

1690

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF LIVINGSTONE

BEING THE DIARIES AND TRAVEL
NOTES MADE BY ALFRED DOLMAN
EDITED BY JOHN IRVING WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THE ZOUGA RIVER
Painted by Dolman on his last journey, and dated 1841-51

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about the pools of water to the northward ; I rather think they are in league against us. The oxen, parched and tired, were again harnessed up and we proceeded through dense forests of thorn trees in a north direction. Game is very abundant : gnus, hartebeestes, t'sassabies, pallah and other large antelopes were seen in herds ; but my horses were all too much exhausted to be of any service in hunting, so we pursued on foot, but to no purpose. I observed a splendid bull-giraffe browsing on the young shoots of the camelthorn. He was at least 18 feet high, and a magnificent fellow. All my endeavour to stalk him were unavailing, a few strides of his long legs soon placed him beyond my shot. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we saw a dark shining surface in a hollow, and, imagining it to be water, man and beast rushed towards it, and to their disappointment found nothing more than a vley of black mud. Two miles beyond this was another enormous circular hollow imprinted in every part with all sorts of spoor, from a rhinoceros to a jackal. The guides called this place Chooi Moklape. Water was found in a pit 14 feet deep, but only a small quantity and that not of the cleanest. Pots and tubs were filled as fast as the water could be bailed up, and the cattle pushed and fought to get their heads into the tubs, which could only accommodate two or three at a time. When it was all used up, a small supply being reserved for ourselves, the Bawanketsi showed me another water-pit on the opposite side of the pan. A brindled gnu was lying with its head in the stagnant water, dead and decomposing. We dragged its carcase out and had

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the hole cleared ; but as no more water would flow, operations were suspended for the night. The course has been to-day and yesterday N.N.E. (true), allowing for two points of westerly variation. Distance, 15 miles. 7-17 1849

Wednesday, 4th. Several people were set to dig for water while my servant and self went out on foot to try and shoot a dinner, for all our meat is again exhausted. Herds of animals were seen, some of them were worn to shadows from the intense drought ; they were apparently wandering in search of water and were all going eastward. We walked for miles through dense stunted forests of mimosas, and at length arrived at some immense salt-pans, on the edge of which were troops of hartebeestes and brindled gnu. I first shot a gnu and lost him in the bush, and shortly after drilled a bastard hartebeest ; he too escaped. On reaching the spot where he stood when shot at, I saw a mass of thick blood as large as a saucer, proving him to have had a severe wound. Skulls of rhinoceroses and giraffes are very numerous ; I counted nine to-day. On reaching the camp a draught of thick clayey water was bailed up for me out of the pit with an old turtle shell. Though it was very like pea soup, yet it proved very acceptable ; we had walked more than 22 miles under the burning sun and my mouth was parched like leather. The Wanket guides are excessively surly, and grumble to one another at having no meat or fat to eat. They are becoming rather mutinous, and an example ought to be made. I found the digging party in a measure successful ; after five hours' hard labour with pick and spade

they hit upon some flat stones, and by boring with a musket rammer, sharpened into a drill, opened a small spring just enough to satisfy the wants of the cattle. Water must once have been more abundant than at present, many vleys exhibit in their now dry beds masses of rock completely worn away at the sides by the action of water, and all at the same level, the indentations being deepest on the sides facing the prevailing winds, north to west. In the evening a lion and an hyæna favoured us with a concert, which they kept up for some time.

Thursday, 5th. Last night a white rhinoceros came down to inspect the tent, causing a great commotion among the dogs. Several animals also visited the water-pit drinking half the scanty supply and leaving us the dregs in the morning. This caused me to hit on a new plan for procuring game. A circular fence of thorns was made among the rocks near the water, and as evening drew on Hall and I carried down to the ambush our guns and blankets, concealing ourselves as we best could. A brilliant moon lighted up the surrounding country beautifully, and we lay with our rifles ready listening intently for the footsteps of animals. Two or three lions were heard walking round with smothered growlings. Eagerly did I hope that they would come down to the water below, but they soon retired without drinking. The long, dismal *whoo-oo-ooop* of hyænas occasionally sounded in the distance with the wildest effect imaginable. Presently a troop of brindled gnus drew near. The principal leader came out first to inspect, and either observing or smelling something strange, he snorted and

stamped a few times and withdrew with the whole herd. Once he came within 40 yards, but the night air was so intensely cold that my hand was too unsteady for that distance to make sure of him. No other animals approaching we forsook our nest among the rocks and reached the camp at 3 in the morning, frozen and unsuccessful.

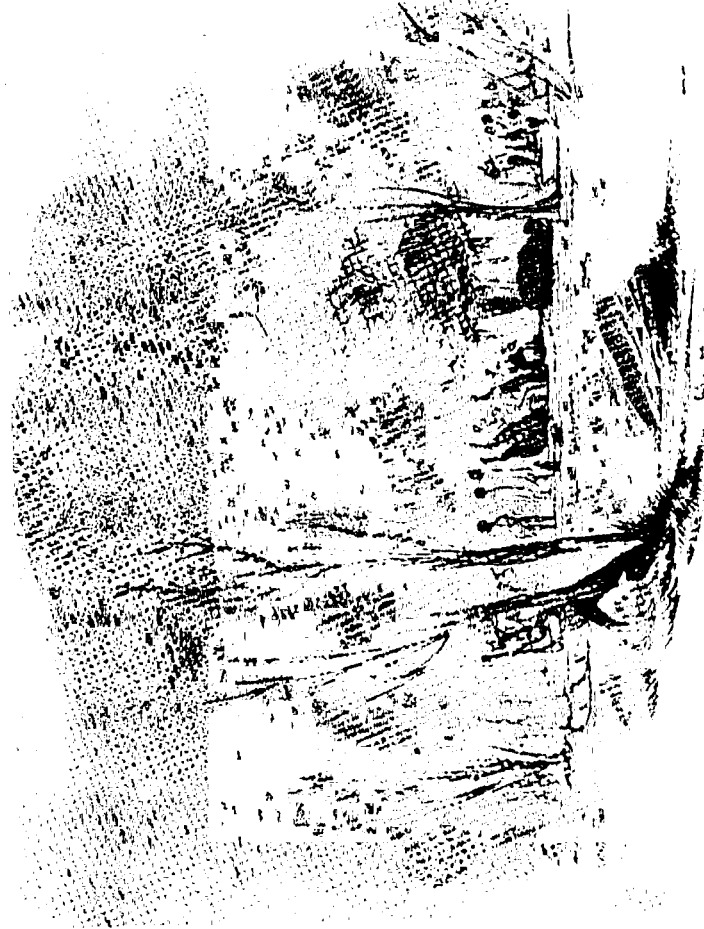
Friday, 6th. Carrying with us every drop of water that could be bailed up from the pits, we proceeded in a northerly direction through dense forests of mimosas and mokaalas. All traces of the road were now gone, and our pioneering powers were now put in requisition, the felling axe is now frequently in use to lop down such boughs as hang in our way and to chop away offending stumps. Ordinary bushes of 8 or 10 feet high are not taken any notice of, we usually driving right through them. Marks of the elephant and rhinoceros become more numerous, and I observed trees of considerable size pulled down by the former animals that they may browse on the young shoots. In the evening, as the waggon arrived at a place called Moletto, where many clumps of trees of different sorts, chiefly a species of willow, adorn the landscape and form an agreeable camping ground, I fell in with Mahura,¹ the young Batelapee² chief, with a large party of natives on a hunting expedition. The chief was a very civil fellow, sending me as a present a quantity of rhinoceros and giraffe flesh, in return for which I made

¹ A nephew of Sibotsame (chief of the Barolongs), and chief of the Batelapin tribe. A powerful young chief living near Kuruman.

² A Bechuana tribe, an offshoot of the Barolongs. Their siboko signifies "They of the fish."

him many little presents of beads, powder, etc., and took on myself to repair a broken gun-stock that belonged to His Majesty. Succeeding in this job another gun was delivered over to me to mend, a bullet was merely stuck in the barrel and this I soon drew out; a third case was altogether beyond my skill as a gun-maker, the touch-hole of the musket being blown out. A range of blue hills is seen to the north. Distance travelled, 14 miles.

Saturday, 7th. The natives, many of whom possessed very decent guns, assembled round the waggon early, and began by begging as of yore. I explained to them as well as I could without an interpreter my forlorn state with regard to cattle, the poor wretches being worn to skin and bone and their strength quite exhausted, and that I was willing to barter anything in the waggon for fresh oxen. However, they would not accede to the proposal, although they were very anxious to obtain powder and lead. Mahura's camp was a wonderful spectacle: the flesh of nine rhinoceroses, six giraffes and five elands was cut into long strips to dry in the sun. Every tree and bush for a hundred yards round was covered with great flaps of meat, and the heaps of muck in all quarters was beyond imagination. Greasy savages, gorged to the mouth, lay at full length on the ground, lazily sucking marrow from the bones, while others were busy repairing their weapons for future work, or cutting the hides of the dead animals into portable pieces with their assegais. In the afternoon a dry periodical stream, Mariyane, was reached, and I formed a camp close by the water, which is formed in detached pools. Game



THE BAQUAIN BUFFALO FEAST

seems to be abundant by the number of spoors by the water; but unfortunately some Balalas are residing here at present, and large animals will not stop near the habitations of men. The country now begins to assume a different character, hills and valleys succeed one another in place of the boundless plains we have left behind. Course, N.E. by N. (true). Distance, 12 miles.

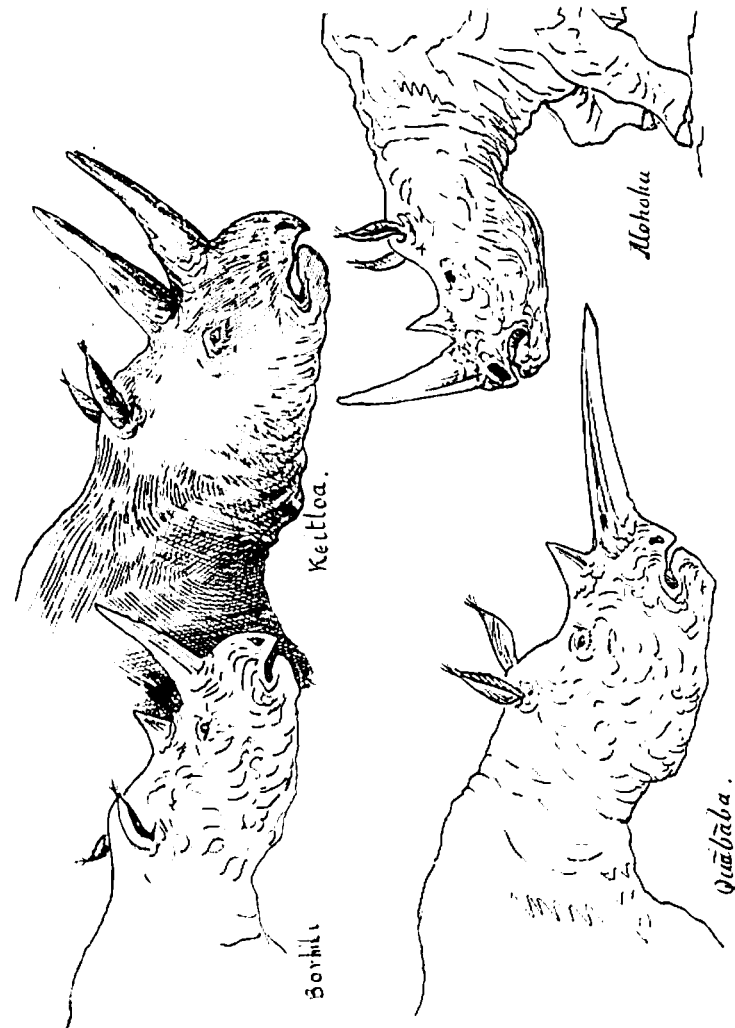
Sunday, 8th. More than half the oxen are lost, and though every soul but myself went in search, no traces of them could be found. Lions and hyænas are very numerous, and I pictured to myself the fate of the miserable stragglers. Seven only remained, and these poor half-starved cats had no strength left to move the waggon, much more drag it back to Kuruman.

Monday, 9th. I sent out every one to search for the oxen, and at noon, to my great satisfaction, the Wankets brought them all safe back. They had strayed about 12 miles, and were traced by the spoor. The Balala huts are well stocked with eland flesh; I purchased several large pieces for beads, etc.

Tuesday, 10th. Travelled 10 miles N.N.E. and halted at a pool of very dirty water named Kokkhola; the banks were deeply indented with spoors of rhinoceros, lions, giraffes and all sorts of game. Thinking this a favourable place for shooting game at night by the water, I determined to remain. A circular fence of hooked mimosa was made on a bank overhanging the pool, and at night Hall and I took rifles and blankets down to the kraal and made ready to receive the enemy. For a time all

was quiet except the distant whining of hyænas, when presently I heard a rhinoceros inhaling the air a little distance from us. We cocked our rifles and crouched down as much as possible. The old rhinoceros had, however, scented us, and rushing up close to the boughs of the kraal, within 2 yards of us, blew the most horrible blast I ever heard. We lay flat on the ground, shamming dead, expecting to feel his horn in our ribs every instant. After a while, quietly poking out our heads among the thorns and perceiving the coast clear, we picked up our rifles and made a clean bolt for the camp, about 300 yards distant, very well pleased to have doubled on our fat friend. But the night proved very cold, and as our blankets were left behind, we were under the necessity of fetching them, not the pleasantest business in the world, when guarded by a rhinoceros. So I threw up a couple of rockets by way of a demonstration, and then three of us went down and brought back the things; one of my men affirmed that he could see the rhinoceros, but it was so dark that nothing 10 yards off could be made out from the bushes. Immediately on our arrival back at the waggon, a lion was heard growling close by, which, mingling with the ugly howls of the hyænas and jackals, made a concert that lasted half the night. The rhinoceros is a dangerous brute at night, especially if he scents anything strange. A Borheli, or Keitloa, usually charge slap at offending objects, then the best plan is to lay still, shamming dead; the natives usually do so when overtaken.

Wednesday, 11th. Leaving the memorable mud hole we travelled E.N.E., through forests of mokaalas



TYPES OF SOUTH AFRICAN RHINOCEROS. A LEAF FROM DOLMAN'S SKETCHBOOK

and crossed the dry beds of two considerable streams, which when full run to the east, very probably joining the Notuani or Mariqua Rivers. The day had been excessively hot and the oxen quite knocked up by the heavy sand and want of water (not half could drink at Kokkhala). Every hollow had been scraped into to discover that necessary, but all proved to be as dry as the surface soil. On inquiring how far it was to the next water, the Wankets told me that it was five days or about 75 miles. Though I knew this to be a lie, it was not calculated to raise anyone's spirits. Not a drop of water remained in the waggon, and I felt confident that if a pool were not found in twelve hours, the whole of my miserable drooping oxen and horses would be left for lions and hyænas. A long range of mountains clothed with dense forests lay to the north of us, and I was sure that water must exist somewhere in that region. So, taking my rifle, I started in the direction of the hills, sending the two Wanket guides with pick and shovel down the bed of the stream, with the assurance that if they did not find water they should be kept without grub until they did. We rode a long way to the base of the mountains, through a magnificent forest, without succeeding in our object, and were returning towards the camp when a large troop of hartebeestes galloped past. I shot two, right and left, and Hall another, wounding a fourth. Two of them lay dead, the others crawled away. On the reports of the rifles, Hall's horse started off and would not let himself be caught, so, leaving the antelopes untouched, we had the disagreeable duty of driving him back to

the waggon, distant some 3 miles, and of the position of which we were very uncertain. By shouting and firing signal guns we reached the camping place long after dark, the rogue of a horse receiving on his arrival a sound licking with a sjambok. We heard the hyænas very busy grumbling away over the hartebeestes, and very little of the carcasses did I expect to find in the morning. On the road to-day I shot a fine young blue gnu through the lungs at 200 yards; he ran a long distance as if untouched, and then suddenly fell dead. Distance, 13 miles.

Thursday, 12th. At daybreak, riding out in search of the hartebeestes, I observed a quantity of birds, parrots, cockatoos and others of beautiful plumage, screaming in a tree. Riding up to the spot we discovered a clear spring of water which ran for about 100 yards and then lost itself in the ground. Both ourselves and the horses took a delightful draught, and then hastened back with the good news. One of the antelopes we found untouched, but the second had been completely eaten by wild beasts. The oxen were immediately harnessed up and the waggon drawn into a shady grove not far from the water. A kraal for the cattle was made by felling trees, and I had the whole camp surrounded by a fortification of boughs, with convenient places to picquet the horses, the tent being placed at the foot of an enormous old tree that completely shaded it. We were now in comfortable circumstances, and the spirits of the whole party rose with the exception of the Bawanketsi, who having failed in their wishes of leading us from the water, sat down surly and grumpy. From motives of their own, or possibly

having received instructions from their chief Sibot-sami, they have tried their utmost to lead us away from the water, invariably pretending to know nothing about it. These rascals intended to have passed the mountains, and taken us to the eastward, where probably the oxen in the state they were would have perished of thirst, and I must have abandoned the waggon, which would have become a fine booty for the savages.

Friday, 13th. Out hunting to-day; a troop of gnus and zebras were chased and one wounded. This evening, a fine old dog (Shakespeare) in the act of purloining the meat from a gun-trap and standing in front of the muzzle, received two bullets through the head, killing him on the spot. Hyænas are very numerous and troublesome, but are too cunning to be caught. The scenery in the neighbourhood is very fine; at the back of the camp a lofty range of hills about 2000 feet high runs for many miles east and west, and at the base, and running far up into the ravines are dense forests abounding with water and game. In front of our position is a large meadow of grass, surrounded by trees, and in the distance blue hills are seen covered with wood. Marks of buffaloes and rhinoceros are very numerous, here and there the barks of the trees are rendered quite bare by these animals scrubbing against them. The natives called the mountains "Mani-Mani."

Saturday, 14th. Falling in with the fresh spoor of rhinoceros I followed up the track on horseback, and while riding through a dense thicket of hook-thorn mimosa, came suddenly on a huge rhinoceros.

The brute immediately started up and stared at me, his head end on. We galloped behind some bushes on one side, hoping to get a shot at his shoulder, but the noise of our horses' hoofs caused him to decamp, and from the nature of the jungle we gained no further sight of him, though we followed his spoor for miles.

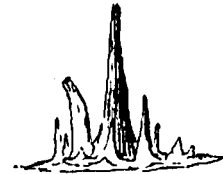
Sunday, 15th. This morning a honey-bird came to the camp and began screaming in a tree; by this the bird draws the attention of any person, when it hops and flutters from tree to tree, whistling impatiently, and expecting to be followed until it arrives at the place where the bees' nest is concealed. When the comb is removed and the people gone, the honey-bird comes in for his share, devouring the remnants and the young grubs at leisure. I followed this bird, whistling alternately with it for about half a mile through the wood and was led to an old yellow-wood tree. We found the nest in an old decayed bough, and fished out several pieces of comb well filled with honey.

Monday, 16th. Rode away to the eastward in search of game. We were following a game path when we suddenly espied three fat rhinoceroses asleep in a sunny opening among some hook-thorns. There was no very good shelter for stalking, so it was agreed that we should fire from the horses' backs, a very bad plan. At 50 yards we together let drive into the shoulder of the largest, and at the bang of the rifles the three brutes jumped up like harlequins, galloping off in the direction of the wind. One seemed to limp from his wound, but we never saw them again; the spoor was taken up and



RHINOCEROS STALKING

soon lost among grass and stones. Continuing our ride we passed through numerous paths worn by buffaloes and rhinoceroses on their road to the various springs in the vicinity. Troops of quaggas, gnus and zebras were seen and chased. A zebra had fallen when we were put to the right-about by an enormous herd of buffaloes charging in all directions at the noise of the guns, making the dust fly in clouds. During the scrimmage the zebra regained his legs and retreated over a hill; he was traced by the blood-spoor for a long distance but we eventually lost him. Returning home I shot a brilliant gnu, and, dividing it into quarters, placed half on each horse. The sun was now getting low and Hall's horse, an uneasy brute, grew restive at the great flaps of meat dangling on him; the camp was also a long way distant, so I deemed it best to leave our booty behind lest darkness should overtake us, when rhinoceroses and other dangerous beasts are on the alert. A large ant-bear burrow was fortunately at hand, and into this we dragged the carcass, covered it with bushes and hung a handkerchief on the top as a signal. Crowds of different sorts of vultures eagerly watched the proceedings, and on our departure a general rush took place, the few remains outside the hole being speedily devoured. We reached the camp at dusk. Table and conical mountains extend to the north and east as far as the eye can reach; the intervening valleys are clothed with long grass and trees, and there are numerous watercourses, some at present containing



SOUTH AFRICAN
ANT HILL.

only detached pools of water, others are pretty little rivulets. In the rainy season the country must be very beautiful and water and grass abundant.

Tuesday, 17th. The gnu's flesh was fetched to the camp, the ant-bear hole had proved an effectual protection from nocturnal depredators. Some animals had been grubbing at the spot without succeeding. To-day we walked many miles in search of game, and returned with an empty bag. My horses are half worn-out and very little use in hunting.

Wednesday, 18th. Some Balalas paid me a begging visit, but got nothing. One of the niggers was a perfect bean in his way, his head was frizzed out with fat and sibilo, literally sparkling like diamonds when he moved. His body was lubricated with red ochre and fat until it acquired a scarlet hue, and carrying a spear 12 feet long on his shoulder, he walked about the camp, the admiration of his companions. Alexander, my driver, being out with his gun, met a herd of buffaloes and wounded the great bull leader. He was compelled to make a retreat behind some trees, from whence he wounded him again. The buffalo was lost in the bush and probably died soon.

Thursday, 19th. The Hottentots, guided by a honey-bird, took a bee's nest, and brought me a large quantity of well-filled combs. While on this errand they saw a herd of buffaloes and wounded one. Hall and I rode out after game, and followed up the fresh spoor of rhinoceroses. Meeting a herd of pallah we fired and shot one dead. The Kaffirs were sent for to carry off the carcase and we con-

tinued our ride. Unfortunately the noise of the guns disturbed the more noble game, and caused the rhinoceroses to rush away, leaving the path behind ploughed up with their horns. I gave chase to three elands, and, after scratching myself to ribbons among the thorny mimosas, was compelled to give up from the density of the jungle. A black rhinoceros was seen to-day sunning himself upon a hillside. There are three known species of African rhinoceros—Mohuhu (white), Borheli (the little black) and Keitloa (black). A fourth rhinoceros, Quibaba, herds with the Mohuhu, and differs from it chiefly in the shape and position of the horn.

Friday, 20th. A strong disagreeable wind blowing from the north-east prevented my hunting to-day, so I amused myself by working up sketches, etc.

Saturday, 21st. We took the field on horseback northwards, and hitting on a fresh spoor of buffaloes, followed it up to a stream of water running between stony hills. Proceeding cautiously along I espied a few buffaloes quietly grazing in a little valley. Tying the horses to a tree, we ascended the hill to leeward and crept within gunshot, and, each picking out his intended victim, we fired. What was our astonishment when an enormous herd of at least 400 buffaloes emerged from below us and charged down the valley with tremendous violence, raising clouds of dust that might have been seen for miles. The clatter of hundreds of hoofs on the metallic, sonorous stones was like a charge of heavy cavalry. We gave a second dig as they passed and had the satisfaction of hearing a ball "flop," but it only acted as a spur, sending them off faster than ever.

We next came on a herd of pallah, and then on a troop of zebras; we gave chase and soon shot a zebra as he was about to enter some jungle. This was a magnificent creature with a hide as glossy as velvet. We covered his body with shrubs and thorns and then continued our ride. From the top of a hill I could see perhaps to the distance of 30 miles to the north. The country consists of mountains and valleys, covered with forests of acacias, wild olives, mimosas and other trees. In the kloofs plenty of water is found, and the vegetation assumes a fresher and greener appearance. On arriving at the camp I found awaiting me a deputation from Sichele, the Baquain¹ chief, on the borders of whose territory we are at present. The Baquains commenced by presenting me Tumerisho, or compliments, from the chief, whose wish it was that I would come with speed and visit his town of Kolobeng,² as he had plenty of ivory, horns and ostrich feathers to trade with, finally ending their speech by begging for themselves. With "Johnny" for an interpreter I informed them that my trek oxen were utterly worn-out and that I could go no further north, but that at present I could give no certain answer.

¹ These are another main Bechuana tribe whose siboko signifies "they of the crocodile." Together with several smaller tribes they were subsequently welded into the great Basuto nation under Moshesh, their chief. They inhabit the regions round about, and to the north of, Kolobeng.

² Kolobeng, in the heart of the Baquain country, was the most northerly mission station at this time (1849) and was the seat of Dr. Livingstone's mission. When the Boers, some years later, sent a commando out against Sichele, chief of the Baquains, this mission house was damaged and pillaged. It was from Kolobeng that Livingstone, Oswell and Murray set out to discover Lake Ngami.



BUFFALO SHOOTING IN BAKONE COUNTRY

Sunday, 22nd. The zebra shot yesterday was brought to the camp, the Baquain savages bearing choice morsels of entrails on their spears.

Monday, 23rd. Everything was made ready for a start north, though the cattle were by no means equal to a day's journey, indeed so thin were they that their bones seemed ready to protrude through the skin. Just on departure some Balalas visited us, and with one man I exchanged a bit of lead for a rhinoceros knobkerrie. One of my Wanket guides, seeing this, immediately took away the lead from him, saying it must be for the king. However, I made the Wanket guide refund it and sent the Balalas away much pleased with my decision. We trekked through the mountains northward for three hours, and again halted under a grove of magnificent trees. Kraals and fortifications were erected as of yore and everything comfortably settled. Cockatoos and parrots are numerous. Distance, 9 miles N.N.E.

Tuesday, 24th. To-day as I was walking through a wood with my men we espied some buffaloes. Approaching stealthily to within 50 paces we fired two shots. The huge brutes, with noses protruded and their horns back, ran up the wind and were lost among the trees, at the same time the herd a little distance off ran crashing through the forest, leaving us quite uncertain of their movements. On emerging from our hiding-places and inspecting the spot where the buffaloes had stood, I found a small limb of mimosa had received *both* bullets, causing them to fly off at an angle, thus accounting for the escape of the animals. The remainder

galloped close past us. My bullet stuck in reloading and some had empty guns, so had the buffaloes charged in our direction, it might have been serious. The Baquains make strange howlings at night intended for singing.

Wednesday, 25th. The Baquains departed this morning, conveying to Sichele my message and a present I had prepared, consisting of gunpowder, lead and a very gaudy satin waistcoat well calculated to suit an African chief. Frantz and Alexander had a narrow escape from buffaloes; they incautiously fired into a herd and were immediately charged, only having just time enough to ensconce themselves among some trees which afforded shelter.

Thursday, 26th. We again took the field on foot and were singularly unfortunate, scarcely even seeing an antelope. Returning to the camp in the evening after a hard walk of 27 miles, tired and disappointed, I found the Baquains had returned bringing with them a man who could speak Dutch well, also a few articles for barter. Sichele still pressed very strongly that I should visit him and purchase ivory, etc. I sent abundance of Tumerisho, but excused myself from proceeding further north on account of my cattle, their strength not being equal to return to Kuruman, much more to go on further. Some of the Baquains had robbed an ostrich nest, and I purchased the eggs, seventeen in number, for beads. They were very palatable, affording a pleasant change to bread-and-meat diet.

Friday, 27th. During the night a herd of buffaloes came down to the water close to the camp, causing a great riot among the dogs. The natives departed

early, promising to return with a load of curiosities for barter. In the evening an enormous troop of buffaloes approached the camp, but with my usual ill-luck I had just before left in pursuit of some quaggas. Everyone in the camp—niggers, dogs and all—started off in chase. Away rushed the herd, followed by the dogs barking and snapping at their heels. They received some good pokes from the horns and hoofs of the buffs, which were out of sight in a minute. Nothing was shot and the larder is in a very sorry state, a little dried zebra biltong¹ forms the basis of our dinners. A rhinoceros was seen in the distance.

Saturday, 28th. We fell in with a herd of T'sasabie,² but as the dogs could not be kept in none were killed. Soon after this I met the brother of Sichele with a large party bearing ivory, horns, etc. I directed them to my camp, and then went in pursuit of two buffaloes that the natives showed us on a hillside. In about an hour the dogs brought them to bay in some thick mimosa thorns, and with much digging both were killed. The old bull was wonderfully tenacious of life, ball after ball was fired through the shoulder before he fell. Twelve bullets were cut out of his body. Branch sledges were prepared and a span of cattle drew the enormous carcasses to the waggon.³ The Baquains followed us to the camp, and feasted themselves upon the buffaloes' entrails, which they merely singed on the

¹ Strips of dried flesh.

² A sort of bastard hartebeeste.

³ The head of this buffalo, a remarkably fine specimen, was preserved and afterwards brought to England by Dolman. It is now in the possession of Mrs. H. S. Cross, a niece of the traveller.

fire and ate with great gusto. These people exceeded all others yet seen in filth, and the odours that arose savoured not of Rowland's.¹ In bargaining they were very deep, displaying much craft and greediness, and never appearing satisfied. I made the chief's brother many presents, such as handkerchiefs, lead, etc.

Sunday, 29th. Numbers of savages take up their quarters near our camp, hoping to be gainers by their vicinity to a white man.

Monday, 30th. While hunting a large troop of elands, my horse fell heavily on rocky ground, rolling over my body. Luckily I received no other injury than a good shaking, though my right foot was much pinched, and my favourite rifle was much damaged, one of the hammers being bent over immovably, and the stock much battered. We lost the elands, which grieved me more than anything; at the time of my spill we were close to them. Towards the afternoon a great cavalcade was observed coming over the hill. It proved to be Sichele with a multitude of councillors and attendants, followed by a train of pack-bullocks loaded with ivory, horns and curiosities. In due time the chief approached the camp. He was surrounded with numerous councillors and a page walked before, bearing a three-legged stool. A levee was held at the entrance of the tent, and conversation commenced through an interpreter. I was first informed that the news of my coming had preceded me many days, and that Sichele was very anxious to know when I intended to visit his town, to which

¹ Rowland's Macassar Oil!!!

I replied that all the waters being dried up on my route north, the oxen were so exhausted that it was impossible to go any further, but that I was willing to pay the desired visit if his majesty would sell me fresh cattle. Afterwards a little commonplace talk was carried on, when the chief signified his intention of retiring. A sheep and a large bowl of milk were then placed before me, which acceptable presents were acknowledged. Sichele is a tall well-made man, dressed in European clothes. He seemed to have a tolerable understanding of good manners and has eschewed the national custom of greasing and daubing the body with red ochre, appearing clean and decent. I found him very crafty in dealing and by no means easy to be done, but I entertain great hopes of selling him a bargain to-morrow. I imagined that my non-compliance with his wishes produced some dissatisfaction, though I excused myself with many apologies. During the evening several rockets were thrown up and some blue lights burnt, to the unbounded astonishment of the Baquains and a party of Barmungwato,¹ who, open-mouthed, gazed at the wonderful spectacle, roaring and yelling with ecstasy as each rocket whizzed into the air.

Tuesday, 31st. Sichele again opened a market and many curiosities were purchased. In the afternoon he took his departure with all his retinue, to my infinite satisfaction.

Wednesday, August 1st. The oxen still remaining very thin and the stores decreasing fast determined me to commence the return march slowly. The

¹ A Bechuana tribe and a branch of the Baquains,

latitude of this place by Dead Reckoning is about $24^{\circ} 30'$ S., and longitude about $26^{\circ} 40'$ E. The journey from Cape Town has now extended to about 1500 miles.

Thursday, 2nd. Early this morning we packed up the curiosities and at noon began the return march, encamping at the old spot at the base of the Mani Mani Mountains.

Friday, 3rd. Journeyed southward and arrived at the mud pool where the nocturnal adventure with the rhinoceros took place. The water was now entirely dried up, consequently the cattle had to remain thirsty. Nothing particular occurred to-day except that in crossing the deep sandy bed of a dry river, the waggon-pole broke, causing some delay.

Saturday, 4th. At the Mariyane River where we found the Balala camp deserted to my satisfaction. We were much disturbed during the night by beasts visiting the water; presently a rhinoceros was heard blowing near the tent, but on our turning out with our rifles he rushed away. Soon after two more rhinoceroses came down to the water and stood puffing and blowing. Two conical bullets discharged at their hides caused them to rush away snorting like steam-engines. I could plainly distinguish the huge brutes as they retreated over a hill.

Sunday, 5th. Mahura, the Batelapee chief, had departed from Moletto, where we arrived to-day. The kraal was thickly strewn with bones and flaps of rhinoceros hide. Lions howled around our camp during the greater part of the night, leading me to

expect an attack on the cattle. Two deep holes here contained a little water of very foul quality, barely enough to water four oxen.

Monday, 6th. With hard travelling over very deep sand we arrived at the Salt Pan (Chooi Moklali). The water at this place was almost exhausted, what little remained was disgustingly filthy. Vultures and other foul carrion birds washing their bodies therein rendered the water grossly impure, even the cattle, thirsty as they were, refused to touch it, and well they might for the smell was abominable. All the water in the waggon being exhausted for some hours we were compelled to use this beastly mixture. We were obliged to hold our noses while rinsing out our mouths. For the last two days the sky has been overcast, threatening rain.

Tuesday, 7th. With much trouble we cleaned out the dirty water-pit, and by digging and boring succeeded in obtaining a small supply, but not nearly sufficient for the wants of the oxen and horses. The poor brutes had now been fifty-two hours without water, crowding round the pit they watched our proceedings with eager eyes; a small quantity was doled out to each barely enough to keep life in them. Fortunately we had a little brandy left, and with that we washed our mouths, for the water was so thick and stunk so that it was hardly possible to drink it. We now harnessed up the oxen speedily as at least 34 miles of dreary desert lay between us and the Molopo, where water was expected. On the road the next day I had the pleasure of meeting with Mrs. Livingstone, on her return to Kolobeng. An European lady travelling