Notes

on

South African Hunting

and Notes on a

Ride to the Victoria Falls

of the Zambesi,

(Re-printed from the "Field," with additions and corrections.)

and a Sketch Map of the District,

by

Alfred J. Bethell,

82nd Regt.,

(Adjutant, Bechuanaland Border Police.)

York:

J. Sampson, 13, Coney Street.

London:

Whittaker and Co.,

2, White Hart Street, Paternoster Square, E.C.

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Printed for the Author

by

John Sampson, 13, Coney Street, York.
Dedicated

to

COLONEL FRED CARRINGTON, C.M.G.,

as a slight token of the

Author's esteem and regard.

Bramham House,
January 1st, 1887.
Smithsonian Institution Libraries

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RUSSELL E. TRAIN
AFRICANA COLLECTION
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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

My object in writing this pamphlet is to give to any intending hunters in South Africa an idea of what to expect when they get there. Space has, of course, rendered it impossible for me to include any notes on the details of the actual hunting; and did it not do so, I should hesitate to write what has already been so well said in the book of the best South African hunter that has ever lived—Mr. F. C. Selous.

I have also included three articles which appeared lately in the *Field*, on a ride I made to the Falls of the Zambesi; and a rough map. The hunting in South Africa is usually considered to be mainly in North Bechuanaland, Matebele-, and Mashuna-land. The northern parts of the Transvaal and Zululand are also hunting grounds, but elephant are rarely, if ever, met with there now. The Kalahari Desert is also a hunting ground; but it is very
little known, and the scarcity of water precludes the feasibility of an ordinary hunting trip being made there. Namaqualand, Damara-land, and Ovampoland, especially the northern parts of the latter, contain large quantities of game; but they also are comparatively unusual hunting grounds.

I therefore propose to deal only with the three first-named countries.

NOTES ON OUT-FIT, &C.

On leaving London it is necessary to take such out-fit as may be required; as although everything can be got in the colony, it is, in my opinion, better to get everything from good London makers.

As to clothes first. The best hunting coat is buff moleskin of medium thickness. This is the only substance I know of that will resist the South African thorns. Bedford cord breeches, brown leather "Field" boots, not too thick, and good thick flannel shirts make up the defences of the body. The best head-dress to wear is, I think undoubtedly, the "Boer" hat. This is a thick soft felt hat with a high crown and a broad brim. Some people
prefer helmets; but, for roughing it, helmets are not nearly as good as Boer hats. A strong leather belt with a hunting knife not exceeding six inches in length when closed, should also be obtained.

Opinions, of course, differ on the matter of guns. Probably the battery which would best meet the exigencies of the case would be

1. Strong central-fire 12 bore shot gun.
2. Double .500 express.
3. Big elephant gun.

Spare stocks, etc., should be taken; or, if one can afford it, it is better to duplicate the rifles. The above battery has the disadvantage of requiring three kinds of cartridges. Some hunters shoot all game, including elephant, with the .577 express, steel core bullets; but as it is very often a great requisite to give a severe shock to big game charging, a large bore spherical hardened bullet appears to be, on the whole, the best projectile. By this, I mean that frequently instances occur of big pachydermatous game charging in such a manner as to render it next to impossible to hit a vital spot; and that therefore it is
necessary to inflict such a blow upon them as momentarily to stun them. This end cannot be attained with a conical bullet. I have recommended a ‘500 express to be included in the battery, as for all soft skinned game it is quite powerful enough; and with a shot gun one can always amuse oneself with the francolin, etc. I do not mean, of course, to lay down that any other battery, or any larger battery, is necessarily wrong. But I think that the above will be found to be the best and smallest battery for all-round shooting. It is useful to know that 8 parts of tin to 100 of lead is the usual hardening proportion.

On landing at Capetown, duty of £1 per barrel has to be paid to the Custom house authorities, and also a duty on cartridges.

Leaving Capetown one goes by rail to Kimberley, a journey of some 700 miles odd.

The other route by Durban, and thence north through the Transvaal is sometimes pursued; but I do not know that it possesses any particular advantages.

At Kimberley (or Durban) the next thing is to get a wagon or two, oxen, drivers and
leaders. It may, of course, be taken for granted, that a man who has had no experience in these purchases will, very likely, be imposed upon; and if he has not made arrangements to go with some hunter who knows the country, the best thing he can do is to confide himself, his cheque book, and his faith, to some substantial business man in Kimberley or Durban. Wagons and oxen are, at present, very cheap. Probably a good Grahamstown wagon and 12 oxen could be got for under £150. A considerable outlay should not be grudged, as farther north it is impossible to remedy satisfactorily faults of wagon or oxen. Drivers' wages run about 2/- to 2/6 per diem, and leaders about 1/- to 1/6; food has to be supplied them also. It is not less necessary to obtain good drivers and leaders than good oxen and wagons. These functionaries are invariably natives, and as such will get drunk, as a rule, on every available opportunity. Still they are necessary; and the difference between a good driver and a bad one is synonymous with the difference between a pleasant trip and the extreme reverse.
Stores are the next things to get; and the amount and nature of these depend upon the gastronomic fancies of the traveller. One can get most things between a pâté de foie gras and cold roast dog in Kimberley, if he likes to pay for it. It is usual to assume tinned meats, coffee, sugar, meal, and potatoes as the basis; and jams, tinned milk, pepper, salt and tobacco can be added if required.

A small quantity of medicines should be taken. Calomel, jalap, and quinine for fever; morphia and ipecacuanha for choleraic attacks; eau-de-luce, or very strong ammonia in case of snake bites; a few bandages, etc., and some brandy.

As South African hunting is almost always done on horseback, horses must be got, and should be got "salted;" that is, they should have had horse-sickness. This is a disease very prevalent during spring, and is generally fatal. The usual symptoms are a peculiar "all-over"-ish look, followed by frothing at the mouth, and death. There is no certain cure known; but the best preventive is to keep the horses tied up, with nosebags on, till
the sun is well up, and bring them in about an hour before sundown, and never to let them feed on low ground. About the best work on this subject is a pamphlet by Mr. Rutherfoord, the veterinary surgeon of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.

Horses also die from eating various poisonous plants and grasses, such as tulp and others. No rules can be laid down to avoid these evils; but they are comparatively scarce.

Of course the usual precautions against colic, etc., must be taken; and it is well to take a few horse blankets for the cold nights.

A good shooting horse is hard to get. The height of excellence is that the horse be sound, clever, fairly fast, a good stayer, and steady under fire. If, when one jumps off to shoot at the game he has been hunting, his horse pulls back just at the moment of firing, it is invariably irritating, and sometimes dangerous. Or if the horse is a hard puller, it naturally causes unsteadiness in the support of the left hand to the rifle. I have known £100 or £150 given for a good salted shooting horse—and for a bad one too, sometimes.
There are, it is said, ways of telling if a horse is "salted." One way is to take a piece of his skin between the finger and thumb and twist it. If it stays in the crease given to it the horse is salted; if it does not—in my experience—the horse is equally likely to be salted. A salted horse generally has a sleepy kind of look, and is often very lazy; but unless one knows what he is buying, the question resolves itself into trusting the seller—an operation always dangerous and frequently disastrous.

Thus, then, having fitted up the wagons, a start is made to the hunting grounds. To whichever of the three countries I have mentioned one goes to, the first four or five hundred miles is the same. Leaving Kimberley, one goes through Taungs, Vryburg, and Mafeking, on to the Crocodile River, and Shoshong. From this spot the Lake 'Ngami district and North Bechuanaland diverges. From Shoshong to the Lake is about a month's travelling in an ox wagon; to the Mababe about the same, or rather less. To get to Matebele and Mashunaland, the road goes from Shos-
hong through the Tati goldfields to Gubuluwayo, the Matebele capital. From there it is about a three weeks' trip to the Mashunaland hunting-grounds. Leave has to be obtained from Lobengula, the Matebele chief, to hunt; and this request for leave is invariably accompanied by the gift of a substantial present. In the case of Khama, the chief at Shoshong, one always asks leave to pass; but he, being a very superior man, declines any present unless he knows the donor well.

Probably the pleasantest trip on the whole is to Mashunaland; as not only is that the best hunting ground, but the country is also very pretty and water is usually abundant. Bechuanaland is very sandy and water is very scarce.

There will, I believe, soon be facilities offered for hunting north of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, as far north as the country of the Mashukolumpi. Game there is extraordinarily abundant.

South African game is as follows: Elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, lion, leopard, ostrich, giraffe, wild pig, hyæna, and many
kinds of antelope, including the gnu and eland. There are also plenty of snakes, scorpions and white ants, which cause occasional excitement.

It is useless to try and teach a man to hunt on paper. Every man must gain his own experience by hard work and close observation. It is perhaps needless to add that the necessary qualities to make a good hunter are quickness, coolness, endurance and patience. Without these there is no hunter.

I give below an approximate cost of an eight months’ trip from London. The prices are possibly rather high, but one can give any price for a good shooting horse, so that the total may be assumed to be approximately correct.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Voyage from London to Kimberley and back</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Wagon and oxen (1 span of 12 and 4 spare)</td>
<td>150</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Shot gun, £20; 1 '500 express, £40; 1 elephant gun, £40</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cartridges</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Salted horses</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stores, including articles for native barter, gifts, &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Approximate Cost of Trip.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s.</th>
<th>d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Spare cash</td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages of drivers and leaders</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deduct sale of wagon and oxen at, say, half-cost</td>
<td></td>
<td>75</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£640</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£565</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Ivory averages 7/- a lb. to sell in Bechuana-land, gradually increasing as one goes south to about 11/6 a lb. in England. Average weight of tusk, 14lb.
A FEW words on the early days of Kimberley may be interesting to the general reader. The first diamond, according to report, was discovered in a dozen or two different ways. The usually accepted ones are—(1) That a gentleman travelling for health about 1869, was resting under a thorn tree, and sat on a long thorn. Turning round to extract it, he saw a magnificent diamond. (2) That a firm of jewellers in England, having heard of a rumour of diamonds being present somewhere north of Capetown, sent out an agent to look; that the agent came to the present site of Kimberley; that there he found a cattle kraal built of lumps of "blue ground," and therein saw diamonds. (3) That a trader happening to pass, saw some native children playing with pretty stones; that he being of a circumspect nature, bought the lot for some tobacco, and subsequently obtained vast sums for them in England.

Any way diamonds were found, and the usual rush came. Water was scarce; so was food. A bucket of water cost 5s., and cauliflowers sold
Some Prices in the Market.

for a guinea. Every man lived in a tent, and left all he had, and any diamonds he might find, lying about loose; yet there are, I believe, in the annals of Kimberley, very few instances of men having been tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a triangular rail—the usual reward of theft in those days.

The other most remarkable thing about the early days was, that although the whole population were very mixed, and handy with revolvers, only one murder took place; and that was done by an Englishman who is believed to have since played a prominent part in most of the recent rebellions all over the world.

The Black Flag rebellion was the mode the diggers used of expressing their opinion about certain taxes attempted to be imposed on them. Troops were sent to quell the disturbance, but the diggers came out top without fighting.

There were giants of craft, in those days, too. One gentleman, now living, used to get his kitchen stuff from Boers coming in from the country. He dealt with one particular Boer, and kept a running account with him which he paid every
few months. One pay-day he was in the street which is called short; so when the Boer came for payment he looked over the bill, and remarked that it was large. The Boer said it must be right, as he had made out the items by a Ready Reckoner. Said the astute one "Have you the book by you?" The Boer produced it, and the items were carefully compared, and nothing wrong found. The debtor closed the book, and was handing it back to its owner, when the date on the cover caught his eye: Said he "Why—God bless me—eh—why this is a last year's Ready Reckoner." "You don't say so," said the Boer, "give me my bill and I will alter it at once." And he did.

The natural consequence of a large concourse of diggers was that some should be successful, and others the reverse. The successful ones soon bought out their neighbours, formed companies, and issued "scrip." I need, perhaps, hardly explain the nature of "scrip." The result of it, in the present day in South Africa, is that every second old colonial one meets, has at some time nearly made an enormous fortune, but just didn't. The old stories of the abund-
Diamond Dodges.

ance of money and the wasteful use of it, in the Californian gold fields, were almost excelled on the diamond fields. I know of a man who, after money got scarce on the Fields, and necessaries cheaper, bought a billiard room and canteen. For some reason he had to take up the flooring. Underneath the boards he found, I should be sorry to say how much, in coin of the realm, which had been dropped on the floor, and had rolled through the cracks; but I think I am within the mark when I say he found over £100. In quite recent days I have seen 7s. 6d. paid for two brandies-and-sodas; but that was during the time of the Expedition to Bechuana-land, when the proverb about fools and their money was well exemplified.

Before companies were formed, a great trade used to be carried on in the buying, by small traders, of diamonds from the diggers. Of course, many diggers used to be much in want of money, and equally of course when a man began digging he was usually ignorant of the value of diamonds; so that very valuable stones were sold at absurdly low prices to these traders. A diamond in the rough is not easy
for an inexperienced man to tell from a bit of spar. A man I know, was pretty smart at telling them—of course, everyone can tell a diamond now-a-days—and thought he would "do a shot" on one of the traders. So he got a bit of spar, and cut it into the shape of a small rough diamond. Round came the trader. "Any luck to-day?" "Oh no—nothing to speak of." "Well, let's have a look, at all events." Spar produced and examined. "What do you want for it?" Much reluctance shown about parting —didn't want money—wanted the diamond for his sweetheart. Finally a sum was named and accepted. About two hours later hair was flying in tufts.

Diamonds are kittle cattle. One finds a big diamond with a scarcely perceptible flaw in it; and, thinking he has got a find, goes off to sell it. When the box is opened the diamond is found split in little tiny chips from exposure to the air. Diggers used to put them in their mouths to prevent the air getting to them.

Natives are largely employed by the companies to do the rough work; and they get singularly clever at finding stones, and keeping them.
They are employed, amongst other ways, in breaking up the "blue ground" with mattocks, and sometimes when they see a diamond they will put their foot on it, and take it between their toes. Then, when the overseer is not looking, they will hide it in their mouths, ears, hair, anywhere; sometimes they will even swallow them. However, when they leave the mine, they are made to strip, and are most carefully and completely examined. If there is a suspicion that a diamond has been swallowed, the suspected man is shut up and given a strong emetic, or a dose of Epsom salts.

A law was eventually passed making it illegal for any one to be found in possession of a diamond without a license. This put some check on people, but soon a very large trade in Illicit Diamond Buying—sprang up, flourished, and still flourishes.

Astonishingly few mail robberies have ever taken place. Indeed I only remember to have heard of one; and that was discovered rather oddly. It must be borne in mind that large parcels of diamonds used to be sent down from the Fields, 700 odd miles, to Capetown in an
ordinary mail cart; and one can conceive few things simpler than for four or five determined men to have stopped the cart on the way.

I have forgotten the exact details of the robbery, but the main facts are something like this:—A gang of men determined to rob the mail, and go shares in the proceeds. The robbers set out, and made all arrangements to stop the cart. By some chance one of their number remained in Kimberley. The cart set off, was stopped, and the mail bags searched. But the bags were found cut open, and no diamonds in them. The would-be robbers returned to Kimberley, and the one who had been left behind came up for his share of the spoil. His friends told him the case, but he declined to believe them, and informed. It was then discovered that the mail had been robbed before the cart left Kimberley. The unsuccessful robbers were relegated to durance vile, and the real robber was, I believe, caught on the home steamer with two gun barrels full of diamonds. So they all met at last.

Another curious case was this. Some years ago a big diamond was stolen. The suspected
man made his escape up country with the diamond, and tried to get to Matebeleland. Some way beyond Shoshong he died of thirst, and was found by Khama's natives with the diamond on him. The natives brought the diamond to Khama, who still has it. I saw it the other day, and it was not a diamond at all, but just a bit of spar. Now the question is, had the man been sold with a sham diamond; or had he made a fac-simile of the real one, to try and dispose of cheap to some one up country, and kept the real one to sell when the matter had blown over? Any way Khama has the sham one, and 3s. 4d. wrapped up in a bit of newspaper waiting the next of kin.

An attempt has lately been made to amalgamate all the companies so as to regulate the output of diamonds, and thus maintain one standard price. The bill did not pass the Legislative Assembly.

When one leaves Kimberley for the north, the first town that is reached is Taungs. This is the capital of the Batlapin tribe, a section of the Bechuanas, and is under the chieftainship of a man called Mankoroane. It is a sad blow
to the feelings of the much-expecting and innocent traveller to see a South African chief. I know that in my own case I fully anticipated making the acquaintance of a series of magnificent specimens of humanity, clothed in gorgeous barbaric costumes, and attended by a crowd of servile courtiers only less splendid than their master. I was also convinced that the abodes of these distinguished personages would be in every way fitted—as far as any poor production of the hands of man could be fitted—for their convenient and worthy reception. I was also perfectly persuaded that unless one approached the kingly presence on bended knee, accompanied by an enormous cavalcade of inferiors mounted on chargers chafing even under the light restraint of the golden bit and silver bridle in which they were harnessed, and bearing priceless gifts from distant lands, most assuredly and certainly would a terrific command thunder forth from the lips of the mighty potentate ordering the instant execution of every white man in the country, and relegating oneself to the hands of the court torturer; and that this sentence
would be carried out in spirit and letter unless one could win the love of the King's favorite wife, who would write a letter to the *Times* and so save us.

I found this idea erroneous.

I went to call on a King with a man who knew the proper way to do it. We called in after a long day's shooting, very dirty and tired, to see "the old man." On arriving at a circular mud hut, we hitched our horses on to a log and walked in. No one was to be seen, so my friend set to work to shout. Fancy shouting for a real live king! Presently a hideous old hag, with a small freehold garden on her, and clothed in an old skin that a London bagman would pass by in disgust, came in and told us that the chief had been unwell all day, but would come out and see us. This meant that he had been as drunk as Chloe for a week past. Soon a bleary-eyed, filthy, smelly, disgusting, old drunkard came in, and sat down on the floor with a grunt. Then he asked for some tobacco. As we had only good tobacco, we said we hadn't any. Then he asked for brandy; subsequently for a coat, a pair of
trousers, some boots, or a hat; and the interview finished by his trying to sell us a dozen of his wives for a bottle of brandy.

Old Montsioa, the chief of the Baralong, lives at Mafeking, and is a very decent, fat old gentleman, and wears a yellow hat. He is a most plucky old chap, and the fight his tribe made for four years against the Boer filibusters is worthy of a line in history. Of course he has the usual failings of natives—except that he does not drink—but, taken all round, he is a very good old fellow.

The next chief north of Montsioa, is Gasitsue. He is another drunken sweep like Mankoroane, and looks a thorough paced rascal. He has a son who is what his father looks.

Sechele, chief of the Bakwena, is the Earl of Warwick of South Africa. He has spent all his life deposing and setting up other chiefs, and has found it a profitable business, as the new chief always gave a good present—if he didn't, he was deposed again.

Sechele dresses in the height of fashion. His state dress is a pair of cheap trousers, an old blue velvet stage cloak with a tinsel lion-
and-unicorn plastered on the middle of the back, and a white top hat with a rabbit’s scut sewn on to the middle of the crown.

Quite the best chief is Khama of the Bamangwato. He has spent most of his life fighting his relatives, and has always fought on the side of right as well as on the right side. He dresses well, in European fashion, and is a tall, slim, good-looking man. Khama is a most pleasant man to deal with, and is quite unlike a native in every way.
CHAPTER III.

A Ride to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi.

On arriving at Shoshong, as I have said, the roads to the hunting grounds lie in different directions. Shoshong itself is much like other native towns; that is, a mass of huts shaped like bee-hives, inhabited by a mass of bipeds shaped like monkeys. From all native towns a peculiarly unpleasant odor arises, which is caused by the natives' excessively crude recognition of the established laws of sanitation. The chief of the Bamangwato is a man called Khama. He has a brother living who ought to be dead, and who is very like Khama in appearance.

In March 1886 I was sent up from Mafeking to Shoshong on a mission to Khama; and the rumours of wars which were flying about compelled me to remain there till the end of May. At that time my colonel, Col. Carrington, came up with wagons and water
carts, and every luxury of the season, to go on a short shooting trip along the road to the Zambesi. He was accompanied by Colonel Aitcheson and Mr. Dunne, and at Shoshong I was to join them.

When a man lands in South Africa he will hear much said about the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. Their beauty is always described by both white men and black as being beyond all expression. The farther north one goes the more one hears about them, until one catches the Zambesi fever in the same way as in Switzerland one catches the mountain fever. Every man up country will give you the most accurate description of the Falls, the road there, and everything connected with them. This is, of course, a great help—until one goes to the Falls and learns by bitter experience that the lessons he had got up so thoroughly are of as much use to him as a pocket-book would be to a porcupine. Only about fifty white men have ever been there at all since the time when the river was first discovered by Livingstone, and a good many of them are dead. Like many another better man I got bitten with
the madness to see the Falls; and what was worse I got a chance of working off the lunacy by going to see them, which few people do. My only excuse now is that the scenery in Bechuanaland which had been burnt into my eyes for about eighteen months being worthy of nothing but the most comprehensive condemnation, the longing to see something green and wet became too strong for me; so I got leave to ride up there, accompanied by Trooper Ayton of the Bechuanaland Border Police, from the point where the Colonel and the rest of the party turned back.

On the last day of May we all started off from Shoshong, and for some days travelled on through an uninteresting country. We had with us a native to act as a guide; his main failings being that he had an unpronounceable name, and had forgotten the road. However, we christened him "Bodger," and he found a friend who put him on the right road. We did not do much shooting till we got to the Shua saltpans. These pans are depressions in the ground which extend like a sea for hundreds of miles to the westward, and are covered with a
thick incrustation of salt. Game is fairly plentiful round about, on account of the salt. The pans at the eastern end are fed by two small rivers, which have the peculiarity of having some pools of salt water and some of fresh. Rivers in Bechuanaland mean the dry beds of rivers, which fill during the rains for two or three days, and then dry up again.

We had fairly successful hunting round the pan, and a short distance farther on we came across our first ostrich of the trip. The peculiarities of the ostrich are many. He is in England popularly supposed, I believe, to hide his head in the sand. This is not correct. On the contrary, if he gets a fair chance at a man, he will reverse the position, and hide the man, or what remains of him, in the sand by jumping and rolling on him. Another odd thing, is the way he is hunted. If one sees an ostrich running away from one due north, one does not ride due north after him, but northwest. The ostrich then almost always turns right across one and runs due west, when one turns again and rides at an angle to him, and so on, always keeping the inside of the circle.
Eventually one gets the ostrich near enough to shoot him.

I shall never forget my first ostrich. I saw six of them, who apparently had business elsewhere. In vain I tried to hunt them on the approved fashion; they declined to turn. So, at last, I jumped off my horse and shot one through the wing with a .500 express bullet. I was getting on my horse again, and was half into the saddle, when I heard a rush like an express train. I looked around and saw the whole six come tearing past me about fifteen yards away. An ostrich running, looks as if his legs were a pair of huge compasses suddenly taken with a fit. I pursued my wounded bird for about two miles, over open flat ground, literally undermined with ant bear holes. Unlike Gruyere cheese, the holes were the worst part. At last the bird was about tuckered out, and with a lucky shot I cut his head off with a bullet. It is perfectly astonishing how little a bullet affects wild animals unless it strikes a vital spot. This ostrich had an expanding bullet inside him, and appeared rather to like it than otherwise. I have seen quagga with
their flanks literally blown away by a .577 bullet, run clear away for a time from a good horse extended to his utmost. With big game, like buffalo and elephant, this is not so surprising; but that antelope, like the springbok, which are not so big as fallow deer, can run miles with heavy bullets in them is to me astonishing. It is not the exception, it is the rule. The first giraffe I ever shot was a young bull. I was hunting with another man who had a double express, and I had a Martini carbine. About ten minutes after we found the giraffe we put our first shots into him; and for the next hour we fired away at him, till at last he fell from exhaustion. We were astonished, of course, and went to examine our shots. We only cut eleven bullets out of him, but there were probably fourteen in. Two of these were splendid shots, behind the shoulders; one had lodged in his stomach; one hit him in the neck; and the remainder were sprinkled about him till he looked more like a plum pudding than nature had already created him.

To return to the story. One day we sent out
the boys to cut up a quagga that had been shot the night before. They got near to where he was lying, and then, seeing fresh lion spoor about, turned back to tell us. I think we were lazy that morning; any way we sent them off again to see if the lion was on the quagga, and if he was, to come back and tell us. They went, but the lion saw them before they did him, and waddled off into the bush with half our quagga inside him. So we missed that one.

Lions, like most, if not all, wild animals, never attack unless wounded or hungry. They are a great nuisance at night round the wagons, as oxen and horses cannot bear the smell of them and break loose, when of course the lion has his evening meal. I have known a lion at night come and literally stand over a sleeping native and walk away again. The native’s face in the morning when he saw the spoor was expressive. One day, some years ago, a gentleman of my acquaintance was walking up a path at night, and seeing what he thought was some small animal in the path before him, took up a stone and threw it at him. Fortunately for him the animal took it kindly, and my friend came back
and said he was sure the night air always gave him a cold, and that he for one would not go out alone again at night.

It is always very dangerous to fire at any animal at night. I know a man who was sleeping on the ground under the fore part of his wagon one night, and happening to wake saw a pair of eyes glaring at him. He turned round, fired between them, and hit—he didn’t know what. In the morning there was a fine lion lying dead close by, shot through the head. This case is the exception. The rule is, “In the morning there was a man short in camp.” Mr. Collison, the hunter, had about as near a thing with a lion as any man I ever heard of. He fired at a lioness, but did not kill her, and she attacked him. His attendants reached trees in safety, but Mr. Collison was a thought too late. Just as he got on to the lower bough the lioness caught him by the shoe. For a moment or two it was a tug of war, and then, fortunately, the shoe lace gave way; so he got off. Mr. Collison is a pretty cool hand, but he says that he will not forget that little hunt.
Old solitary lions are known by the name of mannikins. In some parts they are numerous and very savage. Man being the most helpless animal in existence, these lions "go for" men whenever they can. Young lions, too, sometimes get a taste of human blood, and become man-eaters. Mr. Ericssen, the hunter and explorer, told me that he had come across one district, where there were five or six of these man-eaters about; and that consequently the natives made stockades to sleep in. For three nights running at one or other of the stockades, someone slept too near the poles, and before morning was dragged out between the poles by one of these lions.

On the 17th June, Trooper Ayton and I left the wagons to ride the distance to the Falls. We had each a horse, and we put some coffee, tobacco, and biltong (meat dried to the shape, consistency, and flavor of a walking stick) on a pack-horse, together with a little meal and biscuit. We possessed also an utter ignorance of the native language, and a firm trust in Providence. The first thing that happened naturally was that the pack-horse declined to be
Our start North.

led. Remonstrance with a thick stick overcame his objections, and we rode on through the night, and got to water about mid-day next day—distance about forty-five miles. We rested all the afternoon, and thus fortified ourselves to take watch and watch about through the night. This we thought necessary, as lions are very numerous all along the road, and it was a matter of the utmost importance to us not to lose our horses. We did our watches with the greatest piety that night; but next morning we decided the horses in future should take care of themselves. At this water we hung up the meal we had, in a tree, as a reserve for our return journey, and started on again. Before we left the wagons I had obtained from Mr. Fry, a trader who knew the road well, the names of, and distances between, the various waters to be found on the road. The distance between two points is measured in South Africa by the time an ox wagon takes to go from the one point to the other. Now as ox wagons go different rates over different roads, as one span of oxen will differ in pace from another, and as poor humanity is liable to error when judging
Notes on South African Hunting.

The Thirst.

time by the sun, the uninitiated and inexperienced get a very vague idea of the thing. We had no watches with us. Mine was broken, and I fancy Ayton's resented being wound up with a pair of large tweezers—for it retired to rest also.

Now we knew that we were going to pass a long series of vleys (hollows holding water) for some days, and that then we had a long piece to do without water. Our difficulty was to know which was the last water; and, needless to say, we eventually chose the wrong one. After riding on for a couple of days we arrived at what I thought must be the last water; so we rested all day, and went on at night into the long bit of thirst. A few hours on we saw some water, or rather liquid mud, but not enough to drink. A little farther on we off-saddled for an hour or so, and had a cup of coffee. As we were saddling up, Ayton noticed my horse staring out into the darkness. We followed his gaze, and presently we saw a dark form about thirty yards off, half hidden by the grass. I kicked up the fire, and threw a stick at the animal which bounded away. We
started on, discussing whether it was a lion, leopard, or wolf, when suddenly out it jumped at our side, and ran away into the bush. Even then we could not decide what it was, it was so dark; but evidently the beast had been wanting a horse for dinner, and was frightened by our voices. Presently the moon came out and we rode along for some hours, when, to our amazement, we heard the frogs croaking, and presently saw a little water—very little it looked by the moonlight. This, we thought, must be one of the vleys which we had been told would be nearly dry at that time of year. As the horses would not drink we went on, expecting to get to water about mid-day next day. We rode on and on all through the next day, but no water appeared. Then the pack-horse knocked up and could travel no more; but as we felt sure water must be close by, this did not disturb us much, as we thought we could come back in the morning and fetch him on with the pack. So, at moonrise, we started on, taking a handful of biscuit and a tin of cocoa. Six miles passed, twelve, fifteen, and still no water. We began to get alarmed, and
rode on all through that night, but found no water. By daylight the horses were nearly done. Every now and then we kept passing hollows in the ground which had evidently lately held water, but not a drop was to be had now. At about 9 a.m., the horses retired from business altogether. Our water bottles were almost empty, and we were afraid to finish the last few drops, as for anything we knew there might not be water for miles. There was nothing for it but to go on, so we put our coats over the saddles, and pounded along, driving the horses before us. At about 11-30 we were regularly done, so we lay down under an apology for a tree, and tried to assuage our thirst by a split teaspoonful of brandy and water; we were so hard up that we even rinsed our mouths out with this, and afterwards drank half of it each. Then we made an effort and went on again. No one who does not know what real thirst is, can conceive any idea of the horrors of it. First one's throat seems to close up, then one's tongue gets too big for one's mouth, then one's lips turn black, and then one gets dizzy in the head. I don't know
what the next stage is; that is as far as we got; but I do know that I never hope to see again such a sight as the glimpse I caught of Ayton's eyes just before we reached water. Of course, mine were, I suppose, just as bad, but I remember thinking, "By God, he's going mad," so well.

At last, about one o'clock, I saw a game path leading down to a vley some hundred yards away; but we had passed so many vleys, and they had all been dry, that we hesitated before going to see. However, I determined to go down; and I found water. It would be difficult to say accurately what I did. I fancy I gave a yell to Ayton, and then plunged my head into the beautiful clear pool and drank a little. Then I know I got up to see if the horses were coming, and I remember I had to turn my back to the pool to look in their direction. Whilst I was looking, I was seized with an irrepresible idea that water could not really be there, and I turned round to make sure it was there! We had been two nights and a day-and-a-half riding hard without water, and had covered about eighty miles or more of
very heavy sand. It subsequently turned out that the water which looked a little at night was the last permanent water, and that we had consequently missed it.

To those who know the road I may say we went from Geruya to Daka and missed Tamasetsi.

With an ox wagon two days and nights without water is nothing; oxen frequently go four and five days without water. There is a story that a man in Damaraland once went ten days without. The fiction library of South Africa is voluminous and varied.

It is really astonishing that more people do not die of thirst than do. There are surprisingly few instances of it. The saddest one was poor Mr. French, who lost his way when hunting elephant. He had hunted the herd for some hours in the heat of the day, and when he stopped found himself lost. He was found within twenty-four hours dead.

Another very near thing was that of Mr. Truscott, a trader and hunter. This gentleman also lost his way, and has often told me that the last thing he remembers was seeing the vultures sitting round him.
Just before we reached the water I was weak enough to drive on my horse by touching him with the butt of my rifle. I suppose I must have hit a bone, for suddenly the stock broke off at the small, and we were left with nothing but a shot gun. This was a serious matter, as lions are numerous about there. The three travellers before us had all lost some cattle or horses by lion, so, from a non-sporting point of view, we were very lucky in not coming across any at close quarters. When we had given our horses water we went and lay down under a tree, and felt as though we had been transferred from the very depths of Hades to an earthly paradise—for we knew we had lots of water. So we slept near there that night, and early on the morning of June 25th we arrived at Pondamatenga, having one teaspoonful of cocoa left.

At this place—which we found to consist of about a dozen huts on the top of a rise—we expected to find Mr. Westbeach's store, from which we hoped to get supplies and thence go on to the Falls about sixty miles distant. To our horror, however, we found that the store
had been moved eighty miles away up the river, and that nothing had been left behind except a friend of Mr. Westbeach's, Mr. Blockley by name. This gentleman treated us with the utmost kindness, and did everything in his power for us; but even he could not bring the store to us, so next day we left the horses with him, and started to walk to the store.

Mr. Blockley succeeded in doing a thing which few gunmakers could do satisfactorily. As I have said, my rifle was broken right in two across the small. I shewed it to Mr. Blockley, and he at once set to work, and actually mended it with the inside of an elephant's ear in such a way that I was quite able to shoot with it afterwards.

Amongst other things I was talking to Mr. Blockley about the fever, which is, of course, frightfully virulent on the river. He told me he had lived on the river for fourteen years, and had only once been out to Shoshong! He also added that he had fever most years. Now the ordinary treatment of fever is a fairly strong purgative, followed by quinine. I asked Mr. Blockley what purgative he took after having
had fever so often. The answer I got was, "Oh, about four drops of croton oil"! Four drops of croton oil will kill a full grown cock ostrich in an hour. As to the doses of quinine to be taken, the rough rule is to take it till you get a singing in your ears. I have known a man eat quinine with a teaspoon before he arrived at this desirable conclusion.

Through Mr. Blockley's kindness we had two boys to carry our necessaries to the store. From thence we were to go down the river to the Falls, and thence back to Pondamatenga—a distance in all of about two hundred miles. The name of the one boy was Kabanza (which, being interpreted, means a scorpion), and that of the other was the same as the place, Pondamatenga. Kabanza was of a festive and somewhat warlike nature, and a very demon to walk; while Pondamatenga's character was insinuating and astute. The latter it was who had to act as guide, and interpreter generally; not that he understood any English or Dutch, only he guessed fairly well. The first day's walk took us to a place called Kezuma, along a path lying through a far better wooded, better
watered, and more undulating country than that we had been passing through. Next day we started at dawn, or rather we wanted to start at dawn, but the "boys," like all other natives, utterly declined to move before the sun was well up. This is always a great difficulty. White men naturally prefer walking in the cool, but natives, or "boys" as they are indiscriminately called, always feel the cold. This may possibly be due to their wearing no clothes; but my conviction is that they do it out of pure cussedness. If one does make them start they loaf along carrying a great lighted stick, and every now and then they turn out to make a small grass fire to get warm at. It is better to wait till the sun is up, as it is almost hotter work kicking the boys than walking in the midday sun. As I said, we started soon after dawn; and for the next three hours waded along through most awful sand. Then we had a cup of coffee and a small bit of meat, and went on again. Through that interminable sand we ploughed for about twenty-five miles, with the sun broiling us, and the flies devouring us half cooked, till at last we reached water
in the evening. Some way before we got to the water the Scorpion heard a honey-bird. The honey-bird is a little fowl about the size of two sparrows. His occupation in life is to find wild bees' nests, and then go to some place where men pass, and sit on a tree till some one comes. Then he chirrups cheerfully, and if one follows he leads him eventually to either a snake, a wild beast, or a bees' nest. He may take one a hundred yards, or 20 miles: but if one follows him he always hits something.

Now the Scorpion had been carrying a matter of 30lbs. all day; but without a moment's delay off he went after the honey-bird, and caught us up at the water with some lovely honey. As a reward we set him to cut wood and fetch water—duties he performed with an evident relish. The honey round the Zambesi has a peculiarly toothsome flavor about it; neither does a large consumption of it appear to be attended with the usual direful results. Ayton and I ate about ten pounds in five days, and liked it.

Next day we got to a place called Leshuma—about fifteen miles of quicksand only. Here
an old native woman gave us some Kasir corn, which we were glad of, as we had had no farinaceous food for some days. Civilized man is a poor creature. He cannot live on bread alone, nor on meat alone; nor can he do as the Kasirs and wild beasts do, eat enormously, and then fast a week or two in comfort. We found these deficiencies of constitution excessively trying at times.

Kasir corn grows in a head, and looks like millet. If one boils it for several hours in several waters, it becomes fit to poison a pig with. A short walk next morning through a beautiful country brought us within sight of the Zambesi, about seventy miles above the Falls; and by the edge of the river we found Mr. Westbeach's wagons. He has moved here from Pondamatenga, and is going to build a store here—a work I would rather he undertook than I, as to call this a place for nine months in the year unhealthy, would be to laud it into a sanatorium.

The Zambesi during certain months of the year overflows its banks for some hundreds of yards on both sides. When it returns to its
We touch the River—Dr. Holub.

original bed, few things living but a hippopotamus can withstand the temptation of dying of fever. When we had struggled through the crowd of dogs that came out to greet—or eat—us, we found ourselves at the door of a small hut, whence issued a savoury smell, as of breakfast, and to our joy, two white men, Messrs. Watson and Middleton, trader and missionary respectively. They were short of food that day, and were going to breakfast on beans; but we had shot a few pheasants and a man brought in some guinea fowl, so we had an aldermanic feast. We passed the day in gothic feasting and revelry, only interrupted by a short trip across the river in quite the shakiest iron punt I ever was in. This punt was the property of Dr. Holub, who left Capetown some two years ago to try and get through to Lake Bangweolo. He was sent out by the Austrian Government, I believe. Natural history is his great forte, and he has made a very valuable collection of snakes and bugs generally. He passed a few weeks before I got to the Zambesi, and had, I heard, neither quinine, articles of trade, nor food; and, as he has no one with him except one
small boy who can talk the language, there is every reason to fear that he will be turned back by a savage tribe called the Mashukolumpi, who live some way north of the Zambesi. At the place which Mr. Westbeach has chosen for his new store, the Zambesi, Chobe, and Linyantijoin, and form a rapid stream some 800—1000 yards in width. In contradistinction to most of the rivers in Bechuanaland, these are permanently flowing rivers, of delightfully fresh water. The scenery here is beautiful. The deep blue waters of these three magnificent rivers rolling down between high wooded banks, chequered with islands of tree-fern, and palm, and the tropical sun pouring down his golden beams over all, combine in presenting to the eye one of the loveliest and most unique scenes it is possible to imagine.

Large game is comparatively scarce about this particular district; but on the north side of the river it is all that the heart of destructive man with a rifle can desire. About the banks of the river are birds innumerable, from the brilliant lory and glittering kingfisher to the great white stork and soaring eagle. Pelicans I saw none
of, nor flamingoes. The river is also in most places thick with crocodiles, which are a source of much danger to the natives. It is a curious fact that almost all carnivorous animals will attack a black man before a white—at least, that is what I have been brought up to believe, though I am not such a bigot as to wish to force others to do likewise.

On the north side of the river game is very abundant, and facilities will, I believe, be shortly offered by Messrs. Westbeach and Watson, for hunting there.

The question which absorbed our attention during our day's stay with Mr. Watson was how to get down to the Falls. The south side the boys said, "was too full of lions," and they could not be induced to go that way; the north side we were advised not to go, as near the Falls there dwells a chief who was described to us as being a very ogre to those who wished to cross. However, after the usual hours of talk our boys could not be induced to go the south side, so we had to decide to go on the north, and trust to the heart of the chief being softened by our youth and beauty.
That night we lay by a grand fire and were lulled to sleep by the grunting of the hippopotami feeding in the river close by.

As soon as the mist lifted off the river next morning we made a start. We expected to do the distance in about two days and a half; but the kindness of Mr. Watson had so laden our boys, that we ultimately took a little more. The path lay for some way along the edge of the river, and was so overgrown with grass and reeds as to make walking rather hard. After about a four hours' walk, we halted outside a small village and had our usual breakfast of coffee, biltong, and a little meal cake fried in fat. Soon the head man—of course surrounded by his attendant heathens—came out to have a look at us, and we ingratiated ourselves by giving him the coffee dregs to eat. He, according to the custom of the Barutse, had given us a small quantity of meal on our arrival. This excellent custom of, I believe, almost all tribes who have not been contaminated by civilisation, is fast degenerating into a species of barter among the Barutse. They bring you out some eatables, which you may
or may not want—but which you are bound to take—and expect something in return. If they do not get the return gift, they give you nothing the next time you pass—a look into futurity which troubled me little.

After breakfast the footpath led us on and on through thickets and thorns, till it suddenly ended in a lagoon. We had not expected this of such a previously well-behaved path, and our respect for its character led us to hunt about and see if there was no way round; and our search was the more diligent, inasmuch as crocodiles abound in these waters. However, we had to wade the lagoon, and, in the course of the afternoon, four or five more; and after a long but pretty walk we came to where we were to sleep. From here the river takes a bend to the south, and we were to cut across the bend on the morrow and arrive at the Falls the day after. We started early, and the path took us over hill and dale, some distance from the river. Such a path as it was too! Of a size about large enough for an ordinary jack-snipe to hop along on one leg, and shaped like an inverted V; and one could...
not walk off it, as the bush and grass was too thick.

During this day I shot at many of the so-called pheasants. Nearly every day one managed to shoot a pheasant or a partridge to eat, but this day was the one on which I became so intimately acquainted with the nature of the African pheasant as to leave no doubt in my mind that I had only been on nodding terms with him before. The African pheasant is a bird about the size of a large English partridge, and is of a dark brown hue; he is of a retiring turn of mind, and cannot be seen except in the early morning and just before sundown, when he comes out to feed and see his friends. I have never heard of any match having been arranged between him and a racehorse, but should one ever be made, I shall confidently back the pheasant. He is, moreover, not very easy to kill. Small shot is only as a pleasant stimulant to him, and you can wing him or leg him with large shot and still he will beat you. Well, as we were strolling along, I came suddenly upon a covey of these birds feeding. I at once let fly (one always shoots them on
the ground, and, if possible, when they are not looking) and hit one. Thinking he was dead I went to pick him up, when, behold, he had vanished! Seeing his tail flick round a bush, I rushed after him, and gave him a charge of treble A—the first barrel was No. 6. Over he rolled, and up he got again, and I had to give him another charge of buckshot before I got him. That evening we ate a leadmine. Five other pheasants I shot that day—all with buckshot—all seemingly dead as David; not one other did I get.

On the evening of the next day we arrived at the village where dwelt the dreaded chief. As a present for him we had brought a supply of "stertreims"—a "stertreim" being a yard-and-a-half of coarse calico wherewith these idolaters gird themselves. Soon after our arrival two of his councillors came down to see what manner of men we might be, and, when they had left, two more; and, after them, a tall, spare man, of an Egyptian cast of countenance, with a voice like a bull buffalo, accompanied by about twenty or thirty people. This was the great Sanzila, chief of about one hundred
naked savages, and owner of the only boat near the Falls. For ages he sat and talked to our boys, till our heads rang as if we had been sitting in a belfry. What he said I know not, but there was plenty of it. Presently he inspected our pack, and made us understand by signs that he considered we had nothing to eat, and that we must stay with him two or three days "to grow strong." I felt much as a man with his head in a lion's mouth would feel saying "you mus'nt eat me," when I told him it was impossible, and that he must take us across next day. At this he laughed and said something to his people, who also grinned servilely. Presently he went away, and in about half an hour came back with a kid, some meal, Kaffir corn, ground nuts, and milk, which he passed over to us, saying "eat." This looked promising, and our hopes rose.

Soon he went away again and then our real pleasures began. The moment he had turned his back, down swooped about fifty women and children to put us through our facings. They sat in a circle round us, almost entirely naked; and, for all one could tell to the contrary,
The Ogre transformed into a Philanthropist.

seemed to think themselves dressed in the height of fashion. As soon as they had laughed and pointed at us enough they "filed off from the right" past us, each one as she passed asking for something. To some we gave our blessing, and to others a little tobacco. I noticed that the latter seemed the best pleased.

Next morning down came Sanzila again, and said he would take us across, but that we must eat some more first; and then followed a gigantic basket of meal and another of beans. We were very glad of the meal, for we had none, and we improved the occasion by having some porridge and honey—not of much interest to a reader of this story, but intensely absorbing to us at the time. (Let me here record the thanks of two men to the makers of the anti-friction grease tins; they make most excellent cooking pots, and hold an enormous quantity.)

About mid-day Sanzila came down to us again, armed with a prodigious hippopotamus spear, and soon after he started off with us towards the river. A couple of hours' walk
White men praying, v Black men paddling.

brought us to the river, and now the smoke and roar of the Falls seemed to be quite close. Sanzila put us into a canoe made out of a log, and about 4in. out of the water, and then got in himself, which brought it down about 2in. more. We sat in a pool at the bottom, and devoutly prayed for a miracle, while he paddled at the bows, assisted by a diminutive savage at the stern. Presently we got used to it, and now I think I never enjoyed a trip more. On leaving the bank it looked quite a short way across to land on the other side, but on getting there one found it an island, and after that one got more islands, so that it took fully half an hour to get across. Eventually we landed safely, packs and all, and as Sanzila had been so good to us I wanted to give him an extra stertreim; but this our astute boy Pandamatenga would not allow at any price, and I must say Sanzila appeared eminently satisfied with one.

A short walk through the bush took us down to the Falls; and, having chosen a place to camp in, we started off to see them. We could find no path, but, by following the hippopota-
mus tracks through the bush, we suddenly emerged right on the brink of the Falls.

Perhaps no man has ever adequately described the magnificence of the Falls, and it would be folly in me to attempt to do so; all I will do is to say and give some sort of idea of their appearance.

The Zambesi above the Falls is about a mile or a mile and a half in width, and is dotted over with large islands. Descending the river, one would have not the smallest suspicion of any Falls being near, were it not for the lofty columns of vapour rising over the trees, so calmly and quietly does the river flow along. All at once, without the least warning, the whole waters of the river tumble with a noise like thunder over a chasm in its bed, some three to four hundred feet deep. A part of the river, separated by an island from the main stream, then turns abruptly away to the left at the bottom of the abyss, and, joining the other waters, the whole rush roaring out through numerous small channels, until they unite once more in the mighty Zambesi, rolling its waves down to the sea. The Falls run somewhat in
Notes on South African Hunting.

The Falls.

a horse-shoe shape, so that, even would the spray allow of it, it is impossible to see more than two hundred to three hundred yards of them at the same time. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the iris of the Falls is peculiarly brilliant in the blazing sunshine. The whole scene is one which utterly defies description; the uniqueness—to coin a word—of the Falls, combined with their stupendous magnificence, render it impossible for any words to do them justice; to understand and realise one must see.

Livingstone and, I believe, two other men, landed on the island on the brink of the Falls, and this same Sanzila, I fancy, took them to it. That is a sort of water trip which no one but a person tired of life would attempt. Sanzila is a most accomplished canoeist, but if he had happened to miss the particular point of the island he aimed at, the chances are that he would have found out the height of the Falls by practical experiment.

A rather curious incident occurred while we were at the Falls. As we were walking down to them, we could, of course, hear nothing whatever for some time before we got to them.
Presently I saw a flash as of some animal running away through the bush, and then I saw that it was a troop of Koodoo, a kind of antelope. Evidently they had got used to the roar of the Falls, and could hear just as quickly as they could have done away from them. They could not have seen or smelt us, as we came on them over a slight rise, and were going upwind to them, in the same direction as they were feeding.

I was very sorry not to have any instruments to take the various measurements, as it would have been highly interesting to know if any of them have altered since the last observations were made; and I believe none have been taken since Livingstone first discovered the Falls.

It might be interesting to note down the comparative approximate measurements of the Niagara and Victoria Falls, on the authority of the Niagara guide book and Dr. Livingstone respectively.

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<td>Height,</td>
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<td>168 ft.</td>
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<td>Breadth, 400 yds.</td>
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</table>
Ayton and I each burnt our most precious sacrifice to the deities of the Falls—he his last pipe of decent tobacco, and I my last cigarette—and, time being pressing, we left next morning for Pondamatenga, where we arrived safely after three days' walking over most horribly stony paths.

Our return journey now lay before us, and the comparatively easy days of walking were ended. When I say "easy walking," I speak advisedly, for after a man has ridden carefully for about thirty miles through heavy sand, and then on his arrival at his sleeping place has to groom his horse, cut wood, fetch water, get grass to last his horse all night, cook his dinner and eat it, he finds himself quite ready to roll up in his blanket; whereas, travelling on foot, with six or eight "boys," he has all his things carried, and all the dirty work done for him. Those little words, "cut wood," do mean such a prodigious deal more than any two words ought to. The labour of cutting down hard wood trees with a hatchet that has known their hardness before, is an experience I never hope to suffer again. Cutting grass with a hunting
knife is also a nuisance, but one sometimes gets a little excitement out of that by cutting a snake.

Moreover, our return journey promised to be harder than the journey up, for between the Nata river and the Shoshong there is a stretch of sand, without water, nearly one hundred miles in length. Fortunately, just before we started, four natives came up and said they wanted to go out to Shoshong, so I engaged them at once, and gave them as many empty calabashes as they would carry, with the idea of sending them on with water for the horses when we came to the above-mentioned thirst. It might be thought that a man on foot could not keep up with a horse, but this is not the case, especially in the sand, as horses have to be rested at least one day in the week.

On the afternoon of July 7, with rested horses and appeased appetites, we left Pondamatenga, accompanied by a boy of Mr. Blockley's. On the way to the first water we passed close to some ostriches. We pointed them out to the boy, and he said that when he came back—he was only coming a short way with us—he would
burn the grass, wait till it grew again, and then go and shoot them! Now this boy was a very good hunter; but he had such a fear of wasting a shot that he preferred to make a certainty of the thing. In that dry country ostriches and antelope will always make for any patch of nice young grass they can, and thus frequently meet their fate. That boy has probably just shot those ostriches.

We slept that night at the first water; and next day went on about thirty miles and got to a water off the road, which a bushman we had with us knew of. We were now crossing the long piece where we had found no water on the upjourney. I ought to mention that Mr. Blockley had sent a boy of his and two bushmen with us to go as far as the place where we had left the pack on the up journey, so that they could take the packsaddle back to Pondamatenga, and follow on the spoor of the pack-horse should we not find him. We reckoned that the next day would bring us to where we had left the pack, and, as we had heard that six Kaffirs had gone down the road just before us, I need hardly say that that night was one of anxiety to us;
The sad history of the Pack.

for it would be quite a chance if they had not seen the pack. Now six Kaffirs placed among 2lb. of biscuit, a little coffee and cocoa, and two kit bags, means that in ten minutes the Kaffirs remain, but the edible factor becomes eliminated, and that by nightfall six Kaffirs dressed in blankets would be thirty miles farther on the road and going strong. Next morning I started to walk on with the boys so that there should be no chance of passing the pack, leaving Ayton to follow with the horses when they had drunk. After a longish walk we got to the place, and found a few ground nuts and a fresh fire! There was now nothing for it but to wait for the horses and then ride on to recapture our blankets—for the victuals I entertained but small hopes; so, sending Mr. Blockley's boys off on the spoor of the pack horse—which by-the-way we had found leading directly away from any water—and my own boys on along the road, I sat down to smoke the pipe of remorse and wait for the horses. I waited and waited, but no horses appeared, till at last I got uneasy, and was just going back to see what had happened when they
turned up; but to my horror Ayton reported his horse going slack. We rode slowly on, and just managed to overtake the boys about six or eight miles on, when Ayton's horse knocked up entirely. We off-saddled and held a council of war.

Our situation at this juncture was as follows: We were about sixty miles from Pondamatenga, about three hundred from Shoshong, and my leave would be up in ten days' time. It was useless to go back to Pondamatenga, as no wagons were going out for at least four months, and it was equally hopeless to dream of getting back within my leave. Our victuals consisted of about 4lb. of coffee, a small roll of fresh, and a larger one of very dry, biltong, some giraffe fat, and a few bits of bread; our wardrobes consisted of what we stood in; Ayton had besides a service blanket, and I had a horse blanket; we had also some very poor tobacco, of the sort called Makalaka. This tobacco is indigenous—mercifully—to the most distant and inhospitable parts of Africa. It is grown by a people called the Makalaka, and consists of a very bad tobacco leaf, dried in the sun,
apparently pounded up and mixed with sand, dead leaves, or any other foreign matter whatever. When the manufacturing heathen have adulterated it to their taste, they make it into lumps about the size of a cocoanut by mixing it with blood, and sell it for what they can get. It tastes like hay soaked in vitriol, and requires on an average a box of matches to a pipe.

The decision of our council of war was that I should take the remaining horse and a little food, and go on till I caught the Kaffirs up, and Ayton follow up with the boys and the driven horse. I rode on about twelve miles and then my horse began to get tired, so I determined to wait till moonrise—it was now about 3 p.m.—and ride on through the night. The moon was young, the night was very cloudy, and the road was overgrown with haakthorn—a thorn like a hook, which takes out solid lumps of one—so when I got to the water I had no face left worth mentioning, and my clothes, before in rags, were now in shreds. I could see nothing of the Kaffirs, and here my poor old horse declined to go farther, so I had to off-saddle for the night; and, as there was
very little wood near, and some wretched hyenas kept bothering my horse, I did not get much sleep. At dawn I was just going to start on when I caught sight of a fire about eight hundred yards away in the bush, so I took my rifle and went over to explore. To my great joy I found the pack quite untouched, and the Kaffirs peaceably disposed, so I engaged the lot to carry it on to Shoshong on the same terms as my other four, viz., about 1s. 6d. sterling! Ayton and the boys caught me up about mid-day, and I presently started on with the boys, leaving Ayton with the horses.

Just before I left Ayton a party of Matebele came up on their way to the river. Ayton told me later that after I left they began their usual practice of begging for everything they saw. Amongst other things one big naked fellow came up to Ayton and asked him to give the coat he had on. To humour him Ayton said "If I do, what am I to wear." Said the man, "Oh, you have a shirt too; you can’t want both a shirt and a coat—give me the coat."

We walked on till evening and came to water, and about 8 p.m. Ayton came up
with my horse, having had to leave his own some two miles behind, utterly done up. Next morning I sent back and managed to get the horse on to the water, and there left him. About this time we were beginning to get short of food. When Ayton went back to fetch on his horse, he saw what he took to be his horse standing behind a bush. Riding up to catch him, he got within about one hundred yards, when a fine bull eland ran away! Of course, if Ayton had been carrying the rifle we should have been quite set up in the food line; but, as is usual when one wants food, one has the worst possible luck.

The next day or two we spent walking through the most unutterable sand. I know of no sand in England giving any idea of the depth of this, except possibly if I say that the loose sand above high-water is as a hard road by comparison. When we came near to where we had left the meal bag, I took the horse to ride on, so that I might get a big fire burning to bake with. The end of that was that I had to walk, and drive the horse before me. However, when I did get there, I found the meal all safe.
For meat we depended, of course, on what we could shoot as we went along; and we generally managed to get a pheasant or a partridge—not much, perhaps, between two men who had walked all day on two cups of coffee and a square inch of meal bread, but still something. Besides, we hoped to get some big game when we got on to the open flats around the Nata. Our chances in this latter direction were, however, materially reduced by my horse being so knocked up as to make it imperative to leave him at this water—the next water being forty-five miles on. So on July 12 we started to do the remainder of the journey on foot. Ayton, lucky man, wore boots and gaiters; but I had only a pair of old riding boots, which made walking very hard work. Our saddles and bridles we threw into a thicket, where they probably became an unfailing livelihood to successive generations of white ants. Two days later we arrived at the place where we had left the wagons. Just as we got there we met a native and a bushman out hunting. We tried to get food of them, but they lied in the cheerful way all natives do, and said they had none.
It is curious how small one feels when he is trying to make himself understood to a native. The natural thing to think would be that the native would feel equally foolish, with a little more added on account of his resemblance to a monkey. But this is not so. Natives come and deliberately laugh at one for not understanding their jaw-breaking lingo; somehow one never gibes a native for not understanding English. It is true that a white man has a great pull in making a native quick of comprehension; but that is by means of the purely artificial aid of his bootmaker. One never jeers a native somehow.

The next day I determined to give Ayton and the boys an easy day, while I went forth to try and shoot a few buck. I need hardly say that, as we wanted meat, my hunt was unsuccessful. We had now no meat at all, except some very old giraffe biltong. This we boiled, and afterwards made the little meal we had into cakes with the soup of the biltong. Upon the cakes we used to spread about half an inch thickness of giraffe fat (which was going bad) and then eat them, and like them. We also got a few
Our victuals.

birds as we went along; but birds are no more
good to a hungry man in hard work, than
chaff is to a race-horse in training. Of the
cakes we allowed ourselves, at this time, one
each per diem; and they were about four inches,
by three, by three-quarters. These, with coffee,
constituted our whole food; and when I say
that we had to get over some twenty to twenty-
five miles a day of fearful sand, it may be
imagined that we soon had most elegant waists.
Later we only got half a cake per diem. A few
days later we dropped across a bushman light-
ing veldt fires. At certain seasons of the year
the natives light the dry grass for miles round,
so as to burn it up and hasten the growth of
the fresh grass. The bushman informed us he
lived at a place not far off called Qualiba. In
the course of an agreeable conversation, con-
ducted mainly on the deaf and dumb principle,
aided by facial contortion, we remarked that
we had no meat, and that our boys were
starving. He said that there were plenty of
goats at Qualiba belonging to Khama. Now I
knew the Khama would willingly have let us
eat the whole flock if he thought we were
hungry, so I explained the situation, and told the bushman we were going to take two goats. He appeared perfectly satisfied, and, when we got to the water, herded up the goats and helped us to murder a couple. As we were some way ahead of our boys, we sat down to wait for them, and passed the time in planning our bill of fare. Soon we heard a yell; and then several more; and about two minutes later we were surrounded with bushmen, all shrieking their maddening tongue into our ears, and all pointing to the goats. At last we gathered that they wanted 15s. apiece for the goats. This I did not the least object to, but I had only 7s. 6d. in two half-crowns, a florin, and a sixpence. It was in vain that we offered these and a blanket. "No," they said, "that is only four shillings." These misguided little ashcats have a fixed idea that a shilling is of various sizes, ranging between its normal size and that of a crown piece. They have, however, imbibed so much from contact with white men, that they possess an accurate knowledge of the value of a sixpence. The arrival of our boys only made matters worse. If they had been worth their
Notes on South African Hunting.

My "papa"—The artful nigger.

salt they would have done as I told them to do, take the goats and eat them; then we should have had peace. As it was, we tried to deal with everything we had dear to the eyes of a native; till at last I actually offered my double Express and shot gun for the two goats. At this the miserable pigmy who appeared to hold authority, said he must wait for a gentleman whom he called "my papa," who was then absent, before he could decide. This was, of course, out of the question, so we filled the calabashes and left. From this place we left off breakfast, such as it was.

Next day Ayton and I started on, and had gone on a short way when we heard horses coming up behind us. We looked round, and saw what we expected; namely, some of our friends of the previous day who had come after us, as we thought, to try and make us pay for cutting the goats' throats. We determined to let them begin the conversation. Up they came and rode alongside us without speaking for about a mile. Then we came to a track leading off the road. The natives then spoke, and said to us that that was our road. I asked
them where they were going to, and they named the water that we were making for, and said that that was the short cut. However, I said that we preferred the longer road, as we liked walking, and off they went. We never saw them again. What they wanted us for I know not, but I heard afterwards that they intended to give us a goat. It struck me as odd that they did not say so. Perhaps they intended to give us a surprise—of some sort. During the afternoon we were sitting in the shade of a log, when we found ourselves being surveyed by a big yellow dog; so we knew there must be Kaffirs close by. Kaffirs always keep a dog of sorts, and feed it on what they don't eat themselves. I have a firm conviction that they give the dogs their babies to eat; for if one watches a dog he will always be seen to look anxiously round if there is a baby about. Besides, unless they do, I can't conceive what the dogs do live on, as a Kaffir never leaves anything eatable uneaten. The dog's master turned up, driving two or three oxen laden with dried meat. It did look so good. After much begging we got a bit off him, but nothing we had would
A sight of food—but not for us.

tempt him to sell any. Where he was going to I don't know, but he certainly was not going farther than the next cattle post—twenty miles may be—where he would get lots of meat. We mixed our blessings and cursings that time. After a very long hard walk of about thirty miles, Ayton and I arrived at water just at sun-down. None of the boys turned up that night, so we had to go to sleep without coffee or blankets, and very cold and horrid it was. However we got a few namaquas which helped us out. A namaqua is a kind of little sand grouse, about the size of a quail. He flies like greased lightning in a glass tube, and has a skin that would make good shoe leather. He is very good to eat if he is properly cooked. It takes about a dozen of them to make a meal. These birds come down to drink, morning and evening, and with lots of cartridges, and not being dependent on one's gun for food, one can have very good fun with them. Subsequently, when we did depend on them mostly for food, we used to massacre them with success on the ground; but as a sport this method is far below par.
At last morning came, and with morning a big nigger who came and grinned affably at us, and ultimately persuaded me to go with him and see a functionary whom he called his chief. This worthy I found sitting before three burning sticks warming his shins. I explained in my patent way, our position, and they gave me a drink I had never tasted before—made, as I afterwards found out, of Kaffir corn and berries. As to berries, there are lots of them in the season; most of them fairly good to eat, but of no account to live on. The bushmen live almost entirely on them nevertheless, and only alter their diet by any locusts or cockchafers they can find. When I got back to the water I found all the boys had arrived, except three, who had stayed behind tired out; and with them was one of our two cooking tins. As they had lots of water with them, and were near a cattle post, I did not disturb myself much about them, and I have never heard of them again from that day to this. This is not really so hard-hearted as it sounds. Give a Kaffir water, and he will get fat where a white man would starve.

Soon we all went up to see the chief again.
Our great object now was to get meat, and with that end in view I spoke and signed with an eloquence probably hitherto unrivalled. Eventually, in exchange for a good blanket, we got a very small, very miserable goat, who seemed quite glad to die.

Next morning, after some difficulty, we got the boys off, and started to do the hundred miles thirst. About five miles on we found a little water, but it was so strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen as to be almost undrinkable. At this place I began to figure as an amateur cobbler. It is perhaps, unnecessary to say that my riding boots had, by this time, turned my feet into two large blisters; and amateur cobbling is quite useless where there is much fine sand to go through. The goat which I had got for the boys had, of course, done very little towards staying their hunger, and their feet also were nearly all cracked. We had besides, even at starting, great difficulty in preventing them drinking the water they carried. Coming, as they did, from the neighbourhood of the Zambesi, where water is abundant, it was impossible to make them believe that there
could be a stretch of four and a half days' hard walking without water; we told them again and again—natives told them, everyone they saw, in fact, told them the same thing; but they only laughed pleasantly and said it was not possible. Moreover, being, as I have said, both hungry and footsore, they would not walk a respectable pace, but doddled along, turning out every now and then to pick berries. And the invariable difficulty with "boys"—to get them to start early, when it is cool—also caused a serious delay. The consequence was, that by the end of the second day's walking we had only done about twenty-five miles, our water was half done, we had next to no food, and, worst of all, the boys complained of their loads. Now they were all carrying really very light loads, so, as there still remained seventy to eighty miles of awful sand to do, things looked bad.

It is not often that one's heart is softened by the complaints of a nigger in ordinary life, because the more you give him of anything—except walking stick—the more he wants. But I really was sorry for these boys. They had practically nothing to eat since July 7, except
a little corn and a few ground nuts and berries; and it was now July 20. Not that we ourselves had much more, but the boys did look so woefully thin and weak, and really were very bad. If we went on, the chances of our getting through were exceedingly small; if we went back, we should have to live mostly on berries for at least three weeks, before we could get help from Shoshong. That night I deliberated long. Ultimately I determined to do, distasteful as it was, what I have since seen to have been our only chance, to turn back to Linokane.

Next day I let four of the freshest boys, who wanted to go on, go; having first given them a note to Mr. Francis, of Shoshong, asking for help, another to Col. Carrington to tell him what had happened, and all the water we could spare. They went off in the highest spirits, and it was of course comparatively easy for them to go through, now that they had only their own water to carry.

It took us a day and a half to get back to Linokane, and by the time we got there the boys could scarcely walk, and my feet were
very painful. I had sent Ayton on to try and get the chief to send two men off at once with duplicate notes, in case our boys should come to grief; but on my arrival I found the chief thought we were "lying"—as he delicately expressed it—about our fatigue and hunger, and declined to have anything to do with us. At last we got a couple of bushmen to go out for the trifling sum of £5, and, having started them off, there was nothing to do but sit down and wait for three weeks or so, and trust to luck for getting food.

I may mention that afterwards when we got out to Shoshong, Khama was very angry at our having paid the man at all. It is a rule throughout his county that a white man can send any native anywhere he pleases. However, as I said to Khama at the time, rules are not satisfying food; and we wanted that. I have since received a letter saying that the man had been made to disgorge the £5, and that it is now waiting for me to go and fetch at Shoshong. If it were £5,000 I should think about it.

This place, Linokane, where we were fated to vegetate, is a cattle post of Khama's, consisting
of a few bushmen under the surveillance of a man sent by Khama from Shoshong to take charge of things generally. There are no huts, only a few dilapidated "scherms," or fences, to keep the wind off. The whole population lived mostly on berries, either mashed up and made into a kind of drink, or quite raw. The chief occasionally got a little milk or Kaffir corn as a change. Out of a peculiar kind of berry rather a pleasant drink was made, called mabele; but one only got this on high days and holidays, as it involved the use of corn, and was therefore too expensive for every-day consumption. It was, moreover, of an intoxicating nature, and Khama's laws against liquor are very severe. Even at this place, 150 miles from Khama, it was produced with secrecy and under fearful oaths not to mention it "when you get to Shoshong." As we were rather doubtful if we ever should get out we made no objection to swearing anything they liked, so as we got something to eat. We vividly realized Esau's feelings.

Khama has wonderful power over his people. He has managed to get it purely by good tact,
Notes on South African Hunting.

The ways of the Bushman.

and great severity in cases of crime. I saw a man punished one day for stealing some salt. He was brought to the scene of his operations, and told to strip and lie on his face on the ground. This he did most meekly, and then the fun began. Two big natives with long very tough switches, gave him a cut or two as if to make all "compact and comfortable," and then stripped themselves, and got down to their work, while the surrounding crowd laughed at the unfortunate thief. Those whippers were artists. They knew to a turn where to hit, and how to hit, and they did it. In about five minutes a man got up with a smile, and walked off, looking as though someone had been throwing red paint at him through a sieve.

We had ample opportunities of observing the habits of the bushmen during our stay. We found a bushman spent his day as follows: When the morning star rises, he gets up and howls, and makes the baby howl too; as soon as it gets warm he goes out with an ancient blunderbuss on full cock, to look for roots and berries. This he does all day, and about sun-
The ways of the Bushman.

down goes and has a drink at the water. From then until about nine p.m. he either howls or cracks ground nuts between stones, or does both together. At very wide intervals his ship comes in; in other words, he shoots a duiker—a small buck with rather more meat on than an English hare. Then he has an aldermanic feast, and yells dreadfully. The chief spends his days sitting in the sun. Every three weeks or so he takes a short ride to a neighbouring cattle post and gets a little milk; then he comes back and complains of being sore till it is time to take another ride.

After much talk we got on more friendly terms with the chief, and in a few days we actually extracted a sheep from him. The next week or so we spent pretty miserably. The chief, poor old chap, did what he could for us, which was not much, and we kept him in a good temper by giving him a cup of coffee every morning. The sudden change from hard work to rest made both Ayton and myself very seedy, and I got a bad abscess on my instep.

After we had been some time at this place, one fine morning we found that two boys had
walked off on their way to Shoshong. I may mention incidentally that the wagon which came in to our relief met them about ten miles from the end of the hundred miles thirst, literally staggering along, and quite done up. I almost doubt if they would have got there, had they not met the wagon.

At last, on August 3, we were just meditating whether it was not time to put on the pot—an occurrence that usually happened about three p.m., so that we could pass the time till dark by looking to see how it was cooking—when one of the boys rushed up shrieking "the wagons are coming." Now we did not expect a wagon out for the next three days, and so did not take much notice. Presently, however, we heard a whip crack, and then a volley of pure Anglo-Saxon, so we concluded to go and inspect matters. To our great joy we saw a spring cart piled with things, on the top of which was seated Tr. Woods, B.B.P., with a mighty whip. In a few minutes the cart drew up at the portcullis of our castle—otherwise the ash-heap outside the scherm—and we found on it all that the soul of hungry man required.
It turned out that our messengers had done the 150 miles to Shoshong in five days, and that Tr. Woods had come out through the deep sand in five days also, which was very hard travelling.

We celebrated the arrival by having what we thought the most digestible thing—porridge. Of course we knew better than to eat much, but all our care was of no avail, for the next week or more every night we suffered the agonies of the damned from acute indigestion and flatulency.

Two days after the cart arrived we packed it up, and got on the top. I had to lie out flat on account of my foot. I do not think I ever suffered such pain as I did on that journey. The whole of my right foot was one large abscess, and it was quite impossible to ease the pain by keeping it in any position. For five nights I got no sleep at all. The fact of my foot being exposed to the sun all day, and to the cold at night, not to mention my having nothing whatever to doctor it with—not even water enough to wash it in—made the matter worse than it otherwise would have been. I did not get
quite well until I landed in England, and the effects of it upon me lasted even some time after that. Ayton and Woods did all they could for me, and made capital nurses; but never shall I forget that trip.

On the 10th of August we arrived at Shoshong, and a few days later I started south for Mafeking, where I arrived on the 25th. Ayton I left at Shoshong rather done up with the trip. He had, of course, had to do all the work since I was laid up, and that had been very hard.

In conclusion, let me offer a little advice to intending visitors to the Falls. Whatever you do, go comfortably, with a wagon or two, and possibly a water-cart; or, if you were cursed at your birth with a "double dose of original" folly, do not ride, but get boys and walk. Then make your will, and distribute your loose cash among the deserving poor. When you get back you will, I think, agree with me in saying that although the game is worth the candle, the actual road there and back has merits which, for the attainment of certain ends, are absolutely unequalled; I allude more especially to the destruction with torture of your pet enemy.
When we got out to Shoshong, we were informed that a report had got about that we had been killed. Journeying southward I gradually learnt the details of our supposed murder. It may be remembered that a report appeared in most of the English newspapers, saying that we had been killed by natives in a singularly brutal manner. I may take this opportunity of saying that we were not. I should be most unwilling to say plainly that the report was spread about by the lowest class of Boers, but the little evidence I have been able to collect seems to point that way.

I heard that some Boers whom we met when we were going up, before Ayton and I had left the wagons at all, reported that I had been lost in the veldt, and had been found nearly dead with thirst. This was untrue.

When I got to Mafeking, I was told that a Boer had been seen who had said positively that he had just come from Matebeleland; that he had seen our bodies lying in the veldt, mine with eleven assegai wounds in it, and Ayton’s with seven. What gave more color to this story was, that he described how we were dressed,
how many stripes I had on my arm, and much other detail. Boers are wonderful liars. They do it for fun. When I really realized that I was alive, I felt thankful that I had never published any "memoirs," like the man in the story.

There are two kinds of Boer—the lower class and the lowest. A certain number of respectable old gentlemen there are certainly besides these, but they are rare and consequently priceless.

The lower class Boer is a decent sort of animal. Generally profoundly ignorant, with a huge family. Usually he possesses some cattle, a horse or two, and a rifle; but no soap or conscience. He lives on his farm and does nothing. Occasionally he goes for a hunt if there is any game about, and is a good shot—that is, as far as one can tell, for the Boer never fires unless he is, humanly speaking, certain of hitting. There is a class of Boer called the Dopper, who pride themselves on knowing their bible, and wearing odd coats. They used to be a very influential factor, but their power is dying away.

There are some few Boers who are very good
hunters, and who make hunting more or less their business; but I have never heard of any excelling in their trade, like Mr. Selous and others have done, and do.

He who begins to tell hunting adventures never stops, but I cannot resist saying something about Mr. Selous. He went out to the Cape when quite a boy, and expended his worldly goods in buying a rifle. For many years he never used a horse at all, but did all his hunting on foot—a feat which would knock the sawdust out of most men in a week.

He is, without exception, the best hunter that South Africa has ever seen. His adventures have, of course, been something extraordinary; and I trust he will forgive me if I jot down the main facts of one or two of his nearest "shaves" as he told them me.

One day he was hunting with two or three others, and they came across a lion on the edge of a ravine. Someone shot at him and wounded him, and he headed back down the ravine. Selous ran along the edge above him hoping to get a shot, and eventually broke his shoulder. The lion then went into the bush, and declined to
Selous and his hunting.

come out. Selous went in after him—always a fearfully dangerous thing to do—and presently he heard a move, and saw the lion in the act of springing on him. He brought his rifle up, and shot the lion *in his spring*. The lion fell so close that he could touch him with the muzzle of his rifle.

Another day he was hunting elephant. He was riding a horse, and having had a long hunt, his horse was getting beat. As he was riding on, he heard an elephant scream just behind him. He looked round and saw the animal just on him. In vain he tried to get his horse on faster. The next thing that he remembers was a shock, and when he came to himself, he found his head pressed down on his chest. Then he realized that he was actually **under the elephant's body**. He managed to roll out, and so got away.

The elephant when charging had struck his tusk right into the flank of the horse, and had, of course, turned him over. The only manner of explaining Selous' ultimate position is that, the elephant seeing him lying on the ground, ran at him to kneel on him and crush him, or
to tusk him, and that he made a bad shot. The horse, singularly enough, recovered.

A very plucky thing that Selous did once was this. He was hunting with Mr. Collison, and they came across two lions in the open. They had very few cartridges left, and had used them all before they wounded the lions. Lions, when they charge, seldom go more than two or three hundred yards, but this pair regularly laid down to their work, and chivied the hunters. Collison's horse did what horses sometimes do when in great danger—utterly declined to gallop. Selous was some way ahead, but hearing Collison's shout for help, rode back between him and the lions, and so took them off his line.

To return to the Boers. The lowest class Boer is the discontented man, who has nothing to lose and everything to get. His ultimate development is the filibuster. This is the class of man who makes all the disturbances on the borders. My experience of them shows me that they are one of the lowest specimens of humanity; worse than natives by far. It may be thought that I speak bitterly of them for
murdering my brother when he was wounded; but his was by no means an exceptional case, nor was it as brutal as some other murders inflicted on natives. I do not know of one single condoning feature about them to make them differ from beasts possessed by devils, except that they walk on two legs.

The President of the Transvaal, Mr. Kruger, is a better educated class of Boer. He it was who, when he came to London to make the London Convention, happened to pass over Westminster Bridge, and said "Let us wait till the crowd passes." After some hours he found out his mistake.

* * * * * * *

All is well that ends well.

If the perusal of these notes, written though they are in the homeliest language, has given any of my readers even a rough idea of the pleasures and dangers of South African travel and sport, my utmost expectations will have
been fulfilled. Even should any reader cavil at what I have written, he can console himself with the pleasant remembrance that he has contributed something towards keeping me, or my worthy publisher, from the inevitable end of the vast majority—the Workhouse.

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