

LIFE OF FREDERICK
COURTENAY SELOUS, D.S.O.

CAPT. 25TH ROYAL FUSILIERS

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"The Natural History of the British Surface-Feeding Ducks,"
"British Diving Ducks," etc.

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another 1200 lbs. which he had traded with the natives, thus making a clear profit of £300. When he saw the king, he told him that the elephants had not driven him out of the country, but that he had killed several, to which Lobengula replied, "Why, you're a man; when are you going to take a wife?" and suggested that he should court one at once.

Selous' friends had now all left the country, but he himself decided to remain in Matabeleland to be ready to hunt in the following year with George Wood. As usual, however, Lobengula took months to give his permission, so that it was not until the 15th June, 1873, that he gave permission to the two hunters to make a start. Even then he would not allow them to go to the Mashuna country and stated that they must hunt to the westward of the river Gwai.

A fortnight after leaving Bulawayo Selous and Wood reached Linqvasi, where they began to hunt, and two days later they killed two fine bull elephants. Here they established their main hunting-camp and made raids into the "fly." During this season of four months Selous killed forty-two elephants and George Wood fifty. They also accounted for a good many rhinoceros and buffalo. Their main hunting veldt was the "fly" region between the rivers Zambesi and Gwai. It was a broken country full of hills, "kloofs," dense bush and park-like opens. This area was formerly inhabited by the Makalakas, but these had been driven across the Zambesi by raiding Matabele. These regions were consequently a great game preserve and full of elephant, black and white rhinoceros, buffalo, zebra, sable, roan, koodoo, impala, reedbuck, klipspringer, grysbok, bushbuck, waterbuck, and other antelopes. In "A Hunter's Wanderings" Selous gives many interesting accounts of his hunts after elephants, but perhaps his best is the splendid narrative of his great day, of which I am permitted to give his own description.¹

"As soon as the day dawned, we sent a couple of Kafirs down to the water to see if any elephants had been there, and on their return in a quarter of an hour with the joyful

¹ "A Hunter's Wanderings," pp. 84-88.

tidings that a fine troop of bulls had drunk during the night, we at once started in pursuit. We found they had come down from the right-hand side, and returned on their own spoor, feeding along nicely as they went, so that we were in great hopes of overtaking them without much difficulty. Our confidence, however, we soon found was misplaced, for after a time they had ceased to feed, and, turning back towards the N.E., had taken to a path, along which they had walked in single file and at a quick pace, as if making for some stronghold in the hills. Hour after hour we trudged on, over rugged stony hills, and across open grassy valleys, scattered over which grew clumps of the soft-leaved machabel trees, or rather bushes; but, though the leaves and bark of this tree form a favourite food of elephants, those we were pursuing had turned neither to the right nor to the left to pluck a single frond.

“ After midday, the aspect of the country changed, and we entered upon a series of ravines covered with dense, scrubby bush. Unfortunately the grass here had been burnt off, but for which circumstance the elephants, I feel sure, would have halted for their midday sleep. In one of these thickets we ran on to three black rhinoceroses (*R. bicornis*) lying asleep. When we were abreast of them they got our wind, and, jumping up, rushed close past the head of our line, snorting vigorously. It was a family party, consisting of a bull, a cow, and a full-grown calf; they passed so near that I threw at them the thick stick which I used for a ramrod, and overshot the mark, it falling beyond them.

“ Shortly after this incident, we lost the spoor in some very hard, stony ground, and had some trouble in recovering it, as the Kafirs, being exhausted with the intense heat, and thinking we should not catch the elephants, had lost heart and would not exert themselves, hoping that we would give up the pursuit. By dint of a little care and perseverance, however, we succeeded, and after a time again entered upon a more open country. To cut a long story short, I suppose it must have been about two hours before sundown when we came to a large tree, from which

more prone to attack without provocation in the days when Jules Gerard hunted lions in French Algeria. At any rate this is the opinion of Sir Frederick Jackson, an experienced hunter in East Africa, who, although admitting he had not had a wide experience with lions, seems to think they always try to sneak off whenever they can—even when wounded. William Judd, perhaps the most experienced hunter of all game in East Africa, and a man who has also killed many lions in South Africa, places the buffalo first as the most dangerous animal, and his opinion is worthy of the highest consideration.

Selous bases his argument on the following :—

“ That more accidents have happened in encounters with buffaloes than with lions is not that the former is a more dangerous animal than the latter, but because, for every lion that has been killed in the interior, at least fifty buffaloes have been brought to bay.”

All of which is perfectly true.

Whilst on the subject of the comparative danger of various wild beasts it may be interesting briefly to summarize the views of other experienced hunters. Cuninghame and Tarlton place the elephant and the lion equal first, with the buffalo third. Sir Frederick Jackson and William Judd say the buffalo is easily first as a dangerous foe ; whilst Captain Stigand assigns the danger in the following order, viz. : lion, elephant, rhinoceros, leopard, buffalo. Sir Samuel Baker makes a more curious order—elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, and lion the last. Oddly enough, only one hunter, namely Drummond, places the rhinoceros as the worst, but it must be remembered that when he hunted in South Africa heavy rifles were scarce and somewhat inadequate.

Nevertheless, despite all these very divided opinions, it is generally agreed amongst all professional hunters, both Boers and British, with whom I have discussed the question, both in East and South Africa, that the buffalo is perhaps the most dangerous animal, because he is so hard to stop and offers generally so sudden, so determined, and so unfavourable a target when actually charging.

When actually wounded and charging there is little doubt that the buffalo is the toughest of all, because he bursts out suddenly from a concealed spot and presents no vulnerable target, and I know from actual experience how helpless a man feels when one of these brutes comes grunting fiercely at his heels. Of course no man of sense does go poking about in dense bush after a wounded buffalo, but then all hunters are foolhardy sometimes and trouble ensues. We hate to leave a wounded animal, especially if it carries a good head. Thus have nearly all the numerous fatal accidents happened. A charging elephant is nearly always turned by a frontal shot, whereas a buffalo is never stopped unless it is mortally hit, but the chief danger in elephant-hunting seems to be (so Neumann thought) from outside sources—that is from vicious cows in the same herd which may be encountered suddenly. Neumann was an exceedingly brave man, and in his first trips was only armed with an ordinary .256 Mannlicher throwing a solid bullet. His method was to creep right in amongst a herd and shoot the best bull through the heart. This often did not kill it at once, and rendered him liable to be charged suddenly by other members of the herd. Wherefore he rightly estimates that his own form of hunting was the most dangerous of all African hunting. When he got a double .450 high-velocity Rigby he killed elephants much more easily and did not have nearly so many narrow escapes. It therefore seems to be the case that, armed with modern weapons, the hunter of elephants runs no especial risk if he does not try in the first instance to get too close to his quarry and gives it a side shot in the right place, whilst in the case of a charging animal the lion is the easiest to stop and the elephant the easiest to turn and the buffalo the hardest to kill. Yet if a quiet shot can be got at a buffalo bull before he has seen the hunter there seems to be little if any danger to the hunter.

Men who have encountered thousands of buffalo have told us that they have never seen an unwounded buffalo charge and that this only occurs when the hunter suddenly meets one face to face in the bush. But even this is not quite correct.

which to cross Africa—even offering a bond for five thousand pounds on his and Major Barttelot's private account if Stanley's word was not considered sufficient. Tippu-Tib seems to have behaved well, and accompanied Jameson back to Stanley Falls, from which he and Barttelot presently started with some four hundred unruly Manyema savages.

We need not follow poor Jameson's troubles in the ensuing months of June to August, 1888, when, the move failing, owing to ceaseless thefts, desertions and small-pox, Jameson at last reached Unaria and Barttelot returned to Stanley Falls. Barttelot was then murdered, and Jameson returned to Stanley Falls, where he found it impossible to re-organize the expedition without monetary help, which at the time he could not obtain. There being no prospect of doing anything in the way of crossing Africa, and no word or orders having been received from Stanley, Jameson then went down the river to Bangala in order to obtain some reply from the Emin Relief Committee. Tippu-Tib indeed offered himself to go with Jameson, but demanded £20,000—a sum which at the time it was not possible for Jameson to guarantee. On this journey Jameson got wet and caught a chill which soon developed into acute fever. He was a dying man when his good friend Herbert Ward lifted him from the canoe at Bangala, and he only lived for a few days.

Jameson was to all who knew him well of a generous and gentle nature, full of thought for others and a man of high courage.

At the end of May, 1880, Selous reached Bulawayo and met his friends, and left a few days later for the hunting veldt, where they had fine sport with all sorts of game except elephants. On July 24th Jameson and Selous left their waggons on the Umfule river and went in on foot with thirteen natives into the "fly" country to the north. This was a rough, hilly country where rhinoceros were numerous in the hills and hippopotami in the river. The country was quite unknown, but the object of the hunters was to strike east to the Hanyane and follow it down to the Portuguese town of Zumbo on the Zambesi. At Lo

Magondi's kraal they decided to abandon the Hanyane route and to follow the Umfule to its junction with the Umniati.

On July 31st they reached a pool and killed several hippopotami, and the hunters and natives were soon revelling in meat and fat. The next day Selous killed a very fine buffalo bull. In a few days they reached the Umniati and entered the first Banyai village. The party got game almost every day, and on August 10th Selous killed another fine buffalo bull. On the Umniati the natives engaged in the practice of enclosing a space of the river over 200 yards broad and 400 yards in length to confine a herd of hippopotami so as to starve them to death. In one of these the travellers saw ten unfortunate animals which had been enclosed for about three weeks. Occasionally one was speared by the natives when it became exhausted.

On August 17th Jameson and Selous turned homewards towards their waggons, and whilst travelling through the bush suddenly came upon two fine bull elephants. Jameson was in great excitement, as they were the first he had ever seen. The elephants passed broadside and both hunters fired, but the beasts made off. After several more shots—Jameson having got hold of his big rifle—both hunters killed their quarry, then following the course of the Umzweswe for some distance, where Jameson got his first lion, and by striking east to the Umfule river, they got back to their waggons on August 30th.

In a letter to his mother (November 2nd, 1880) Selous says: "I will send you an account of a lion that came to our camp whilst we were away and did a bit of mischief, causing the death amongst other things of Mr. Jameson's servant, a white man named Ruthven." No details of this unfortunate incident are, however, available.

Jameson and Selous continued hunting until November, and then trekked out to Bulawayo. In December Selous bade farewell to Lobengula and reached Bamangwato at the end of the month. Early in 1881 war broke out in the Transvaal, so Jameson and Selous travelled along the borders of the Kalahari desert to Griqualand and reached

suddenly, and in such a way, that I knew the bullet had reached his brain."¹

During the next six weeks Selous shot and preserved many fine specimens of the larger African antelopes for the British Museum, Cape Museum, and London dealers. At this time he met his old friend Dorehill, who was also on a shooting trip. He had with him his young wife, who was probably the first English lady to travel in the interior of Mashunaland. On the way to visit him at his camp Selous killed a leopard which was feeding at mid-day on the carcase of a black rhinoceros killed by Dorehill—a very unusual circumstance.

At this time Selous determined to visit Tete on the Zambesi, going there via the Hanyane river, and to cross the intervening country which was then quite unknown. After leaving his waggons on August 6th, he crossed the Manyami, accompanied by Laer, some natives, and one pack donkey, and passed numerous Mashuna villages on the hills, and so across to Umkwasi to the remarkable hills of Chikasi, where rocks several hundred feet high rise from the level plains. The country here was beautiful and the climate that of an English June, though colder at night. Here Selous lost his only donkey, killed by a hyena.

After crossing the Mutiki and the Dandi rivers, where no game was seen, and reaching Garanga, where guides were obtained, all the party now descended to the Zambesi valley. At the Kadzi river there was a considerable amount of game and swarms of tsetse flies, and so, following the course of the Umsengaisi, Selous reached the Zambesi at Chabonag on August 17th.

Here he decided to make for Zumbo.

After reaching Zumbo, formerly a centre of trade in gold dust and now a trade base for ivory, which mostly came from the Loangwa valley to the north, Selous, after mapping various new features in this region, struck south again. He had difficulty with his guides and, as always happens in the intense heat of the Zambesi valley, was again struck down with fever. He struggled on, however, on foot until Sep-

¹ "Travel and Adventure in S.E. Africa," pp. 37-40.

tember 10th, when Laer turned up with one of his horses, and on September 14th reached his camp, where in the fine air he soon mastered the fever. Early in October he reached the Matabele country and travelled to Klerksdorp, where he despatched his collections to Cape Town and England.

After laying in a fresh stock of provisions and trading goods he again set out for the interior, and in May, 1883, made his permanent camp on the banks of the Manyami river in Mashunaland. After unsuccessfully searching for elephants to the north and west, he crossed the Manyami to the Mazoe river, and from thence proceeded to the eastern bank of the Sabi river, close to the Portuguese frontier, where he hoped to obtain specimens of the now rare white rhinoceros and Liechtenstein's hartebeest. So far the last named was only known from specimens taken at and north of the Zambesi river, so that it was possible that the Sabi hartebeest might be slightly different.¹

On the 11th of July Selous made a start for the south-east, and on the way knocked down a good specimen of the striped eland which, however, he was destined to lose, as he had lost his knife and had not another cartridge to kill it with. The next day he shot a splendid wart-hog, which cut his dog Punch rather badly, and which for many years was the best specimen in his museum. Next day he emerged on to the high open grassy downs between the Manyami and the Mazoe rivers. The climate of this delightful region, which has an elevation from 4500 to 6000 feet, is the best in Mashunaland and has an equable temperature throughout the year except in the months of June and July, which are rather cold. Running streams intersect the plateau in all directions and small patches of forest afford wood and shelter to passing travellers. Fifty years before this beautiful country was heavily populated by peaceful Mashunas, but about 1840 the bloodthirsty Matabele overran the district and slaughtered everyone except a few which were kept for slaves.

In 1883 it was a great country for eland, roan antelope,

¹ Selous, however, did not kill any on this trip. I shot one near the Sabi in 1893 which proved to be identical with the northern race.

and ostriches, several fine specimens of which fell to Selous' rifle. One of these, a female roan with horns 2 ft. 7 in. over the curve, still remains the record for females of this species. Near the river Chingi-Ka he killed a fine bull eland, which he left with some Mashunas who, however, skinned and cut it up during the night. This threw Selous into a rage, and he seized their bows and arrows and assegais and threw them on the fire, and then to their astonishment and annoyance made a bonfire of the rest of the carcass.

On July 30th he reached the river Impali, a tributary of the Sabi. Here was a Mashuna town where all the men carried bows and arrows and the women were tattooed on the forehead, cheeks, breasts and stomach. The next day Selous found tracks of the antelope he had come to hunt, but on this and following days he had no luck in finding them, though some days afterwards he killed a bull rhinoceros. He then returned to his camp on the Manyami, and continued to hunt there till November, and then started south-west on his return home. The day after leaving the Manyami, whilst crossing a tributary of the River Sarua, the wheel of one of his waggons collapsed, and knowing that a Boer and an Englishman were close at hand, Selous determined to go to their camp, borrow a wheel and bring his waggon on, and make the new wheel in a place where he would have the pleasure of talking to some white men. That day Selous rode across country to the camp of Grant and Karl Weyand, and when Laer turned up they received the news that the waggon driver had met five lions on the road. Selous then felt sorry he had not gone by this route, for Laer described the big lion of the party as the most magnificent he had ever seen. Next day Selous rode back to his camp, and on the way he had an exciting adventure with a leopard which he wounded as it ran into the bush. The now angry beast hid in the cover but disclosed its whereabouts when the hunter came close. "However, I had seen whereabouts he was lying, and so determined to fire a shot or two to make him show himself; but before I could do so he again raised his head with another snarl, and immediately after came straight out at me, and at such

a pace that before I could turn my horse and get him started the leopard was right under his tail. He chased me for some sixty or seventy yards before he stopped, coming right into the open and keeping close up the whole time. I pulled in as quickly as I could, and before the plucky little beast regained the bush gave him a second shot which quickly proved fatal. When charging and chasing me this leopard growled and grunted or roared exactly like a lion under similar circumstances, and made just as much noise."

The next day Laer turned up with the wheel, across which lay the fresh skin of a lion he had killed. It appeared that the previous evening when the waggon-driver and a native boy named April were sitting by the fire a lion rushed into the camp and attacked one of the oxen. April fired at it and missed, but Laer, though only a boy, put in another cartridge and took a shot which was fatal.

The following day some men whom Selous had sent into the "fly" to look for elephants returned and reported "a big lion close by." Immediately Selous was out and after him with his dogs, which were led. He had not, however, gone far when he saw the lion lying flat on the ground at right angles to where he was riding. As his horse would not stand, he dismounted.

"All this time the lion had never moved, nor did he now, but lay watching me intently with his yellow eyes. Nothing stirred but his tail, the end of which he twitched slowly, so that the black bunch of hair at its extremity appeared first on one side of him, then on the other. As I raised my rifle to my shoulder I found that the fallen tree-trunk interfered considerably with the fine view I had had of him from my horse's back, as it hid almost all his nose below the eyes. In the position in which he was now holding his head I ought to have hit him about half-way between the nostrils and the eyes, which was impossible; anywhere above the eyes would have been too high, as the bullet would have glanced from his skull, so that it required a very exact shot to kill him on the spot. However, there was no time to wait, and, trying to aim so that the bullet should just clear the fallen log and catch him between the eyes, I fired. With

a loud roar he answered the shot, and I instantly became aware that he was coming straight at me with open mouth and flaming eyes, growling savagely. I knew it was hopeless to try to get another cartridge into my single-barrelled rifle, and utterly useless to try to mount, more especially as my horse, startled by the loud hoarse grunts and sudden and disagreeable appearance of the charging lion, backed so vigorously that the bridle (to a running ring on which a strong thong was attached, the other end being fastened to my belt) came over his head. I had a strong feeling that I was about to have an opportunity of testing the accuracy of Dr. Livingstone's incredible statement that, for certain reasons (explained by the Doctor), a lion's bite gives no pain; but there was no time to think of anything in particular. The whole adventure was the affair of a moment. I just brought my rifle round in front of me, holding the small of the stock in my right hand and the barrel in my left, with a vague idea of getting it into the lion's mouth, and at the same time yelled as loud as I could, 'Los de honden, los de honden,' which being translated means, 'Let loose the dogs.' In an instant, as I say, the lion was close up to me. I had never moved my feet since firing, and whether it was my standing still facing him that made him alter his mind, or whether he heard the noise made by my people, who, hearing my shot, immediately followed by the loud growling of the lion, were all shouting and making a noise to frighten the lion from coming their way, I cannot take upon myself to say; but he came straight on to within about six yards of me, looking, I must say, most unpleasant, and then suddenly swerved off, and passing me, galloped away."¹

The dogs then ran him to bay alongside a big anthill.

"As soon as he saw me he paid no further heed to his canine foes, but stood, with his eyes fixed on the most dangerous of his assailants, growling hoarsely, and with his head held low between his shoulders—just ready to charge, in fact. I knew my horse would not stand steady, so jumped off, and taking a quick aim fired instantly, as it does not do to wait when a lion is looking at you like this,

¹ "Travel and Adventure in S.E. Africa," pp. 130-133.

CHAPTER VII

1886-1889

DURING the year 1886 Selous did but little hunting and shooting, though he twice made short visits to Matabeleland both before and after a journey home to England, where he remained for several months. In the following year he was employed to act as guide and hunter to Messrs. J. A. Jameson,¹ A. C. Fountaine,² and F. Cooper,³ on a long trip to Mashunaland, in which all concerned had wonderful sport. The party killed twelve lions, and discovered the remarkable limestone caves of Sinoia and the subterranean lake whose waters are cobalt blue.⁴

A main camp was established on the Upper Manyami, and from there hunts were organized in all directions. The travels of the four Englishmen occupied the greater part of the year.

It was during this expedition that one day whilst chasing four koodoo bulls Selous charged straight into one of the pitfalls made by the natives for trapping game. The impact was so great that the horse broke his back and Selous himself so injured the tendons of one of his legs that he was unable to walk for three weeks afterwards. In such a life as he had, much of which was spent in rough country, racing game at full speed on horseback, it was unavoidable that the hunter should meet with numerous falls. He was, however, so tough and clever that in most

¹ J. A. Jameson, a brother of J. S. Jameson.

² A. C. Fountaine, of Narford Hall, Norfolk.

³ Frank Cooper, of Bulwell Hall, Notts, another well-known big game hunter of his period who had had in previous years excellent sport with wapiti in Colorado, where he and his brother secured some remarkable heads.

⁴ For Selous' own account of these caves and their discovery see "Proc. Geographical Soc.," May, 1888.

cases he escaped unhurt, but once, when chasing a black rhinoceros on the Manyami river in 1883, he had a bad fall and smashed his collar-bone, and on another occasion, in October, 1880, whilst chasing a bull eland, he dashed at full speed into a dead tree branch. Even after this he killed his game, but on reaching camp became half-unconscious with concussion of the brain. There was a deep wound on the side of his eye which destroyed the tear-duct, leaving a cavity which eventually healed up, but a year after, one day in London, he coughed up a piece of wood that must have been driven right through the tear-duct till it reached the passage at the back of the nose. The scar on his face seen in all later photographs of Selous was caused by the recoil of his first elephant-gun, which his native servant had inadvertently loaded twice.

Of the expedition of 1887, when Selous hunted with J. A. Jameson, A. C. Fountaine, and Frank Cooper, no complete record seems to have been kept, but Selous narrates a few of their adventures in his articles in the *Geographical Society's Journal*¹ (1888), and in "Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa," pp. 445-7, he gives some details of their wanderings.

It was not the habit of Selous to give up any scheme, however difficult, once he had set his heart upon it. We have seen how often his plans for reaching the "Promised Land" beyond the Zambesi had been foiled, but he never abandoned the idea and resolved to put it into execution whenever the opportunity should occur. At last, in 1888, he found himself free to make another attempt. He was in good health and possessed an ample supply of money to purchase material, which in the case of the long journey involved was a necessity.

He left Bamangwato on April 9th, 1888, with two waggons, five salted horses, and sixteen donkeys. His intention was to go first to Lialui and take up his residence with Lewanika for at least a year. Panda-ma-tenka was reached on the

¹ Selous was a regular contributor to the *Geographical Society's Journal*. In course of time the Society honoured his discoveries by giving him the Cuthbert Peek grant, the Back Premium and the Founder's Gold Medal.

“Apparently your ‘African Nature Notes’ was ‘hoodooed’ by my introduction and the dedication to me ; but I cannot help hoping that you will now publish a book giving your experiences in East Africa and up the White Nile. Without the handicap of my introduction, I think it would do well ! Seriously, the trouble with your ‘African Nature Notes’ is that it is too good. The ideal hunting-book ought not to be a simple record of slaughter ; it ought to be good from the literary standpoint and good from the standpoint of the outdoor naturalist as well as from the standpoint of the big game hunter. Stigand’s books fulfil both the latter requirements, but he has not your power to write well and interestingly, and he has a rather morbid modesty or self-consciousness which makes him unable to tell simply and as a matter of course the really absorbingly interesting personal adventures with which he has met. Unfortunately, however, the average closet naturalist usually wants to read an utterly dry little book by some closet writer, and does not feel as if a book by a non-professional was worth reading—for instance, I was interested in London to find two or three of my scientific friends, who knew nothing whatever about protective coloration in the field, inclined to take a rather sniffy view of your absolutely sound and, in the real sense, absolutely scientific, statement of the case. On the other hand, the average man who reads hunting-books is too apt to care for nothing at all but the actual account of the hunting or of the travelling, because he himself knows no more about the game than the old Dutch and South African hunters whom you described used to know about the different ‘species’ of lion and black rhinoceros. Nevertheless I am sure that your ‘African Nature Notes’ will last permanently as one of the best books that any big game hunter and out-of-doors naturalist has ever written. Charles Sheldon was saying exactly this to me the other day. By the way, I hope he will soon write something about his experiences in Alaska. They are well worth writing about. I am much irritated because Shiras, some of whose pictures I once sent you, will not make any use of his extraordinary mass of notes and photographs of

over North and South Rhodesia, and in British Central Africa, as well as in East Africa. Every trip I have made during the last few years has been marred by rain. My last trip to East Africa was very much spoilt by rain and long grass, then the trip to Sardinia, as well as the last ones to Yukon and Newfoundland, were much spoilt by rain. I hope that you have now quite recovered from the effects of the pleurisy you caught last year in British Columbia. Are you going anywhere this year I wonder?"

Selous' first trip with MacMillan was successful in his getting several new species for his collection, but what he most wanted was a good black-maned lion. He was, however, unsuccessful in this. Mr. Williams, a member of his party, found three lions one day and killed two of them somewhat easily. The third charged and seized the unfortunate hunter by the leg, severely biting him. His life, however, was saved by the bravery of his Swahili gun-bearer, who gave the lion a fatal shot as it stood over his master. Mr. Williams was carried to hospital in Nairobi, where he lay between life and death for some time, and then completely recovered.

At the beginning of September, 1910, the Second International Congress of Field Sports was held at Vienna in connection with the Exhibition. The First Congress met at Paris in 1907, when the British delegate was Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, while, at Vienna, Selous was appointed by Sir Edward Grey, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as the official delegate from this country. The Congress was divided into three separate sections, dealing respectively with the Economic Importance, the Science and Practice, and the Legislation of Field Sports. The meetings of these three sections were held simultaneously, and the British delegate confined his attention to Section III (Legislation). In this section he was instrumental, with the cordial support of his French colleague, Comte Justinien Clary, President of the St. Hubert Club of France, in securing the passing of an important resolution in favour of the International Protection of Migrating Birds (especially the quail and woodcock).

At the Exhibition Great Britain was represented by a very fair collection of Big Game heads. Selous sending his best Koodoo, Wart Hog, White Rhinoceros, and Alaskan Moose, all exceptional specimens.

Selous was delighted with all he saw of the Great Hunting Exhibition, by far the finest of its kind ever offered to the public. I had hoped to meet him there, as I was going to hunt in Galicia, but found he had left for home. After describing the exhibition he wrote to me :—

“ Warburton Pike wishes me to tell you that he will show you round the Exhibition. The Hungarian, Austrian and old German stags' heads are simply wonderful, but there are so many that it is bewildering. Weidmann's Heil.”

Warburton Pike, here mentioned, was a splendid specimen of an Englishman, who was to British Columbia and Arctic Canada what Selous himself was to Africa. In his person existed a type of pioneer as modest as courageous. His travels and privations in the Arctic barren grounds made him known to most people in Canada, whilst his unselfish devotion and unfailing kindness to his fellow colonists endeared him to thousands of “ voyageurs ” who battled with the forces of Nature in the far North-West. He had a little mine amongst the Jack pines above Dease Lake where he lived, in the four working months, chiefly on tea, game and “ flapjacks.” Here he wrested from a refractory soil about as much gold as would have satisfied a Chinaman. Nevertheless, he toiled on year after year, because he had faith and the grit that bites deep even when common sense says, “ Is it good enough ? ”

Every spring saw “ Pikey ” full of hope, dragging his canoe with two Indians up the rain-drenched valley of the Stikine for 200 miles, and then on with pack-horses to his mine, another 100 miles, and every fall he raced downward to the sea, disappointed, but undefeated. When people met him in Vancouver, they would say, “ How goes it, Pikey ? ” Then his kind face would light up. “ Splendid,” he would rep'y, though he had hardly enough money to buy bread and butter.

Yet no one ever appealed to Warburton Pike in vain, for