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THE
NORTHERN GOLDFIELDS
DIARIES OF
THOMAS BAINES

FIRST JOURNEY
1870-1871

edited by
J. P. R. WALLIS

VOLUME TWO



LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1946

BAINES



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SLAVE RIDING

VIII, 279-59

of the present writer's 'Life' of him, which also contains another, conjecturally belonging to 1873, showing him at a table with his box of water-colours. The portrait fronting volume one of this edition of his diaries is characteristic of his simple-mindedness: he stands, a little man, with his rifle, the bayonet mentioned in his journal, and a Union Jack, the flag which, in his pride of Englishry, he always bore with him. It is unadornedly Baines. The frontispiece to volume two, somewhat too obviously 'posed' by an unimaginative and sentimental photographer, still repays study, preserving, as it does, his comely features and especially the dark brown eyes, bright and alert yet thoughtful. Most of those who know anything of him know the masculine portrait of him in the *Gold Regions*, which is impressive in spite of the monumental background in the bad taste of the time. The Southern Rhodesia Archives possesses the watercolour study by G. F. Angas, an ineffectual piece of draughtsmanship, commissioned by Baines in the mid-eighteen-forties to send home to his mother. There are sketches he made of himself, most of them introduced into his pictures, none of them in any way elaborated, but giving the artist as he saw himself, with full locks and untrimmed beard.

VI

The text of the first diary, here for the first time made public, is compiled from the following imperfect sets of Baines's holograph in the following collections:

- (a) the Southern Rhodesia Archives
- (b) the library of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer
- (c) the library of the Royal Geographical Society.

The artist's script, though microscopic in some of the more crowded pages, presents singularly few textual difficulties: only here and there, when a carbon sheet has slipped, something may be missing at the foot of a page. But his frequent, though not consistent practice of repeating the last phrase on one sheet at the beginning of the next, supplies some of the lacunae, more than once with verbal differences of no account. These have been ignored, for in no instance are the variations noteworthy. Moreover Baines has been kind to his editors in that, after his alert and communicative fashion, he usually acts as his own elucidator, and leaves relatively few passages in need of explanation through distracting footnotes. When necessary his rendering of proper names has been regularised,

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though there are cases where it has not been easy to choose one form rather than another, and the variations have been allowed to stand. What may be called the evolutionary variations in the king's name have been preserved as likely to be of interest.

The text of the second diary is taken wholly from the copy in Sir Ernest Oppenheimer's library, along with most of the documents here printed in the appendixes to volume III.

As in the preparation of the Moffat volumes in this series, so here, the Editor is indebted to the ready co-operation of the Southern Rhodesia Archivist, Mr. V. W. Hiller. Grateful acknowledgement is also made to Sir Ernest Oppenheimer for the generous loan, from his collection of Bainesiana, of diaries and other documents amplifying those in the possession of the Archives. Indebtedness to assistance, always liberally given, in elucidating obscurer points in the diaries is thankfully expressed in footnotes to the passages themselves. And once again I have to thank my wife for most patient and painstaking help in the correction of the proofs.

J. P. R. WALLIS

SALISBURY
26th April, 1946

ADDENDUM

While these volumes were passing through the press the following passages, relative to Baines's reference on page 498 to the Mashona chief, Watah or Wahta, came to light. They are both from statements made at the request of the High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir H. B. Loch, concerning Lobengula's claim to the overlordship of Mashonaland. The first is an extract from J. S. Moffat's report, dated Mafeking, May 6th, 1890 :

' Before I left Matebeleland again in 1865, an impi had broken up the last Mashona stronghold in this direction, [*i.e.*, in north-eastern Mashonaland]. I was at Emplangeni [possibly Empangeni, some forty miles east of Inyati] in 1864 when the impi returned, having overcome Wahta, very far away N.E., I think on the headwaters of the Mazoë River. An enormous booty in cattle was brought back. They passed in front of my house in a continuous stream during a space of six hours. The old chief Wahta was himself brought as a captive. After keeping him several months at headquarters, the chief Umsilegasi sent him home again, promising

kind of goods but in an assortment as varied as possible, comprising say, horses (salted), muskets, powder, lead, caps, blankets of various kinds, clothing, calico, brass wire, knives, etc.

Mr. Cruickshank also wishes to have a picture and agrees to give goods useful to the expedition.

Tuesday, March 22nd. Leask and Robertson off to Matabele-land. Mr. Cruickshank gave me the following goods:

2 tweed jackets	10/-	£1	0	0
5 white cotton blankets	7/-	1	15	0
5 blue .. .	6/-	1	10	0
9 lbs beads	2/6	1	2	6
4 shirts	3/6		14	0
2 doz. knives	13/6	1	7	0
1 m. percussion caps	12/-		12	0
6 tins powder	5/-	1	10	0
12 lb candles	2/3	1	7	0
		£	10	17 6

The picture is to be sent to Mr. John Cruickshank, at Messrs. Crawford and Cruickshank, 54 Lime Street, London, E.C. I shall enclose it, properly marked, in a case to our secretary, Mr. Oliver.

Mr. Cruickshank seems to think of taking shares in our company, and will most likely call at Threadneedle Street when he goes home. Mr. Lee wants to take 150 shares and Byles wants shares also. I rather look on this as a good sign. Charles Meyer's locksmith would like to be employed, and he is a handy man, smith in general, and a sailor. I have not an opening for him yet, but when the land is bought and Nelson comes back, I shall know better what to do.

Wednesday, March 23rd. Finding the field of my little red ensign torn, I applied to Mrs. Zeitzmann, who repaired it very neatly for me. Among the horns sold yesterday by Mr. Zeitzmann to Mr. Cruickshank was one of a white rhinoceros, three feet ten inches and a half long and weighing twenty-two pounds. Zeitzmann has seen a horn four feet long but so thin that it only weighed ten pounds. This was straight and would therefore belong to the *kobaaba*.¹ The first mentioned curved back and would therefore be of the *mahooho*.

While writing last night I killed two or three moths which annoyed me by continually sweeping over my paper, and before long noticed one of them begin to move. The moth was fully an inch long and

¹ Sechuana name, *Kobaoba*, for the large horned white rhinoceros (J. T. Brown and G. C. Shortridge). *Mahooho*, is the Sechuana *mogohu*.

Inyassi gave me the names of some hills to the southward, but they were generally Inthaba Magholi (the hill of the Magholies or slaves), Inthaba Mashuna (of the Mashonas) or Inthaba Macgaigisa (probably of the Maccatees). The country round Emampanjene was overhung with dense heavy rain-clouds, and towards the close of the afternoon the wind came from the S.W. and drove them in our direction. We crossed some other ridges, swamped and soft with the rains, and encamped among trees from which our kaffirs soon constructed a cattle kraal, and while they were doing so, Jewell called to me to see a rainbow after the sun had set. Of course the sun had but just gone, and the bow still lingering on the cloud was at its utmost elevation, apparently hanging like a mirror inclined towards us almost overhead, and towards the horizon a small portion of the returning curve seemed visible; but in a few seconds it faded quite away. Of course I have no observation for latitude: our day's work is 8 miles 2 fur. 101 yds. 2 ft 7 in. E.N.E. magnetic.

Watson had a long shot at giraffes (a pair with a young one) during the day.

Friday, May 20th. We left the spruits of the Tyabensi and reached the first spruit of the Umvungu running south-east, from which it would appear that, though the real watershed is about 30 miles south of us and the rivers of course have their rise in it, there must be a kind of secondary ridge or rather gentle swell to the north of us which causes the rivulets to run to the southward till they can sweep round to join the main stream.

We saw the spoor of a large troop of buffaloes, but could not fall in with them, and outspanned after having dragged the waggons 1 mile 7 furlongs and a few yards. One of our boys informed us that there were lakes, or rather long pools, in the river just above us frequented by zeekoes. Inyassi and Mackenzie fell in with and wounded a large white rhinoceros that was grazing among a herd of Sassāāybies, and Watson shot a Harrisbuck or sable antelope, called by the Dutch Zwaartwitpens (or black-white-belly), by the Bechuanas *potaquine*, or sometimes, by the tribes to whom it is less familiar, Quahata nchu, or the black roan-antelope.

Leaving the driver to span in, I went forward to Watson's buck, a full-grown female in fine condition, with beautiful glossy coat of deep vandyke brown enriched by an under growth of sienna-coloured hair which, shining through the darker colour, gave a kind of chestnut richness to it. The horns were exceedingly sharp, in fact so much so as to feel sharp to the touch, just as if the finger were placed upon the point of an awl or a moderately sharp-pointed nail. I sketched it and took the following measurements:

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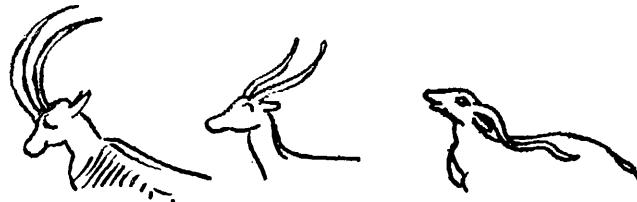
In colour the skin was of a rusty grey more or less covered with black hair, close, short and sleek upon the legs, which had a brownish tint, more scanty on the sides and long and full on the neck and withers like the bristles on the neck of a hog.

It is often said of an elephant that no man knows what his real colour is. This is not strictly true, for we all know that an elephant, when clean, is of a moderately deep iron grey. But what is meant is that few persons see his real colour, but rather that of the last mud in which he has made his bath or the last dust he has sprinkled over his skin. I have seen a black rhinoceros as red as the tawny orange-coloured soil could make him and there is a joke against some amateur hunters at the Tati that, seeing one in this condition, they hastened homeward, alleging as their reason that if the black rhinoceros was more dangerous than the white, the *red species* must be far worse than either. The buffalo also delights in his mud bath, and ours had last been in a dark grey adhering soil which in the sunlight gave almost a bluish colour to their sides.

The arrival of the oxen cut short our observations. Mackenzie made fast to the large bull and started without much difficulty, but when I went over to help Charlie with the younger one, I found that his after-oxen turned round to look at the grim carcase and, when they saw it move and follow as they pulled, they became wild with terror and we were obliged to outspan them. The next pair caught the infection and broke their yoke in their efforts to get away, but the keen smart of the whip-thong prevailed over the fear of the dead buffalo and heavily enough the carcase was dragged homeward. The men had already commenced skinning the first, but by a little arrangement we managed to hide the defects and Jewell got a very good photograph, with the men grouped around the waggon in the distance and [a] clump of dwarf palms telling very effectively in the rear of the figures. All hands were then set to cut up, or fleck, the meat into strips which, with a little salt upon them, were hung on lines and poles from tree to tree to dry in the sun; and during this process several of our bullets were extracted and the merits and defects of the various spots commented on. One of Jewell's had entered near the shoulder but, grazing the bone without breaking it, had lodged in the tough muscle of the elbow joint, while that which I had aimed behind the ear, intending it to be the death shot, had split on one of the edges of the massive bone there and had not penetrated to the brain. The horns and tails were cut off as trophies, one for each of us. The former were cleaned of all the cellular bone-work that could be chopped out and then filled in with salt and boiling water to keep off the flies and horn-worms;

the right and disappeared, and we lost the best of the fun, for he turned short round and with elevated nose charged right through the ranks of our followers, causing some to drop their bundles and stumble over dead trees, and one at least to seek refuge high among the branches, to the great enjoyment of Inyoka, who described the scene with infinite merriment and was wonderfully pleased when I sketched it and showed it to the men. We saw one troop of thirty-five sable antelopes and another of forty-two waterbucks, standing not far from each other, and at different times during the day passed very close—within 80 or 100 yards—of individuals; but an elephant hunter never fires while he thinks there is a chance that an elephant may be within hearing and be driven away by the report of his gun. I would have brought down one with my rifle, as making less noise, but the people were not in want of meat, and I could not have carried away the horns or stayed to sketch it.

The action of the sable antelope is like that of a high-withered horse reined in, the neck with its upright mane being held high, the nose drawn backward and the curved horns—which form a very large segment of a circle, sometimes not far from half of it—rise boldly from above the eyebrows and are carried high into the air. The *Tamorgha*¹ holds its head and wide semi-lyrated horns in what



we should think a more natural position, while the koodoo throws its spreading spiral horns back till they lie over its shoulders along the body on either side, forming a wedge-like armour for it as it rushes through the dense thickets. The saplings with which the sable antelope would come in contact would easily be brushed aside by its horns, while those of the *Tamorgha*, it will be seen, offer little impediment.

Mr. McMaster saw 30 ostriches in a troop near the Umvuli, and Mr. Hartley saw 60 together, several years ago. I have known of a man in Cape Town who had bought among the bushmen upwards of 100 lbs of feathers, and boasted of having shot all the 'birds', but the killing of an ostrich by a white man is not an everyday feat.

¹ Waterbuck.

I heard at Vaal River, years ago, of a man who had a horse that would catch an ostrich, but this was owing as much to the judgment of the rider as the speed of the horse. If an ostrich is pressed hard after leaving his drinking place, his speed fails somewhat, and a man who knows the country will guess the curves the bird is going to make. The stroke of a sjambok across the neck will disable the bird. I am told a hunter named Riley killed 130 birds worth £300 in one year, but he keeps 60 horses and does not care about losing one now and then, and has several lightweight Hottentot riders in his service.

Mr. Hartley tells me the marrow of the rietbok, though small in quantity, is the most delicate in flavour, but the flesh is very rank. He agrees with me that, of animals in common use, the marrow of the koodoo is most excellent but, for quantity and quality combined, he prefers that of the giraffe and wonders how Sir S. Baker could say the giraffe has no marrow. That of the kringgaat or waterbuck, when cold, is as hard as tallow. The elephant has marrow in the round bone of the shoulder and the round bone of the thigh; the rest of the bones are cellular and the marrow is obtained only in the form of oil, to be sucked out when roasted and the bone chopped into small pieces. He never tried the quagga, but I can answer for the one I experimented on. Its bones contained a rank oily matter in honeycomb-like cavities and the sight was not tempting enough to induce me to taste it. One of the men shot a sable antelope and its marrow was good and firm, but like tallow when it grew cold. Molony said he had heard of an elephant with two perfect hearts but could not tell exactly how they were placed. Mr. Hartley once possessed an ox with an extra hind leg growing out of the left hip: it reached to the true hock and was stiff and powerless.

Thursday, September 1st. Last night we had found the Sarua came from the south-east a considerable distance and, having traced it up several miles, we crossed it and slept on the southern side. We now travelled more southerly and, finding the grass burnt off nearly the whole country, Oude Baas gave up almost the hope of finding elephants and, when the next rhinoceros appeared, turned the horses toward it. For a little while we were unperceived, but the trampling of so many feet conveyed the alarm and from the manner in which it ran, carrying its unshapely head low down and its horn pointing forward, we saw that it was a white one, a large cow followed by a well-grown calf. Molony took the lead and fired several shots and, as Jacob was not up to give me my gun, I followed with Mr. Hartley, just far enough behind not to be in the way. At length the firing ceased and we saw Molony standing by his horse,

having just picked himself up after a fall which had severely sprained his wrist. The rhinoceros had escaped.

Our scattered forces were again collected and a couple of young cows of the black variety were seen and chase given. My gun had not yet come up and I therefore followed Mr. Hartley till my steed began to fret and pull at his curb and, thinking that if I vexed him too much he might run me foul of some tree, I slackened the rein and was soon ahead of the field. A splendid sable antelope, startled by the chase, passed ahead of me from right to left and then, taking a parallel course, was running beside me 'not forty yards distance, stopping for a moment to gaze in wonder as we pulled up with the rhinoceroses on our right, their great pig-shaped bodies, supported by their disproportionately diminutive legs, appearing rather a light warm grey against the burnt grass than 'black', according to the name of the species. Unlike the other kind they carry their heads high, with their sharp curved black horns perked up into the air, and, having closed to within thirty yards of them, we had a good view of every detail of their form. One was already wounded, her nostrils gory and her prehensile lip working convulsively, but the other lowered her head and Mr. Hartley shouted me to take care, as she was making up her mind to charge. 'She who hesitates is lost', saith the proverb, and the result proved its truth, for the six-to-the-pound rifles of Hartley and Molony gave forth their fire and, squealing loudly, she ran a hundred yards or so and fell with a broken shoulder and a bullet in the rump. Oude Baas, notwithstanding his last year's accident, was on her, knife in hand, ready to cut before she had breathed her last, but I begged a few minutes' reprieve while I made a sketch in my little note-book. The length from nose to rump, roughly measured, was 8 feet 8, the animal being quite a young cow of what is called the blue variety of the black species. I believe it to be the keitloa, or that which frequently has the uppermost horn nearly as large as the foremost. The kaffirs however had found out that it was fat and, as my sketch-book had now arrived, I retired to the other, which was somewhat larger and had fallen—or rather sunk—to the ground in an upright position, the legs being doubled under her and the lower jaw resting on the ground, as if she was only sleeping. Mr. Hartley was willing to gratify my desire to sketch, but time was pressing and therefore, while I sat on the off side, he and the kaffirs squatted on the near, and I suppose one half the rhinoceros was pretty well anatomised before I had sketched the other. The dark neutral grey in this was more apparent, especially as I was on the shadow side, and there was but little dust on the skin, and the trees—some dead or leafless,

others bearing the full richly coloured young foliage of fresh and vivid green, bright yellow or rich crimson—gave more than ample opportunity for plenty of colour in the picture. The ears are large and fringed with black hair, the eyes very small and immediately under the second horn. The tail has a tuft formed of one ridge of black hair projecting horizontally on each side. I was soon called to breakfast off the fat cut from outside the ribs, roasted on three ramrods stuck into the ground and served up in similar manner before us.

We turned south, crossing the head of the Simbo, then followed another river nearly northward to near the Umvuli where the elephants had crossed it on Friday, and, turning west round a quartz hill, found a pretty little stream with good grass near it on which our oxen might feed, and about 4 p.m., we reached the waggons, having seen another reef, not of very good quality, between the two roads which cross the Umvuli river.

Mr. Hartley recognises six varieties or rather six varieties of form and colour: first the elephant rhinoceros or white one with its back shaped like that of an elephant and with the ridge very sharp. Next the common white or *Mahoohoo*; the horn is rather stump pointed; it is distinct from the other white and they are never seen together.



These two are called *Inchombo* by the Matabele. He does not think the *Koboaba* or straight horned (R. Osweill) different from the *Mahoohoo*. Among the black the first is the blue rhinoceros, the horns of which sometimes become equal in length (? *Keitloa*); then the black with one fold on the neck and behind the shoulder, but not so marked as the folds in the skin of the Indian rhinoceros. The other two are, I believe, the *Boriele* and the *Borileana* or little black rhinoceros, exceedingly fierce and vicious: this, I believe, is



also called *Maghalie* or fierce. A peculiarity well known to hunters is that when a rhinoceros is fat you may count all its ribs, because the fat swells up the skin above them: when it is thin the skin lies

smooth and the ribs cannot be seen. My sketch of yesterday represents a fat one.

Friday, September 2nd. I found Golube at the fire and asked why he did not go away. He said he wanted his pay, a blanket. I asked whether he would take a broken one and he refused. I asked him how he could break his engagement with me and then expect a whole blanket. He entered into the usual protestations that he had come to work at the stones and not to hunt elephants; just as some weeks before he had said his work was to carry a gun and not bring mud to build a house. I asked whether he would take his proportion of the blanket and go, or not, and on his refusal I called for a sjambok and drove him from the fire. He had previously threatened to run away, but now the length of the journey and the chance of being eaten by lions rose vividly before his eyes. Inyassi interfered, and asked why I would throw away the king's man. I told him so long as men worked for me I would treat them well and pay them well up to their full agreement, and if their behaviour was good I would not even keep them strictly down to the exact amount; that they knew very well I always listened to all they had to say, and if Golube had spoken properly I would have heard him, but when he sullenly refused to work I could do no other than drive him away, and the king would support me in it; that the value of the blanket was nothing to me—I should not keep it but should give it to the king and let him keep it from Golube. Inyassi was for some time inclined to be high-handed, and Jewell coming up and joining issue with a sharp response, I had enough to do to prevent a desperate quarrel between him and Inyassi. At length Inyassi began to plead that if I drove Golube away the lions would eat him, and he himself, as the head of the king's men, would be held accountable for his loss. I asked why, as the headman, he did not keep the rest in order, and he said Golube was his master. I told him the king had placed him with me as the head of my Matabele, and if he allowed any of them to become his master he was no longer worthy to be headman; that Golube was not my master and, after a direct refusal to work, he must expect to be driven away or to be thrashed if he came near the fire; that I should do this for him, and Jewell or Watson would do the same in my absence. He then begged me to give him the man, so that he might not be devoured by wild beasts or starved in consequence of the other white men refusing to take a deserter, and consented to the forfeiture of his pay. I told him if the man kept out of my way I would not go and look for him, but I could not allow him to come and sit at the fire before my eyes with the other men who were doing their work.

One of Mr. Hartley's men has driven an assegai through his arm: he was up a tree robbing a bees' nest, having set his assegai against the stem of it. The bees resented the intrusion and stung him so fiercely that he slilt down in a hurry and in so doing he received the blade of the assegai in his arm-pit, the point coming out just below the shoulder. We gave him a dose of salts to keep off inflammation, and tied a piece of calico round it, and I have no doubt it will heal in less time than most people at home would believe. He does not consider his hurt was the consequence of any carelessness with the assegai, but is a punishment for killing a waterbird called *Tegwanie*¹ or hammerhead, some time ago and breaking its nest to pieces—a pretty example, if the story were nicely worked up, for naughty boys who go birdnesting at home.



After breakfast I went to the 'solid reef' to break out quartz, but found only a very few specks. After noon I went to the 'off-saddle tree' and Mr. Hartley accompanied me, but we had no luck today.²



Saturday, September 3rd. We were talking of the capability of animals to learn by experience and I mentioned that formerly in Namaqua- or Damara-land elephants would go in line, and the foremost would search for pitfalls and would uncover them, when the rest of the herd would unconcernedly walk past; but when the hunters began to dig scherms and cover them, with the exception of openings at each end to shoot from, the elephants began to give a

¹ Austen Roberts (*Birds of South Africa*, p. 26) gives i-Tegwaan as the Zulu and -Tshekwane and -uTekwane as the Xosa form. The bird is *Scopus umbretta bannermani*.

² This inset is inscribed, 'Drawn to show Inyoka the power [? possibility] of producing four sketches at a time with black paper'.

the place whence we had started in the morning and it was evident that the herd had taken alarm from the passage of the waggons and that, moreover, they were cows and calves, perhaps hardly worth shooting. Mr. Wood decided to give up the chase and off-saddle after $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours' riding. He had found time before leaving the waggon to bag four roasted chickens and these, with a draught of water, made an acceptable tiffin, the ants cleaning the bones as we threw them down. Mr. Wood says if a house is infested with ants (white ants) strew straw in arsenic and throw it down near their holes. The workers will cut it to pieces and carry it to feed their queen and when she dies they will desert the place. This is worth knowing.

He says one kind of rhinoceros is called *Bo Ingliba*; it is a white variety; it has the front horn about 12 inches long; the hinder a mere lump. It has its ears filled with long black hairs 6 or 8 inches long, making the ears look very large. It has no hump on the withers or *skoff*, as the Dutch call it. He shot one near Cheebie, a Mashona chief on the eastern slope.

The *changani* has a short front horn and a long back one. It has the prehensile lip like the black rhinoceros.



Bo Ingliba



Changani

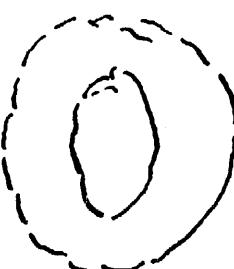
Much of the country we had passed through was granite, in huge boulders, one of which seemed ready to slip off at the slightest touch from the shelving rock which supported it, and as we passed under it I thought that I would not willingly incur the risk of resting there, and still less of firing a gun, lest the concussion of the air should set it in motion. Mr. Wood says somewhat farther north-east is a tall rock like a pillar which the Mashonas consider as a god. They had renewed the kraal fence round it this year and go to worship it and pray to it. Whether they offer sacrifice or look on it as the actual divinity or only as a sacred emblem I cannot tell. Maghoonda went a few weeks ago to worship his god, but I cannot learn with what rites and ceremonies.

Wednesday, September 21st. In the morning trek we passed alternate open valleys and sand-bults with the usual soft-wood trees. The *makoonda* was plentiful but its pleasant mealy fruit was not ripe, everything being backward this season. The *makobakoba* was bearing fruit, and Mr. Wood says that it will be delicious in the

Tuesday, October 4th. We moved at sunrise and saw fresh spoor crossing the road. We made a straight course, leaving the bend of the road, in which 'the Trap' is, far upon our left. The two roads join again in a patch of *matchabeela* trees among granite boulders—or rather rocks denuded by decomposition of the other portions—about half a mile to the east of the spruit where I caught the butterflies. We crossed this, and reached the next or double spruit, where we found that Mr. Hartley's foot-hunters had returned. All the available boys were sent to cut out the tusks of the dead elephants and to eat or bring home as much flesh as they cared for.

After breakfast we saddled up and rode north-west with a single attendant each. I had offered a horse to Charlie if he wished to go, but he felt tired and declined. We went south-west till we crossed our tracks of yesterday and also the old road by which waggons formerly came in, in some parts 6 or 7 miles N.W. of the present one.

We found the *makoonas*¹ bearing fine ripe fruit and the ground strewed with it. It is about the shape and size of the subjoined figure: it has a stone or kernel surrounded [by] fruity substance resembling in taste a very firm sweetish apple with the mealiiness of a potato: the elephants are very fond of these.



We crossed a sandy spruit running among huge masses of granite, and ascended one of a couple of bare round granite mounds of great extent, from which we could see the hills of the *Tsetse* to the north of the Umzweswe. The hills of the fly were also visible to the south-west, and every hundred yards in that direction had to be ridden with caution.

The elephants seemed to have been wandering about, each at its individual pleasure, and feeding on small leafy branches as they went, but we could not 'get the spoor away' from the maze or labyrinth of tracks. Mr. Hartley says the elephant will go a mile an hour while he is sleeping. He was on the spoor of a troop once, but was bothered by separate tracks turning out to leeward, as it was necessary to get the lee gage of them all, for if one had smelled 'the wind' of the hunters, he would have alarmed the rest and all would have run. They overtook one old bull fast asleep, nodding his great head just as a man does, and every now and then, as it seemed, he

¹ *Parinarium mobola* Oliv.: Mabola plum or hissing tree: see Steedman, p. 11. 'The fruit a drupe, the size of a plum, russet yellow, the stone relatively large and covered with a brownish wool.'

would overbalance himself and pitch forward, and mechanically advancing his fore feet to the side that wanted support. They rode up and shouted to him, hoping he would wake and lead them to the herd, and at length they agreed to fire. Two caps were snapped, and still he would not wake, and when at last the gun went off and a bullet lodged in his side, he made off at a great rate but quite at random.

Mr. Hartley once shot 4 bulls whose tusks weighed 360 lbs: I think they were at Sebombom's. Another day he shot 14 whose tusks weighed 400. I think this was on the Crocodile River. He shot one with a broken tusk of 100 lbs and a perfect one of 122 $\frac{1}{2}$. The latter is now in the inner chancel of St. Peter's at Rome and is carved into a pillar for a holy water font: it is 8 feet long and perfectly straight. The elephant was small, not bigger than a large cow. The tusks he bought of Botha were one 150 and the other 152 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dutch lbs, 100 Dutch being equal to 108 English. They are now in Berlin museum. I saw them all three on the Grahamstown market.

Wednesday, October 5th. Trekked at sunrise. The track of a large snake crossed the road: it was nearly a foot wide, but the sinuous motion of a snake makes the track wider than his body. We outspanned at Sebaque at our old kraal, and when the people returned from the dead elephants, we found that two out of the last three had been shot close to the foot of the small hill in which we had found a wolf's cave when Watson and I went hunting from here during the passage up.

With Mr. Hartley's help I have now finally got over the scruples of Inyoka and have induced him to consent to Makhombo's going with me. Tomorrow therefore he is to take me to the spot to which he guided Herr Mauch, and if the hammer drops out of my hand with amazement, I shall consider it a most intelligent hammer and a better gold-hunter than I am myself. Clouds are gathering to-night and there is some hope of rain.

Thursday, October 6th. Mr. Hartley and the hunters started on a circuit to the north-west in search of elephants, and after an early breakfast I left camp on foot for the Bembesi¹ gold fields, with Makhombo as guide, and Inyassi and five men as attendants. We took a course of about 310 magnetic and in five minutes Makhombo guided us to a bees' nest in an ant-hill, and, on the principle that honey in the mouth is better than gold in the quartz, we stopped, lighted a fire to smoke the bees away and chopped it out with the chisel-shaped irons at the butt of the spears and the native axe.

¹ The Bembezaan River, a tributary of the Sebakwe. It may be the Bembesi gold fields, as Baines calls them, lay somewhere on the eastern fringe of the present gold area about Que Que.

I believe Makhombo knows a baobab with a hollow from top to bottom full of honey. The combs are built up at the top above the orifice, and they also in plentiful seasons protrude below it. He dares not attack the nest and it is hardly likely any other natives will attempt it, though I would back Watson to try it.

We crossed the Sebaque and the Tola Nembe rivulet, where Inyassi had a sharp run after a sow and pigs. Saw an outcropping of rose-coloured quartz with foliated mica. Then, crossing an open *leegte*,¹ we came to two bults or swelling ridges covered with *matchabeela* and other trees, and with abundance of quartz and quartzose rock appearing through the sand.

In the country of waters if we walk two or three hours without finding a chance to drink we become thirsty, and my lips were getting parched when we saw three koodoes on our left. Inyassi and I crept within 400 yards and my bullet struck just at the feet of one without effect. Inyassi fired and I got another shot at the retreating animals when the men called out *Inkhombo!*—a rhinoceros. I turned to the right and, sure enough, there was one trotting toward us. Fortunately there was a thin bush between, which prevented his seeing us, and he passed about 100 yards distant on our right. My first shot took him in the ribs, a little more than a foot behind the shoulder and, starting forward and loading quickly, I broke his hind leg on the near side below the hock, and the men, throwing down their burdens, immediately ran in upon him, stabbing with their assegais. Of course they dare not go near his head, but they struck one weapon in the rump and left it there. Inyassi outran me and fired, and I again passed him and gave the rhinoceros another shot in the shoulder as he wheeled round and round to escape or drive off his persecutors. He was now fairly exhausted and helpless. The kaffirs closed in and struck him with assegais in hand. The point of the first one turned and the blade curled up nearly to the shaft, but others had keener edges and, being at first driven with force enough to cut the skin, were then thrust deeper and worked with savage zest in the wound, till the blood began to flow from the mouth and nostrils, and the poor beast choking to the ground, and we found that Inyassi's bullet had entered the left knee and, grazing the bone, had stuck in the integuments. This is the first time he is known to have hit anything and although of course he ought to have hit the body at such a short range, I have given him his bullet and all the credit he can gather from his shot.

I sent a boy at once to the waggons to tell Jewell to send for the

¹ Valley.

flesh, and another to fetch water for me and the rest of the people. I made two sketches and, having no one who cared how long I detained him, I made a copious set of measurements.

The prize was a black rhinoceros (Matabele, *Shangani*) or *Keitloa*: colour, iron grey with a yellowish appearance where dust settled on the upper part of the head or back. Skin reticulated, with sharply defined wrinkles on legs, neck and cheeks, leaving lozenge-shaped intervals about half an inch across; on body tolerably smooth, showing white longitudinal marks scratched by passage through the bush. The wrinkles are much deeper round the eyes and on the lip. The upper lip is prolonged and resembles in shape the beak of a tortoise; it is prehensile and gathers the branches on which the rhinoceros feeds. It is however only a lip and not a trunk like that of an elephant, the nostrils, which are oval and apparently incapable of much dilation or contraction, being placed above it. The eyes are exceedingly small, being only one inch and a quarter in length. It is placed immediately under the centre of the after horn. The ears are fringed with fine black hair; and on each side the end of the tail should be a fringe of black hair, but in the present instance it was absent, having perhaps been worn off.

The outline of the back is more level than in the white rhinoceros, the black not having so marked a hump on the wither and only a small keel-like rising of the spine over the hips. The testes are not visible like those of a horse but are enclosed in the thighs and are only to be detected by a small swelling on the inside of each. The joints below the hocks and knees are very short and thin and the hoof is considerably larger. There are three toes on each foot and the nails, or smaller hoofs, on each, are of the following breadth—the outer, 3 inches, the middle 5, the inner 4; the depth 2.

Measurement of Black Rhinoceros (Matabele, *Shangani*)

Upper lip to point of front horn	0	—	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Thence to back of ditto	0	—	7
to front of 2nd horn	0	—	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
to back of ditto	0	—	7
To top of skull level with centre of ears	0	—	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
to fold of skin on nape	0	—	4
to top of wither	2	—	0
Rise of spine over loins	3	—	6
To turn downward above rump	1	—	3
base of tail	1	—	2
end of tail	2	—	0
	13	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Length of front horn	1	-	9
", " back do	1	-	3
Front of lip to nostril	0	-	5
Nostril	0	-	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Point of lip to eye	1	-	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Length of eye	0	-	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Length of ear	0	-	8
Breadth	0	-	6
Depth of head at eye under centre of 2nd horn	1	-	4
Forefoot to knee	ft	1	6
Knee to elbow	1	-	6
Elbow to top of wither	3	-	2
Hind foot to hock	1	-	6
Hock to knee	1	-	9
Knee to hips	1	-	10
Thence to spine	1	-	8
	6	-	9
<hr/>			
Girth of loins	9	-	0
of body	9	-	6
behind shoulder	8	-	0
neck before shoulder	6	-	0
behind ears	4	-	10
of fore leg at body	2	-	11
at knee	1	-	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
below knee	1	-	4
foot	2	-	6
Hind leg at thigh	4	-	3
hock	1	-	10
below hock	1	-	4
foot	2	-	0

The actual height from the hind foot to highest part of spine, measured as he lies on the ground, is 6 - 7. When standing I think it would be equal to the height at wither, or 6 - 2.

 I set the men to cut up the carcase and remove the two horns with a portion of the skin to keep them connected. It need hardly be said they grow only on the skin and are not in contact with the skull.

We made a scherm and a good fire nearer to the water and after sunset had the first shower of rain, which slightly wetted but did not drench us. Charlie arrived after dark with the pack-oxen. Wolves and jackals howling and snarling round us all night and apparently fighting at the carcase. No lions about.

During the day the men had chased a pretty little animal, nearly like a squirrel but with not so bushy a tail and of a paler colour, up into a tree and, when they dislodged it, had caught it in the stump of another. Charlie skinned it very nicely.

Friday, October 7th. Charlie and Jacob left with flesh upon the oxen for the people at the waggons and Makhombo led me on north-west, till we came to the Mangoma where we found the diggings he had shown.¹ The principal pit was perhaps 25 feet long, 15 wide and 10 or 12 deep. Out of the northern side of it grew a *mghondie* tree and out of the east a smaller kind with drooping leaves, called *gangania*. Here, I was told, Mauch broke the stones, and here it was that his mind seemed first to realise the vastness of that discovery which, long after the disputes it has given rise to are forgotten, will transmit his name to future ages as the scientific, in connection with that of Hartley as the practical, discoverer of the gold regions. I also broke several pieces of quartz and examined them carefully with the microscope, testing any little specks with nitric acid, but I cannot say that I found gold. I wish I had, for the satisfaction of our Company, but for myself I think but little of this. I attribute it to my unskilfulness in mineralogy, for the circumstantial evidence of the existence of gold, which has in former times been an object of industry, is so strong that even the sight of the precious metal could hardly make me more certain of it.

Passing on to the north-west across a little gully, we came upon a solid reef extending nearly north and south for about half a mile, and I broke and examined several pieces of quartz, also without success. At 11 a.m. we struck north-west to the Bembesi and made breakfast at a turn where it comes from about south-east and goes a little to the southward of west. We found an ostrich nest, with thirteen eggs and as usual on the bare sand, the grass having been scratched away, and slightly screened from observation by small surrounding bushes. Twelve eggs were laid together, and the thirteenth was a little outside. There were no footprints near and the general opinion was that the birds had been killed. We broke one or two eggs to ascertain that they were good and brought away a couple. We also found a tortoise which had the peculiar property of being able to move the aftermost plates of its *upper shell*, so as

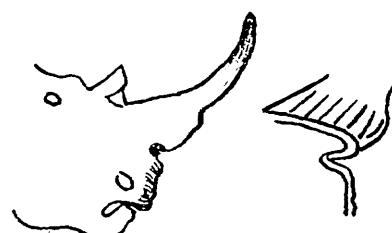
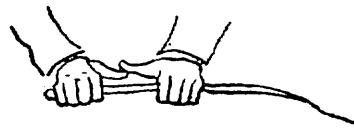
¹ So the page ends : something may be missing from the carbon copy, e.g. 'to Mauch.'

and I taking the lead. But George could not stop his horse, but fired at a canter, while mine, just as I was close upon the great clay-coloured beast lumbering along with its ungainly head so low that it seemed as if he must trample on his lower jaw at every stride, his curved horn pointing forward like a galliot's bowsprit and his tail curved like a great pig's over his stern, steered suddenly to the left, and the speed we were all going took me half a mile out of the field before I could turn him, and, when I had brought him to his course again, showed an inclination to swerve constantly in the same direction. A few minutes full speed through a tolerably thick bush brought me again in full view. I saw Mr. Hartley dash up, check his horse, and I was nearly alongside when he fired. My rifle was ready, but the rhinoceros was now mortally wounded and I waited to see whether another shot was needful. In another minute he began to stagger, his huge head drooped till his nose touched the ground, and his horn lay horizontally upon it. He struggled hard, tore up the earth with his horn, then again seemed to try to support himself upon his nose and finally rolled over on his near side.

Mr. Hartley, with a hunter's promptitude, prepared to cut up the carcase and, as a preliminary, seized an assegai and began to scrape the mud from the skin, but I begged five minutes' respite and, this being granted, proceeded to make a sketch while George

Wood took measurements with a szambok which old Baas fisted up by rule of thumb, thus, every hunter knowing how much his thumbs ought to overlap each other in order to make the width of his

clenched fists an exact foot. The length of the head was 3 ft 3, the body and neck 9 ft 4, the tail 2 ft 1; total length, 14 ft 8. Height at shoulder 6 ft 7; the anterior horn about two feet long, curved like a sabre with the edge in front, sloping much forward and the great knob at the base projecting over the nose so that I could actually put more than half my hand between the base of the horn and the nose. The skin however folded over so as to come to its proper place on the horn as far as the anterior edge, thus:



This is occasionally observed to a slight extent, but neither Mr. Hartley nor I have ever seen it so marked. The ears were mere stumps, having probably been bitten off in calfhood by hyaenas, or perhaps by wild dogs. The tail, as is frequently the case, was also disfigured from the same cause. The skoff or hump, which is not exactly on the shoulder but something before it and is an enlargement of the powerful muscles necessary to support the neck and the immense head attached to it, was cut off in the skin, presenting in shape something like the appearance of a tortoise in his shell, to be roasted under the camp-fire. We relieved our rifle-bearers of every encumbrance and left them to carry all the meat they could. We passed a troop of six or eight elands, among which was a 'splendid *Blue* bull', *i.e.* one whose sides showed that sleek greyish tint to which the term blue is applied: but it would have been useless to run them down, besides which we heard shouts beyond and, riding fully a mile in the direction of the voice, found that MacMaster had already killed one, and, having but one boy with him, was supporting the heavy limbs in position for skinning by an ingenious mechanical arrangement of forked sticks. On reaching camp I was sorry to hear that some shots had been incautiously fired to the northward of the camp by Watson, who had not been present when the orders for strict silence were given and who of course had the fear of driving away elephants less constantly in his mind than a hunter has. I have given up looking for quartz now that we are approaching the inhabited country, and Mr. Hartley agrees with me as to the prudence of doing so. I have often thought, when I hear the hunters talk of Herr Mauch's peculiarities, what a life of unrest he must have led. If I, who ride or walk or shoot with them and take things as rough as they can, sometimes excite their impatience even by seeking information on subjects relating to the animals they chase, what must have been the case of the quiet contemplative German who had hardly a subject on which he could interchange ideas with them and who felt himself constrained to leave places, in which he wished to spend time, to follow what seemed to him the capricious and erratic movements of an elephant hunter?

Of course Mr. Hartley, whose object it was to fill his waggons with ivory, could do no other than shift from place to place as the elephants did, but he was too well aware of the importance of examining the gold fields not to give Mauch every facility in his power by sending Makhombo or others to show him places worthy of note. How small those facilities were and with how much difficulty they were gained for him, may be estimated from the fact



that I, who for two seasons now have had full permission to explore, find the people afraid or unwilling to assist me, and Mr. Hartley has trouble in inducing Makhombo or Inyoka to tell me anything, and was himself at first very cautious of being seen conversing with me.

Tuesday, 25th. Having arranged with Mr. Hartley, who is also charged with a message from the Trans Vaal government, to go with me to the king's, I left him to start on the spoor of elephants and came on for the purpose of sending a message forward to get Mr. Lee to help us there. I walked before the waggons to Ingawayo R. and saw two or three reefs, or perhaps an *extensive* one near the outspan. After breakfast Jewell and I rode south to try to get some meat for the people. We chased some blue wildebeestes¹ in vain and next saw a white rhinoceros. We approached quietly, but he took alarm and trotted off and I let Pleit (pronounced plate but meaning to plead) for a tripple, an easy pace in which he attains extraordinary speed. I kept far enough away not to frighten the rhinoceros till I was nearly abreast and about 150 yards off, when I gradually closed and, putting Pleit to a gallop, ranged up close on the starboard quarter of the great ungainly beast. I jumped off and pulled trigger, but the cartridge was one of Watson's earliest efforts and the fire did not strike through it. The next cap discharged it but the rhinoceros had gained such an increase of range that the wound was probably slight, and [he] made good his escape into the thickets, where we lost him. Pleit was slightly lame, and I did not like to gallop him except upon a tolerable certainty of success. Jewell fired from the saddle, but with what effect I cannot tell. We had another run after some bastard hartebeestes, but they escaped in the thick bush.

We struck the Gwailo about three miles above the drift and, riding over some reefs and quartzose ground, met the waggons just coming through the river, Mr. Hartley's boys from the 'fly' being before us at the outspan. I believe they had shot a few elephants.

Wednesday. We crossed Umyungu river and Umbaanga, and I should have been glad to visit the ruined Portuguese house, but none of our kaffirs, if they know anything, will tell of it. Jewell has paid the Emampangene men and I have promised them an additional present when they leave us, as I like to let them depart in good humour.

Thursday. Crossed the Changani and Shongwe and other rivers. Mackenzie tore off all the near side of Jewell's tent-sail, breaking every stanchion against an overhanging tree. Damage roughly

¹ *Connochaetes taurinus*, the blue wildebeest or brindled gnu.

repairable, but certainly the result of carelessness. Grass is good and water in every rill, rain having fallen earlier than it did last year.

Friday, 28th. Charlie went out of his road to seek a tree to run foul of and break his disselboom, which took us an hour to cut and re-fit. We usually make these poles long enough to bear shortening once or, in an emergency, twice. Next Mackenzie gave us a similar specimen of homeward-bound driving and this time we took advantage of the delay to outspan and make breakfast. Watson found a new pole for me, which we tow astern till we have time to shape it.

We passed Intembin or piccaroon kraal and outspanned without water between the hills. I gave Inyassi a shirt and trousers, in which he forthwith proudly arrayed himself, putting on the body of an old pair as a kind of waistcoat, his arms coming through the holes where the legs have been cut off, enough being left to form shoulder-straps, between which another hole is cut for his head to pass through; the fly-front, being turned upside down, buttons down to his waist.

Jewell and I rode forward a little more than six miles to Inyati and, seeing Mr. and Mrs. Thomson¹ on the verandah, rode first to their house, and, when we had admired the improvements and nursed the first-born, a sprightly little boy, we had the pleasure of sitting down to a nice afternoon meal and having our tea made by a lady.

Mr. Thomson said that numbers of wounded and fugitives, both royalist and rebel—or perhaps I ought to say, royalist on the unfortunate side—crowded to Inyati as to the place of peace, glad enough to have their wounds dressed, but not more grateful than needful, even when they were fed as well as tended by the missionaries, both of whom had sore hands from contact with the matter which formed upon the Matabele wounds. Mr. Thomson says those who lay dead upon the field of battle were mostly pierced with assegais through the breast or back. This is natural, as a man naturally aims there, besides which the position of his own hands enables him to strike at that level and moreover those who received such wounds would be most likely to die. We next visited Mr. and Mrs. Sykes and obtained newspapers, 'The Field' and 'Natal Witness' and two letters, one from Nelson explaining his reason for

¹ John Boden Thomson (1841-1878) born in Kirkcudbrightshire, was appointed by the London Mission Society to take the place on the Inyati station vacated by Thomas Morgan Thomas. When Baines met him he had not been long in Matabeleland, having arrived on April 29th. Soon afterwards he moved to Hope Fountain, about ten miles south of Bulawayo. Later he was sent to establish a station at Ujiji, where he died. William Sykes (1829-1887) was one of the pioneer missionaries at Inyati, see *The Matabele Mission* (Oppenheimer Series), Introduction and *passim*.

English service in his house as usual when there was a sufficient number of white persons on the station to warrant it. On the present occasion we mustered six, besides the mission families.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Mandy¹ from Graham's Town, where, as well as in London, I had known his father and brother.

Monday. I spent the day in mapping. I want to get a full-sized copy for the Directors, one for the Colonial Government and one for the Royal Geographical Society, if I can. I am preparing a table of distances, latitudes, longitudes and heights by boiling water, of the whole journey.

Tuesday. November [1st]. Jewell rode over to Zwong Endaba to photograph the battle-field.² Mr. Thomson kindly offered me the use of his room to work in, a great convenience, as I cannot keep the sheets of the map undisturbed by wind in my tent. I have had a great deal of trouble in getting the portion from Potchefstroom to the Limpopo and Bamangwato to come right. We travelled so rapidly day and night that I had no time for observation, and it is rather a long time to trust to memory. It is also very difficult in a map extending over nearly 10 degrees of latitude, *i.e.* from 17 to 27, to choose a projection that will admit of the compass courses and measured distances being accurately laid down. However I think I am getting it very nearly right.

Mr. Thomson is threshing and winnowing his wheat, real British bread corn, grown during the past winter on the spot, and truly it looks most inviting, and promises well for the comfort of industrious settlers. The bread made of it is excellent.

Wednesday. . . .³ on the map which, I think, I have got nearly right now. On Monday I saw that one of our oxen of the young span was lung-sick. I think he is better now, and, being an inoculated ox, may get over it. It is too late to shoot him, because he had already been some days sick before I noticed it. I would make a

¹ Frank Mandy came up to Matabeleland 'about four months after Lo Bengulu had been proclaimed king and lived and travelled in the country during a period of six years.' So he declared in a lecture delivered in Johannesburg and published in 1889 under the title *Matabeleland, the Future Gold Fields of the World, its People and Resources*. He lived later in Kimberley where he was a close friend of the Coghlan family, including Charles, who afterwards won responsible government for Rhodesia and became its first premier. The copy of Mandy's pamphlet in the Rhodesia Archives, Salisbury, has a note on its title page declaring that he had been a member of the Papal Zouaves and the Pope's bodyguard.

² On which Lo Bengulu had defeated the supporters of his brother Kurumane's claim.

³ Words obscured by overlaying of lines in the carbon copy.

separate kraal for him, but when we travel all will have to be driven together again.

Thursday, November 3. As the baby could not be held quiet long enough to allow Jewell to take its likeness, I undertook the task myself, Mrs. Thomson promising in return to help me in writing the names and notes upon my map. I succeeded in making a recognisable sketch and, Friday 4th, improved it, to the great satisfaction of all parties interested.

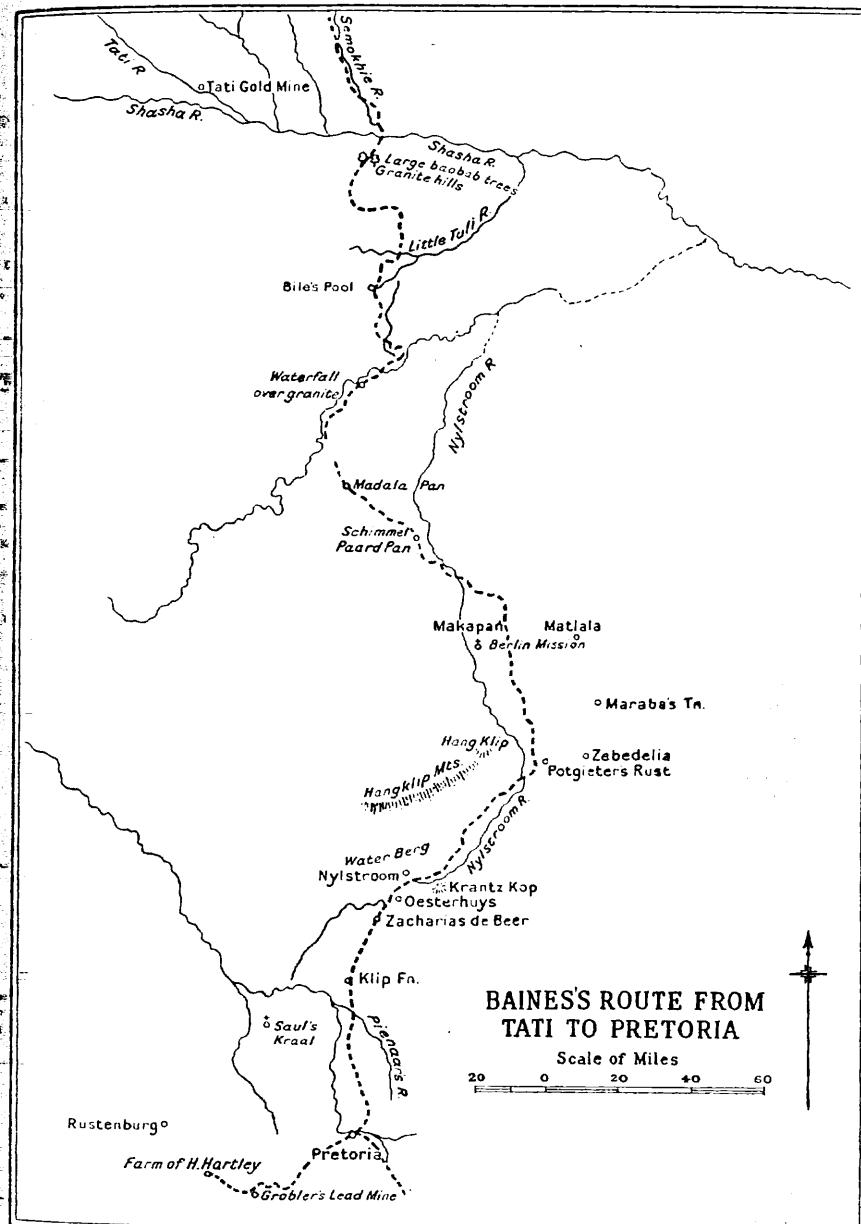
Molony and MacMaster arrived last night and Mr. Hartley this morning. I am sorry to say they have had no success in elephant hunting, but they had found the spoor of a solitary *zeekoe* and tracked it to a pool in the Umvungu river where, although there seemed so little water as to render concealment not possible, it remained hidden under some projection of the bank till, thinking to escape, it rushed up a narrow gully, passing Mr. Hartley close and receiving his fire and, I believe, charging on MacMaster. Hartley rode after and saw it stagger and fall. It was very thin and meagre on account of a deformity of one of its lower tusks (the left) which had grown past the upper one and, being no longer ground to a chisel edge by the natural attrition of the two surfaces, had curved outwards and downward and again inward and upward in a spiral form, the lower surface being polished by contact with the ground and worn by the stones it passed over. This is probably the last, or nearly so, of the Umvungu *zeekoes*.

Saturday, November 5th, 1870. At work upon the map, but rain came on in the afternoon and the windows of the house are so small and the verandah so overhanging that it became completely dark about two o'clock. In the evening Mrs. Thomson helped me in writing. 56 hundredths of one inch of rain fell.

Sunday. Golube came to try to get his pay, which I refused him. He went away vowing vengeance and stole the sheep and goats. I sent for Mporto, or Mportolo, and told him, and he said I was quite right not to pay a boy who refused to work. He said I need not be anxious about my goats, as he would get them back again. Our lung-sick ox died and the boys ate him, the kaffirs coming round to beg flesh from them. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. MacMaster had their child christened, Euphemia.

I am sorry to hear there is a breach of friendship between Lee and Hartley. Mr. Hartley has a letter from the President of the Trans Vaal, and Mr. Lee, not having seen it and interpreting for a Trans





Reproduced from the map in Baines's *Gold Regions of South Eastern Africa*