cart-load of rubbish on his horns. I threw myself on my back in the thicket to prevent his seeing me, on reaching the open. Just as he broke, and when he was about twenty yards from me going straight away, I recovered myself, gave him my second barrel, which I had had no opportunity of firing before, hitting him high up on the last rib on the off side just in front of the hip, when he threw up his tail, made a tremendous bound in the air, and dashed through bush thorns so dense and close that it was perfectly wonderful how he managed it, and fell dead in about 200 yards, with the low moaning bellow so gratifying to a hunter's ears. My trusty Amatongas descended immediately from the different trees which they had climbed as soon as the affray commenced, and were most lavish in their compliments to me. I was going to rate them soundly for their cowardice, but

I found I had lost the use of my tongue, which I did not fully recover for many hours, and vowed over and over again I would hunt no more on Sunday, knowing it to be Sunday.

I afterwards made some experiments with the buffalo, and found his brain so very narrow that there is every chance of missing it, in which case you do not injure him in the least. My bullet had penetrated between the eyes about two inches below the brain, which it had missed altogether, although close beside it. We cut out the ball just at the top of his head, within an inch of the hole into his brain. In my experiments I had all but killed my best dog, Ragman, in trying if the bullet would penetrate by shooting in the soft place between the horns. At night I sallied out by torchlight, to try to get a shot at some laughing hyenas, who had taken a water-buck skin from the very feet of the Kaffirs, and were laughing in fits over it, utterly heedless of the dogs.

17th. — Got under weigh with some difficulty, as we had a large quantity of meat to carry. Killed four impalas, and then went to pitch on a place for our camp, near sunset. After making the necessary arrangements I strolled out to try and fire off my gun, as I wanted to clean it. I saw a hyena prowling along, and killed him so dead, at fully one hundred yards, that I thought he had dropped into a hole the moment I fired.

18th. — I was awakened by a white rhinoceros



charging past, with three dogs at his heels, and Mahoutcha calling out lustily to me ; but, unfortunately, I was not loaded, and Mahoutcha's gun snapped, so the brute got away.

We turned out afterwards to try for a rhinoceros cow we had seen the day before. We were consulting as to the best means of getting at one, which we saw standing at some distance under a tree, when a troop of impalas came charging down, with a fine old lioness after them. We went, and saw her lying down, but so flat to the ground, head and all, that no man could shoot with any certainty ; and she never for a moment took her eyes from us. When we got up to her, she was lying down flat as a plate to the ground ; but her head might have been on a pivot, as her watchful eye glared on us all round, without appearing to move her body, as we decreased the circle, in the hopes she would stand up and give us a fair chance of a shot behind the shoulder. I could not place the smallest dependence on Mahoutcha, whose face was the colour of boiled liver. As we walked round the lioness, he described a circle full a dozen yards larger than I did : I therefore, taking into consideration that discretion was the better part of valour, looked for a tree to climb up, near enough to make tolerably sure of my shot. I was just getting up one, when the lioness made off : not much to my credit, certainly ; but in case of a charge, Mahoutcha would have been sure to miss, and then nothing could have saved us.

In the course of the day, I shot a fine impala, which we hung up in a tree, intending to take him home as we returned ; but when we came back, we found nothing but bones left : the vultures had pulled him down, skinned, and finished him.

19th. — I was resting under a tree, when we sighted a white rhinoceros cow. I stalked up to within about twenty yards of her. She was very uneasy, perceiving danger, but not knowing from what quarter to expect it. She made straight for me, at a round trot, and I dropped her with a bullet in the chest. She rose immediately, and I struck her again, but she got away. We were long in tracing her spoor, as the ground was hard and stony, and we never saw her again ; but, in following her, we came on an old black bull, which I shot dead behind the shoulder. I pitched the tent near his carcase, intending to have a shot at a tiger at night, but it was too dark to see anything, and the wolves, jackals, and hyenas made such a noise all night as I never wish to hear again. They fought over every mouthful, and chased one another madly, and, though I fired occasionally at random, it had no effect. Frequently some of them tumbled over my tent-ropes, startling me out of a broken slumber. My fellows had strongly advised me not to sleep there, and wisely took themselves off three or four hundred yards ; and, could I have found them in the dark, I should have moved my quarters. The wolves and hyenas had made an end of the bull by the morning.

20<sup>th</sup>. — I saw more buffaloes than I had ever seen before in one day. They were galloping in all directions, and at last I accounted for it by there being an immense party of Amaswazis hunting. I shot a fine wildebeest bull, and saw many black rhinoceros, but they do not pay to shoot. We camped in a beautiful place, under a large tree, with rivers running on three sides, and a huge mountain at the back, called Tegwan, which I ascended. On this mountain, a whole tribe were massacred by Charka's people: they scrambled up to the summit, but were all butchered and thrown off. The country is now uninhabited, and the mountain swarms with baboons.

Five black rhinoceros, an old buffalo, and a wild boar, grazed quietly within 300 yards of my tent, but I left them unmolested, as we had more meat than we could use, and the dogs were perfectly useless from obesity. Even the Kaffirs could only touch the morsels which they considered the daintiest.

21<sup>st</sup>. — Had three shots at a white rhinoceros, with remarkably fine horns. I saw a good number, but they were in the open, and though they are stupid things, and easy of approach, if met with alone, they generally keep near quaggas, wildebeests, or buffaloes, who give them the alarm.

22<sup>nd</sup>. — Reached the St. Luey, across a hilly, rough, stony, broken country. After being roasted in the sun, till I thought I must have had brain fever, waiting for a cow koodoo (the sentinel of the

troop) to disappear over the ridge, I came so suddenly, at last, upon the troop, that, though usually most shy, wary, and difficult of approach, they seemed now quite stupified, and I got right and left at two magnificent old bulls, hearing the bullets tell loudly, like the drawing of corks, both within twenty-five yards ; but, being too anxious to get both, I



got neither. It was very mortifying, and I felt very small in my own eyes. I had left my hat far back, and suffered terribly in consequence — burying my head in the grass, and twisting it over me, to endeavour to keep off as much scorching sun as possible. To crown all, I lost the finest horned rhinoceros I ever beheld. I found him, while endeavouring to trace the blood-spoor of one of the wounded koodoos, standing half up to his middle in a mud hole,

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with his tail towards me. I endeavoured to direct his attention to me in various ways. I was within fifteen yards, and had been for many minutes, and could have picked my place to fire twenty times, but, after the last discomfiture, I thought I would make dead sure, when, without a warning of any kind, he suddenly made right off, and I had only a stern shot left me, which is of no manner of use. I had lost my way entirely, and did not get back till three hours after dark, guided by the shouts of the Kaffirs.

The bagging of large shy game on foot is a complete science, and requires no small skill. You must take your bearings, study the wind to a point, and, if seen by the animals, go in an exactly opposite direction, marking well the place, and gradually work round, never stopping to look dead at them, unless well concealed. It is impossible to use too much caution. I have heard an old hunter say, that if he got one good chance in a day, he was perfectly satisfied. The first dawn of day is the best time to commence, and a good telescope an immense assistance.

The crocodiles are the greatest drawback to this country. I got to a lovely hole in the St. Luey, wearied and hot, and a plunge would have been worth any money, but the spoor of a large crocodile which had just gone in warned me, and I was forced to content myself with a shallow place, where the stream ran strong, and where I was safe from them.

We took six bees' nests in this neighbourhood, thanks to the honeybirds, but it was the wrong time of year, and we did not find much in them.

*25th.* — Made a pair of gaiters of impala skin, but was in great straits, as I had lost my sail needle. Shot a bush-buck, and severely wounded a koodoo bull, but lost him, as the dogs were worse than useless, owing to the excessive heat and overfeeding. The heat was so great that the gun-barrels would blister my hands, and the heel-plate was so hot that I could not bear it to my shoulder, through a thick shirt. On one occasion, on stooping down to drink, some blue flint-stones on which I had placed my bare knee raised a blister instantly.

I had sent Mahoutcha to buy some amobella meal of the Kaffirs a day or two previously, and he returned to-day with the intelligence that all the young and fighting men were gone. Two sons of Panda's were quarrelling who was to succeed him, and a civil war was imminent. I decidedly wished myself out of the country, as the sight of blood makes Kaffirs worse than wild beasts, and when once they have tasted blood, they would think nothing of knocking on the head anything that comes in their way.

*28th.* — I was awakened out of a sound sleep very unpleasantly. It blew a hurricane, and my tent being broadside to the wind, the pegs on the weather-side all gave at once, and were carried to Bagdad by the jerk, and I was left exposed to a downfall of rain,

he gives of the accident is as follows:—On pulling up Luister short to jump off to shoot his giraffe, as his body was bent to dismount, Luister reared straight up in the air and then plunged and kicked violently, finishing by taking a bound to the left. John came off and heard the bone of his left fore arm crack like a cap. Luckily Swartz and Kleinboy were close at hand, and immediately pulled up and set his arm, and when I returned he was properly splintered and bandaged up, with his arm in a sling, and drinking a cup of coffee. Medcalfe made the splints with the back of a book and part of the lid of a tea-chest.

*2nd.*—Inspanned early and treked far to a vley, the horses and dogs winding the water full a mile and a half off, and setting off briskly with their heads up in the air. Kvelt fell with Swartz, unfortunately breaking the stock of the double-barrel he bought from me. I had the Kaffirs at work at each of my legs to-day, and extracted forty-two thorns. I need hardly say I suffer great pain, as my hands festered, and ached, and throbbed to such a degree that I got no sleep, and I did not lessen the pain to-day by applying blue stone. The hack-thorns, or *vaac um bechi*—a most appropriate name given them by the Boers, signifying ‘wait a little,’—are the most fearful things to get through I ever came across. They have low square tops, strong and very dense, with short stubby sharp thorns, set on both ways, and no garment of any quality can stand against them, and the more desperate your

struggles the faster you get ; neither horse, dog, ox, Kaffir, nor Christian will knowingly face them a second time, except by using great care and caution. They are most virulent and poisonous in their nature. My right knee and elbow are perfectly stiff.

A lot of Maccalacas Kaffirs came for water ; they are poor wretches, called dogs by the Maccateese, and are not allowed to eat anything they kill but just the intestines ; they must take all the meat to Sechele. They had nothing to carry water in but ostrich eggs and the intestines of large animals tied fast at one end, and they scooped up the water in tortoise-shells ; they had the eggs slung to their backs in a skin or a kind of network, and each of them carried from twelve to eighteen. This place is called Lopepes vley. No spoor of any game coming to drink, and seeing ducks which took right away, I judge there must be another vley near at hand.

*3rd.* — About eight o'clock the Kaffirs that were herding the oxen came to say there were three black rhinoceros. We up-saddled and went in pursuit, following the spoor not far, however, when we saw them, and they at once went straight off. I was about twenty yards in the rear, Swartz going at a smart gallop, Bryan star-gazing, and pulling hard, when down he came, a tremendous bang, right on the flint-stones, or rather rocks, breaking both knees and grazing his shoulder badly. Luckily, or rather unluckily, my gun entirely broke the force of my fall, and I was not hurt in the least, but the gun got



an ugly bend, and a crack you might put a sixpence in half round the barrel, and about nine inches below the muzzle, and split the stock down the middle, and I was entirely thrown out.

Swartz chased them far ; jumped off and killed the cow and a large calf right and left, and they lay within 150 yards of one another.

Inspanned in the afternoon, and I stopped behind to have a swim. Just before sunset I saw giraffes from the wagon, and Swartz and Kleinboy were soon in the saddle, and the former killed a fat cow, after a very long stern chase. It was full moon, and it was about an hour and a half high, when we saw a fire some three hundred yards from the road, and found Swartz and giraffes there. Outspanned for a few hours, and the Kaffirs put nearly the whole of the giraffes in the wagons, as we shall not get game again for three or four days, being now near Sicomo's.

*4th.* — Inspanned about three o'clock, and got to a large vley of good water, called Sangarni, about eleven A.M. ; scorching hot ; the wagons very, very heavy. I had to outspan one of my oxen, which had nearly pulled his eyes out.

To give an idea of the stomachs of the Dutch women, one proposed they should have a marrow-bone between them ; the other objected, saying she could eat a whole one ! The proposer thought she could too, and forthwith they had the two largest broiled — nearly a yard long each, without exaggeration —

and that without salt, or condiments of any kind whatever, and in the middle of a regular roasting hot day. The cow was very fat, and the bones full of marrow.

The Kaffirs are happy dogs. One bushman Kaffir, after working two years for two heifers, took gladly our escort to his kraal. He left his heifers in charge of another Kaffir, while he went to a giraffe I had shot for meat, and, on returning, his heifers were gone. He followed the spoor far, and early next morning he saw lion-spoor also, on the track of his heifers. His hopes were faint, and a little farther he found their remains, and rejoined us the following day, and, laughing from mouth to ear, said, 'The lion had eaten them up;' and they do not appear to have cost him a second thought.

I bent my gun straight again, made her fast to a tree, and fired her with a long string. I then put in nine drachms of fine powder, and fired her again in like manner: to my joy and surprise, I could see no enlargement whatever of the crack, and think I shall continue shooting with her, as she is my favourite gun. It is more than a crack: I could put a three-penny piece right through into the barrel, and cannot make up my mind whether it is dangerous or not to shoot with now. I fired four bullets from the shoulder at a target, and she appeared to shoot as well as ever.

5th. — Got early to Sicomo's, a wild, queer place. The Kaffirs all live on the top of a high berg, having

no access but up a gorge, between two stony mountains ; a dry watercourse, which, in any other country, would be a roaring torrent. Sicomo was hunting, and we did not see him. Though there are several thousand Kaffirs living on the berg, a stranger passing through the country would think it uninhabited, but in the evenings and early mornings, on going to and from their work in the gardens, the whole pass is one continued line of people, and constant hum of voices. Traded a lot of feathers, two karosses, and about forty pounds of ivory ; the Kaffirs much more civil than I expected to find them.

*6th.* — Parted company with Medcalfe, and treked away, he remaining behind. Though our course lies directly forward, it will take us about two days to round the precipitous rocky mountain. Outspanned at sunset, and got water in a dry watercourse, after scraping about three feet deep : cool and delicious, as we have had two burning days, with hot winds, which completely prostrated me. We had, however, lots of Kaffir beer, which is a little acid, and very refreshing. Stayed behind the wagons, to try and exchange Jack for another horse, and, though I risked my neck in galloping him among the stones, as he is almost blind, I could not swap.

*8th.*—Although I walked ahead of the wagons all day I saw nothing. Swartz wounded a quagga, and a few minutes after the shot I heard the dogs had something at bay, and on running a few hundred

yards in the direction, saw the Kaffirs squatting on their hams behind the trees. I thought it was a wounded buffalo, but I saw, to my surprise, an unwounded cow giraffe. I gave Swartz a ball, and we fired together a running shot, both hitting her too high, but she stood again 200 yards ahead, and I being first loaded and first up, shot her through the heart, dead.

*9th.*—Yesterday our direction lay right through a large mountain, and the path was horribly stony, and we had to cut our way with axes through a great part, but the weather was luckily cold, and I could not keep warm, walking hard, with two coats on. Saddled up early for a giraffe or eland, but it was so cold we had to off-saddle and light a fire, which I did with a cap, two stones, a bit of rag, and powder. We waited for the wagons, breakfasted, and again started, when we soon saw three lions; gave chase to the lioness, and she ran hard through the bush a good distance, when she lay down. Donna, who is always in the way, went up and started her again, and, as she was nearing the thick bush, Swartz, fearful of losing her, jumped off, fired and missed her. I galloped on, and she came to bay, lying under a bush facing me twenty-five yards off. Swartz came up, and when reloaded, I fired from Bryan's back, my arms aching so with holding my horse that I missed also. With a fierce growl she changed her position to a big bush, some twelve yards off. When I was reloaded, Swartz fired from his horse with better success, hitting her

on the point of the shoulder and disabling her. She champed the branches of the tree in impotent rage and fury, and I went up and finished her off. She was a fine old lioness, very large and fat. We skinned her, and Swartz took the skin to the wagon. I took the skull, though, but for my infamous bad shot, I should have had the honour of killing her. I saw yesterday, for the first time, a harrisbuck, or potoquaine, but he was far off, and on the side of a most precipitous mountain. Hearing our wagons thundering down the dry stony ravine, he was taking himself majestically off, out of harm's way. He appeared to me to be of a glossy jet black, and I ran hard to get a better look at him, but he had disappeared, or rather I got deeper and deeper into the kloof, and the bushes, trees, and rubbish intercepted my view.

10th. — Had an easy victory over an immense old giraffe bull. Not having a measure, I am afraid to say what height he stood ; but from his fetlock to his knee, and from his knee to the point of the shoulder, were both over four feet. His tongue, which I slung to my belt above my hips, hung below my ankle. I saw him standing alone, and, knowing he would take up wind, kept 150 yards below ; and, after an easy gallop of about a mile, he came directly across me, within 15 yards, at a tearing pace. Bryan, being on his best behaviour, pulled up short ; and I gave him a bullet in the stern, about 100 yards off, which soon caused him to slacken his pace ; and the

ground being good, after in vain trying to drive him towards the wagons, I finished him with another shot behind the shoulder. I have had my gun cut down by the Bastards. She is now ridiculously short—barely 18 inches—but uncommonly handy on horseback, and she appears to shoot as well as before. I bagged 11 pigeons and 4 ducks with her in two discharges.

11th (*Sunday*).—Kleinboy last night carelessly left out my saddle, which I had lent to Swartz. Though it was not two yards from the wagons, and there were lots of dogs and Kaffirs sleeping out, the wolves took it bodily away; and though we turned out the last man in search, as yet we have only found the girths, stirrups, and one buckle of a stirrup-leather, which we found a good half-mile from the wagons. This is most unfortunate, as no amount of money can replace the loss here. If I could only recover the old saddle-tree, I could patch it up somehow or other to answer the desired purpose; but a good saddle in this country is quite indispensable, as the horses' backs are very liable to get sore, notwithstanding all the care that can be taken.

13th.—Found the cork out of the bottle, and the last drop of ink spilled, and had to continue my journal with a mixture of gunpowder and water.

15th.—No elephants yet. I saw this morning three beautiful harrisbucks, as I was strolling on in front of the wagons, unfortunately without my gun.

The days are cruelly hot. It is quite impossible to travel in the middle of the day; both man and beast are quite prostrate. I shall hunt no more in the summer, as the exposure to the fierce heat, the burning sands, and the hot sultry winds, dries you up like an old mummy, takes all the sap out of your body, and adds about ten years to your appearance. We are eaten up with flies; and the wagon affords but slight protection from the sun, which is so powerful, that a side of bacon, by no means fat, and protected by two thick canvas sails, melts away. My hands are still very sore from the hack-thorns, and I cannot get them well. Rode my new purchase, Luister, to-day, for the first time, but found nothing. John's arm still pains him a good deal. He had a Kaffir doctoring him yesterday, cutting numerous small niches all over the arm, and rubbing in some preparation of leaves and roots; but I place no faith whatever in his skill, and should be sorry to undergo the pain.

18th (*Sunday*).— Three giraffes, three white rhinoceros, one black ditto, and one eland bull, must be added to the list of slaughter — three rhinoceros and one giraffe being my share of the spoil. I killed the black rhinoceros and the eland also; but, not giving them the first ball, they do not count to me. We had a glorious hunt after a large troop of giraffes, Swartz, Kleinboy, and myself each singling out one, and each bringing to bay in a masterly manner. I rolled my cow over dead with one bullet; Kleinboy

did the same about two miles ahead. Swartz could not go the pace, and fired 200 yards off, giving his giraffe a good shot, however, and making her what he calls 'swack.' It is a good plan, if you are sure of your shot; but at such a distance I cannot make good work.

Yesterday Swartz and myself, being badly mounted, had a long chase after two white rhinoceros cows. I eventually finished them both, though they cost us nine bullets. On jumping off to fire, Jack ran away, and I had a long chase on foot ere I recovered him. Swartz's nag, old Croppy, is dead lame on one foot, but a sjambok vigorously applied had a wonderful effect on him. Rode Luister in the afternoon, and shot a very large bull, with a fine horn, breaking his shoulder the second shot, as he came swinging broad-side past me, not more than 20 yards off. I shot well yesterday, hitting nine running shots with ball, from 50 to 70 yards off, all good shots. Killed some Namaqua partridges and two different kinds of bush partridge, totally different from any I ever before saw, the plumage underneath resembling a grouse, with very handsome bills. I regret much my inability to skin them properly.

Our course lies nearly north, verging east and west for water; and we have Masaras, who go ahead of the wagons, to point out the way from one vley to another. This is, without exception, the driest, flattest, most desolate-looking country I ever saw; and the Masaras have burned the last blade of grass.



There is so much sameness in the country, that I dare not leave the wagons in the bush, for fear of losing myself. We find one another by firing guns and lighting immense fires. It is anything but a comfortable feeling when you are lost, as you have not an idea where you are likely to get water, and the ground is so dry and baked with the sun that the wagons hardly leave any visible spoor. We all agreed that we would not willingly set foot in this land again. We are twenty in all at the wagons, black and white, including two women and their children. Bryan is sick, and two oxen also. Jack was lost last night, and we were debating whether the lions had taken him or not, when, to my great joy, the Tottie discovered him. The Kaffirs found ten ostrich eggs yesterday, which were very good. I breakfasted this morning on rhinoceros hump, baked in a hole in the ground, in the skin — tender, juicy, fat, glutinous, and good.

Wherever there is a little muddy spring, which takes half a day to fill a small hole, you will find some poor wretches of starving Masaras close in the neighbourhood; how they support life at all is a mystery to me, in this barren, worthless desert. The Masaras have no cattle or gardens; indeed, I don't suppose anything would grow. Half a dozen stunted goats, and a few curs that can hardly hold together from famine, constitute their all.

22<sup>nd</sup>.— No elephants yet, and the Kaffirs will not tell us where they are; I think they are afraid of

Mosilikatse. Swartz and myself have killed four buffaloes, two rhinoceros, and one eland, wishing to lay in a good stock of dry meat before we come to elephants. We must shoot no more then, for fear of frightening them, as there is no knowing, when once alarmed, when they will stop again. There is no waste in the great quantity of meat we have killed, as the poor Masaras light great fires by each animal, and eat and dry the last morsel. A whole batch of them moved their quarters to the three rhinoceros I shot, which all lay pretty near together. The rest of the party are asleep as I sit scribbling. We out-span to let the oxen and horses feed and drink, before we go to bed, which we always do as soon as it is dark, for we must be up by the morning star, and have a cup of coffee and a biscuit before we trek. The Kaffirs make a kraal for the oxen every night, as we are afraid of lions.

Yesterday morning we saw a large troop of nearly 200 buffaloes. We lost no time in saddling up Luister and Ludovick, each bent upon shooting a fat cow. Old Wolf got their wind; and being the most disobedient cur in the world, there was nothing for it but to go after him, and we had a grand hunt, the buffaloes tearing along through and over everything, causing stones and branches to fly in every direction, their heavy gallop making the very earth shake. I was above the wind, and got no dust; Swartz being below, was half blinded. One old bull chased Swartz away from the troop. I rode to

the head of them, and could not make up my mind which to fire at, as they were so intermixed. At length I saw a round shining dumpy short cow, apparently very fat, and was determined to have her, and pushed Luister close alongside. She could not get into the herd, they were so wedged together. I fired from the saddle within two yards of her, giving Luister at the same time a chuck on the off rein, and a savage dig with the near persuader, to prevent his being run over by those behind. She kept on with the herd ; and I, not being able to load at the gallop, the bush being too thick, unpardonably lost sight of her. I heard Smouse and Wolf barking at one, and on galloping in the direction, saw they had succeeded in turning out an old cow, and were baiting her in good style. I galloped to their assistance, and after a short chase, getting close to her stern, jumped off just as she went into the bed of a dry river—the Sassy—and shot her dead right through the heart, and out just behind the shoulder on the other side, as she was ascending the opposite bank. On returning in the direction where I last heard the firing, I found Swartz and the Kaffirs exulting over a cow and young heifer, which they had murdered among them in about twelve shots, as all hands at the wagon had a round at them. I said I had lost a fine cow, which I was sure could not go far, and must go and look for her, and, singularly, I found her lying dead not 100 yards from the other two, shot right through the heart. We loaded up an immense quantity of

beef, as she was, as I thought, in prime order. The Kaffirs take the paunch, and after being well scraped, cleaned, and greased of course, they wear it as a handkerchief round their heads.

23rd.— Ascended a high mountain this morning, and had a capital view of the surrounding country— one immense wooded flat as far as the eye can discern in every direction, with mountains thinly interspersed all over, just like so many artificial grottoes on a gentleman's pleasure-ground. They are round stony hills for the most part, wooded to the summit, and of every conceivable shape and size, decidedly pretty; but there is no water, and the country bears such a parched appearance the very sight makes your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth. We had been looking forward for several days to the delightful baths we should have on reaching the Sassy, but we found it completely dried up, and had to get spades to work to dig a large hole in the sand in the middle of the bed of the river, when (as is always the case) cool water immediately rose, but only in small quantities, barely enough for oxen and horses. We are now only, I am told, two days from Mosilikatse's kraals; and I hear from the Kaffirs that the Rev. Robert Moffat, from Kuruman, is there—a clever, intelligent man, and better acquainted with the Kaffirs than any man in Africa. The sun here is most oppressive, and there is frequently no air stirring at night; but we have no mosquitoes.

The Maccateese have almost frightened my two

them, reading only a little at a time, and then doing something else to spin them out to the uttermost. Fresh elephant spoor was seen this morning. I went at once to see if Veichman was fresh enough to follow, but his feet are quite worn through.

*December 1st.* — I never was so tired in my life. Swartz has sold the wagons to Mosilikatse for twenty teeth; and we may wait here another ten days before they arrive. After that, he says he will give us permission to hunt, but it comes too late to be of any service to me, as my last horse is dead; and I hear to-day that John has gone back to the house with Viljoen, taking my two horses with him. If this is true, it will be the greatest 'sell' that ever happened to any poor mortal in this world. I wrote and despatched a long yarn to Moffat three days ago, and I wished to send a messenger to John to-day; but, though I bribed Impugan with a very handsome sheep-skin kaross, he would not give me a Kaffir to show mine the way.

*3rd.* — A great quantity of rain has fallen the last week, and I am quite tired of it. Heard to-day, positively, that John has gone back ten days ago. Never was poor mortal so miserably duped as I am. After coming seven months' journey to hunt, now, when we at last get leave, I have no horse, though I gave 50*l.* for a brute not worth 15*l.*, and this country is so open that it is almost impossible to kill elephants on foot; and so flat, too, and the trees so small, that a wounded elephant must catch you.

*7th.*—Tired as a dog of doing nothing ; no word of the Kaffirs yet. I expect the heavy rains have swollen the river, and they are not able to cross. Were it not for a small volume of Byron's poems, which I now know most of by heart, I could not kill the time.

*8th.*—Played quoits with the washers of the wheels, and got through the time with the putting-stone, &c. The messengers and ivory for the wagon returned this afternoon, and, after no end of bargaining, the sale was concluded for twenty bull teeth, and seven more for seven oxen, about 1,300 lbs. altogether—a good sale. We must send another report to Mosilikatse, and then he will say positively if he will give us leave to hunt or not. I suppose he thinks we are all Jobs ; after detaining us two months he has completely humbugged us, and got all he wanted from us, as now the season is too late, the weather too hot, and the bush by far too thick to do any good. The wily old fox completely got the best of us ; his next message, if we had waited, would most probably have been that, now the corn was sown, no rain would fall as long as elephant-hunters were in his country—consequently, no harvest—and we must therefore go home ; and possibly inviting us to come again the following year (only about three months' journey), to receive the same treatment.

*9th.*—Inspanned and left, to my great joy, having six Kaffirs in attendance to see us clear out of Mosilikatse's country. Swartz killed a snake in the wagon over nine feet long—a mamba, the most

venomous of all—and yesterday, walking with only a shirt and gaiters, I very nearly trod on one about twelve feet long; he escaped knobkerries and assegais, and beat four of us, and eventually gained a hole, into which he disappeared like magic. We



hit him several times, but he was so flat to the ground we could not hurt him, but only made him savage. The wagon stuck fast, and we had to off-load. The dissel-boom was sprung, and the hind axle also, almost leaving us in a fix. We hope it will hold together till we get to the game, as here there is nothing, and we have nothing to eat; and the Kaffirs will not sell buck or sheep, as they want us to leave the country.

18th.—We have been making good play towards home the last few days, having given up all hope of



A GIRAFFE HUNT.



obtaining elephants. Yesterday the wagon broke down, and we are hard at work putting in a new axle; the wagon is so heavy that we must all walk, and it is downright hard work, from the first dawn of day till sunset, outspanning twice to let the oxen drink, and swallowing hastily some refreshment for the inner man. We saw a quantity of game yesterday, and killed four rhinoceros and two giraffes, and altogether had the finest sport since leaving the house. An immense herd of buffaloes, 100 at least, took away right in front of the giraffe I had driven out of the herd, and we soon passed them, as the pace was killing; the giraffe then turned to the left, and the whole troop were not more than fifty yards behind me, coming along at a tearing pace. I did not much like my position, as, in case of a fall, I should have been pounded to mince-meat by the dense mass; however, the speed at which we went soon left the buffaloes far behind, and I got my giraffe. Swartz, coming up on Ludovick, gave her a finisher, for my bullet was rather far back. I rolled over a large cow rhinoceros, going at her best speed in fine style, with one shot, breaking her back—a thing one can seldom accomplish.

21st.—We found a flaw in the wood, not, however, until the first axle was nearly complete, and had to seek another, and all our work to do over again. We had lots of rain, and I took a wrinkle out of Galton's 'Art of Travel,' and made myself a tent, gipsy fashion, two blankets fastened together with

wooden pegs thrown over. I cut drains all round, and slept warm and dry as a toast, though the rain was very heavy and of long continuance. Swartz shot three buffaloes out of one troop, though the ground was very heavy, and the buffaloes had a tremendous start. My horse Veichman has been fortunate enough to get through the sickness, by plentiful bleeding, just in the nick of time, and careful treatment, having a stable made for him every wet night. However, he could not go the pace, and I did not like to push him in his present feeble condition, so I had nothing to say to them. We have been varying our diet with guinea fowl, ostrich eggs, and sucking pigs — a pleasant change, this hot weather, from continual flesh meat. Our meal has run very short, and we have bread only once in two or three days, as a treat. The roof of my mouth is quite sore with masticating so much tough flesh.

Yesterday a troop of about seventy giraffes came swinging past the wagons; the Kaffirs and dogs yelled loud, and there was a general rush for guns. They all turned short to the left and put on the steam. I was the only one that got my gun in time, but, ere I could get her out of the case, they were at least 400 yards off. I fired at the head of the nearest cow, and we all heard the bullet clap loudly, but as we could see no alteration in her gait, we took no further notice, and the whole herd were lost in the bushes. About two hours before sunset, Hendrick, Sechele's son-in-law, sang out, 'Sur, sur, sur—surs a

camel is dode.' The Kaffir who was herding the oxen had found her about a mile off. We started immediately; she was a fine old cow, and very fat. I had shot her right through the jugular vein, and she had bled to death. The giraffes galloped right through the oxen, alarming the latter very much, and they all took away in different directions. We turned out in quest of them, and it was many hours ere we recovered them all. The ground being soft with the rain, we were able to follow the spoor. I cannot easily imagine a greater fix than to lose the oxen in this country.

I expect the axle will be finished to-day. I am afraid to go out to hunt, for fear of losing myself. We have nothing whatever to guide the eye by—no hill, rock, stream, or mountain—all is one dense, wooded flat; the wagon-spoor is the only thing, and having twice lost myself, I have no wish to run a third risk.

I will give the reader a description of old Ia, our Hottentot maid:—She is one of Pharaoh's lean kine, unusually tall, straight as a kitchen poker; long, lean, scraggy neck; the smallest little pig eyes in the world; no nose, but two huge nostrils; high cheek bones, sunken checks, wide mouth, very thick lips, just the colour of the mulberry juice, low forehead, and small head. I believe she has about the eighth of an inch long of wool on the latter, but, as it is always swathed in a handkerchief, I am not certain. She is, I believe, somewhere between fifty and

sixty, and you seldom see her without a short, black pipe in her mouth. She wears ear-rings, necklace, and armlets, and the gaudiest-coloured shawl and handkerchief. She is of a yellowish copper colour ; her breast as flat as a deal board, and, altogether, about as plain, not to say downright ugly, as nature could possibly make her ; but, with all these perfections, she has, in common with all her race, the most perfect, delicately-formed, and smallest hands and feet in the world. This description is not one whit overdrawn ; in fact, I have not done half justice to her eyes. I believe she can see as far as anyone, though I will defy anyone to tell what she sees with, as her eyes are only just discernible — not a sign of a brow or lash near them,—slightly bloodshot and watery from exposure to the fierce sun. She would quite charm the heart of a lady friend of mine at first sight, and she need not be under the least alarm of taking any number of such into her service. Though she had twice the number of growing lads, I would willingly go bail for the morality of all.

*24th.*—What we have gone through the last two days entirely beggars all description. On Tuesday night we found the vley, where we fully expected water, dried up, and not one drop to cool our parched mouths, though we had walked all day under a broiling sun. The Kaffirs had all their bladders and calabashes full of fat, which they prize greatly, and will drag along with them through every difficulty. Inspanned two hours before sunrise, not expecting

to get water till afternoon. I took only a bit of dry toast, and had nothing on but a shirt and gaiters, a silk handkerchief inside my hat, a splendid pair of thick-ribbed woollen Highland socks, made by Nancy herself, which I prize greatly—nothing could be finer for the burning sands—and a pair of shoes of my own make. I would guarantee three such days would convert the greatest lump of obesity into a genteel figure, if it did not kill him. The poor dogs I pitied most sincerely; one old stager, Wolf, never showed his nose from underneath the wagon; the others showed their sagacity by galloping along some distance ahead, and throwing themselves down under a shady tree till we were far ahead, and then making play again. I did the same. About three o'clock in the afternoon Klein-boy could stand it no longer, and caught a horse, to go in search of water; Swartz, myself, and Sechele's son-in-law doing the same. After riding three hours, at last we found the vley we were in search of, owing to the sagacity of Swartz, who showed great perseverance in following a rhinoceros spoor. There was not one drop of water in the vley, nothing but baked clay. On riding round I came on the fresh spoor of a Kaffir, and we followed it some 200 yards, when it brought us to a deep hole in the ground where he had drunk. There were about two inches of water in it; we drank, and then, with the spade we brought, enlarged and deepened the hole and fired signal-guns for the wagons, and, by the time the

Kaffirs came straggling up, we had a sufficiency for their wants. Their eyes were starting out of their heads, and their look so wild as almost to frighten us, but there was not one drop for the poor oxen and horses; it required all we could do to keep them from trampling the hole in; their throats were so dry that the oxen could not low nor the horses neigh, the loose oxen went half mad and joined a troop of wildebeests, and I lost one of mine altogether. On Thursday, luckily a cool day, we inspanned long before day-dawn, and got to a fountain about mid-day, when the poor things all got their fill.

I was revolving in my mind on Monday what little reminder I could send 'the *General*,' a nickname for a brother of mine, when the thought struck me that his ingenuity might turn a couple of rhinoceros horns to good account, as they can be straightened by steam and turned in a lathe, and they take a brilliant polish; snuff-boxes, knobkerries, riding-canes, gun-stocks, &c., are made here from them. I soon put my thoughts into execution by ordering Veichman and a couple of slaves to attend me. The former is a nervous, timid, skittish chestnut, and has by no means the making of a good shooting horse, but it was Hobson's choice with me. I found a young bull, a bad short-horn, and let him go, and shortly after two cows, the best of which I bagged in four shots. Veichman was in fear and trembling of the unwieldy brutes, but the spurs, vigorously applied, had the desired effect. The horns

were not so good as I could wish, but the best that chance afforded me.

*Christmas Day.*—What a contrast to the many merry ones spent in dear old England amongst my own family and friends! The comparison makes me melancholy. Here I am in the deserts of South Africa, having been toiling from the first dawn of day under a broiling sun until sunset, and I am pretty considerably fagged. A bit of rhinoceros, cold, and so fat as to make the strongest stomach bilious, and a small portion of half-baked dough, have been our fare—not exactly our English notions of a Christmas feast; but these are among the hardships of a hunter's life, and we have, at times, pleasures that abundantly compensate; and, to look upon it in the light of a philosopher, it is all for the best, for, had we the 'heavy wet' and 'feeds' of England, we should be in but poor trim and wind for the toil of the chase. I must own, however, I should like to drink my friends' health and 'a happy Christmas' in a good tankard of home-brewed, followed by a bottle of old port. Don't mention a mince pie; I have entirely forgotten the taste since I left home to wander amongst the denizens of the forest. I will, however, drink to the health of absent friends in a cup of coffee, the strongest beverage the wagon affords.

We made all possible despatch from this place, travelling day and night, as the moon was at the full, and the sun did not quite bake us alive, snatching two or three hours' sleep when and wherever

opportunity offered. Kleinboy lost himself once for half a night, and, on his return, made me roar with an account of his mishaps. Two jackals baited him all the time, endeavouring by their horrid cries to bring the lion to him, and he did nothing but run all the time at his best pace. He fell into holes and bushes over and over again, and he was so bruised and stiff as to be hardly able to walk. We got back to Swartz's, without further mishap, about January 6, 1858. After remaining there three or four days, I started for Maquazi with a cart and four oxen, and from thence I went to Bloemfontein, one of the principal towns of the Orange River Free State, with a troop of fifty-five oxen, all of which, with one exception, arrived there safely.



in no other respect from the usual and common kind. After a very sharp gallop through and over some very ugly scrub and thorny bush, I ran into and killed the first I saw of this new variety. Livingstone first discovered them near Sesheke, across the Zambesi, one of Sekeletu's outposts.

29th.—*Ramshua*.—I found five bull elephants, gave chase, and singled and drove out the largest, and gave him a couple of pills to make him quiet; he shortly turned and stood at bay, about forty yards off, and then came on with a terrific charge. My newly-purchased horse, Kebon, which I was riding for the first time, stood stock still, and I intended to give the elephant my favourite shot in the chest, but at every attempt to raise the gun for the purpose of so doing, my horse commenced tossing his head up and down, and entirely prevented me from taking aim. During my attempts to pacify and steady him, the bull charged, and I fired at random, and whether the ball whistled uncomfortably near the horse's ear or not I can't say, but he gave his head so sudden a jerk as to throw the near rein over on to the off side; the curb chain came undone, and the bit turned right round in his mouth. The huge monster was less than twenty yards off, ears erected like two enormous fans, and trumpeting furiously. Having no command whatever of my horse, I dug the long rowels in most savagely, when Kebon sprang straight forward for the brute, and I thought it was all up; I leaned over on the off side

as far as possible, and his trunk was within a few feet of me as I shot close by him. I plied the rowels, and was brought again to a sudden stand by three mapani trees, in a sort of triangle; a vigorous dig, and he got through, my right shoulder coming so violently in contact with one of the trees as almost to unhorse me, slewing my right arm behind my back,



over my left hip. I know not how I managed to stick to my gun, 14 lbs. weight, with my middle finger only hooked through the trigger-guard, my left hand right across my chest, holding by the end of the reins, which, most fortunately, I had in my hand when I fired, and in this fashion we went

at a tearing gallop through a thick tangled bush, and underwood, mostly hack-thorns, over which my nag jumped like a buck. He was very nearly on his head three or four times, as the soil was very heavy, sandy, and full of holes. The monster was all this time close in my wake; at length, I got clear from him, and he turned and made off in the opposite direction at his best pace. As soon as I could pull up, which I managed after performing three or four circles, I jumped off, righted my bridle, and went after him like the wind, as he had a long start, and I was afraid of losing him in thick bush. After giving him ten shots, and sustaining three more savage charges, the last a long and silent one—far from pleasant, as my horse had all the puff taken out of him, and he could only manage to keep his own before the brute—to my great satisfaction he at length fell, to rise no more. I had long been quite exhausted, and could not even put a cap on the nipple. . Boccas, on Batwing, turned up about an hour after; he said he fired all his powder away, giving his elephant sixteen bullets to no purpose; but the horse looked quite fresh, and both barrels were loaded, and every man has a perfect right to form his own opinion as to the reason why and wherefore.

Elephant hunting is the very hardest life a man can chalk out for himself. Two blank days, riding five hours at a foot's pace to a vley, where the Masaras tell you they have drunk; sleeping in the bush, with nothing to eat; a drink of muddy water

in the morning, out of a dirty tortoise-shell, which serves for breakfast, dinner, and supper; all day in the saddle, under a broiling sun, following after three half-starved Masaras in greasy, tattered skins, who carry a little water in the belly of a quagga, which is nauseous to a degree, and never seeing life the whole day. Two days like this, followed by two successful ones, is about what you may expect.

Nothing more miserable and dirty can be conceived than a Masara encampment. It consists of temporary half-thatched sheds, and a few bushes stuck in here and there to break the wind, with half-putrid dried flesh, water vessels, and shreds of old skins, hung up in the surrounding trees. My trusty after-rider brings two or three armfuls of grass and makes my couch in the most eligible corner, with my saddle for a pillow, and here I court sleep till daybreak, lying close to a greenwood fire, the smoke of which passes over you when you lie close to the ground, and keeps off the mosquitoes. There is something quite overpowering in the death-like stillness of the forest at night — a brilliant sky, innumerable stars, bright and twinkling, dusky figures in all possible attitudes lying around, the munching of our faithful horses, which are tied to trees all night, and frequently the jackal's cry, the hyena's howl, the occasional low growl of a lion, or the heavy tramp and crash in the bush of a herd of elephants, with a scream which can be heard at an immense distance. This is the way our nights are usually passed in the bush, and the most light-

hearted fellow in the world, when all alone for months, must have occasional fits of despondency.

Full of thorns and bruises, and half dead from thirst, I offsaddled Kebon, kneehaltered him, and then lay under the shade of a tree, having not the most remote idea as to my whereabouts, shouting and firing blank powder to bring up the Masaras. To add, if possible, to the many mishaps, my horse had strayed, and I had to follow his spoor, and did not overtake him for nearly a mile, and then I was obliged to retrace my own footsteps, which was not so easy. I had not long returned, when January turned up, and he led the way back at a trot on foot, distancing all the Masaras, and just at sunset got to the wagon, where I first got a drink. Such days as these are rather more than sport. I was much amused by watching the tick birds trying to alarm an old white rhinoceros, that we were approaching from under the wind, quite ignorant of his danger. They ran into his ears, and fluttered about his eyes, keeping up an incessant chirping, but he would not be warned till we got above wind, when he elevated head and tail, snuffed, trotted, and snorted, and went away in grand style at a swinging trot. We had better game in view, but to-night I am going to watch the water, as the moon is high, and then he must be more wary. My fellows have just made a hole at the edge of the water, as game is very scarce, and we are hard up for meat.

*July 8th.—Tamashaki.*—After much consultation

and deliberation, I have decided, in spite of all the remonstrances of the Boers, to trek due north, and stand my chance of tsetse, kief (poison), with which the bush in many places abounds, thirst, and other impediments. I have a hankering to reach the Zambesi and see the great Falls, which is so strong as to overrule all minor difficulties, though I cannot hide from myself the great risk I incur to horses, dogs, and oxen; still something urges me on, and I will follow my fate, good or evil, and am already three hard days on my route, without accident.

I had a good night's buffalo-shooting by the water; they came in large herds; I was in a hole under the wind, and made very good work, killing five dead on the spot. A sixth had got about a mile away, and no doubt many more subsided in the bush, but as there was a superabundance of delicious flesh, I did not go on the spoor of the wounded. Nothing but buffaloes came, but they in great numbers, and I could have shot many, many more, but my bullets were exhausted. This was not mere butchery, though it looks like it. The crops of the Maccalacas Kaffirs failed this year, and they are more than half starved, and it was only combining sport with charity, as not even a bit of hide was suffered to remain. Poor Gyp, I grieve to say, was taken by a tiger. I had ridden forwards to water, and she came after me on the spoor, before the wagons. It was night, and Adonis heard the scuffle, and poor Gyp's last breath, which left her carcase, not in the shape of a yell, but rather of a fierce angry whine that she

could not gripe the brute in return. She was the gamest of the game, and had had numberless escapes, wonderful, lucky, or providential, whatever you like to call them. Except my perfect Juno, I had sooner the fate had happened to any other of the pack.

The country here is frightfully heavy white sand; and the air is so dry, and the sand so sharp, that my wagon-wheel is completely gone. We have driven in no end of wedges, and it is so bound round with buffalo hide as to be almost hidden from sight. An old Boer, however, says he will put new spokes in for me, and the dissel-boom is about to be sacrificed for that purpose.

19th.—*Mateste*.—I have but little idea of my whereabouts, as I hear such contradictory statements from the Kaffirs. None of us can properly understand the language, which is a great drawback; but I have come to the conclusion the Kaffirs themselves do not know, or at any rate will not tell the way to the Zambesi, or give us any idea of the distance. One man positively affirms that it is only four days, the next that it is a month, the next never heard the name of the river; and they are one and all so stupid and utterly indifferent, that I have given up enquiry, and hold always due north. I have only treked four days since last logging up, two very hard ones without water, and then we came to an entirely different country, bare and thinly wooded, with plenty of small hills in every direction, lots of fountains and running water. I have crossed two rivers, and fancy one must be the Guaka.

My party is now all dispersed. I have left behind one wagon and twenty-three oxen, in charge of two Kaffirs. Adonis and Isaac are gone into the fly (tsetse) to shoot on foot three or four days, due east from where I now write, where elephants are said to be plenty.

I fell in with an Englishman, Polson by name, who came in by Walvish Bay, about fourteen or fifteen months ago, and has not yet got one load—a sorry prospect for me. We passed three or four evenings together very pleasantly, and assisted one another in the way of exchange. I got a gun and powder for ivory and beads; it was a most agreeable break, and we were very jolly together, and sorry to part; at least, I speak for myself.

I wished to leave a heavy lot of flesh for my Kaffirs during my absence, as they have no means of providing for themselves, but game was so scarce that I had two long blank days. On the third, however, I got four quaggas, one eland, and a black rhinoceros, despatched a wagon and pack oxen, and left them with abundance until my return. Somehow or other, I cannot come across any elephants. Though I see lots of spoor, and have had some weary days in search, they have managed always to elude me as yet. This morning, very early, I actually heard one scream, and, though we sallied out at once, and had the benefit of January's spooring, we could never find him, and we were obliged to rest contented with two fat elands.



I am quite tired of this strong living—buffalo, eland, or elephant day after day; I cannot eat quagga; and the smaller varieties of antelope are awfully dry, and the horses have now too little flesh to catch a giraffe.

30th (*Sunday*). — Malakanyama, a Maccalacas chief, came over to see me at Jurea, and besought me to shoot some game for him and his people, as they had fled from Mosilikatse and were starving. The Matabele had killed great numbers of them, when they at length showed fight—an unheard-of thing—killed two of the principal captains, and are now in daily expectation of a large commando coming in quest of them.

Boccas shot twenty-three head in all, myself seventeen, chiefly rhinoceros and buffalo, and two elephants. He killed three harrisbuck with one bullet, an extraordinary shot by moonlight; and last night, he and I, by the water, killed four rhinoceros and four buffaloes. Every vestige of the meat disappeared at once, but we have left the poor fellows a large lot of dried flesh to go on with. Malakanyama was very grateful, and sent me a present of four tusks, which paid well for powder and lead.

I lost the wagons for seven days, during five of which I had not a bite of anything but flesh. I did not lose myself, but it was owing to a mistake the wagon took the wrong road, and Batwing ran away back to the place from which I started, about forty miles, finding his way in a most miraculous manner. The Kaffirs on his spoor eventually brought him back,

to my great joy, as the chances were about three to one in favour of a lion making a meal of him.

By-the-by, I shot a very fine old manikin lion, but having no arsenical soap was unable to preserve the skin, and the claws and skull are all that I have got as a trophy. I was alone watching the water when he came, and I killed him dead within fourteen yards. Three buffaloes, one white rhinoceros bull, one quagga, a lion, and an elephant, fell to my rifle that night, my best night's shooting. My bullets were reduced to five, and, not having an idea when or where I was likely to find my wagon or horse, and being entirely alone, I was in no enviable position, and had some fear of hunger before my eyes; but I succeeded in bagging two buffaloes and one quagga, and had still two bullets left when the horse made his appearance. The wagon came the following morning, and I enjoyed the luxury of a cup of tea, and a little boiled maccaroni. Polson's wagon accompanied mine, and I took leave of him yesterday, our roads lying in opposite directions: he goes by Walvish Bay to the Cape, and has some desperate hard work before him, as his wagon has not less than 4,000 lbs., and his oxen are young, light, lean, and weak. He will take at least four good months to reach Walvish Bay, if he accomplish it in that time.

A sick ox and horse are waiting to be doctored; the latter I hope may pull through, but the former I must leave behind, I fear. I shall wait at Nanta,



Hanhart, Inc.

NIGHT SHOOTING.

J. Wolf, Inc.

three days ahead, for my other wagon, and then, after the first rains, go out together.

Adonis has killed four more large bulls ; he runs with the speed and endurance of an ostrich, and is one of the very best shots in all Africa. With these accomplishments of nature, if his heart was only in the right place, he might, in a few years, make a fortune, but even a moderate amount of pluck has not fallen to his share. Nothing would induce him to watch the water at night, even in company, and the roar of a lion at night makes him take himself off at his best pace at once. Still, he is the best man this year of my party, heading me in elephants by two, and he is on foot and I on horseback ; but he is in the midst of numbers, while I seldom find one ; the tsetse prevent my being able to go into their stronghold.

My plans are now to go on horseback to Mosilikatse, if he will receive me, to ask him what I must pay him to give me a hunting-velt next year, and send him also presents to the amount of about 15*l.* ; but I shall be no loser by doing this, as he is certain to send me in return, if he accepts them, more than an equivalent. It is about seven days from here to his State, I believe ; but it is almost impossible to get at the truth from any enquiries amongst the natives here, as he is so much dreaded by one and all, that they are positively afraid to speak of him.

*Oct. 8th.* — *Nanta.* — I take up my pen to kill time, as it weighs very heavily on my hands just

now. I am out of sorts both in body and mind, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of my second wagon, which is overdue, and this is the place I fixed to wait for it, and a more comfortless, barren, desolate spot no human being could conceive. There is neither grass, wood, nor water; the sun is intensely hot, and there is no shade of any sort, and we have had three successive days of hot furnace-like winds. Nevertheless, we have been labouring our utmost to get a supply of fresh water for the oxen, and have dug large holes in different places; but though the water is drinkable at first, after an hour's exposure to the sun it is as salt as brine. To add to our discomfiture, our only spade has broken through the middle; still we contrive to kill enough game for actual necessity, but the meat will not keep many hours, and, worst of all, my oxen are dying daily. I make a post-mortem examination, but am no wiser. I know neither the disease nor the cure. They swell up to an enormous size, drink gallons of this brackish stuff, and, when opened, are full of a nasty yellowish water. I tried bleeding without any good effect, and this morning have tried cutting the skin where most swollen, and letting the water run out.

The Masaras say there is not a drop of water ahead, and what is to be done I do not myself know. I was far down the river this morning and found better water, and have sent the oxen thither. The Kaffirs showed me a white man's grave; I can learn no particulars as to the person buried there,

but a more desolate spot to lay one's bones can hardly be conceived : I only hope such a fate may not be mine. I was very nearly losing two of my horses ; they went back in search of water at night, and at daylight we started on the spoor. Boccas was first, and saw two lions lie in waiting ; he was within fifteen yards when he first perceived them, fired at the head of one and jumped into a tree ; fired again out of the tree, wounding one, when they made off, and five minutes after, the lost horses came trotting down to the water. The lions were as thin as planks ; they had not killed anything, and would have pounced on the horses instantly, but it is not their usual practice to kill game in the day-time.

I have no appetite, and trail my limbs after me as if they did not belong to me ; it is a great exertion to get into the wagon, and my system is fearfully enervated. There are wild ducks here, but I have not energy enough in my whole frame to go and shoot them, though they are not 200 yards off. I send my youngsters to stir them up, and take my chance of a dinner as they come past, and, as they keep the river in their flight, I generally intercept one or two as they come past, with the same small eighteen-Burrow.

11<sup>th</sup>.—Wearied to death : still at Nanta, waiting for my other wagon, and no news, good or bad, of it as yet. No Kaffir can keep an appointment. My oxen are not in a fit state to retrace their steps, and my horses are equally poor ; two of the former

are dead, and one of the latter is useless, on account of a sore back. I unsaddled him when hot, the sun blistered him, and then rolling in the sand and fine stones completed the business. Not being able to get two loads of ivory, I am preparing or curing heads, male and female, of all sorts that are to be met with here, but there is no great variety. This salt water has been of inestimable value to my wagon wheels; I have let them all soak for twenty-four hours, and they are now as tight as drum-heads. We had the tail of a passing thunder shower last night, but all appearance of rain has vanished this morning, and the wind still continues in the old quarter from which it invariably blows—due east.

I am considerably better again, and hope I may now altogether escape the fever; I have had two or three twinges, but have thrown it off so far, and now trust I may escape this year. Yesterday the heat was so intense that I could not even bear the palms of my hands on the sand, while I was trying to creep up to some ducks; from hard work, the covering is much more like horn than skin.

16th.—How I have managed to kill the last five days, and how to get rid of the next ten or fifteen, is a perfect puzzle. I can find nothing in the world to do, but very little to eat, and that little by no means tempting; wood next to none; and I have drunk almost enough brackish, nauseous water to share the fate of Lot's wife. Boccas set off two days ago in search of my other wagon, a good 200 miles at least, back

again. The weather has been long threatening rain, and this afternoon a very few heavy drops have fallen, but I think it can hardly pass entirely away without a downfall. It is almost as bad as being becalmed on the Line.

To break the sameness of the thing, three Maccalacas Kaffirs were to show me some fresh elephant spoor, and I shot three springbuck for them, made bullets, and started; and when I had got about ten miles away, they told me it was old spoor, that I had better turn back, and that they were going to their kraals, and then deliberately set down my blanket, &c., to continue their journey. I waited my opportunity quietly; made a savage onset on one, wrested his assegais and kerry from him, broke one of the former over his head, jumped on Ferus, a hot-headed, hard-mouthed horse, rode right over a second, sending him, salt, calabash, fells, &c., in all directions, and hurled the broken weapon at the third. Two of them fell on their knees, begging for life, and the third sped like an ostrich over the velt. I gave them a little good advice, not to try and humbug an Englishman again, and left them.

A Masara told me he had seen a lion not far off, and I immediately went in pursuit, inviting Spearman and January, but they declined, not being ashamed to confess they were afraid. The Masara was afraid, too, but he went eventually, and we took the lion's spoor for about half a mile, when the Masara ran away, making frightful gesticulations.



We were approaching the lion from above the wind, and the old brute was wide awake. On first perceiving him, about sixty yards off, he was half crouched under some thick thorns, facing me, and intently watching my every movement, but before I was on the ground to shoot he turned and made off, and I went after him. He went away only leisurely, and I might have shot at him from behind more than once, but I thought, if I headed him and got below the wind, he would stand. Ferus was ready to hunt him, but immediately he got the lion's wind he became very much alarmed, snorting and very restive. The old manikin, likewise, on heading him, growled savagely and shot into some very dense underwood—his stronghold, in fact—where, without dogs, it would have been insanity to follow him; so I left him, consoling myself that, even if I had shot him, he was only a yellow-maned one, and his skin, from poverty, not worth preserving.

It has hitherto always been my choice to be alone, but I now feel my solitude so much that I am determined, on any future journey, to take a companion with me. I have two Masara boys about eight years old, and January, by the wagon, and that is all. The two former, though they understand every word, and are most useful and handy, are mute as mice, though I never speak cross to them, and they are to all appearance as happy as the day is long, and make row enough by themselves; but when I try to converse with them, they hang down their heads like dogs

convicted of sheep-worrying, and January laughs like a born idiot. Spearman, the ox-vachter, sometimes comes, but he has got hold of a Dutch psalm tune, the most horrid concoction on earth, which he is everlastingly humming, and which drives me quite distraught; so I generally greet his appearance with a kick that sends him howling back again.

19th.—I have so persecuted the widgeon here, that the remaining four out of seventeen are uncommonly shy, and whip under the lee-bank of the river with the swiftness of sand martins. And I must not forget to mention some rabbit-shooting I have had, which has reminded me more of England than anything since I left. Rabbits are the same all over the world, and excellent sport; these differ in no respect from those at home, but they have no holes. I found them all lying out, but could make no hand at them the first two days, as I gave them too much law; but I got into it the third, bagging five couple. Some rascal Masara has stuck one of my oxen, Pontac, an especial favourite, which I broke in myself. I have sewn up the wound, and have hopes of him, unless the assegai is poisoned. He and his mate Claret, so named from the resemblance in colour, are about the prettiest pair of Zulus I ever saw, and better were never yoked.

Dull and lonely as it is, I could manage to get over the day, but the nights are dreadful. When the sun goes down, the wind invariably does the same; then come mosquitoes, midges, gnats, and sand-flies, and

the air is as close as a draw-well. I can hardly endure a rag over me, and I lie on my back slapping right and left, here, there, and everywhere, taking hundreds of lives without diminishing the buzz, and praying for morning or a breeze of wind, and getting up occasionally to look at the stars, and see how far the night has advanced. Even if I can, at times, bear a blanket over me, it is not much protection, unless I can manage to raise it an inch or so with my knees and elbows, as the mosquitoes bite through it. I dread a still night above everything, and would give, at times, all I possess for a wind, when the mosquitoes vanish.

‘Sar, here come a folstrens on,’ was January’s intimation to me about an hour and a half ago, and I abandoned my pen for my rifle, and have been creeping under the river-banks in the hopes he would come to drink, keeping parallel with him for about three miles ; but he had drunk, I suppose, as he never came nearer than 600 yards.

24<sup>th</sup>.—No news yet of the wagon. I have been waiting more than three weeks, and can now neither eat, drink, nor sleep, as there is neither food nor drink to be got, and the mosquitoes and midges take care I shall not sleep. I have become wrinkled and haggard ; and, if my telescope, which I use as a looking-glass, does not belie my appearance, prematurely aged. My tea and coffee are all but finished, and I must reserve a little of the latter for night-work, to keep us awake when going out, as it is

simply impossible to move in the day-time across these heavy sands in the hot, parching winds. The water here gets more and more salt daily, it is nauseous both to taste and smell ; and the game has been so persecuted that it has entirely left this part, and nothing is now to be seen. I have reduced the ducks to a couple, with a vast amount of perseverance, and have slain this morning, I verily believe, the last rabbit within a circle of eight miles ; the Kaffirs have lately had nothing but these to live on. No rain comes, and all appearance of rain has vanished. I started at dawn of day to shoot a giraffe, a weary way across the desert, to some makolani trees ; found eight, and shot one, a cow, when Ferus got away from me, and never let me come within gunshot of him till he made the wagon. I was never so exhausted in my life ; the heat was beyond all description, and I was sore afraid I should be sun-struck, as my leathern cap was as hot as an oven. I could not rest, or even stoop down to tie my shoe, which came undone, as the sands were burning hot, and there was no shade for a good twelve miles of desert. The dogs remained behind, and did not come back till near midnight ; and I should have been wise to follow their example, but I could not bear up so long against thirst ; it gave me the greatest pain to swallow, and I suffered much, but after two hours in the shade I was all right again. To-morrow I fully expect to hear some tidings of the wagon, and I shall bless the day I get out of this, though the Kaffirs

say there is neither game nor water ahead. The great Salt-pan, in which the Zonga river loses itself, is only a couple of hours west, and there is often a hurricane blowing across the desert, with clouds of dust and hot winds. I think my ox Pontac will recover, but Ringals, the best front ox ever inspanned, is dead.

27th.—I have managed to supply the larder abundantly, with two rhinoceros and two elands; all lean as crows, however, and very bad fare. I had to go a weary way in search of them, and the flesh was gone bad ere it reached the wagon; but this morning I had not much trouble with an old black bull rhinoceros. I was lying half asleep a little after sunrise, the mosquitoes having at last given me a little peace, when he came to the water. I gave my rifle fifteen drachms of coarse powder, as it was an open flat, and I resolved to make short work of him. I crept close to him, as he was drinking with his head in a hole, and shot him through the lungs dead, with the first barrel, which was just as well, as the cap of the second barrel sprang off with the recoil, and though I tried to give him a second pill, as he went away for 500 or 600 yards, it was a case of snap, of course.

I made bad work of an ostrich yesterday, but the glare of the sun on the sand of the dry bed of a river was too much for me; my eyes smarted, and I was more than half mazed, and though I succeeded in stalking within 200 yards, I felt sure I should miss him, as I was as shaky as if I had got the palsy, and I accordingly did miss him. The hardships of an

THE following is a List of Game killed by four guns in my last expedition (1860) to the Zambesi, with the Kaffir names — as far as I am acquainted with them — attached :

English	Kaffir	English	Kaffir
61 Elephant . . . .	<i>Inthlovi</i>	12 Blue Wildebeest .	<i>Inconcon</i>
2 Hippopotamus . .	<i>Imvubu</i>	2 Black " . . . .	" "
11 Rhinoceros, white	<i>Incomba</i>	71 Quagga . . . .	<i>Idube</i>
12 " black .	<i>Borele</i>	Zebra (Burchall's)	
" blue		Reitbuck . . . .	<i>Umsica</i>
" two-horned		Oribo . . . .	<i>Iula</i>
11 Giraffe . . . .	<i>Ututla</i>	3 Duiker . . . .	<i>Impunzi</i>
21 Eland . . . .	<i>Impofu</i>	Klipspringer . .	<i>Iyoko</i>
30 Buffalo . . . .	<i>Inyati</i>	Bush Buck . . .	<i>Inconka</i> (m.)
12 Harrisbuck . . .	<i>Potoquaine</i>		<i>Imbabala</i> (f.)
14 Roan Antelope		Red Bush Buck	
2 Gemsbuck . . . .	<i>Kukama</i>	Bluebuck . . . .	<i>Umpiti</i>
9 Koodoo . . . .	<i>Iganthla</i>	10 Steinbuck . . .	<i>Nkina</i>
4 Waterbuck . . . .	<i>Ipifa</i>	1 Gryse Steinbuck .	" "
1 Hartebeest . . . .	<i>Inthluzela</i>	Pokur . . . .	<i>Pokur</i>
12 Tsessebe . . . .	<i>Tsessebe</i>	Nakong . . . .	<i>Nakong</i>
18 Impala . . . .	<i>Impala</i>	1 Fall Rheebeck	
Inyala . . . .	<i>Inyala</i>	Roy Bluebuck . .	
Leche . . . .	<i>Leche</i>	Kama . . . .	<i>Kama</i>
1 Blesbuck		2 Striped Eland . .	<i>Impofu</i>
25 Springbuck . . .	<i>Insepe</i>		

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English	Kaffir	English	Kaffir
4 Lion . . . .	<i>Inconyama,</i> or <i>Imbubi</i>	9 Silver Jackal	
Leopard . . . .	<i>Umsila</i>	Grey " . . . .	
Panther . . . .	<i>Ingwe</i>	Lynx . . . .	
Hyena, Striped		Rattle . . . .	
4 " Spotted . . .	<i>Unpisi</i>	Pole Cat . . . .	
Wild Dog . . . .	<i>Inja</i>	Otter, two kinds	
Small Wild Dog		Porcupine . . . .	
Black Wolf		Anteater . . . .	
2 Wild Cat		Bush Boar . . . .	<i>Inglubi</i>

English	Kaffir	English	Kaffir
2 Velt Boar, or Flac		Baboon	
Farc		Umsemanga . . . <i>Umsemanga</i>	
Crocodile . . . . <i>Nguana</i>		Monkeys, various	
Guana		3 Hare	
Armadillo		24 Rabbit	
Ocelot		Rock Rabbit	
Meercat		1 Tiger Cat . . . . <i>Nlozi</i>	

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### LAND BIRDS

2 Ostrich	Dikkop
Large Crested Bustard	Namaqua Partridges, three sorts
Common "	Plovers, three kinds
Koran, or small " six varieties	Pigeons — Wood, Rock, and
Guinea Fowl, Black	Turtle Dove, six of the long-
" " Blue or Grey	tailed variety
Pheasants, two kinds	Hadada
Partridges, three kinds	Sacred Ibis
Quail, two kinds	Bush Turkey, not eatable
Snipe, Common and Painted	

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### WATER BIRDS

Black Goose	Water Hens, and every variety
Grey "	of Water Fowl
Golden "	Curlew
Muscovy Duck	Pelican
Yellow-billed "	Flamingo
Common "	Hammer Kop
Brown "	Meahem
Wigeon	Hérons
Teal	Storks
Divers	Cranes
Coots	