

altogether, would appear much more imposing—on paper. Each prospector's license stipulated that the holder agreed, if called upon, to bear arms in defence of the Chartered Territories. Licenses were negotiable, and a Pioneer's right to fifteen claims, at the time of our arrival in Mashonaland, was valued at one hundred pounds sterling. In consideration of supplying the means for opening and governing the country, the British South Africa Company required as its right fifty per cent. of the shares in stock companies formed on mines discovered. At the outset it was generally understood that the Company would take in hand the floating of these minor combines, but this has never been done. Practically, it was impossible. It still, however, claims the fifty per cent., or, at least, a per cent. large enough to constitute a controlling interest in any new mining corporation; hence has arisen much dissatisfaction, not only on the part of the prospectors, but among speculators as well.

Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow lent their wagons and oxen to the Pioneers, who were to go out on prospecting trips in parties of five or six to each wagon. As there had been so much discontent among the members of the expedition in regard to locating farms between the Umfuli and Manyani rivers, the privilege was accorded of pegging wherever they chose, but only in blocks of six. Moreover, it was distinctly stipulated that no land was to be taken which was used by the natives for their villages and gardens. At that time occupation was required. Pioneer farm rights were negotiable, the same as miner's licenses, and were valued at £100 each. Those who had come for the sole purpose of following agricultural pursuits, went in search of lands suitable for farms. A large majority of the men, however, were seized with the

gold fever, and on the next day after disbandment, they hastened off on horseback, in wagons, or with donkeys and pack oxen, to the Mazoe, to the Northern gold-fields, and to Hartley Hills, in a mad rush to stake out their fortunes in gold properties.

Major Johnson offered me the use of a wagon, a span of oxen, and a horse for the purpose of going out to collect specimens for the Museum. He also supplied me with a driver and a leader. In exchange for the use of these, he stipulated that I should take a load of provisions to Hartley Hills to the prospectors whom Messrs. Johnson, Heany, and Borrow had sent there to develop the mines which they had located, and also that I should supply the prospectors with game. My wagon was the second to go to Hartley, and I followed on the trail of the one which had gone ahead. With me travelled several Pioneers and also Mr. Surrage, the parson, who was going to Hartley Hills to look after the spiritual welfare of the community.

I found good hunting along the way, and killed several reedbucks, some wild pigs, and tsessebes. One morning while absent from the wagon, I heard a fusillade which sounded like a battle. Upon returning, I found that a large black rhinoceros had been killed. Scarcely had my party outspanned, when two of these animals came rushing down from the bushes toward the cattle. The men seized their rifles, and began firing at the rhinoceroses as they ran by within a hundred yards. The pair consisted of a bull and a cow, the latter being much the larger. When opposite the wagon, the cow dropped dead, but the bull escaped unscathed. It was discovered upon examination, that, with all the firing, but one bullet had taken effect. No single person, therefore,

could lay claim to the trophy, for no one knew whose shot had been the fatal one, hence it was unanimously voted that the skin and skeleton should be presented to the Smithsonian Institution.

After breakfast the entire party generously set to work to help me skin and skeletonize the enormous beast. Among the Pioneers who lent a hand were Messrs. Surrage, Spreckley, King, Kermode, Stanford, and Butcher. Each man chose from my array of knives a blade suited to his fancy. The skinning proceeded, accompanied by much good-natured raillery over the possibility of subsequently seeing the skin and skeleton among the Smithsonian collections at the World's Fair, with a thrilling description of how "William Harvey 'Curio' Brown encountered and slayed this gigantic *Rhinoceros bicornis* in the jungles of Equatorial Africa!" The skin was removed in three pieces, the head and neck forming one division, and the sides, separated along the back and belly, forming the other two. We found the meat of excellent flavor, and we cut it in strips to be dried by the wind into what the South African Dutch call "biltong."

We trekked forward that afternoon, and a day later arrived at Hartley Hills. Great excitement prevailed there. We found the ground pegged off in all directions. The indications of gold consisted of great numbers of "old workings"—pits dug by the ancients, the Portuguese, or whatever people worked those mines in earlier times. Scarcely had I arrived when Pioneers came to me, almost breathless, with the query: "Have you pegged yet? You had better look sharp and peg your ground, or you will lose your chance for a fortune." As I was carried away with enthusiasm for collecting specimens, the

gold excitement did not at the start affect me in the least, and to the surprise of the goldbugs I proceeded with my favorite work.

I soon met three good-natured natives, whom I engaged to work for me. Being unable to understand their curious names, I christened them according to my own fancy with appellations more familiar, which were, respectively, George Washington, Henry Clay, and Abe Lincoln. The day after arriving I went hunting to the south of the Umfuli River, where game was said to be plentiful. On the route I came across a mining-camp where three Americans, Messrs. Rogers, Kaiser, and Bressen, were developing some ground belonging to the Bechuanaland Exploration Company. These men were enthusiastic over the gold they were finding, and showed me some excellent specimens of quartz.

Going far beyond the mining-camp into the brush lands, I presently sighted a herd of waterbuck, but found some difficulty in stalking them, because they had been disturbed during the past few days by numerous prospectors, who had been rushing madly over the country, pegging claims. After considerable tramping about I followed the antelope into an open meadow. Having read of savages stalking game by creeping along the ground and carrying a bush covered with leaves in front of them, I decided to put the suggestion into practice. It succeeded admirably, and I was able to get fully a hundred yards nearer by this means than would otherwise have been possible.

Choosing a fine buck with large horns, I drew a bead on his shoulder, and fired. He was two hundred yards distant, but my bullet struck within six inches of the spot at which I had aimed. Staggering for a few steps, the animal fell to the ground, lifeless.

CHAPTER XVI

SIX WEEKS' SPORT NEAR THE ANGWA RIVER

Journey to a New Hunting Field—The Rev. Isaac Shimmin and His Lion Adventure—Two Cockney Prospectors Kill a "Rhinostrich"—My First Rhinoceros—An Invitation to Hunt with the Eyres—"Ally Sloper"—Hunting on Lemon Creek—We Chase Lions—Arthur Eyre Kills a White Rhinoceros—En Route for Dichwe—A Big Eland Herd—A Prize Buffalo—Hobnobbing with Topsy Matabeles—Remains of an Ancient Fort on the Angwa River—Tracking a Wounded Koodoo—Lions Parade about our Camp—A Day with Buffaloes—Return to Salisbury—A Town-Site War.

In the present chapter I shall give an account of six weeks of shooting, in order to convey to sportsmen an idea of what big game hunting in Mashonaland was really like a few years ago. Upon my return to Salisbury the misfortune befell me of having my Enfield rifle stolen, and I was therefore under the great disadvantage of being obliged to purchase new guns, the shooting qualities of which were uncertain. It was on September 12th that I left for the Angwa River. The "foot and mouth disease," which was spreading over the country among the cattle, had delayed my departure, and before I had gone fifty miles from Salisbury it broke out among the oxen which were drawing my wagon. Eventually, however, I arrived

at the Mining Commissioner's camp near the Hanyani River.

I there met the Rev. Isaac Shimmin, who was on his way to Lo Magondi's to establish a Wesleyan mission station. Being a sportsman, he was likewise intending to do some shooting on the Angwa. He had killed a leopard, and had taken part in a lion scrape, where he exhibited such bravery as to gain the admiration of everyone. The incident occurred in the early part of 1892, on the road between Salisbury and Umtali. A party, consisting of Mr. Shimmin, Mr. C. T. Stevens, and two others, went in search of a wounded lion, which was concealed in a thicket. When they came within forty yards of the bush, the infuriated beast set up a terrific roaring and charged the party. Shimmin took aim, but was not aware that his rifle was locked, and therefore was somewhat delayed in making a shot. In the meantime, Stevens wounded the lion, which then made straight for him. Upon firing, he immediately jumped behind a sapling, against which the animal sprang with such force as to knock him backward to the ground. With extraordinary presence of mind, Stevens stuck out his foot, which the beast seized and began to chew. By this time Shimmin had his gun in working order and shot the brute from a distance of two paces, thus saving his companion's life. When the lion made his first charge the other men bolted, but they came up in time to give him a final shot in the head.

I established my chief camping-place near the limestone caverns of Sinoia, situated between the Angwa and Hanyani rivers. Engaging some guides and carriers, I made my way straight to the Angwa, which was not more than ten miles distant. On the road I met two cockney prospectors, recently from London,

who on the day previous had actually killed a rhinoceros. Their description of their experience was extremely amusing. Upon sighting the beast they took it to be a "helephant," and both fired. Through sheer luck one bullet penetrated the brain, and the animal rolled over on its back, with its feet projecting heavenward. As the bold hunters approached, one cried out, "It's no helephant! It's a wagon turned hupside down." "G'wan Bill!" said the other, "it's a rhinostrieh!"

At dawn on the third morning, before I had risen and dressed, my black boys ran to my tent, excitedly exclaiming, in subdued tones, "Inyamazona! Inyamazona!" (Game.) I looked across the flat in front of our camp, and saw a large rhinoceros walking leisurely along. This was game indeed. Delaying only to put on my shoes, I snatched up my rifle and bandolier, and ran up the river in order to head him off. Slipping cautiously around to the place I expected my rhinoceros to pass, I peered over the rise and down the flat; but there was no rhinoceros in sight. Turning around, I was astonished to see him staring at me, not two hundred yards away. For a moment it seemed as if some antediluvian monster had been suddenly resurrected. Before I could lift my rifle he wheeled, and made off at full speed. I sent a flying shot after him, but missed, and then gave chase on foot. At the end of a mile I was fairly left behind, and, finally, when quite out of breath, returned to camp, shooting a roan antelope on the way as a sort of consolation prize.

I spent most of the day working on the antelope skin and deploring my failure of the morning. Toward evening I packed my carriers and started for Sinoa. We had proceeded not more than four miles,

and were crossing a long open vlei, when to my great joy I espied my lost rhinoceros browsing in the edge of the timber. At first sight the animal appeared as large as an elephant—just as my two English friends had said. The native carriers travelling behind me at once dropped into depressions in the ground and concealed themselves. Taking cover behind mounds of earth, I finally reached an ant-heap within a hundred yards of the great beast, which now came out of the bush into the open. I took aim at his right shoulder, as he was walking obliquely toward me, but evidently I did not pull as quickly as I should, for the bullet entered his side, and lodged near his tail.

To my astonishment that mountain of flesh immediately jumped up and down like a bucking horse, and then he ran in a circle, as if chasing his tail. As soon as he began these antics the boys bolted for the timber where they could climb trees. Apparently the rhinoceros saw them, for he now came charging toward us, puffing like a steam-engine. I thought he was going to run by me, so I lay quiet, intending to give him a shot as he went past, but the first thing I knew he was coming straight for me. Evidently he had perceived my head above the mound. When twenty steps away I gave him a shot in the chest, and had barely time to jump to one side before he ran over the mound, stepping on the very spot where I had been lying. He swung around to charge me at short range, and as he turned I shot him through the lungs at four paces. Then he rushed straight forward for a hundred yards, but suddenly changing his mind, he wheeled around, and once more started toward me. He had advanced only a few steps, however, when he fell dead. I ran up to him, jumped on his side, danced a griffin's jig, and gloated over him in the most ap-

proved fashion. One can kill his first rhinoceros but once.

It was now sunset, but before I went to bed that night we had the magnificent specimen nicely skinned. Of course it took lively work and plenty of it. At eleven o'clock the next morning the wagon reached the scene of action, and after loading the meat and the skin we returned to Sinoia.

A few days later I met Mr. Arthur Eyre, who was making preparations for a big hunting trip with his brother into the "fly country;" and he invited me to accompany them. Having gladly accepted the invitation, I set out for their camp at Tchininga's, and arrived there on the evening of the 24th. I found them at work on the skin and skeleton of a white rhinoceros cow which Arthur Eyre had recently killed, and which they were preserving as a museum specimen. This species (*Rhinoceros simus*) is now almost extinct. They had likewise succeeded in capturing a calf alive. He was a vicious little animal, and charged everyone who came near the body of his mother. The creature was given the distinguished title of Ally Sloper, and he had the honor of being carried for many miles on a framework made of poles and supported on the shoulders of an army of loud-talking aborigines. Nevertheless, Sloper persisted in dying, much to the disappointment of his captors. Had he lived a reasonable time, he would have landed in London Zoo, and spent the remainder of his days in rank luxury.

On September 27th our hunting party, consisting of Arthur Eyre, Herbert Eyre, and myself, accompanied by thirty-two carriers, left Tchininga's, and went nine miles northward to a small stream which we named Lemon Creek on account of the large lemon-



"One can kill his first rhinoceros but once."

trees growing along its banks. Numerous fresh tracks indicated that game was plentiful, and we decided to camp there.

During the two days following I killed one tsessebe, two reed-bucks, and one sable antelope. The Eyres each killed some buffaloes, but I saw none of the latter. While hunting along the creek the second day, I came across some natives extracting salt from coarse marsh grass. They burned the grass on clay floors, dissolved the ashes in water, and then boiled the solution.

On September 30th Arthur Eyre started for Mount Domo to see if he could find a large male white rhinoceros which he saw there at the time he shot the female. As I was going hunting that morning in the same direction, we travelled together for about a mile. Some distance ahead of us we saw three animals which appeared to be roan antelopes. Arthur looked at them through his glasses, and immediately exclaimed, "Begorra, they are lions! Come on!" He started off at a run; and the objects, which proved to be a lioness and two half-grown cubs, soon disappeared. Arthur was about twenty steps in front of me, and as he gained a rise he caught sight of the lion cubs running and playing together. Thinking they had got our wind, and were making off, he said to me, "Come on, Curio! They're off!" and ran hard after them. We had gone only a few steps farther when I saw the lioness walking leisurely along with her head down, evidently unaware that enemies were near. Arthur's attention was so taken up by the cubs in front that he had not noticed the mother. This I did not know, but thought that with characteristic Irish pluck he was running up to have a shot at close range. Just as he was even with her,

and not more than thirty yards distant, the lioness looked around, saw him, and instantly bounded away. I now perceived that he had not noticed her, and as she was leaping into the air I fired, and brought her to the ground with a bullet through her spine.

We had several running shots at the cubs, but they disappeared into a patch of tall, dry grass. After making an unsuccessful search for them, we sent the boys to the other side to set the grass on fire, while we took positions to windward. As for the young lions, we waited in vain, for the only thing that came charging from the flames was a bush-pig, which I also secured. It was the first animal of the kind I had seen, and seemed to be a variety between the bush-pig of the Cape Colony and the beautiful red river-hog of west Africa. This ended my sport for that day, for I spent the remainder working on the skins of the lioness and the pig.

On the evening of October 3d Arthur Eyre returned from his hunt at Domo. The rhinoceros had been there recently, but he failed to find it. However, as he succeeded in killing it on a subsequent occasion, I shall here insert a description of the hunt which he gave in a letter written home shortly afterward:

"I started off with eighteen boys, and at the first pool I visited at Mount Domo (where we camped when I shot my first white rhino) I found the spoor, but it was a week old. I went around to all the pools, and at last came to the place where the animal had drunk that morning. It was then pretty late, two o'clock in the afternoon, and I was a long way from my camp on the Racouty River. I had John Bushman with me, who is really a wonderful tracker, so I decided to go a little way on the spoor. In two hours we came up

with his highness. I first saw him feeding one hundred yards off, and stalked to a large tree which brought me thirty-seven paces from him (I paced it afterward). Unluckily, on the day before, the back sight was knocked off the 303-rifle, so I left it in camp. For some seconds I stood meditating whether to use the Gibbs-Metford or the 12-bore, and decided in favor of the former. I knew I could not shoot the beast through the brain, as he was so huge; I therefore aimed just below the ear and fired. At the shot he dropped on his knees and then came charging past me (seven paces). John let drive with his Martini, when the animal dropped on one knee. I thought at the time that he was going to fall, but he did not; and I gave him another shot behind the shoulder.

"The boy with the 12-bore gun had fled to some trees, so I was left with but one rifle. I ran after the rhino, and had I not expected every moment to see him fall, I could have given him at least three more shots before he got out of sight. I continued on his spoor till after sundown. Luckily, his course was in the direction of my camp. The next morning I was again on the spoor with blankets and some food, followed all that day, and found he was going due north. That night I slept on the trail, sent the two boys back to bring on the camp to a certain point about ten miles distant, and then went on again with three boys, following the tracks till two in the afternoon, thus allowing time to get back to camp, which I reached at sundown.

"I found the spot where the rhinoceros had been rolling, and reckoned this to be at least thirty-five miles from where I had shot him. Next morning I started off with eleven boys, carrying enough food with us to last a fortnight. We took up the spoor at

eleven o'clock and followed till after sundown, making a skerm to sleep in. At sunrise the following morning we were off again. This was the most disagreeable part of the hunt, as we were obliged to go through long, wet grass, ten feet high, and I soon became drenched through. At nine o'clock we overtook the rhinoceros, and found him lying fast asleep under a thick bush. I got within twenty yards of him, and looked through the grass. The only thing I could see was his ear wagging. This time I took the 12-bore, and let him have it behind the shoulders. Up he jumped, and ran off as if he had not been touched.

"We ran on the spoor and saw any amount of blood. Wherever he had stood there were pools of it. At twelve o'clock I came up to him again, and found him lying under a tree, got about forty yards from him, and let him have another shot with the 12-bore on the off side. The one before was on the near side. Off he went again. Then I took the 303, and hit him on the rear hind-quarter, when the blood began to come from his nostrils. Going another hundred yards, he dropped. I ran up and jumped on his back, but the boys said he was still alive, so I gave him another shot with the 303 behind the ear. I found his measurements to be as follows:

Height.....	6 ft. 4 in.
End of nose to tip of tail.....	13 ft. 8 in.
Length of front horn.....	2 ft. 11½ in.
Length of small horn.....	11¼ in.
Circumference of base of large horn.	2 ft. 2 in.

It took five days to cure the hide and bones, and seventeen boys to carry them outside the 'fly country,' where I had a wagon waiting. Mr. Rhodes bought

the skin and skeleton,* and presented them to the Cape Town Museum, where both now are. Rowland Ward, of London, set them up, and made a splendid job of it. It is the record specimen."

After sending all trophies thus far collected to Tchininga's to be stored at Eyre's camp, our party left Lemon Creek for a place called Dichwe, where there were said to be great numbers of game. Our carriers with their loads made quite an imposing caravan winding across the flat in single file. At about eleven o'clock we came across a herd of eland. While the rest of the party continued on the journey, I remained behind with my boys in order to get some of these magnificent animals, but they ran away before I could approach near enough for a good shot. Tracing their spoor for fully four miles we came up with them again. I brought down two young bulls before the herd was well underway, and killed a large cow as they were running at three hundred yards. I wounded a big bull, and had to pursue him for several miles before overtaking him. All were fine specimens, and I spent the rest of the day in preserving their skins.

Toward evening a large crowd of men, women, and children from Penyame's kraal came for the "inyama" (meat). Indeed, these people seem possessed of almost supernatural powers for scenting meat. The weather being dry and windy, the skins cured rapidly, so that the natives were soon able to carry my specimens to Tchininga's. Having at last succeeded in getting the meat-loving savages to move on their homeward journey, we started again for Dichwe, where we arrived an hour before sunset. Following down the little river, we came to the place where the Eyres were camped. I found Herbert sick with fever. His

* The price paid for this splendid specimen was £250.