



EMIL HOLUB'S Travels north of the Zambezi

1885-6

being a translation into English
of part of the second volume of
Von der Capstadt ins Land der Maschukulumbe
Reisen im südlichen Afrika in den Jahren 1883-7

VON DR EMIL HOLUB
Wien: Alfred Hölder, 1890

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published for
THE INSTITUTE FOR AFRICAN STUDIES
UNIVERSITY OF ZAMBIA
by
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS

1975

INTRODUCTION

THIS BOOK IS THE SECOND VOLUME of Holub's travelogue first published in 1890 in German under the title *Von der Capstadt ins Land der Maschukulumbé*. It is Holub's personal record of his journey north of the Zambezi into the Ila country beyond the Kafue River which led for its most part through the outer provinces of the Lozi kingdom ruled not directly by the Lozi but by local chiefs who were responsible mainly for forwarding tribute to Lozi kings. It was conducted at the time of one of the most turbulent periods of the Barotse history with more civil strife than at any other period.

Lozi king Sipopa, who ascended the throne after his successful rebellion against the Kololo rule in Barotseland in 1864, was killed in 1876 and Mwanawina II was appointed king. There was a rebellion against him in 1878 and Mwanawina fled to the east trying in vain to regain the throne. Lubosi, the son of Sipopa's brother, later known as Lewanika, became the king. In 1884 Lewanika was attacked by chiefs led by Mataa who attempted to kill him. He escaped and took refuge with the Mashu in the south while Akufuna Tatila ascended the throne with Mataa as his *ngambela*. In October 1885 when Holub was already in Panda-ma-Tenga, Lewanika, supported by the people of the south of the Zambezi valley, regained the throne in a fight against Mataa and Sikufule, the chief at Lukwakwa who aspired for the throne himself. After regaining the throne Lewanika took revenge on the relatives and supporters of Mataa. Malusiane of Sesheke was attacked in December 1885; he escaped and fled to the Tonga chief Siachitema, whom Holub visited shortly afterwards. Holub himself witnessed Lewanika's revenge against Leswane, a chief or headman responsible for the ford in Kazungula who also sided with Mataa in the rebellion against Lewanika.

Crossing the Zambezi, Holub thus entered the area of great political uncertainty. Moreover, many Toka chiefs' through whose territories he travelled had a tendency to regard the Lozi rather as enemies than lords, irrespective of which king was ruling over Barotseland at the moment. Holub had quickly acquired certain insights into the situation and sometimes managed to play the various political forces off one against another in his quest for porters. The fact that he was never able to understand fully all the various political forces at play was at the same time the main reason why his journey ended differently from what he had intended. Holub's story gives a vivid impression of the political and inter-tribal relationships north of the Zambezi at the end of the nineteenth century, shortly before this area was open to systematic European penetration. This story is told by a man who was at that time certainly not a novice to African travels.

Emil Holub was born on 7 October 1847 in Holic, in what is now Czechoslovakia, as a son of a physician. Already during his high school years he was interested in natural history, archaeology and geography. He was greatly influenced by David Livingstone's books of travels and following Livingstone's example he decided to study medicine, considering a medical career to be the best preparation for his intended African travels. He studied at the Charles University in Prague from 1866 to 1872 and immediately after graduation he started to prepare himself for the departure to South Africa. He mentions three main motives which led to his decision: first of all, he wanted Austrians, or specifically Czechs, also to take part in the exploration of Africa as well as the British, French, German and Portuguese; second, he wanted to assemble a large natural-historical and

ethnographic collection and build an African museum in Prague; and last, he wanted to find in Africa a suitable new land for Czech emigrants.

Holub left Prague for Africa on 18 May 1872, being financially supported by Vojta Naprsteck, founder of the ethnological museum in Prague.² On the 26 May he boarded a boat in Southampton and on 1 July he landed in Cape Town whence he proceeded further to Port Elisabeth. After a short stay he left through Fauresmith for the diamond fields near Kimberley and settled down in Dutoitspan where he started to practise medicine with the intention of financing his future travels in Africa from the proceeds. He undertook his first journey at the beginning of 1873; its main purpose was to get experience in travelling in Africa. He made a trip to Taung and the present Schweizer-Reneke in the Harts valley and he travelled in the Vaal valley through Christiana and Bloemhof to Potchefstroom, from which place he visited stalactitic caves and Wonderfontein, west of the present Johannesburg. At the end of 1873 he set off on another journey from Dutoitspan. Through Taung and Molepole he travelled to Shoshong which he reached in January 1874. From there he returned through Marice valley and Dwars Berg via Zeerust and Potchefstroom back to Dutoitspan.

Holub practised medicine throughout the whole of the next year to earn enough money to be able to finance his major expedition to the Zambezi which he started on 2 March 1875. Through Christiana and Zeerust he again travelled to Shoshong and from there through Makarikari Salt Pan to Panda-ma-Tenga which he reached on 31 July.

Panda-ma-Tenga, on the present Botswana-Rhodesia border, thirty-seven miles south of the Zambezi, was at that time a small settlement on a rocky hill at the headwater stream of the Matetsi river. It had permanent water and was a starting point for European traders, hunters and travellers going to the Zambezi valley and the Victoria Falls. One could reach Panda-ma-Tenga from the south in ox wagons travelling on more or less regular roads; travellers heading for the Zambezi left their wagons here because of the tsetse fly beyond. For many years after 1871, Panda-ma-Tenga was the headquarters of the trader George Westbeech and his long-time partner George Blockley.³

Holub met Blockley upon his arrival at Panda-ma-Tenga. He learned from him that Westbeech, who was at that time absent, had heard of Holub's arrival from a missionary in Shoshong and that he had reported it to the Lozi king Sipopa in Sesheke who had willingly granted Holub permission to pay him a visit. Holub grasped this opportunity and together with Blockley, who had already spent several months in Sesheke, set off on 3 August 1875. On 9 August they reached the Chobe mouth and ten days later they were in Sesheke where Holub met Sipopa. Through Blockley acting as an interpreter he discussed with Sipopa his future travel plans. Sipopa tried to discourage him from travelling by boat upstream on the Zambezi and recommended instead a foot journey to the Lake Bangweulu. Seeing that he had to rely on the help of an interpreter, he advised him to learn an African language. However, Holub, who apart from Czech and German, spoke limited English, succeeded in picking up only a few Lozi words.

On 30 August Holub left Sesheke for Panda-ma-Tenga to prepare himself for his journey north along the Zambezi to its source. In Panda-ma-Tenga he met Westbeech and his wife, who together with five other traders planned a trip to the Victoria Falls. Holub joined their party and visited the Falls on 7 September. On 24 September the party was back in Panda-ma-Tenga and at the beginning of October Holub was again in Sesheke together with Blockley and Westbeech. He stayed there continuously for almost three months and on 1 December started his eagerly awaited boat journey up-stream on the Zambezi. He only reached Ngambwe rapids, however, fourteen miles north of Katima

Muhlo. After wrecking a dugout canoe containing his medical chest and collected specimens and after he had fallen seriously ill, he returned to Sesheke on 9 December. He hoped to convalesce and resume his travels, but as his condition did not improve, he followed Westbeeche's advice and after a month went south. He stayed for over a month in Shoshong and for almost three months in Zeerust practising medicine to earn money to finance his travels. On 26 November 1876 he returned to Kimberley after twenty-seven months of travelling.

In January 1877, Holub exhibited his collection in Kimberley, hoping to raise funds through this action to enable him to return to Europe. The exhibition, however, appeared to be a financial loss and Holub was once again facing serious financial difficulties. He again resumed his medical practice, interrupted by occasional exploratory and hunting expeditions. In December 1878 he started his journey back to Cape Town. He interrupted it to stay for six months in Cradock practising medicine, and eventually on 5 August 1879 he left Cape Town, arriving in Prague on 18 October.

He brought with him 30,900 ethnographic and natural-historical specimens. The most important part of his travels was his more than four months' stay in Sesheke devoted to systematic ethnographic investigations and observations. While still in Kimberley, he wrote up the result of his ethnographic research conducted in Sesheke in the form of a short monograph which was published by the Geographical Society in Vienna in 1879 under the title *A Cultural Sketch of the Marutse-Mambunda Empire*. It remained the most important of all Holub's scholarly writings. It is not only the first ethnographic account of the Barotse, but one of the earliest of all ethnographic monographs.

Holub devoted his stay in Europe to lecturing about his experiences in Africa and to writing a book of travels and several articles dealing primarily with ethnography and ornithology of Africa south of the Zambezi.⁴ During his four years' stay in Europe he was busily preparing himself for his second Africa expedition. His ultimate plan was to cross the African continent from the south to the north, starting again in Cape Town. From there he wanted to reach the Zambezi, explore Barotseland and particularly the area between the Zambezi and Kafue rivers. The expedition should then have proceeded to Lake Bangweulu and followed the course of the Congo River. Holub wanted then to explore the course of the Uele River and eventually reach Egypt through Darfur. He estimated that he would need three years to accomplish his plans.

The expedition was planned on a big scale. From seven hundred applicants Holub selected six men to accompany him to Africa: Josef Spilar, Antonin Haluska, Oswald Söllner, Karl Bukacz, Ignaz Leeb and Fekete Janos. All six were ex-servicemen and skilled artisans. The first two were Czechs, the other three Austrians and the last a Hungarian. By having all the major nationalities of the Austrian-Hungarian empire represented, the expedition became a true Austrian-Hungarian undertaking, which enabled Holub to gain better financial support for it than if he had had to rely on limited financial resources in Bohemia alone. The last member of the expedition was Rosa Hof, a daughter of the Inspector of the exhibition buildings in the Prater of Vienna, whom Holub married in 1883, two weeks before departing for his second African journey.

The expedition left Prague in November 1883; Holub and his party boarded a boat in Hamburg on 22 November and after a month landed in Cape Town. They set out on a journey to the north travelling through Colesberg, Fauresmith, Jagersfontein, Bloshof, Christiana, Bloemhof, Lichtenburg and Zeerust to Shoshong, which they reached at the end of July 1884. On the way north from Shoshong at Matlamanyane Pans, Holub met with the first serious accident: several of his draught oxen died after having grazed on

some poisonous plant. He was, however, able to resume his journey and the expedition reached Panda-ma-Tenga on 26 September 1885. From there they travelled first to the Victoria Falls, which they reached on 15 October. On 7 November they were back in Panda-ma-Tenga, all except Mrs Holub suffering from heavy attacks of malaria. Holub was busy with preparations for the journey north of the Zambezi. On 1 February he started another short journey from Panda-ma-Tenga to the Lesuma valley and the Chobe mouth where he wanted to complete his natural-historical collections which were to be sent south before the final departure of the expedition north across the Zambezi. During this journey, Bukacz, Spiral and Haluska fell seriously ill. Spiral never recovered from the serious attacks of malaria and died in the Lesuma valley on 23 March 1886. The others returned to Panda-ma-Tenga on 3 April. Karl Bukacz first recovered, but then he suddenly and unexpectedly died on 9 May. Haluska's condition remained serious and Holub decided to send him back to Europe with his collections. On 24 May two of Holub's big ox-wagons fully loaded with collected specimens left Panda-ma-Tenga for the south with Haluska in charge of the transport. As Westbeeche was sending his own wagons to the Lesuma valley, Holub used this opportunity and sent with them most of his luggage in the company of Oswald Söllner.⁵

Apart from Holub himself and his wife, the members of his trans-African expedition were reduced to three other Europeans: Söllner, Fekete and Leeb. Holub had twenty African servants, each willing to accompany him for three years for the payment of a rifle. The three most important of them were Jonas, a Toka whom Holub considered to be his best interpreter, and Boy and Mapani, his Kalanga interpreters.

I turn now briefly to the book itself. As all explorers of his time, Holub had no one specialised interest. The range of his interests covering ethnography and all fields of natural history is well reflected in his narrative. To bring out his inaccuracies in these many differing fields would require editing his text page by page. As the book is being published for its value as a primary historical source, this is not necessary. Not to overload the publication with notes, no attempt was made to evaluate Holub's natural-historical observations; his ethnographic observations are commented on only when they seem to be obviously wrong. The names of people and places in the book are given in Holub's German transcription; very often place-prefixes of Bantu languages are treated by Holub as an inherent part of the name, and the spelling of many names which Holub learned from his guides and interpreters is sothoized. It seems that some places, especially rivers and streams, are no longer known under the names attributed to them by Holub. Wherever it is possible, modern names and modern spellings of Holub's names are given in the glossary. Since apart from a few Lozi words, Holub did not know any African language, most of his vernacular expressions are extremely inaccurate in spelling and sometimes only vaguely resemble the actual words they are supposed to stand for. Relying completely on his interpreters and on his own limited knowledge of Lozi, Holub puts Lozi words into mouths of people who could not possibly have spoken anything else but Tonga or Ila.

The highlights of Holub's narrative are his stay in the Ila country and the Ila attack on his camp at Lulonga which, I think, deserve a short comment. Holub was not the only European who had bad experiences with the Ila. In 1888 Selous had virtually the same experience as Holub had two years earlier,⁶ and as late as 1903 Rawson had an armed engagement with the Ila.⁷ On the other hand, the first missionaries who settled among the Ila in the early nineties encountered no difficulties.⁸

It is impossible not to agree with Smith and Dale who conclude that Holub displayed a lack of courage and tact in dealing with the Ila, that he was over-suspicious at times, often

led astray by his interpreters and that if he had been more tactful with the people, had understood them better and had shown a bolder front, he would have had a milder adventure.⁹

From his own narrative Holub appears as a rather arrogant man, not too patient in any of his dealings with the Africans and always suspicious of them. His own evidence clearly reveals how considerably his impatient and suspicious attitude towards the Africans and his arrogance increased after he had crossed the southern border of the Ila country. Holub came to the Ila clearly prejudiced towards them as enemies. He had his preconceptions confirmed by imputing motives which he could not possibly have known into the actions of the Ila. He had them equally confirmed by overhearing and claiming to understand people talking in a language which he did not know. He persuaded himself that the Ila were hostile towards him. In most of his initial encounters with them his own narrative shows that they were not aggressive. Instead of with open hostility, he was received with wariness and suspicion, justifiable in the light of Ila experience with Arab slave traders, the only 'white men' they had met so far. The fact that Holub travelled with Lewanika's permission could not improve the situation; only four years before Holub's arrival, the Ila were raided by the Lozi. Mutual understanding of each other's intentions never rose above this level of suspicion. Holub, more than the Ila, was responsible for the situation. He never tried to explain to them why he came or to persuade them practically of his good intentions.

While travelling in Toka and Tonga areas, Holub met chiefs formally and distributed presents to them. He made no attempt to behave in the same way among the Ila, who were his enemies long before he actually met them. Several events which he records himself could not possibly have improved his tense relations with them: he shot a dog of the Ila; he used as firewood poles obviously lent and not sold to him by the Ila for construction of his own camp; he poured carbolic acid over the naked feet of the Ila sitting at his fire, etc. When in spite of all that he managed to march through nine-tenths of the Ila territory, one can hardly avoid the feeling that he would have passed safely through the Ila country if he had behaved less arrogantly and more diplomatically and if he had at least adopted the same approach towards the Ila as towards their southern neighbours.

In the last three chapters of his book, which have been omitted from this edition, Holub describes his return journey from Panda-ma-Tenga to Cape Town and back to Prague. He was again facing severe financial difficulties and intended to start practising medicine in Shoshong to earn money for his journey back to Europe and for the transport of his collections. While in Shoshong he received the good news that the Czech committee established for his support was sending the first instalment of the proceeds from a public collection which enabled him to pay his debts. Later he received another subvention which enabled him to return to Europe.

Back home, Holub immediately started writing his second book of travels, published several articles in different popular magazines and journals and engaged in intensive lecturing not only in Austria but also in Germany, England and France. At the same time he was preparing a big exhibition of his collections which was opened in May 1891 in the Prater of Vienna and a year later transferred to Prague. Although both exhibitions were visited by almost four hundred thousand people, they were still a financial loss for Holub. Holub's original plan to establish an African museum in Prague did not materialise for many reasons, and his collection eventually ended up scattered in the museums in Vienna, Prague, Budapest, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome, Paris, Leningrad, Belgrade, Bucharest, Athens, Brussels, Munich, Stuttgart and Jena. Apart from that, Holub made generous donations to

almost six hundred schools. He negotiated for a display of his collections in Chicago, but his attempts failed as he was not able to meet the cost of transport and could not find anybody willing to subsidise him. After all attempts to move his collections to America failed, in 1894 he was at least invited to give lectures in Chicago, New York, Omaha, Milwaukee and St Paul.

Holub spent the last seven years of his life in Vienna suffering from malaria and sciatica, disappointed about the failure of his plans and bitter about what he thought was a complete lack of comprehension and understanding for his work and efforts in the public as well as the scientific circles of Austria. He never resumed his medical practice and made his living only by writing and lecturing. He died in poverty on 21 February, 1902.¹⁰

Livingstone, 1972

LADISLAV HOLY

I was seriously worried about Oswald that day and was very happy when he caught up with us in the evening of 24 June feeling better. Apart from Oswald several porters, too, got sick. The disease very probably had its cause in the fact that they had eaten too much of that fat meat and that they had drunk too much of the Njama water instead of *butschuala* or cold and bitter tea. First I gave them a light laxative and then chlorodyne at intervals of five to six hours. The result was excellent. The journey of 23 June was 18 km; during the first five kilometres we followed a course to the north and for the rest of the journey a north-easterly course with many insignificant twists.

This was the first journey through the rolling Matoka country and it was much more interesting than the entire trip through the laterite ridges. We crossed eleven side valleys and numerous water holes. We crossed the Nampongo stream in the fifth kilometre, the Dongafa in the seventh, the Sinjika in the tenth, the Moku-ruani and the Kapani in the fifteenth, the Manscha and the Kurunda in the seventeenth, and in the nineteenth kilometre we crossed the Inquisi river and the Tshi-N'kosa stream flowing into it.² All these streams flow westwards and many have fresh clear water all year round in contrast to the streams of the southern high plateaux, since they flow in a rocky bed mostly cut deep into the ground. During the rainy season they very probably have an enormous amount of water and many of them could form long ponds full of fish if they were dammed. The western Inquisi, on which we camped overnight, had only a small amount of water, yet it flows all year round and even crocodiles live in its deeper sections. These saurians as well as two kinds of otters eat such a great quantity of fish, especially during the winter when the water is low, that it is amazing that fish can still be found at all in these streams.

The banks of the Inquisi are scarcely inhabited by men, but rather thickly populated by animals. On the entire way I found chlorite slate which on the Nampongo stream has a slope of fifty degrees stretching from north to east and which has a slope of sixty degrees northwards on the Kapani stream stretching from north to north-east. This chlorite slate is interspersed occasionally by narrow veins of rose-quartz which sometimes, however, are as wide as one metre, and by reefs which probably contain gold. I determined the sea level on the Sinjika, the Moku-ruani and the Inquisi stream.

On our further march we passed through a generally lovely rolling countryside. The valleys and hills in some places were thickly grown with bushes and trees of which *mopani* trees, fan palms, grass trees, a type of aloe and euphorbiaceae dominated. We even found fresh traces of lion, hyena, grysbuck, impala and eland, kakatombe hartebeest, and a herd of elephants.

Since we were still rather weak and exhausted because of the fever attacks from the day before, we twice made a half-hour rest on this march which I used to determine the sea level. Rather tired we reached the Inquisi at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and waded through it a few metres above the place where the Tshi-N'kosa stream flows into it. Unfortunately I only realised too late that we could have crossed the river with dry feet a little further down where many rocks were lying

in the water. As usual I chose our camp site also that day and was eager for relaxation. Yet it was meant to happen otherwise. My servants had just begun to work on an enclosure when the porters started shouting loudly and Simutuli, one of the guides, began to speak as the headman on behalf of the complaining porters. The rumour I had already heard the day before at the Njama pond was now confirmed. Simutuli said: 'We left our huts three days ago. Even Matakala's men and the men from Mambowa did not go with you for longer than three days and therefore we refuse to carry your loads any longer for only a single *sitsiba*. If you still want us to go with you for two to three more days to Ki-Schindu you have to give us another *sitsiba* for that stretch.' 'Oh, well,' I answered. 'I saw very well yesterday how this poison entered your heart. You did not carry my loads for three days but only for two, for the day in between you only gorged yourselves with the eland meat. Did you not promise your chief to carry my stuff for one *sitsiba* as far as Ki-Schindu? No, I won't pay more. You will have to carry on.' I ordered my servants to start preparing the meal and the camp. I let the porters yell and grabbed my rifle and left for a few hours to hunt for animals since I was no longer tired because of this uproar. I returned only late at night and found the porters sitting quietly around their pots and enjoying their eland meat spiced with stewed beans. When we left this place early the next morning I ordered two of my servants to wait for Oswald with medicine and food on the Inquisi. He arrived at that place with Fekete and his porters shortly after our departure.

Our journey of 24 June was again 18 km long in a north-north-east direction and our camp site was the village Ki-Assa. We crossed many valleys and streams. In contrast to the area we had passed through the day before, this area sloped towards the south-east and all the streams flowed to the Inquisi and to the Tshi-N'kosa stream. We crossed the Njunjani and the Karsibatunja stream in the first kilometre, two streams in the eighth, the Usanga stream and another stream in the ninth, the Tshi N'kosa stream in the tenth, the Lo-Lente stream in the twelfth, the Mokau stream in the thirteenth, a stream in the seventeenth and the Mo-Shabati stream in the eighteenth kilometre.³

In all these streams was some water. Orographically this stretch of land through which we passed was first hilly country with two large longitudinal valleys, one in the west and an even larger one in the east where all the above-mentioned streams seem to come together. In the second half of our journey the country was a high plateau grown over with high grass which is dangerous to pass because of its buffalo herds. It contained the Tschani springs which are noteworthy because they carry water all year round. To these springs led such wide, deep and well-trodden buffalo trails (not paths) that I read them wrongly on first sight and thought that the Matoka of Ki-Assa, who are living close by, raised cattle which they would drive every day to the water. The march through the high grass and on the rocky heights following one another like steps was so exhausting that we were forced to rest several times. The view was very beautiful with the three valleys and the mighty palm trees reaching up every now and then out of a clearing, and the baobab trees growing together in small groups. This sight would have

been full of interesting motifs for a painter. The clearings were often several kilometres long and overgrown with huge grass and when this was waving in the wind it created in our minds the memory of our waving cornfields. Sadly we thought of our home and of our distant friends. Here also were growing the so-called *masuku* trees (with magnolia leaves) with numerous tasty fruits which were, however, not yet ripe at that time. These trees form a zone which stretches as far as the laterite hills of the Luenge and maybe even beyond the Luenge. Twice on this trip we determined the altitude—once in the sixth kilometre and the second time at the Tschani springs and finally in the evening and in the morning at our camp site of Ki-Assa. On our trip we saw zebras, gnu herds and impalas, and we saw the fresh trails of a black rhino and of a big elephant herd which had moved westward only the night before.

Ki-Assa consisted only of three kraals lying in the midst of a bare maizefield. The field borders two copses, otherwise it is surrounded with a thicket of high grass which is a real grass wall and makes a crackling noise of dryness in the winter. Two hours after our arrival Fekete and Oswald arrived with those servants we had left with them and I was happy to convince myself that Oswald was better. He had felt so well, indeed, that he had been able from early morning on to walk the whole way from the Inquisi and even from a few kilometres before the river.

Ki-Assa belongs to a Matoka chief residing further to the west whose name the inhabitants of the village would not tell me.⁴ They complained a lot about wild animals and were forced because of these wild ruminants to dry their unripe grain on scaffolds. The ears of their beautiful big millet were piled up neatly and with great effort on the slanted plane of a scaffold resting on four high poles. This looked as attractive as it proved to be practical.

When I was about to leave early the next morning our three guides as well as the porters told us that as they had now carried our goods for three days, they would not move from this place and should get their full payment as if they had carried our load for five full days as far as the Ki-Shindu village. The men's behaviour was much worse than the first time and to make things even worse a small group of men arrived just then at our camp from Mo-Sinkobo in order to look for work as porters. I realised that the whole mutiny was a preconcerted plan of Sakasipa's people and that I must not give in under any condition. If I yielded, the newly-hired men might have carried our loads perhaps only for one day's journey and not any further. 'If you refuse to go,' I told them, 'well, then I go.' And I ordered my servants to pick up their luggage and to follow me. I called Fekete and Oswald not to stay behind as usual but to follow us and leave the porters if they were to stay.

I started out followed by my wife, Leeb and five servants as well as by three porters. It was a grey day: we passed through a valley with rather deep water holes of the Muembwa with green grass growing all around them. This was very inviting for a swim, yet our serious situation did not allow us to realise such an enjoyable idea. Soon we passed through a thick *masuku* forest absolutely filled with

trails of various animals of buffalo, kakatombe antelope, gnu and zebra. Then after seven kilometres we reached a village called Amare⁵ which consisted only of a few huts. We came just in time to prevent the attack by a band of monkeys on a pumpkin field. The monkeys on guard had spotted us from a high tree and thus a successful shot was impossible. I made a sketch of the Amare village (*not included in the present edition*). Amare was situated at the tail end of a narrow field surrounded on all sides by lion grass. We stopped here and since it was cold that morning we made two fires for our half-naked blacks. Here I waited in peace for our porters for I was absolutely certain that they would give in and stick to their contract and follow us for fear of my supposed witchcraft. In front of the blacks who were with me I had to pretend to be relaxed and self-assured since one porter tells the next one everything and my temporary uncertainty would have been exploited by all future generations of porters. And, indeed, one hour after our arrival my dear porters showed up protesting and threatening me. They threw their packages down and refused to go any further. 'Oh, you will go,' I shouted at them, 'You will follow me. I shall, however, go to Ki-Schindu. From Ki-Schindu there are direct paths as you well know to Schescheke and to Mambowa, the residences of the two idunas of the Eastern Marutse empire. As soon as I arrive there, I shall send messengers to both places in order to voice my complaints about you directly before Luanika through the two chiefs.' 'Ha, ha, ha, you may well do so, we are not afraid.' I turned around to leave, yet not all my servants—only a few plus those three porters—followed me. The others stayed behind, intimidated by the porters.

Through the calmness of the southern African wilderness which I had entered I could still hear for a long time the loud protesting, shouting and screaming of the mutinous hirelings. A few kilometres further on we stopped for half an hour since Boy wanted to go deer stalking and asked us to wait for him. When we were just about to leave Fekete came with four of my servants reporting that none of the porters was willing to move and that Oswald on his own responsibility had stayed with the porters, laughing at them while they were screaming. Therefore, he said, they were beginning to fear him and this all the more since I had shown no signs of being alarmed about my possessions. They were saying to each other that I very probably had already prepared my *malem* (spell) to hurt them if they were to pinch anything. Fekete finished his report as follows: 'They will be coming for certain, yet hardly today for they are already gathering wood to prepare their camp for the night.'

During our journey one of my servants who had stayed behind all of a sudden came rushing after me. He was already shouting from a distance that one of the porters whom I knew as one of the main ringleaders, had taken his load, a bag of glass beads, by force after he had caught up with him in the woods. 'You coward slave,' I shouted at him, 'why did you not follow me?' I ordered him to follow our train. But now a few words about the journey of that day: in the meantime the blacks will probably catch up with us.

On the journey of 25 June we covered 20 km. The first 7 km went north-west,

also I gave the gnu meat to the porters and the skin I gave to my servant to make sandals. I kept only the kakatombe skin.

On 2 July we made only 10 km. This slowdown of our journey I had to blame on my own generosity with the gnu meat. We had to start later since my porters were still busy cutting up the meat and we had to march more slowly since their load now had become twice as heavy. Thus we could not get on as fast as usual but were forced to rest more frequently. We followed the stream for a while, then turned right again into a very high sea of grass with brushwood and scrub growing in between. We reached a deep cut like a stream bed with hills on both sides and with truly magnificent and literally impenetrable vegetation along the banks. During the summer there should be glorious subtropical flora, a delight for any botanist. Broad buffalo tracks (one can no longer call them paths) disclosed to us who was ruling there and advised us to exercise the necessary caution while we were walking through the thick reeds in order not to fall victim to a sudden attack of the buffaloes.

An hour later we had passed the dangerous spot and were ascending a sparsely wooded laterite ridge, the slope of which descended to the cut which we just had passed through. I went first, accompanied by my wife and Leeb who ever since Bukacz' death was bravely carrying the chronometer on a leather strap.

The numerous animal tracks persuaded me to try my hunting luck; perhaps I could obtain a rare skin. In any case, I wanted to get more supplies of fresh meat. I told my wife to continue leading the file and I intended to hunt together with Leeb in a semi-circle through the wooded valley and then later meet up with them again. In the middle of the valley was a huge, densely overgrown ant-hill. Using this as a cover we were able to sneak up to some grazing hartebeests among which was as usual a gnu. At the foot of the hill I left my cartridge pouch, my hunting knife, my water bottle and my black hat. Then I crept up, took my post behind a tree, and aimed at the nearest animal standing about 120 m away from me. At that moment another animal came up to it and thus covered it with his body. I therefore was forced to shoot at this second animal since it was in a better position for me. I would have liked to listen to and study these completely unaware animals. Yet because of this passion of mine it had often happened that we had not a single bite of fresh meat even when near the fattest animals.

At this point I also had the desire to gain one or two of these rare specimens for my collection. I hit the animal, but it got up again and the bull and lord of the herd came up to it without realising that I was so close. Quickly I aimed at him, yet alas, what bad hunting luck! The cartridge failed and the herd fled up the valley. The wounded animal was limping and followed the others with great effort. Another shot at the bull failed again. I realised that many of my cartridges must have been spoiled. The fleeing animals ran in the same direction which I had to take, and alas, all of a sudden I saw my wife in front of me. Not far from her was lying the female animal which I had hit with my first shot and which had now collapsed. We stopped and waited until the first servants arrived in order to skin the dead animal and to take along the meat which was to be distributed among them.

Since I wanted to prepare and cure the skin that very day and have it dried by the next morning I decided to make an exception and to rest earlier this day and to go along as far as Kandantzowa i.e. only a few kilometres further. When we were dissecting the animal we found that it was highly pregnant and the not yet fully-developed foetus substantially enriched my collection, which consisted already of two males and one female.

On our further journey we came to a park-like plain full of *mopani* trees. Towards the north it was bordered by a range of wooded hills. At the foot of these hills I found five zebras and I succeeded in shooting one with my Wernld rifle from a distance of 250 m. Unfortunately my shot had not killed it so that it escaped anyway. Little Daisy pursued it with bravery yet he did not accomplish anything beyond making us wait uneasily for his return for about an hour and we were lucky that he found our track at all.

My hunting luck on this journey was not very good even though I shot well and had met a lot of game. A great deal of our failures, however, must be assigned to our rifles. These rifles, the kind with the small solid bullets called Kropatschek. Wernld, Winchester and Schulhof, were indeed excellent for our self-defence against blacks in attacks at close quarters as well as against wild animals, yet they were not very effective when hunting for game, especially when one had to shoot from a great distance. Little Steenbok gazelles were still running away with our bullet wounds. The little Winchester bullet might very well disable a human, but it does not harm game so much from that distance unless the animals are shot right through the brain, the heart or the spine. They could escape successfully into the impenetrable thorn, wood or reed thickets and thus were lost for the hunter. In those southern African areas the best bullets for hunting are those which are long and flattened on one side and are partly hollow. They get compressed when they hit bones and create large wounds in the body and thus kill the animal because of the great loss of blood or because of an extensive destruction even of some of the lesser organs.

I was often asked why I did not shoot with dum-dum bullets which certainly would give the best guarantee to get the game once it was hit. I can only say to this that I do not like to shoot with these bullets. And just as I do not like it, neither do the best and most famous elephant and lion hunters of South Africa. The hollow bullet kills just as certainly as the dum-dum bullet but does not destroy the body to the same degree as the dum-dum. This is very important for the scientist and thus, for example, for me too. And it is more sportsmanlike if I may say so. The dum-dum bullet lulls the hunter much too easily into a false self-confidence so that finally he no longer pays attention and loses his accuracy of fire. This is what I was most afraid of for my staff who often were also very enthusiastic about the dum-dum bullet. I never allowed a dum-dum cartridge to be used, not even when we hunted for rhinos, buffaloes, hippos and elephants, not to speak of the really big carnivores. This I learned from the 'Afrikaners' and I have become that much of a hunter that I do not regard the hunt as being a massacre but rather a battle and I want to be victorious openly in this battle without

being protected by the infallible technology of a chemical compound.

This is said as my excuse also to all my readers who have thought to themselves often and maybe also just now while reading this last hunting adventure: 'Why does this Holub take so very many pot-shots? He should use those dum-dum bullets instead if he is such a poor shot.'

While talking about the results of our hunt we were descending, or rather climbing down, the slope. The descent was very steep and laborious; however we were rewarded by the view of a beautiful broad valley covered with the well-known elephant grass in the middle of which there was a dark blue pond surrounded by green reeds. On the water surface a host of light blue water lilies were waving in the breeze and into the pond a slowly moving little stream was flowing. For us this wonderful view of the valley was not only a beautiful scene of nature but it was truly delightful and heartwarming.

Years ago this valley had been inhabited by hundreds of elephants and therefore it is called elephant valley by the natives. A few weeks before our arrival the unfortunate Mr Thomas¹⁰ had hunted there. We found his 'skerm' (camp) still on the slope in the bush. Sietsetema's town which is 18 km away was the furthest point he had reached on his expedition from Matabeleland coming from the south-east. While he was staying in the Kandantzora valley he heard about the approach of Luanika's troops in pursuit of Marancian and he thought it best to retreat towards the south-east. Immediately after we had entered the valley we had an adventurous experience which could have had very bad consequences for us. When we were trying to establish our camp we were looking for a place which was not overgrown with grass. Yet we could not find one and we decided to make one by burning down the high grass as we had already done many times on our journey. We selected a spot with rather short grass in the vicinity of the water and laid the fire. I could not help but think of Schiller's verses 'Salutary is the fire's power' and I was just citing 'Yet beware if it is unleashed'. At that moment I realised that the high bush-grass growing around this spot had caught fire and it threatened to become a terrific fire. In the next second we rushed to the shrubs growing on the ant-hill near which we were standing and ripped off branches full of leaves. And there we were, all of us thrashing the crackling flames even though the fire was licking up at our hands and eyebrows. Thanks to the fact that the winds were all calm we succeeded in mastering the flames. It would have been a terrible thought for me that I had been the cause of a big bushfire, especially since I had my people observe extreme caution whenever we made a camp fire.

The distance which we were able to cover this day was only about ten kilometres. As rock formation I found sand in elevated places, whereas laterite, as mineral debris of mica slate (lying in a north-north-east direction at an incline of forty-five degrees) was deposited over firm humus.

Our camp in the Kandantzowa valley was in a north-eastern direction with respect to our last camp site on the Mokomo-Rosi stream. In this camp we did not experience anything noteworthy. Some of Sietsetema's people who passed our camp in the evening told us that we would reach Sietsetema's town easily

the following day and that we would surely find the chief there. The distance which we had to cover was 18 km and Sietsetema's homestead was in a north-eastern direction from our camp.

We started out early in the morning. We passed through a valley and a hilly area which towards the north lead to the Sianquimbi valley. We rested several times and met a few women and two young men, one of whom was introduced to us as a lion killer. It had been only a short time ago that he had done this heroic deed, when with only two spears he had killed a lion who had been eating his nearby prey. The young man looked weak, rather than strong, and yet he had succeeded in the kill.

Even though there are woods on the sandy or rocky ridges in the vicinity, Sietsetema had preferred to establish his residence in the plain of the Sianquimbi valley overgrown with high grass. He, too, has taken over the system of dispersed kraals, which is characteristic of the Matoka, in order not to be surprised and destroyed by the enemy. Yet the location of this settlement seemed to me even more dangerous. Already in Ki-Schindu, Ki-Assa and Amare we had found the kraals no longer situated in the woods. Instead, the huts and the surrounding large or small fields were located amidst those high grass thickets and thus were continuously exposed to the danger of total destruction in the event of fires which break out often in the high grass thickets from May to September.

The plain of the valley in which Sietsetema's town Mo-Monguembo (also called Mo-Kalubanda)¹¹ is situated in one big field of humus which during the rainy season is transformed into a bottomless swamp. The fever then should be terrible in this area.

The first kraal which we found on our way, or rather along the maze of innumerable paths through which our people from Ki-Schindu guided us, was the residence of chief Schindu. He was a guest of Sietsetema's and chief of the Schindu village. In one of the kraals (consisting of two miserable huts in a small cut-over maize field closely surrounded by the grass thicket) I saw white and grey domestic pigeons, completely tame. It was the first time since I had left the Transvaal border that I found these birds but the people refused to tell me how these pigeons got there. The only explanation for the occurrence of these birds in this area which I can find is that they had been obtained from the Portuguese and had been brought here from the east. A trading station exists on an island near the mouth of the Luenge river and the pigeons might have come from there. In any case their existence in this area was quite interesting.

Soon we saw Sietsetema's kraal. It consisted of eight huts built on some meadowland in the shade of a few big mimosa trees and in the middle of a grass thicket. For us it was an important event each time we entered a so-called royal residence and each time it made our blood flow faster. What were we to experience here and in what state would we leave this place again which meant nothing to all of the educated world but which at the moment meant all to us? Under a roof supported only by poles we found a few men smoking their dagga pipes. They were the immediate court council of the most powerful of the Matoka

died in 1885 and who was venerated far and wide, were still not yet over in 1886. I was also able to find out with certainty that the Batowana-Makuba build huge rafts out of papyrus which are 1 m thick, 4 m wide and 5 m long. With these rafts they transport their cattle herds across the tributaries of the N'game to whatever pasture is needed. These Makuba have the same relationship with the Batowana as the Maschupia have with the Marutse. The neighbours of these Batowana especially in the west, are the Masarwa who call themselves Ma-Kouka and Andarisa.⁴ As weapons they use only bows and arrows, the tips of which are made of poisoned ivory. The bows are short and undistinguished like those of the bushmen in former times. At the time of his visit Mr Fry always exchanged twenty of these weapons (one bow plus arrows) for one knife (worth 30 kreuzer) and he sold them again in Schoschong for 12 guilders each. The arrows are poisoned. Shortly before our arrival two coloureds from Schoschong, Gert Batji and Tom Damara,⁵ had been elephant and ostrich hunting in the Makouka territory where they were killed by these Masarwa. One cannot hunt in this area without a guide because of the few waterholes. The coloured hunters had two Makouka as guides, but they betrayed them to their friends who did not want to allow the strangers to hunt for the most precious game of their country. While they were sleeping at night both coloureds woke up at the same time with a burning pain which one of them had in his chest, the other one in his leg. Both had been hit by poisoned arrows and both died with most dreadful asthmatic pains, but fully conscious, about twelve hours later.

When the Makouka hunt game with these arrows they find it as a rule dead six hours after they wound the animal. Then they cut out the injured and swollen part, throw out the heart and the big blood vessels and eat the rest of the meat without any harm to their health.

As for the scientific results of our three months' stay on the Zambezi I would mention the following. In terms of mammals this stay, together with the trip north of the Zambezi (i.e. the joint hunting expedition, as well as Fekete's separate one), yielded almost as much as our stay on the Limpopo. It included species which were either not yet at all or only scarcely represented in our collection. We added to our collection as new animals one spotted hyena, one pair of lions, one mongoose and a number of winged mammals (all of them being new species), one black rhino, three buffaloes, six kakatombe hartebeests, one puku, a family of duikers (the small kind), and numerous rodents. Welcome were several specimens of the Zambezi variety of the kudu and the impala as well as five zebras and the mother and her young of the striped gnu. We got several specimens of a new type of long-tailed yellow brown Zambezi baboon, one roan antelope, a beautiful bush buck family, some reedbuck antelopes, six warthogs, some honey badgers, vervet monkeys and other species.

Since I am very interested in the mental abilities of the baboons and since many a reader might have the same interest, I take the liberty of adding here the experiences with them which I had on the Zambezi. I learned from the blacks that baboons, as I had already observed in the south, repeatedly keep completely quiet

in order not to give themselves away when they raid the fields of the blacks. Often people who work at the other end of a maize field of 5,000–10,000 m² have not the slightest idea that baboons are raiding the field at the other end.

If it so happens that the babies misbehave and begin to bark they are immediately thrashed by their mothers and forced to be quiet. As a rule, however, the whole clan then takes to flight. Usually if a herd of baboons is pursued their guards, sitting high in the trees, inform their companions, who are hidden on the ground, in the grass, in bushes or behind rocks, by screaming loudly and thus indicating the moves of the enemy. Yet the guards of a baboon herd which is raiding a field as described above keep completely quiet. If they see a human being approaching they slide calmly down from their post and this is enough warning to their fellow raiders to get away quietly. On one of his many excursions Leeb once wounded a half-grown baboon. He barked and dragged himself along with extreme effort. Suddenly a strong female came up to him, grabbed the wounded baboon by his mane and pulled him right into the middle of the fleeing pack which took him off into safety. In vain Leeb searched for hours, but he never saw his prize again.

The little wood which surrounded our camp closely in the south-west and in the west was usually visited at noon by the baboons. At the north side of our camp a *mabele* (millet) field was situated and this was their target. The animals had gradually found out that around noon-time a human being was hardly ever to be seen outside and on this they had based their plan. Our Daisy was the first one to find them and we soon put a stop to their thievish activities.

The packs of these animals, which in this area are 150–200 strong, usually divide themselves up into two or three groups before their outing in the morning. In the evening they then return to their common place of rest. I shall come back to these baboons later in connection with some hunting experiences.

A yellow brownish rat was very interesting, too. It lived in the wooded laterite ridges along the Zambezi valley. The ground was so dug up and undermined by its burrowing that we sank ankle-deep into the sand. There must be thousands of these animals and yet we did not see a single one during daytime. Like so many rodents, they are animals of the evening and night.

One day Leeb came across a strange find. He found a family of bats in the nest of a hyphantornis. This catch led us to investigate all nests and hollow trees. Our efforts were rewarded by a collection of almost fifty winged mammals (four different species). We were especially lucky with a baobab tree. Thus I have made a model of this baobab tree in bloom, on a smaller scale, i.e. of one third of its height and diameter. I shall display it for the visitors of my exhibition with a small inner opening and with some of the bats inside.

My slowly recovering wife assisted me diligently with the preparation of these animals. And with each successful piece of work our confidence increased that at some point we would return after all from this bottomless pit to our dear home country. At that time we realised what a blessing work can be.

I made mats out of reeds with four of my blacks to pack these items. In these we

rolled, for instance, the mammal skins after we had put a similar mat made out of dense dry grass on the inner side of the skins to absorb any possible secreted fat.

As I said, birds offered very rich material for my collection and studies. It would take pages to describe our hunts for osprey, desert eagles, crowned eagles, hawks, falcons, kites and eagle owls. The banks of the Zambezi, its swamps, the basin-shaped valleys and their high grass, the thorn thickets at the mouth of the Leschumo valley, the high mimosa trees in the valleys and the laterite slopes overgrown with dense bush—each of these sharply different habitats has its own characteristic bird life and serves as a resting place of only certain migrating species.

It was a great delight to study the birds during this stay in Gazungula and often they were for hours and even deep into the night the subject of conversation in our little grass house. We obtained species which were not yet represented in the collection which then already consisted of 1,300. Among them were one type of falcon, two types of sunbird, two types of swallow, one type of roller, one type of hoopoe, one type of kingfisher, one type of drymoica, one type of warbler, one type of flycatcher, several shrikes, among them two samples of a telephorus which later in a collection from the east coast (collected later than mine) was labelled as a new species. There were also a number of hornbills, two cuckoos, live crested guinea-fowls, etc.

The observations of the habits of the Jacobin cuckoo, a bird of the cuculidae family, and the nest building technique of the carmine bee-eater, the red-billed hoopoe, and others offered rich material for my diaries. The black and white chat which Oates brought home often amused us for hours with his cautious behaviour on the hollow tree trunks which he inhabited and into the holes of which he fled, as the *myrmocichla formicivora* flee into holes in the ground. Equally interesting was the cackling of the red-billed hoopoes when they were sitting close together in parties of three to six. They began to squawk when they felt that they were unobserved—ducking down continuously and behaving most amusingly.

The quarrelsomeness of the sunbirds was greatest when they were swarming in large numbers around the blossoms of the mimosa trees and the giant dark carmine-coloured calyxes of the Gazungula tree. Many birds were busy building their nests. So, for instance, were the carmine bee-eaters which dig holes up to one metre deep into the sloping loess banks. At the dead end of these horizontal holes, so to speak, they then go about their breeding activities and hatch their beautiful white eggs. The annual flood must harm their nest-holes yet the birds return to them faithfully. In some of their deserted nests we found some river swallows breeding.

We tried to keep many birds alive yet we were not successful. For preserving the stuffed birds I had to make reed baskets and put the birds as well as bats and small rodents between several grass layers. We felt the lack of any preservative bitterly. For that reason I was unable to do much in the field of reptile and fish collection as I had no alcohol at all at my disposal. Instead my collection of insects grew all the more as well as that of a few other animal species, especially of a type

of *bulimus* which I observed for the first time alive. It only leaves its underground habitat at the beginning of the rainy season.

Our herbarium, too, grew at an equally pleasing rate. Particularly valuable were the spring plants of the deciduous forest zone. Among them were some species which just had been washed down in the water from the upper Zambezi. Nobody was more upset about our growing collections than Mr Wa. The fact that after a few weeks we beggars already were in possession of such remarkable collections rankled in his soul. Yet he comforted himself and asked me smilingly and gloatingly how I intended to transport such a large quantity of objects south. I did not answer a word, yet I brought them south after all.

I still want to mention the solar eclipse which we had the opportunity to observe on 29 August. In a completely clear sky the solar eclipse began at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at the lower edge of the sun. Then it moved gradually upwards and covered the north edge of the sun and darkened the northern sky and the northern horizon almost completely. The uncovered part of the sun gave only a weak light from the south-east over the south to the south-west. The light conditions were those of a strongly cloudy evening sky, i.e. as if the clouds were covering the evening sky and made the setting sun invisible.

For the blacks on the Zambezi this solar eclipse was a frightening event which caused them to make various, always negative, conjectures. In one village people claimed that 'it meant that Luanika had ordered more chiefs to be killed'. From another village the frightening news was propagated that an army of the much feared Matabele was approaching. 'The sun, favouring us, cannot bear to witness our enemies sharpening their spears to immerse them into our blood.' These and similar things the Maschupia and Matoka were saying. I was very curious to learn what the Marutse were thinking since they believe in an invisible god living 'in the blue' of the skies who has power over moon and stars and the lives of men. The Marutse said that the eclipse signified Njambe's (their god's) just furor about what the Maschukulumbe had done to the *maka*, i.e. to us whites. Inevitably his punishment would be inflicted on them in the form of a raid by their king Luanika-Lebosche.⁶

It was a feast each time when Fekete's servants came with new trophies and occasionally with fresh meat as well. If Mr Wa had sold us salt our menu at times would even have been opulent. As it was, however, we had to eat all our food unsalted for weeks which we each day deplored. We got the greatest of service out of our pontoon which I had sold to Mr Westbech before and which this good man had placed to our disposal. My blacks hunted north of the Zambezi and I would not have been able to pay the crossing fees for them. As it was, however, whenever I heard their calls across the river all of us rushed to the boat which was a piece of our good old motherland. We brought them across even when the wind was blowing and when the small canoes of the natives were unable to venture out.

Our joy was greatest when Fekete himself finally returned to our headquarters. He and his blacks were laden with many a beautiful trophy. Our questions and their reports did not cease until late into the night. In what follows my kind reader

will get acquainted with the main results of Fekete's hunting expedition.

His expedition took place during the time between 1 September and 26 October. I had given him three rifles, sufficient ammunition, and some blacks as his companions. The hunting party went north. They passed the village of the subchief Mangwato, one of our former guides to Matakala. He gave them a generous present of maize.

Barely half a day's journey from the Zambezi two Maschupia whom they happened to meet drew their attention to the fresh tracks of a black rhino. A rhino? The idea of getting such an animal for my collection if possible excited the whole group. Boy, together with some companions, immediately followed the track. It did not take long for Fekete to follow him with the whole group since four quick shots, one after another, indicated Boy's success. And indeed, this was the case. Boy had surprised a sleeping rhino on a laterite ridge. Cautious as he was he had climbed a tree from where he fired those four shots at the animal. Fekete found it at its last gasp and a few additional bullets ended its suffering quickly. Thus the most valuable mammal was gained for our collection.

After the huge animal had been dissected and skin, meat, and skull had been sent back to us, the hunting party marched on for three and a half days up the Inquisi valley, encountering eland and kakatombe hartebeest yet unable to kill any of them. They crossed the area between the Inquisi and the lower part of its tributary at the right hand side, the Lu-Rungu stream. Then they moved upstream along its narrow valley until they reached a deep waterhole in the stream bed. One kilometre further on they pitched their camp in the bush. That same day the hunters encountered zebras, buffaloes, kakatombe hartebeests and a herd of twenty-five gnus. Boy was able to get close only to this herd, yet he failed again. When Siroko and Braggart were fetching water in the evening they encountered a second herd of buffaloes. Quickly they reported their discovery and Boy and Mapani, together with four servants, immediately took up the pursuit of these buffaloes. Yet it was only the next day that they encountered the fleeing herd. Mapani wounded a cow who then attacked him while all his companions quickly fled up trees, without helping him. The enraged animal chased Mapani several times around the tree behind which he had escaped. Finally he managed to gain one moment in which he brought her dead to the ground with a shot in her neck. Mapani even killed a second buffalo cow that same day. In the meantime Fekete and Marumo had gone out hunting early that same morning. Fekete was only armed with a Winchester. Three kilometres further on the two encountered some warthogs. Fekete wounded one of them from a distance of 60 m. Marumo caught up with it quickly when it was running away and speared it to death. On their way back Marumo killed a big young boar. This hunting day thus had been very successful for my collection. In addition to the above mentioned trophies it even provided me with a trans-Zambezi genet cat or cypha. Simundaj, 'the long one', who was assigned to Boy and Mapani, had gone out hunting for two hours on his own. He soon detected a cypha which immediately ran up a seven-metre-high tree with sparse foliage. The black made a good fire around the trunk of the tree in order to

cut off all retreat. Then he threw his stave (*kiri*) so often at the animal that it fell to the ground badly wounded.

The day after this success Boy killed a buffalo cow whose skin was preserved for our collection. Then he sent part of the booty south to us. He himself moved westwards to an eastern tributary of the Inquisi and pitched camp 10 km away from it.

The following day Boy killed a young buffalo bull 18 km further on. He covered him with branches and then sent for Fekete to go there in order to prepare the animal as early as possible the next morning. When Fekete got there in the morning he found the carcass half eaten up by lions. Only the skull could be used for the collection. The next morning Fekete again crossed the Lu-Rungu and returned to the old camp. One and a half kilometres from the camp the hunters spotted a large herd of kakatombe hartebeest and with only two small Winchester bullets Fekete killed a magnificent buck and thus secured a magnificent sample for our collection. After a short rest in the camp Fekete sent out Boy and Mapani with five servants in order to obtain, if possible, a buffalo bull for our collection. None of the skins obtained up to that point had turned out to be really beautiful and perfect.

The black hunters, indeed, soon encountered a herd of thirty-six buffaloes, of which Boy killed two bulls, one of them being good enough to be prepared for our collection. During the night two hyenas, attracted by the smell of the meat, tried to invade the camp which was protected by branches. But they had to atone for their boldness with their own lives. Mapani was not to be trifled with in such matters. Yet the laurels of the god of the hunters, for which thousands of passionate European hunters would have envied him, were waiting for Mapani. Far from the camp he shot a buffalo whose pursuit he had to abandon with the onset of darkness. When he took up the tracks again the following morning he found the animal dead and around it eight fully grown lions who were just about to begin their breakfast. Mapani's shock was all the greater, because he only saw these obviously angry 'kings of the desert' when they rose very close to him out of the high grass. In a split second he pulled his rifle from his shoulder and without aiming at any particular lion he fired point blank straight into the pride. Paralysed with fright Mapani saw how the eight lions took flight, but soon one was lagging behind and collapsed. The bullet had hit him, it had penetrated through his back into his lungs and this had killed the animal quickly. Great was the joy when this beautiful skin was brought to my headquarters.

Soon after this adventure Fekete left the Lu-Rungu stream and the Inquisi area and moved on with his group to the Mudschila in order to hunt near the large pan there which I had called Blockley kraal on my first trip. Here his efforts, too, were successful in every respect. He and his blacks shot a lot of game. Worthy of mention would be a female striped gnu, a magnificent male roan antelope, and three zebras which were the gems of my collection. The porters who were bringing the dried meat, skins, and skulls to my camp unfortunately had to go through Mambowa, the residence of the induna Makumba. The result was that the Maschupia, who envied us our success in hunting, easily persuaded the induna to forbid Fekete