

SPORT AND SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE DIARY OF LIEUTENANT ROBERT ARKWRIGHT

1843 — 1846

EDITED BY

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A. A. BALKEMA CAPE TOWN

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Robert Wigram Arkwright
in the dress of the Oakley Hounds, 1880's.

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ILLUSTRATION

Robert Wigram Arkwright	
Courtesy of Charles H. Arkwright, Esq.	Frontispiece

INTRODUCTION

This narrative, which covers four years of the life of a sporting subaltern of the British cavalry in South Africa during the 1840's, is presented as a picture of a time and a way of life that is long vanished. It adds a bit to historical knowledge but, because of the accumulation of information since 1846 and the great advance of those sciences, it contributes little to anthropology, geography and zoology. But it is valuable as an interesting tale of the era of Gordon Cumming when, as Arkwright put it, elephants (and other large game animals) were "thick on the ground" in the parts of the western Transvaal and Botswana adjacent to the upper Limpopo; too few documents dealing with the "far interior" of that day have been preserved and brought to light. And the glimpses it gives us of Moffat, Livingstone, Oswell, Bain and other notables of the time are fascinating as always.

Robert Wigram Arkwright, the eldest of five sons, was a grandson of Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning frame. He was the son of the Rev. Joseph Arkwright (1791-1864) of Mark Hall, Essex, and Normanton Turville, Leicestershire, and his wife Anne Wigram Arkwright. Robert Arkwright was born on 5 April 1822, and from his diary we learn that he was educated at Eton. He purchased a commission as cornet in the 7th Dragoon Guards on 27 March 1840, became lieutenant by purchase on 22 July 1842, and retired by sale of his commission on 6 February 1846. During his service in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, Arkwright in 1844 bought from the famous South African artist I'Ons a portrait of the Xhosa chief Makoma and a view of Fort Beaufort.*

Arkwright married on 30 December 1847 Sophia Julia, eldest daughter of Alexander Greig of London. Thereafter till his death at Aix-les-Bains, France, on 1 December 1888, he lived the presumably pleasant life of a country gentleman at Knuston, Northamptonshire and at Sandstead Court, Surrey. He was a justice of the peace for Northampton and for thirty-four years, 1851-86, he was Master of the Oakley Foxhounds in Bedfordshire. His lifelong devotion to riding to hounds is evidenced also in the diary by his transference of terms from that sport to the somewhat more hazardous one of big-game shooting. There is no doubt that he was a superb horseman, and as an elephant hunter he was certainly the equal of any of his contemporaries.

James Christie purchased his commission as ensign in the 91st Foot on 24 July 1835, as lieutenant on 22 February 1839, and as captain on 13 October 1843. Upon his return from the journey with Arkwright, he saw active service with his regiment in the War of the Axe and towards the end of the fighting was in its reserve battalion. Christie retired by sale of his commission on 4 May 1849.

* H. G. Oliver, "Side-Lights on I'Ons", 'Africana Notes and News', Vol IV, September 1947, P. 105.

I obtained the original diary from a Cape Town bookseller in 1959, it having come to him from the library of the late Major William Jardine of Sir Lowry's Pass, Cape. It was in Major Jardine's possession as early as 1940. Mr. Charles H. Arkwright remembers reading long ago a diary of his great-grandfather's that had something to do with Livingstone; it was then owned by "a cousin on the distaff side", and I have no doubt but that it was the document that is published here.

Arkwright used for his record a volume of 158 leaves of unwatermarked paper faintly ruled in blue. It is bound in quarter leather and blue cloth boards, with marbled endpapers, and the paper measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{8}$ inches. He wrote in ink on both sides of 147 leaves, and there are notes in his handwriting on the double front flyleaves. Arkwright's hand is legible, though it is much more careful during his period of service with his regiment than during his expedition to the interior. There is other evidence in the text that the earlier parts at least were rewritten by him from notes or from a rougher field journal.

I have altered Arkwright's text in some respects in order to make it easier to read, without impairing the flavour of the original. Misspellings were corrected (though archaic forms of some words were retained), prepossessionals were supplied, the frequent capitalization of common nouns was dropped, and some abreviations were expanded. It was unnecessary to furnish punctuation for my author, rather to alter and diminish it, for he used semicolons for commas and colons for periods and used them in plenty; nearly all of the semicolons that remain are his own. The dates from 13 to 30 July 1846 were obviously wrong and were set right, and the spelling of South African proper names was made uniform throughout. It should be noted that Arkwright confused the English word "coppie" with the Afrikaans word "koppie", and when he wrote the former he meant a hill (kopje), not a thicket or grove. Also, that some words, such as "honor" and "favor", he spelled just that way, and I have let his spellings stand rather than convert to modern British preference.

Generous assistance from the following persons and institutions is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Mr. Charles H. Arkwright of Jersey, Channel Isles, great-grandson of Robert Arkwright, kindly gave permission to publish and furnished a copy of the portrait of his ancestor. Information was ably supplied me by Mr. D. W. King, Chief Librarian, Ministry of Defence Library, London; Miss Anna Smith and the staff of the Public Library, Johannesburg; Mr. R. F. Kennedy, Director Emeritus of the Public Library, Johannesburg; Miss Elizabeth Tabler of Mannington, West Virginia; Dr. F. G. van der Riet, Librarian, Rhodes University, Grahamstown, and Mr. Berning, Cory Librarian at that institution; Messrs. C. Hargreaves and A. E. Baker, Public Library, Borough of Bedford. The volumes of Livingstone's correspondence edited by Dr. I. Schapera and the Baines journal edited by Mr. R. F. Kennedy were most useful for Bechuanaland and the Eastern Province respectively.

February 1968

Edward C. Tabler

FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH AFRICA

It was a stormy day, the 4th of April 1843, when the 7th Dragoon Guards started in a frail barque from Gosport to reach the 'Rodney' (92 guns) then laying off Spithead. The weather, however, gave us another chance to set foot on England's shore, for after many most unpleasant attempts we were obliged to put back to Gosport, only, however, with the satisfaction of knowing that tomorrow we must be on board. On the 5th of April then, I kept my birthday in the most unpleasant manner conceivable, namely by being put on board a vessel for the Cape.

Few things go more against the grain than leaving old England's shores, and when we began to know our berths on board, the prospects of a comfortable passage were not the most satisfactory, lieutenants, cornets, midships and mates being promiscuously bundled into the cockpit. The ideas we had entertained of the comfortable cabins that were to be set apart for each officer being reduced to just space enough for a hammock to hang; not however without touching those of our neighbours both on each side [and] above & below. Besides the whole of the Regiment of the 7th, a company of the 45th Regiment and some Artillery were soon on board and total numbers amounted to upwards of 1300 souls. Nevertheless, our mess in the wardroom was occasionally on a very limited scale. Vessels are I believe generally delayed long after the original starting day; in this case we were fortunate in setting sail after only five days' detention, and by the evening of the 10th we were fairly under weigh. I had a berth allotted to me in the cockpit and the first night considerable fun was going on, seeing new hands getting into their hammocks & as a matter of course tumbling out again forthwith the other side. The midship, who are well known to be the most mischievous set of beings in the world, frequently cut us down or made slipknots, so that when we made a jump for our hammock it gave way, and we had a tremendous fall. This practice I believe however they found would not answer, as we did not take their practical jokes quite so good-humouredly after the first night.

One of my more fortunate brother officers allowed me kindly enough to hang my hammock afterwards in his cabin & though he had a companion besides & the cabin was about 6 feet by 6, it was decidedly more luxurious than sleeping in so thickly a populated place as the cockpit. We were told off for watches & an officer had to be always on watch with a third of the men, there not being room for them below. The deck, however, was after all by far the most preferable sleeping place. Considering our numbers on board and that a ship is the place to quarrel in (as everybody allows), we made it out pretty well, our great grievance being that our caterer had not provided sufficient food for the hungry party in the ward-

room; he had not, I suppose, been used to see soldiers use their knives & forks. We had a regular scramble every dinner & the unfortunate provider had sundry jokes cut at his expense for being so economical in his provision. Sundays & Thursdays were high days & holidays; the band played at mess & pies & puddings were added to our usual fare. Frequently an oversupply of mutton occasioned inquiry & it usually turned out that a sheep had been obliged to be killed to prevent its dying, and the fowl slayer was always detected picking out the old hens most likely to die. I had once the felicity of having to try to carve one of these dainty morsels, and once was enough. I avoided the large knife & fork forever after.

Another dire grievance was that our little captain was forever for taking in sail & seemed to care not how long our voyage was. I need not say how widely different was our opinion on the subject, and how often we wished him a little more nerve. In the fine weather in the trades we managed to get on better, though having to wear our uniform on all occasions made us keep in our cabins much more than we should otherwise have done. We had two bands on board & in the evening we generally had a hop and so endeavoured to kill the enemy [boredom], the captain having the civility to give us the quarter-deck on these especial occasions. A scarcity of ladies however was a great drawback, so that gentlemen by degrees became professed lady partners, waltzing equally well in their character of fair ones as in that of beaux.

But to relate events in their proper order, I must say that after getting well clear of the Channel, without more than common disagreeables, we got well along and by the 20th we were supposed to be off Madeira; land was sighted in the morning, but it proved to be only the Deserta Rocks instead, and we did not make Madeira till the evening. It was splendid weather and we were trying to get to an anchorage all the evening, but a calm coming on, we were almost afraid of getting on shore instead. I was on watch from 12 to 4 a. m. It was delightful to find oneself so near, and it was interesting to watch the contrast of the bustle on board, where all hands were waiting to let go the anchor and getting all things in readiness, with the silent and beautiful calmness on shore; a splendid moon shone with uncommon lustre, and except in the ship all seemed wrapt in the most profound stillness. It was almost wrong, I thought, to turn in from such a scene. I did so however, at 4 o'clock, with the satisfaction of knowing that we were fairly at anchor in Funchal Bay.

On the morrow, a hasty and early breakfast over, we were not long in getting leave, under the condition, however, that we were to wear uniform on shore, much to our disgust. However, a ship's boat being alongside, it was not long before it was well crammed with passengers and after a row of a mile we once more set foot on terra firma. The island showed us one of its best sides, though the town of Funchal itself is not very picturesque, yet the country round looking so fertile & beautifully intersected by hills & valleys, the largest part of the mountains showing the remains of a thick snow; & add to all, the glorious day & last not least, the pleasure of

being once more on shore, gave us the most favourable impression possible. On reaching the shore, we were surrounded by natives on their horses, or rather ponies, about $1\frac{4}{5}$ or 15 hands, each of them showing off his steed to the best advantage, & knowing sufficient English to say, "Com, sar, take my 'orse, a very good 'orse this, mine is de best". We were followed by these people to the hotel, where we bespoke beds for the night & a dinner & then each proceeded to bargain for a horse to take a ride into the country, meaning to go to the Choral.

We set off at a brisk pace through the town, our horses really nice ponies & quite ready to go, especially as the owners were hanging on by the tail & belabouring the poor beasts with thick bludgeons. We had gone up the mountain some time, admiring the scenery & the wild flowers, which we should call greenhouse plants, when we discovered that our guides had allowed us to come this road tomorrow & so make two jobs of it. We had, however, a pleasant ride up the mountain, though the road, which was about wide enough for two, or at most three, to ride abreast, was very bad, paved with large pebbles & very rough. We got back to the town about 4 p. m., then sauntered about to taste madeira & buy fruit; the latter we could not get in any perfection as it was too early in the season. We dined all together at the London Hotel; our dinner, which our host furnished for two [Spanish] dollars a head, was not a very good specimen of Portuguese luxury & our samples of madeira were anything but excellent. We retired to bed pretty early, intending to start early in the morning for Choral, having bespoken our nags for the day.

22nd [April] After an early breakfast we started about 8 a. m., another splendid day, & everything to our satisfaction. Our road today was even worse than that of yesterday; the country on each side was however much prettier, indeed yesterday I must confess I was rather disappointed. The rough & rocky travelling today & the surefootedness of our steeds put me in mind of my old travels in Sicily; the scenery is not unlike it except that there is less wood, scarcely any in Madeira, the whole of the hillsides being covered with vineyards and gardens, the former in full leaf, also fig, apple & plum trees, geraniums, fuchsias & roses of all sorts hanging over the walls in full flower. I was surprised to see so few birds in the island, which may be accounted for by there being so little wood. Our guides today kept up wonderfully for whenever we came to anything like a fair piece of ground, we set off in a gallop as hard as we could, but after walking again for a minute or two, they were at our heels, holding on by the horses' tails. They, as indeed all the male inhabitants of Madeira, wear a most ridiculous cap which, if it were not for the honor of the thing, I should fancy might as well be dispensed with. It is more like an inverted wine funnel than anything else, just covering the very top of the head & going up into a sort of pigtail above; how they manage to keep it on is perfectly marvellous. The remainder of their dress is generally a tolerable clean shirt, with trowsers & a sort of light waistcoat. All these are more or less dirty as the wearers are well-to-do in

the world or otherwise. Many of them can speak a word or two of English, but no more. They are mostly a moderate height, some very tall. I think them anything but a clean race; perhaps their natural colour has something to do with this as they are all very bronze in complexion & have very dark hair. I did not make acquaintance with any of the *grandees* in this island, but as I could not have conversed with them perhaps it was as well.

But to continue, our ride was 8 miles to the Choral & then we had to dismount & clamber up a steep hill. The scenery had before been beautiful enough, but when we arrived here it was truly magnificent, as the Punch Bowl, a fertile valley studded with huts & houses & covered with vineyards, surrounded by immense rocks on every side (the highest rock 6000 feet above the sea), & the immense chasm which runs nearly through the island was here to be seen in its most beautiful part; at the bottom of this there is a small stream, very probably kept going by the mountain torrents, the remains of which added much to the beauty of the scene. Goats which claim no owners were to be seen clambering up the steepest part & this added no little beauty to the picture.

After strolling about for half an hour, during which time we saw a brace of partridges, we began to descend; certainly a dangerous task on anything but very well-trained or clever horses, the road, or rather, rough path, running on the edge of declivities, over which had one of our horses slipped, the rider must have been in a moment sent to another world. I lost a shoe as we were cantering down a more level piece of the road and I was surprised to see how quickly the guides put it on again; they always carry nails and a pair of pincers, which served also as a hammer or clincher; the five huge nails were soon adjusted & I made haste to catch up the remainder of the party.

We got down again about one o'clock and I then proceeded to pay a visit to the Nunery; the nuns were very gracious & we bought some sweetmeats, preserves, and which were certainly more beautiful, some of their feather flowers. They are very pretty & most beautifully made. After this we partook of a hurried dinner as we had to be on board by four, & rather later than this we were in one of the canoes which they use here, making the best of our way to the 'Rodney', one & all well pleased with our trip to Madeira, & congratulating ourselves on not having missed it, as was first contemplated.

By 6 o'clock our anchor was weighed & by 7 we were sailing away with a splendid breeze, 10 knots an hour.

May 4th. The wind has nearly dropped & the heat is intense; about sunset there is a dead calm & storms of rain. It is awfully hot in the ward-room & officers are lying about in all directions, calling for water or anything to drink. As to getting a breath of fresh air, it is impossible, though one would give the world for it. The cockpit must be avoided tonight.

9th. Very hot weather, life on board a ship getting very horrible. No exercise. Even a ride on a jackass would be agreeable.

On the 13th, we were reported to be over the Line & thus far we have escaped a long calm, a thing not to be desired; with 1300 souls on board, we might expect a fever or pestilence of some kind. None of the usual ceremonies were gone through, the captain I believe forbidding it, fearing I suppose a row between the red & blue jackets; indeed I think the naval men would have come off rather badly among the Regiment of Dragons. A day or two before, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a cry of "A shark, a shark", put everyone on the qui vive. A piece of pork on a hook was sent astern & in a few minutes we saw our friend turn lazily on his side, & take the bait. The hauling-in was then great amusement; this was accomplished by another rope being slipped over his head & then the animal was towed in by a few men & brought in due form onto the poop. He shewed his dislike to the proceedings by lashing his tail about at a great rate, doubtless with sufficient force to break a man's leg. The sailors I believe eat nearly the whole of him, & part, I heard, was served in the captain's cabin & tasted much like very tough veal. A very small incident is sufficient to interest people on board a ship and it was astonishing what a degree of excitement this occasioned.

We also saw numbers of porpoises jumping upwards of 30 feet out of water & shortly after leaving Madeira plenty of flying fish were to be seen. On a sunny day, a shoal of these fish is a beautiful sight, as they get up in a covey & fly for several yards to avoid the dolphins & porpoises, their enemies in the water. In small vessels they often fly on board, & are most excellent eating.

May 6th. Going on splendidly. The captain in a great fuss to take in sail, having just discovered that we have made 170 knots since yesterday at 12. We hope to be at Rio [de Janeiro] in about 10 days. Arriving at Rio on the 3rd of June, we soon found ourselves on shore & amused ourselves as we best could by excursions to see some of the beautiful scenery around. An expedition up the harbour, about 20 miles long, was our greatest day's exploit; we landed on several of the islands, wandered about without any definite object, ate our lunch, made a slave tipsy, and returned about dusk without any having tumbled overboard. The first pleasure of being on shore over, we were all anxiety to be again moving on towards our destination. This however we did not attempt till the evening of Monday the 15th when we were again gradually moving along with a fine steady breeze.

Without anything more worthy of note occurring, we reached the entrance to Simon's Bay¹ on the 31st day from the day of sailing from England,² our provisions all gone, & the ill-provided wardroom table showed at dinner time strong reasons why the voyage ought to be, if it was not nearly, at an end. Fortunately we fell in with a vessel plying between Cape Town & Port Elizabeth & from the civil captain we procured a sheep wherewith to fill the hungry wolves at mess. To add to our miseries we were: how becalmed though within a few hours of the bay, & at last on the day but one after, the joyful sight of a steamer told us we were to be towed in. Ano-

ther rush for the shore, as usual, but our voyage was not yet over; we were ordered on to Algoa Bay about five days up the coast.

Quarrels between old Maunsell of the 'Rodney' & the Commandant³ now ensued, the former fighting hard not to be sent round with us. He was wise; he had had enough of the 1300. He gained his point; we disembarked, some for Cape Town, some on board the 'Winchester', & some on board the 'Nautilus', a miserable transport which a few days before had been condemned by a board as unseaworthy. It was good enough, however, for soldiers & a new board were ordered to assemble [and] forthwith proclaimed it quite sound & right. We staid some few days at Simons Town, during which I went over for one night to Cape Town, about four hours' drive in a gig. On our return rather an amusing incident occurred; two in each gig were driving steadily along, when we in the first looked round at the tandem a hundred yards behind, just as it was passing a small public [house], where doubtless the leader was in the habit of turning in for his feed of oat hay; this time he turned rather too sharp & much against the driver's will, both horses bolted towards the inn, making straight for the door, & in a minute the wheel was against the doorpost; one passenger was sent flying onto the roof of the cottage & the other doubled up onto the wheeler's back; fortunately neither was the worse, & we afterwards proceeded in safety.

In a few days I was one of the unlucky individuals destined for the 'Nautilus', & we were under weigh for Algoa Bay. On the morning before our arrival there was a great dispute between the captain & the agent, who had been quarrelling all the way, as to whether we were off the bay or not. Now this being rather a dangerous spot, we were labouring under not very pleasant apprehensions, considering the ignorance of those to whose care we were entrusted. Nevertheless, we arrived in safety, after scraping a dangerous rock entering the bay & at last had done with sailing. This is a happy conclusion to come to.

LIFE ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER AND MILITARY
EXPEDITION TO THE FREE STATE

Our next point was Graham's Town, a five or six days' march, & as it was raining in torrents almost every day and night, we did not get on very well, especially as tent pitching & bivouacking in the open air, being perfectly new to both officers & men, our tents were generally pitched on the lowest ground, because it looked comfortable, but we were frequently most miserably deceived in the morning by finding our couches surrounded with water, or tents blown about our ears in the middle of the night; oxen too were knocking up & it was altogether a wretched march.

We joined Headquarters at Graham's Town & then proceeded a short three days' march to Fort Beaufort.⁴ On our arrival at Fort Beaufort houses had to be built (such as they were), people in this part of the world contenting themselves by merely half-burning the bricks & indeed frequently are perfectly satisfied with bricks only dried in the sun. The wall of bricks is plastered over & whitewashed, which gives it an appearance till cracks & holes tell a terrible tale against S. African workmanship. A house was shortly in progress, which two of my brother officers & myself made up our minds to inhabit. One Mr. Johnson, a gentleman who boasted of being of no particular country or colour, was the landlord. Though these gentlemen are not forward in building a good substantial house, they are by no means backward in charging at least double the lawful rent; in one case we had to pay £7-10-0 per month for buildings which could not have cost more than £250, so that our friend had a fair percentage on his money. We had, however, a house & pretty good stable & were supposed to be well off. A small piece of garden ground was the extent of our domain.

Very soon after our arrival at Headquarters, our remounts joined, indeed some we had brought with us from Graham's Town, Le Marchant, who had started a short time before us, with orders to get horses, having made good use of his time. This being in my department the [riding] Master had considerable employment for his time, which the others found it very difficult to kill as the hot weather was commencing; indeed in this country I never found it a bad plan to begin work with the day; in summer it is absolutely necessary. I had then, with the exception of the first year (when I had rather more work on my hands), all done before breakfast, or at all events before the generality of human beings had raised themselves from the arms of Morpheus.

Our riding school consisted of open manéges without wall or any kind of enclosure and I found it by no means so easy to work in as a riding school, especially as the ground was generally so hard that horses' legs & feet had to be taken into consideration. The horses, generally about 14½

hands, were strong, hardy & well-adapted to carry light soldiers. I found them also very tractable, & I think in about 2 months after each horse joined, he was fit to be ridden in the ranks with the exception of two most incurably vicious, which were not contented with merely the Cape vice of kicking, but attacked their riders on the ground after they had thrown them. The riding school over, I returned to the mansion & arming myself with a supply of eggs to meet the appetite of an early riser, betook myself to the mess house. This we had very comfortable, and our P.M.⁵ taking most praiseworthy trouble in the management of it, we really eat our breakfast & dinner like civilised beings. Indeed, at one time, our mess was owned by the most particular to be "very fair, considering".

Our only attempt at gaiety was an occasional Graham's Town ball, where all, of all sorts, joined in common merriment. In a very short time we found that foxhounds must be had, indeed they had been ordered before leaving England, & about a month after our arrival Mr. Meshach Cornwall, a thickset, diminutive son of old Meshach, a regular chip of the old block, was declared to have arrived with 21 couple of hounds. Great was the delight of all people; the farmers had an idea they were to free the country of jackals, & the butchers that money must be expended in the keeping of the Fort Beaufort hounds. The 7th were sent to the Cape to spend money, this everyone was aware of. The Kaffirs were the only noses; they had heard it rumoured the pack of hounds was sent out to hunt them, & for some time their consternation was considerable.

The farmers however greatly approved of the measure, & often gave us assistance when it was in their power to do so. Among the most sporting were P. Norton, Gilbert, Blakeway, Ayton, Nourse & Vowe,⁶ and many a night have they found food for huntsman, hounds, & horses out of true love of the sport. Flagg was forthwith nominated huntsman & Wiggell⁷ & I were to be whips. Meshach also was mounted until he got so fond of the Cape smoke⁸ that he had to be discharged from the kennel & took to making bricks; again however he had a chance to prove a better man, but the Meshach blood was strong & resisting liquor was impossible; a second time he was turned adrift from the hunting establishment.

Another remarkable personage was a Fingoe,⁹ who went by the name of "Old Jas". He was feeder & boiler & pretended to care no little about the pack. He was always considered a useful person, till he was discovered using the train oil for his own toilet, instead of that of the hounds; he cared not for their coats, so long as his skin was well anointed with the odoriferous ointment. The kennel was built adjoining Flagg's house & we flattered ourselves kennel management was rather good in those days. The only drawback was having to go out rather too early for the lie-in-bed people.

We found, or at all events drew, at dawn & sometimes our run was over almost before the sun had shewn himself, though in this country he is [up] but a very short time after the least beginning of light is perceptible. This was our only chance of a run, for we then found our fox¹⁰ away from home

& generally at this time of day there was a scent, even when the ground had not been moistened with rain for many weeks. Thanks to our grass country (we knew not what plough was), we had many a run & saw excellent sport; for those who were fond of jumping, leaps could not be found, but I think it just as well that the Cape horses were not expected or required to jump much. Our usual manner of finding was to get on the varmint's drag near a farmhouse where he had been inspecting the settler's lambs & hunt up to him, or draw across a line of country till we hit a drag. Our usual pack out amounted to from 12 to 17 couple & to those who laugh at S. African fox hunting, I would only remark that it was not often that our runs were laughed at by even the most hard-riding cornets, except when an overdrawsy bed had kept them between the blankets till too late for the meet.

A few extracts, however, from a hunting journal will give an idea as to our manner of proceeding. One of our first day's hunting was at Billy Andrews's,¹¹ a farmer about 9 miles from Fort Beaufort; we went overnight & after putting up hounds & horses our friend gave us a most hospitable reception in the house, his 'fair lady's cooking & our appetites soon making the heaps of mutton disappear. There being no servant's hall, Meshach dined with us. Sportsmen ought always to go to bed pretty early before a hunting morning and accordingly we were not long ere we begged to be allowed to lie down. A mat & some blankets being provided in another room, Flag & I were preparing to turn in, when we saw Meshach at hand; on asking him, "Where are you going to sleep?" his reply was, "Well, I don't know, sir, but I suppose I shall roll up along wi' you." I need scarcely say that we supposed not; it was rather too much of a good thing.

The following day we found several foxes, but the scent being bad we did little.

August 27th. Went out late, & consequently many of the sleepy parties were induced to venture out, notwithstanding its being a very cold raw day. Having trotted over the hill, to the left of Ayton's drew on towards G. Gilbert's. Hit a scent heel; however this was soon discovered, and Flag galloping back, the pack soon hit it off the other way in and now there was no mistake, for they went away like the wind, came to a slight check, when he was viewed and in a minute they were away again faster than before; it was now no use to hold hard, & go one must with Delicate & Champion, with Fencer and Watchman racing for the lead. The fox evidently knew what he was about, for he never turned his head, but went away as straight as a die leaving Ayton's & Norton's to the right. After about twenty minutes, there was a string of horsemen in the rear & another five minutes told off very nearly all, as they one by one were seen planted halfway up the rising ground, dismounted & loosing the girths of their unfortunate steeds. However on he went, crossing the river, keeping straight away, a slight check at a road, but old Fencer soon hit it off & though we had been very nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, the pace was better than ever; the country now became rather rougher, crossing another small river,

right through a large covert onto the Koonap River,¹² where he stopped for a few minutes in a bush on the hillside. He, however, broke away again, crossed the river twice & back again about two miles to the large covert, where this gallant fox was obliged to give in and before we could get through the covert he was devoured, leaving his head and fragments of skin for us to bring home as trophies of this brilliant run. Time, an hour & 10 minutes, having gone over from point to point at least 16 miles & showing that an afternoon jackal in Africa is not easier run into than an afternoon fox in Leicestershire. Of a numerous field who were at the find and had a capital start, only three lived after the first half-hour & saw the fins of this best of our runs.

We were not home till 9 o'clock, where we found our friends miserably lamenting their luck in having fat horses.

April 9th '45. Hammonds Vley.¹³ After about 20 minutes' dragging, the hounds dashed at a drag & went away at a pace which shewed there was a clipping scent. A momentary check followed in consequence of some of the young 'uns being too eager, but old Limmer has hit it up the rise to the left of the bottom where they were running & now no hold hard is necessary, for they are going it; away they go with Delicate, Champion, Watchman, Conqueror & Colleger (all young 'uns) at head, over a splendid grass country, with not even a hole or bush to pull away from; too good to last, says somebody who has not been able to get a pull at his horse: after a quarter of an hour at this rating pace, one by one the field are falling back, when the varmint runs to ground all but in view, in a small bush. The horses are all blown & the people are all laughing; horses are lost, saddles are off, & we are just going to take the hounds away, when Meshach, who has been ferretting at the hole, exclaims, "He's bolted now!". To see people running after their steeds, saddles & bridles! In fact half the people did not know when they had got their own, & were not over particular as to me um & tu um. But there is no time to be lost, for the hounds are at him. 20 minutes more as straight as a die (leaving the kloof over the Kluklu¹⁴ to his left, disdaining, I suppose, not to die most honorably) brought very nearly every horse to a standstill & the fox besides was well-nigh done for, another 5 minutes & the old hounds begin to shew, & gallantly they roll him over in the open after one of decidedly the fastest & best things we have had. Time 15 minutes to the earth, 25 minutes from it. 10 miles from point to point, over the cream of the grass country.

We were delighted to see a certain farmer, who is generally so fond of overriding the hounds, had quite enough of it today & found that it would not do, powdering for nothing. We once took the hounds for a week to old Pedlar's,¹⁵ a farmer about 35 miles from Fort Beaufort; here we had capital hunting as well [as] springbuck & guineafowl shooting; the old gentleman treated us with the utmost hospitality & was especially proud of having the pack at his house.

Occasionally the hounds were at Graham's Town, and shewed some capital sport to the civilians. Among the most sporting of these was the

butcher who resided at Fort Beaufort. He was most diminutive in stature, though in his own estimation he was no small person. He soon thought it right to sport the F. B. H. dress, his long jackboots nearly covering the whole of his little body. He was especially amusing in the field; however, he did not always shew it in the right way. On one occasion we had been drawing a great deal of country blank & wanting to cross the Vlak [?] River were rather at a loss how to get over, when the joyful cry "Tallyho, Tallyho", sounded in our ears. The Cape horses began to get excited & the field were ready for a start when the butcher was seen, cap in hand, "Tallyho, Tallyho". "Where's he gone, where's he gone?" "Tallyho, sir, Tallyho, sir." "Whereabouts?" "Here, sir, here, sir, a drift* sir. I have found a drift, sir, here, sir, & thought it would be the readiest way of letting you know of my discovery." The disgust of huntsman & field may be imagined, at the butcher's propensity to view halloo. The was rather a pompous little man, & one day we could not get some young hounds out of cover, when the same gentleman came up to Flagge, saying "I saw one of your dogs just now, sar, I whistled to him, but he seemed of a retiring disposition & withdrew into the bush".

Unfortunately, one morning some cornets were riding to covert in the dark & had contrived to induce the butcher to accompany them merely for the sake of shewing them the way; one of them had ridden on before the other & hearing someone riding up to him said, "Where's that beastly old butcher?" It was the man himself. His answer was, "I am that butcher sar", but he was so offended that he would not honor the Fort Beaufort Hounds with his company anymore.

Another character was a chemist who lived at Graham's Town but he was not the man the other was; he was rather a would-be sportsman. He once was seen to buy a hare late one evening in the market & hanging it up in his room all night, he desired his horse to be saddled very early the next morning & ere the day had dawned he was well out of town, with his pointer & his gun. About market time he paraded through the streets with the identical hare of the previous evening dangling to his saddle, proving not only his success as a sportsman, but his early habits as a medical man.

A little snuff or a glass of brandy brought over old Botman & Macomo,¹⁸ our two neighbouring Kaffir chiefs, to our side and they allowed us to hunt over their country; on one occasion however, they disgreeted [sic. Disputed?] the possession of a fox, which we ran into near their kraals, but with the promise of a shilling they allowed the sportsman to break up the varmint. The editors of the newspapers, always ready for mischief, made a long story about the Dragoons having been waylaid by Kaffirs & stripped of money and clothes, but all sensible people saw at once it was only a Cape truth and thought no more of it.

* A ford to cross the river. [Author]

A cloudy day came occasionally and the pack went out at a more decent hour; so said the late risers. Sometimes indeed the meet was not out till midday stables and a large field was the consequence. We had however on dull days many a good run with an afternoon fox. The F. B. H. dress was a short pink jacket, a black cap, & long jackboots; the latter very necessary, to protect one's knees against the mimosa & vacumliche thorns.¹⁷ Our horses for hunting were to be bought from £25 to £41, about 14 hands or 15 hands, strong and active; my best horse was a small bay pony, by name Saul; he carried me many a good run with the Fort Beaufort Hounds.

An occasional fall into a wolf hole¹⁸ is a necessary consequence of hunting in S. Africa, also in the bottoms troops of small weasels¹⁹ burrow considerably to the great annoyance of the rider. Our best country was an undulating grassland of immense extent covered with low bush, though not too thick to ride through quickly and comfortably, with an occasional small covert to vary the scene. Our bad line consisted of immense coverts generally on strong and sometimes unridable hills. It may however be called generally a good scenting & good hunting country & holding abundance of "the animal". Between October 1843 & December 1845 we killed 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ brace of foxes.

We were greatly troubled with the yellow jaundice, which carried off many of our best hounds; we tried all remedies but none appeared to be certain in its cure, though we were fortunate in saving many. Calomel & Dover's powders we thought proved most effective. Once a very curious disorder got among our pack. On 3rd December 1844 a horse belonging to my brother²⁰ died soon after coming in from hunting. He was, of course, given to the hounds. Two days afterwards, out hunting, the pack was noticed to be slack & one or two hounds began to swell about the head & neck; in three more days every hound was more or less affected, and many of our best hounds were taken off. Power, our surgeon, took great pains & trouble in dissecting & examining the subjects but could form no opinion as to the immediate cause of their death, though no one doubted but that the horse had something or everything to do with it.²¹

We bred many good puppies, & one litter especially turned out as fine & good hounds as might be wished to be seen in any kennel in England. We found it necessary to [get] five couple from England in October 1844. Our best were from Mr. Barnett of the Cambridgeshire country; also we had one or two good ones from Mr. Barry of the Hertfordshire.

In 1845 our expedition against the Boers took place.²² A squadron were ordered up to Collesberg, 200 miles from Fort Beaufort, & about three days afterwards every available man was ordered to follow them. On the 22nd April I started, & with 100 men & 9 officers and 3 guns of Artillery marched from Fort Beaufort at daylight. Some 40 waggons had preceded us the night before. My stud consisted of two chargers & two other horses, all four fit for shooting, or any work. Got only 12 miles, to Andrews's farm, where we encamped for the first night. Took a walk in the evening with my gun & shot only a pheasant.²³

23rd. Marched at 3 a. m. & got on 22 miles to Pedlar's on the Kaga River,²⁴ our old hunting quarters. Got among a few guineafowl on the road.

24th. To Bavias River,²⁵ by Stokes's, 16 miles.

25th. To Fish River, by Daka Boors Nek.²⁶ We worked all day, & over an immense tract of country, to look for partridges,²⁷ but in vain, bagging only two or three hares.

26th. To Cradock,²⁸ 15 miles. A pretty village surrounded by hills. Rode into the village in the evening & purchased coffee &c.

27th. Our oxen being supposed to be getting tired, we only marched 9 miles today. There were supposed to be springbuck close to the camp, but I did not go out.

28th. To Brack River,²⁹ 25 miles, a long day's march. Got among some few springbuck in the evening & two were bagged by our party.

29th. Contrary to the usual custom of hearing the artillery gun at 2 or 3 a. m. we were allowed to remain between the blankets till daylight, when we started (a party of six) with guns, rifles, &c., as this was the good place for shooting. Bearing to the right of the road, we soon got among the buck. Wildebeasts further on & an ostrich or two were seen. Lots of springbucks in every direction. The wildebeasts were not so common & very wild. Five springbuck were shot, out of which 4 fell to my share so I returned to the camp by one or two o'clock, well satisfied with my day's sport, after vainly endeavoring to murder a wildebeast, but they require so much to be taken out of one's horse that it would not do. Some of the party, however, went on after them, but were alike unsuccessful, & lost their way, with difficulty getting back to the camp long after dark with dead-beat horses. Lots of coran³⁰ & hares were around the camp and [the] Sergt. Major & the no-buck hunters were banging away all the evening.

30th. To Swanpool³¹ dam, 30 miles. Went to look after springbuck, but they were too wild & very few. A smart shower laid the dust most agreeably. An express arrived from Col. Richardson³² to expedite our division as much as possible.

May 1st. To Drie Fontein,³³ 27 miles. A few springbuck in the morning on each side of the road, but as I had no one with me & they were very wild, I could do nothing. In the evening found a few buck; wounded one & had a splendid yok³⁴ after him at least 3 miles, during which I got a tremendous fall, luckily hurting neither gun nor horse, merely giving me a black eye & two or three days' stiffness. I at last succeeded in riding the buck down, & trotted on to our camp with him behind the saddle. Partridges in the morning to the right of the road and pouws³⁵ & coran in the evening. An express arrived to say that the Boers were hemmed in, & Col. Richardson was only waiting for our division.

2nd. To Orange River, passing Colesberg a miserable hole. Arrived long after dark minus rations, tents, waggons & everything else, so were obliged to have a cold night of it in the open. A letter from Col. Richardson arrived, to say that he had yesterday sent the Griquas round to inter-

cept the waggons of the Boers & that he had marched with the infantry towards their camp; on arriving there, however, he found that the Boers had treked. Galloping on with his squadron some miles, he found the Boers and Griquas actively engaged. Our allies the Griquas, a disreputable set of beings, not worthy the honor of having the English for allies, had been firing at the Boers, each army being most magnanimously posted on hills about half a mile apart. The subject of quarrel was that the Boers attempted to take the country away from the Griquas & they finding themselves the weakest, applied to Government. The squadron of the 7th arrived [at] five [in the] afternoon within sight of the two brave armies, neither of which dared to approach the other. A sharp canter across the flat brought our squadron within sight of the Boers, who hastily retreated to a neighbouring copice. From this they were dislodged, their notorious good shooting not showing on this occasion. Their astonishment was great when the men formed up under the hill and deliberately fired at them, & what was more astonishing, received their fire, not more than 100 yards distant. They could not make it out — "Alla makta, de draghonders jst ne bung for de skeet ne!"³⁸ Waggon were sent galloping over the flat & the yellow jooted [sic] Dutchmen were seen flying in all directions. Such was the battle of Swart Copice.³¹ The extent of our casualties, one officer's charger & a troop horse killed. Five Boers killed & wounded, two or three deserters taken prisoners besides several Boers and a small gun captured.

3rd. Crossed the Orange River.³⁸ a splendid river though now very low & arrived at Phillipolis,³⁹ the headquarters of the Griquas. They however are all away with the Colonel about 30 miles from this. We encamped outside the village waiting for orders. Phillipolis put me much in mind of a very bad Irish village; it is composed of mud huts with an occasional house without windows. The inhabitants are a lazy, dirty set of beings & every place bespoke filthiness & irregularity.

4th. Received orders to march tomorrow morning.

5th. Arrived at Swart Copice, within a mile of the spot where the fight took place, about 80 miles from Colesberg.⁴⁰

6th. Rode out, merely to see the place of action.

7th. Hourly expecting to march out against some camp; however, no orders. In the evening killed a brace of partridges on the hill from which the Boers fired.

8th. On duty. Two officers & 10 Cape Corps men⁴¹ went to reconnoitre; however they saw no camp. Lots of Boers trekking.

9th. Went out partridge shooting, but found none, afterwards went out (a party of three) wildebeast shooting; two of these animals were bagged. No supplies, consequently we shall not move forward yet.

10th. Out shooting; bagged a springbuck after unsuccessful yoking after wildebeasts.

11th Sunday. No end of dust & wind, rendering everything disagreeable. A storm at night.

- 12th. Out shooting. Bagged a pouw.
13th. On duty.
14th. Out shooting, a good day's sport. Though the springbuck were wild, bagged a couple of them.
16th. Tried to stalk a wildebeast, but there was too much wind & so was obliged to give it up. Bagged a springbuck in the evening.
17th. A long ride after wildebeast, but succeeded only in killing a springbuck.
18th. Sunday.
19th. Rode on past Town Fontein,⁴² with Thompson, Gregory & Bayley.⁴³ Had a splendid day's sport, the latter & I bagging our wildebeast & blesbuck each. My blesbuck I with difficulty brought home; it weighed 9 stone of 14 lbs. [per stone].
20th. On duty.
21st. Went out partridge shooting; found a few & bagged two brace. Had a tremendous walk home.
22nd. Marched 6 miles on to Town Fontein; day taken up in forming encampment &c.
23rd. Dreadfully cold day, with a high wind. Went out however in the evening, & killed a springbuck.
24th. Passed an idle day in camp having a little bullet practice.
25th. Sunday.
26th. A field day in the morning; went out afterwards & killed a fine blesbuck.
27th. An idle day in camp, as my brother Iab was shooting, an officer & troop being obliged to stay in camp.
28th. Governor⁴⁴ expected, so no leave for shooting.
29th. Bagged 2½ brace of partridges in the evening & a rock hare.⁴⁵
30th. News arrived that the Governor is delayed, so went out shooting & was fortunate enough to kill a fine ram blesbuck.
31st. Muster day. A dreadfully cold wind; the coldest day I have felt since leaving England.
June 1st. Sunday
2nd. Went out shooting in the afternoon and killed another large ram blesbuck and brought him home.
3rd. At 'em again. Went a long distance with a large party & got some good jamming at wildebeasts; only one wildebeast however was killed, which I bowled over. I also knocked over a springbuck but he was inclined to run afterwards & not wishing to bully the Screamer [a horse] I returned home after a long day.
4th. On duty.
5th. Stayed in camp & built up a mud stable for my steed.
6th. Shooting again but was unlucky in getting shots, & bagged nothing. Butler killed a horse, & Crofts broke his rifle,⁴⁶ a dear day's yoking for them.
7th. Went out to find the horns of two wildebeasts which we had found

killed fighting. Took my rifle & had a few shots & was lucky enough to tumble over a fine cow wildebeast. Made a luncheon of her milk, which was excellent.

8th. Sunday.

9th. Post day, so no shooting. A little cricket in the afternoon.

10th. Out shooting. I succeeded in killing a splendid specimen of the gnou [wildebeest]. His head was supposed to be a very fine one & accordingly all the

11th. I was engaged in preserving it. Went out for a walk in the evening but only killed a partridge & a hare.

12th. A very windy day & the game consequently very wild; went however a long distance, & had a capital day's sport, killed a wildebeast & a blesbuck; the latter gave me about three-quarters of a mile yok before I could catch him, though his leg was broken above the elbow.

14th. Field day. Went out afterwards, but killed only a springbuck.

15th. Sunday.

16th. Killed 3 partridges & a hare.

17th. The Governor, Sir P. Maitland, arrived. Went out in the evening to try for a springbuck, but could not get one.

18th. In camp; general parade in the evening. Bain⁴⁷ started for the Caledon River.

19th. Started early & went a long distance; found lots of game; knocked over a wildebeast, blesbuck & 3 springbucks, but the wildebeast requiring too much riding after him to cut his throat, I gave him up, though he was badly wounded.

20th. Everyone anxious enough to know our destination; the Boers have all treked & it is no use for us to attempt to catch them. Rumours afloat that we are to go back to Beaufort in a day or two, but [are] waiting for Bain's return.

21st. Went out in the afternoon (after the field day) to look for a tiger [leopard] which had been seen a day or two ago by Butler, but, as I expected, we did not find the gentleman at home. I killed a springbuck with N. A. cartridges, & brought him home behind the saddle.

22nd. Sunday. Revd. — Maitland⁴⁸ performed service.

23rd. In camp waiting for orders to march. Bain returned from Caledon.⁴⁹

24th. The Kafir chiefs Macomo & Moshesh⁵⁰ arrived with some of their followers; a speedy termination to our campaign supposed to be at hand. Went out shooting for the last day, a large party. Thompson, Bayley (91st), Gregory (Artillery) & young Maitland made a good bag; 4 wildebeasts & 2 blesbuck killed by the party, 1 wildebeast and 1 blesbuck falling to my share, besides 3 springbucks & another wildebeast which I mortally wounded, but as there were no tails actually cut off, these must not count.

25th. Field day. The Kafir chiefs looking on & were considerably surprised at the guns; when we charged they said that they should all be killed.

26th. In camp.

27th. Another field day for Macomo.

28th. Another last day's shooting; went out a large party, but the day proved bad & the bag was small, 2 blesbucks & 2 springbuck being the extent of the bag from 7 guns. I was however fortunate enough to kill one blesbuck & a springbuck for my share; the former I had a tremendous yolk after [after] he was wounded, before I could give him the finishing stroke. Had a shot also at a large black wolf, but it was a long shot and he escaped unhurt.

29th. Expecting to march on Tuesday or Wednesday.

1st July. Marched from Town Fontein for Fort Beaufort.

2nd. Killed a springbuck.

7th. Had a day's shooting on the Febus.⁵¹ Killed 4 wildebeasts and 1 killed between us. Met the Colonel & several of his party, also shooting on the Febus Flat; they had gone another road to our division and having knocked up their oxen were obliged to halt a day, luckily close to the shooting ground.

[8th.] The next day went out to kill a specimen of the black coran,⁵² they were very wild, but I succeeded in killing a brace.

Without meeting with any misfortunes, or particularly good luck, we arrived at Gordon Nourse's, a farmer 25 miles from Fort Beaufort, on the 15th. We found there was going to be a hop, to which, uncivilised & clad in regimental rags, we were invited, and after dancing away till it was time to march (i. e. 5 a. m.), we got into our saddles for the last time on this grand expedition & arrived on the 17th at Fort Beaufort, which looked as dull, dirty [sic] & I fancy many of us will wish ourselves back again under canvas at Town Fontein before long, where, as the papers expressed it, "The men were enjoying excellent health & spirits & the officers were hunting".

Usually by 10 a. m. every sporting man was in his saddle, & by dark we returned laden with spoils & tired horses to recount the adventures of the day over a roasting wood fire at one end of the camp. Among other things we every night had a concert, there being not only some very amusing singers, but also some very fair voices; a favorite song which was often called for was "Swart Coppices", composed by a private & sung to the tune of —. ⁵³ Though, being rather novices in the art of rifle shooting, our bag did not always boast of being very large, yet we were at all events keen enough, & well do I remember with what delight I bowled over the first springbuck, little imagining then that I was ever destined to see & kill such animals as I afterwards had the good fortune to do. Little idea had I then when I shouted with rapturous joy over the beautiful little antelope, as I heard the bullet tell and saw that it had done its work, or laughed at the grotesque gestures of the gnuo, as he attempted to charge after he had received his death warrant, that it was ever to fall to my lot to sit in triumph on the haunch of a prostrate elephant, or admire the dying form of the giraffe as he bowed his proud neck to my trusty rifle.

Much as we enjoyed [it] & good as really was the sport from our camp,

when our delight was to ride over the endless flats after myriads of antelopes & gnooks, exulting in our success if an unfortunate bleibuck fell a victim to our weapon, it was but a taste of sport; it was but enough to give one a longing for the wilds of Africa. Then it was that I learnt to love the wild sport of the wilderness; to wander, unrestrained by game laws or tyrannical despots, "Afair away from the haunts of men, by the elephant's path, or the buffalo's glen,"⁵⁴ & I never felt satisfied till I had really seen the grandest and most magnificent of all sport, such as falls to the lot of but few to witness.

HUNTING EXPEDITION IN THE NORTH-EASTERN CAPE

Accordingly, after spending six [ten] weeks at Fort Beaufort I left that place October 1st 1845 with two waggons, six horses & six servants, the wagon filled as much as possible with grain, the horses being of rather the best sort.

October 1st Wednesday. Having despatched my wagon a week previous, with guns, ammunition, dogs, pickaxes, spades, spare shoes for horses, in fact every necessary for a three months' expedition against the ferae, at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 a. m. I started on a hack with two led horses, my other horse having left the night previous. Flagg having accompanied me 7 miles with the hounds on my road, I then set forth solers [alone], bent on great destruction of game, notwithstanding the ill forebodings of everyone concerning rainy weather, & all sorts of evils that were to attend my journey, & the surprise of all that instead of my present expedition, I could not turn my steps towards England.

However, having caught up my other horses 20 miles from Beaufort, I made 40 miles more by sunset to the canteen on Daka Boors Nek; here I got forage for the horses, & eggs & bacon for myself, also a fair bed.

2nd. At daylight set off for Cradock. Offsaddling for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour half-way, I then got on well till within a few miles of Cradock when one of my horses fell ill, occasioned, I fancied, by the bitter bushes he had eaten, there being no grass, with difficulty I got him into Cradock. However with lots of grain & a night's rest, he appeared all right & on the

3rd. I made another start. I had not, however, proceeded many miles, when the horse again shut up & I was obliged to leave him at a Boer's house with the chance (a remote one I am afraid) of finding him there on my return. I was to catch up my wagon today, 42 miles from Cradock & about 2 p. m. I arrived at the appointed place. What was my disappointment however, after a long ride on a hot day, not to find it, & I could learn no tidings from Mr. Potgieter, the farmer, concerning it. Hearing that there was another Potgieter on another road, about 10 miles off, I saddled again, & made for it, making up my mind to find the wagon there, but again no tidings. I was now rarely tired, also my stud, after the hot & fatiguing day & I began to fear that I should be minus food, as well as my horses; however we obtained permission from the Boer to remain at his house & we also got some barley for the horses. The next job was to find something to eat, but this appeared more difficult, for the old man, on my asking if he had a little milk, said he had "Nix ne mich". For bread, he had "Nix ne brod ne", ⁵⁵ so I began to content myself with water & lay down on the saddle for the night. However, presently the old vrow⁵⁶ told me she was going to give me buck flesh, much to my delight,

having tasted nothing since daylight. Having pulled this to pieces, with the old Boer & two dirtier sons I soon fell asleep, among the whole family of Boers, about 14 in number & as dirty as the filthiest of pigs.

4th. At daylight, as may be supposed, I started, having first given the horses some more barley, & also much to my surprise, got a mouthful of coffee & some honey from the old vrow. It was about 70 miles from Colesberg & I hardly knew what to do, not knowing where my waggon could be, as it had orders to stop at the aforesaid Potgieter's, & the chance of either myself or horses getting anything to eat on the road was doubtful. However fortune favored me and after trekking on another 10 miles, I got to another Boer's & representing my hungry case to him, he gave us plenty of flesh & eggs & having turned out the horses to grass, I waited patiently, hoping to hear something of my waggon. I was not at all displeased at about 2 p. m. to see it coming slowly along the road, it having come another line & so I had missed it. The oxen &c. were all right so I had no right to complain & tomorrow being Sunday, & there being plenty of grass, & the oxen wanting a day's rest, I made up my mind to stay here till Monday morning, & accordingly pitched the tents & thus first commenced my sojourning in the wilds. A tremendous thunderstorm at night cooled the air and having made friends with the Dutchman and his vrow I felt a great deal more comfortable than last night.

5th. Sunday. A bath in a beautifully clear spring, & getting oxen & horses a day's rest, made me all right for a 56-mile trek into Colesberg, where I staid 10 days, having a great deal of trouble in getting grain, & also another waggon & driver; the latter I found a most difficult thing to accomplish, though numbers of idle fellows were about. One was "bung for the Boers",⁵⁷ another said it was "too far" & many were inclined to go, but for their loving vrows who actually stopped some after they had packed up their blanket & were prepared to start. However about midday on the 16th [October] I started with one waggon for guns, tents, ammunition, coffee, tea, sugar & other commodities, & the other containing grain for the horses. My establishment consisted of William, whose principal business it was to pitch my tent, cook &c., Bartman to look after the horses, one Cobus an after-rider,⁵⁸ a driver Jeremiah, & two preloppers,⁵⁹ one by name Waterfall, & the other Tom.

After a long tiresome ins[panning] of some new oxen, & sundry severe belaboring on the part of Jeremiah of the obstreperous ones, we at last got clear of the town & made about 20 miles to Taybosh Fontein⁶⁰ that night.

on the 17th I halted & had a day's shooting, bagging 1 wildebeast & a springbuck; in the afternoon took to my [shot]gun & killed a brace of black coran and a partridge.

18th. One of the oxen being lost last night, we did not recover him till daylight, when we again proceeded; after three or four hours' trek, we had two tremendous thunderstorms & were obliged to outspan, not however before Mr. Cobus, who had, for the time, taken to driving one of the wag-

gons, had stuck fast between two immense stones & obliged us to wait at least an hour extricating it. In the afternoon we made another 5 or 6 miles & halted for the night. In the afternoon I shot a fine springbuck & luckily as it was near the waggon, I had a capital course after him, with Yok & Lucky [dogs].

19th. Sunday. So halted. A stormy & showery morning. Luckily Bain, a great traveller, had kindly given me all sorts of wrinkles, so having plenty of time, I thought over my line of country, with sundry surmises at the likely places for game.

20th. Pursued our journey at about 2 a. m., there being a splendid moon, & about daylight found ourselves at a Mr. Nessel'sst (10 miles). Here we staid till 2 o'clock, the old Boer being so drunk he could hardly stand & as we heard had been so several days. There was evidently liquor to be got, as some of my Totties shewed. I was accordingly glad to get away & made about another 15 miles by shortly after sunset. I had come away without one of my followers, who had gone out with the cattle & had not returned when we left Nessel's; however he soon came up after us, & as he said, had been asleep all day. There was no grass for the oxen, so early on the 21st we again treked about 12 miles, not, however, before one of the oxen, old Postorn, shut up, the poor animals not having had anything to eat for several hours. I saw an ostrich today, for the first time.

22nd. Got on, to Struken's the Dutchman'sst or rather the place where he did live. Saw several ostriches on the road, but they were all too wild. Was obliged to go on again, there being still no grass. Got another 12 miles tonight, & the oxen nearly all tired. We were supposed now to be very near the game but as none of the Boers could give me any information concerning it, on the 23rd I went in search of a vley where to pitch my camp; however, what was my disappointment to find no water at the appointed place, & though I rode round the country for several miles could neither see water nor gemsbok, the antelope I was particularly in search of. I saw several quaggas, ostrich, a few wildebeasts, two hartebeasts, & a pack of wild dogs; the quaggas I had two or three shots at, but bagged nothing. I returned to the camp, not knowing exactly which way to turn. In the evening the cattle herd, Mr. Waterfall, returned saying he could not find the oxen.

24th. A cold windy day, very unlike our previous weather, the dust blowing & making everything disagreeable. Again no tidings of oxen. Two parties we sent in search of them.

25th. A very cold morning. At daylight, after partaking of an omelet of an ostrich egg, which together with a little rice made a good breakfast for the whole party, I started to make a wide cast for the oxen, thinking perhaps they had gone on the road home, as is not unfrequently the case with these animals. However, after a long ride of at least 50 or 60 miles, round hills and all manner of places, I turned home, contemplating an end to my shooting before it had begun, & having to trek back minus the two

spans of oxen. I was, then, not a little glad to find on my arrival at the camp that one of the men I had sent in a different direction had been successful, having found the truants quietly luxuriating on a fine grassy hill, not very many miles distant from the camp.

26th. Sunday. Late in the evening went about 18 miles to have a look for gemsbok & to be there in good time. Took a blanket & slept under a bush on the flat. After a tolerably pleasant night, being awake only occasionally by quaggas & wildebeast trotting about & the cries of jackals & wolves on the neighbouring hills, Cobus and I fed the horses & were ready for a start. [27th] In a few minutes I had a shot at a hartebeest, wounded him, & were in full pursuit when we came across two gemsbok, which were feeding a little distance off on a hillside. After pulling up, to give the horses their wind, we set to work at one of them, which, having turned off the wind after about a quarter of an hour, was laid low, & the head duly cut off, carried home, & preserved. They are certainly splendid animals; this one, when wounded, shewed fight & it would decidedly not have been safe to have gone too close under these circumstances. Jeremiah found an ostrich's nest with 36 eggs, which will last for omelets for some time.

28th. Inspected the oxen & treked about 7 miles towards the gemsbok, to rather a nice spot, though there was not much water.

29th. Having again slept at the aforesaid bush, we were again in our saddles. Found the other gemsbok in the same place & after a severe chase lost him. Found 6 more afterwards, one of which Cobus succeeded in driving nearly to the waggons & in the afternoon we took a wagon and pitched him in. Much disappointed at finding so little game; the country being so dry, it is supposed to have all treked.

30th. The morning was taken up in preserving the head of the gemsbok of yesterday & in stalking some springbuck, one of which I succeeded in bagging. In the afternoon, some few made their appearance near the camp, & mounting old Pringle, I despatched a young one.

31st. Had nother turn at the gemsbok; found one, & riding after him about 10 miles, he & the horses were quite beat, but unfortunately we lost sight of him & saw no more of him. He took us over some horrible stony places which was the only reason we did not bag him. During the chase, as we turned round a coppice, Cobus exclaimed, "A lion, a lion", & sure enough a fine fellow was within a hundred yards of us, the first I had seen. To have attempted to tackle him would have been foolhardy, especially as Cobus was on the point of running away merely at seeing him, saying, "Oh, God, he will kill us". It was with difficulty I succeeded in making him go on, & on asking him the reason of his alarm, he said he had always heard that they were particularly savage at white horses, on one of which he was mounted. After having lost the gemsbok we saw a fine troop, as we were coming home, of at least 50, two of which I wounded. I rode after one, but my pony had had too much to do in the morning. I was much disappointed, when on coming back to Cobus, he told me that the other was very badly wounded & was a very fine bull. However, we were at least 15

miles from the waggons & Tenslopodos being quite lame, we returned home after this tantalizing day's sport; my only consolation was that I had actually seen a lion. Poor Lucky, who had been ill some days with the distemper, I found defunct on my return. Passed Riet Put⁶⁸ on our way home, but found it nearly dry.

November 1st. Rode to look for a place to change our camp & after losing our way once only, & going about 10 miles round, found Biche Put,⁶⁴ with a spring of water. but apparently little game; however there is supposed to be plenty a few miles off. Had a couple of shots at wildebeast & succeeded in bagging one; also found an ostrich nest with 14 eggs. I tried to shoot the old one by lying behind a bush to wait for his return, but he did not make his appearance soon, & a tremendous thunderstorm coming on, we carried as many of the eggs as we could home, not, however, before we got a regular ducking. This first fortnight the amount of game bagged is 2 gemsbok, 2 wildebeast, 1 quagga & 3 springbuck, which considering the scarcity of game is perhaps as much as I could have expected.

2nd. Sunday. A splendid day after the thunderstorm of yesterday. It is certainly annoying to find the country so dry & the difficulty in finding game [sic: water] obliges one to stay in places so far distant from the game; however, next month let us hope for better luck.

3rd. Thinking to find water at Riet Put after the thunderstorm, treked thither today, about 6 hours with the waggon, but found only a small quantity. However, thinking it would last us a week, I encamped, intending to stay a few days & then go towards the Orange River & if possible cross. I took a walk in the evening over some hills, but no game was to be seen.

4th. At daylight of course we were in the saddle & bent on killing a bull gemsbok. We soon found two & getting well upwind, we selected the bull, & went at him in earnest. He took us over some nasty rough ground & rather gained ground; however we got on terms with him again and after about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour he was nearly beat. Just at this time, going as hard as my horse could carry me downhill, he put his foot in a hole & [gave] me a tremendous fall; determined however not to lose the gemsbok & thinking I was not hurt, I jumped on again & soon came up with Cobus, & the gemsbok nearly beat. I jumped off & fired but the rifle missed fire. I now strongly suspected that my collarbone was broken, as I had lost all use of my left arm; however loading again & jumping on, I came up with him again, & getting off, fired another shot with my right hand & laid low this fine fellow. He was no sooner done, however, than I felt the pain of the broken bone, & after giving my friend another ball, as he got up again and was on the point of charging, I laid down on his body nearly fainting.

This is a most disagreeable end to my excursion for the present & I at once determined to go back to Colesberg. Starting on the 5th I left the waggon & rode on, on the easiest going of my stud, stopping at Boers' houses for the nights & finding them everywhere uncommonly civil. I arrived at Colesberg early on Saturday the 8th after a most disagreeable ride, as needs must be with a broken bone. Here Gibb⁶⁵ put him straight

& with unpleasant ideas of having lost my shooting & having to lay up, I resigned myself to my fate, congratulating myself only on its not being a broken leg or neck & on having obtained three specimens of the gemsbok.

1846. Bent on a second expedition into the interior, & not satisfied with my former one, which had been so unceremoniously put an end to by the broken collarbone, I applied for a month's leave of absence. My Gazette as having left the Service being expected about this time, I had no difficulty in obtaining leave, & having previously made all arrangements, engaged Hottentots, bought waggons, oxen, & horses, together with all articles absolutely necessary for the trip.

I was on Monday the 2nd of February in a fair way for a start, however, pour commencer, on greasing the wheels in the morning (whether from the wish of the Totties to have another night in their beloved gin shop or not I cannot tell), the fore axletree of one wagon was pronounced cracked.

However, determined not to be done, I had the wagon immediately rolled down to the wagon maker's, & as he was rather more of a hardworking man than his neighbours, by the afternoon the axletree was all right again & by dusk, after no end of troubles — packing waggons, inspanning young oxen, keeping Hottentots out of canteens, & other amusing incidents — I had my two waggons over the drift & already plodding slowly along the road, the bewitching Hottentot ladies followed their beloved husbands to the first outspanning where, having smuggled in a bottle or two of Cape smoke, they regaled themselves for the night.

I considered myself fortunate in losing only one ox tonight, which, having broken his rein, absconded, & was no more heard of. The following morning they pursued their way & made a few miles. On the afternoon of the 4th I arrived at Pedlar's, a farmer about 35 miles from Beaufort, where I had agreed to await Christie (91st Regiment),⁶⁶ who had previously arranged to accompany me on the trip. I employed the following day in putting all things to rights.

My establishment consisted of two wagon drivers & their leaders, one after-rider, one Englishman⁶⁷ to look after horses, & another man, an Abyssinian who was supposed to look after everything, cook &c.; my two waggons with two spans of oxen, & eleven horses, or rather Cape hacks, but which from my previous knowledge of them I had no doubt would do their work well. The waggons were filled with coffee, tea &c., sugar in abundance, meal & rice, a few bottles of brandy & also several sacks of oats for the horses.

This load, besides ammunition, guns & some articles for barter, made a heavy pull for our oxen, especially as grass at this time was scarce; as however there was some here, we determined on resting a day.

[Arkwright listed the people and animals of his trek on a front flyleaf: Servants: William, Abyssinian cook, Meshach [Cornwall]. Cobus, after-rider, Jeremiah & Jacob, drivers, Piet & Paddy, voorloopers. Horses: Pringle, Dutchman, Judas, Holland, Kisch, Toby, Dakboor, Saul, Magill, Bovey, Scrummyet, B. Z., and the Blue Pony. Dogs: Yok & Spring, Scotch deerhounds, Ginger, terrier. Sicily, a bulldog. Bess, a pointer. Various curs.]

6th. Christie arrived last night with a like establishment. We had been daily expecting an outbreak among the Kaffirs,⁶⁸ so were not anxious to delay long. On the 8th, notice being sent round to the farmers to look out, we determined to be off. Last night at dusk two of my horses were missing & I had a long ride to look for them, but found on my return that they had been caught, having only strayed in consequence of the neglect of one of the boys.

On the evening of the 8th we inspanned, bade adieu to old Pedlar, who was in a horrible stew concerning the Kaffirs. Thinking it possible the Kaffirs might be on the lookout, we loaded our double-barrels, & also gave out some guns to our party, wishing at all events to give them a warm reception should they attack us; however we got through the pass all right & outspanned about midnight at one Wieman's, a German. There, the following day [9th] being very hot, we prowled about the gardens but the fruit was not ripe; in the evening we again moved on by the light of a splendid moon, which favored our journey at this time of night.

I had gone on with the horses, as the country was a likely kind for Kaffirs, & we feared our troop of horses might be too tempting a morsel for them. I arrived at a small inn by the roadside on Daka Boors Nek about an hour after dusk, & after feeding the 23 horses, much to the surprise of the worthy host, whom I believe we pretty well cleaned out of his forage, I lay down for a snooze till the waggon came up. I was awoke about midnight [10th] by a waggon coming down the hill in the opposite direction to that in which I expected ours, & presently heard a voice I immediately recognised. I went out as soon as the waggon pulled up, & seeing a tall figure in a caross,⁶⁹ with an old straw hat & a plume of ostrich feathers, I almost doubted my powers of recollection, but a few minutes settled the point, & it proved to be Cunning, an old Eton acquaintance of mine.⁷⁰ He was returning from a trip into the interior & had been away 14 months; he had had splendid sport & reported he had been farther than any other white man. We at once agreed to pass the whole of the next day where we were, hearing well-told stories of elephants, lions, rhinoceros, giraffes &c. It made us long to be in the wished-for country.

He had necessarily undergone some hardships, once being left in the wilderness 900 miles from Colesberg with a solitary Bushman, his men having deserted him after stealing his grog, & he in consequence threatening to shoot them. What added to his misfortunes was that both his waggons were broken at the time; he is, however, bent on another excursion into the interior. He had lost eight horses by "perd silita".⁷¹ We treked on a few miles on our different routes this evening (the 10th).

11th. We had a little bullet practice by way of employment. The days being hot & the nights delightfully cool with a fine moon, we preferred trekking at the latter time. As we were about to start in the evening, I made a deal with a farmer for a pony with a lame ox.

[12th] We treked on till about 2 a. m. when we halted at the Fish River. On the evening of the 12th we again inspanned & arrived at Cradock in the

morning of the 13th. The Totties [were] half of them in the tronk¹² & one & all drunk; no grass for the horses or oxen, but as we were obliged to get something done to our waggons, we were compelled to stay till midday on the 14th, when the Hottentots having become sober in the tronk on pure water, were taken out & used, when we were ready to start. This plan I found so effectual with the Hottentots, that ever after I pursued it in passing through a town.

After getting on a few miles, the heat became so oppressive that we were obliged to pull up till the evening, when we again moved on, up a nasty hill where one waggon stuck fast & it became so dark that we afterwards lost our way, narrowly escaping overturning the leading waggon; a tremendous storm of thunder adding to our comfort, we were now fain to pull up till daylight, when we resumed our journey & made about 10 miles on the morning of the 16th.

As the waggons were trekking, we took the pointers & hunted in vain for partridges, falling in with only one covey, which escaped with very slight decrease of its numbers. I believe the best part of the day's sport was falling in with a good Boer, who gave us a feed of capital grapes, which by the bye we had to pay for. I afterwards killed some Namaqua partridges,¹³ a famous little bird for the pot, & we arrived at John Roberts,¹⁴ a Dutchman, at sunset. There we overtook the waggons & having got out of the way of Kaffirs, & being afraid of horse sickness if we crossed the Orange River too early in the season, we proposed remaining for a few days.

Accordingly we drew up under some coppices, a famous place for an encampment; the night set in with a bitterly cold wind. The following morning [17th] we went out to look for pouws (or bustards)¹⁵ but they were too wild. I stalked a rheebuck¹⁶ & wounded her badly, but eventually lost her. I presently knocked over a steinbuck, as he crossed me at full speed, by sending a bullet slap through his heart, but having put him behind old B. Z.'s saddle my troubles for the day began, for the old brute, whose age & length of service might have taught him better manners, began to back & plunge before I was fairly on & fearing I should drop my gun, I scrambled down, but in doing so, lost my footing & my gun fell with violence on two large stones & broke the stock in half. Returning to the camp & looking over my other rifle I discovered that the sight had been knocked off in the box. Thus was I with both rifles horsed combat at the commencement of the expedition; however I saddled up a horse & was ready to start for Cradock.

Just now, to add to my misfortunes, a Hottentot came running up to say that Saul, my favorite old pony, of whom I had up to this moment been particularly careful, that he might not break his neck (his shoes having been recently removed to prepare him for the skeet velt¹⁷), was galloping all over the rocks after the farmer's mares.

A few hours' ride brought me to Cradock & the following evening [18th] I had returned with both rifles ready again for the field, & myself in a much better-tempered mood than that in which I had left the camp. Christie had just returned with a pouw. Again a very cold night & we were obliged to let

the sun thaw our fingers before we dared mount with our rifles in search of springbuck. We were mounted by the Boer on two very good shooting ponies, on the spec[ulation] of our buying them. We returned to the camp laden with flesh, & this being the first supply of venison, the Totties made the most of it.

20th. I this morning killed a duck & had a fine course with the grey-hounds, made mynheer⁷⁹ a bid for his two horses & then took another turn at the springbuck. We were again fortunate in our sport.

21st. Principally occupied in cleaning up guns &c. A very hot day.

22nd. Rode out to look for a place to change camp, & on the following day [23rd] moved on a few miles, & here again we intend staying a few days, being still afraid to cross the river. I took Yok in the evening & killed 3 springbuck on foot; also some wild turkeys⁷⁹ were bagged in the morning.

24th. Went out at daylight, accompanied by Spring. Found a troop of wildebeasts & had a good course after a young one, which Spring came up to, but not having been yet blooded could not pull down.

25th. Killed a springbuck & a pouw in the morning; in the evening rode out to look for wildebeasts, but it came on to blow & rain so hard that we turned tail. A tremendous storm in the evening rendered our camp a young river in a very few minutes & with difficulty we got a trench dug round our tents in time to save their being washed away. Thinking the wretched-looking horses were better out than tied up, they were left to graze for the night after being duly knee haltered.⁸⁰

on the morning of the 26th two were missing, & as one of them was my best horse, I did not approve of the loss, especially when after all the Totties being out with the promise of a bottle of grog on the recapture of the horses, they returned reporting a blank day, & as horses frequently decamp & are not heard of for months, we thought it probable that, if they escaped the merciless hands of the Kaffirs, our only chance of hearing of ours would be on our return from our expedition.

Every spot having been searched as we thought for miles round, I gave it up & the following day [27th] went out after the springbuck. Having bagged a couple, I was returning & was just taking a last look with my glass in every direction; Cobus had just exclaimed in broken English, "Ah, sar, we shall not see any more the Blue Pony, we shall catch no more gemsbok" (the Blue Pony being Cobus's particular favorite for riding down gemsbok), when all at once two horses came across the glass. They were a long way off, but I at once recognized the truants. Almost thinking my luck too good to be true, I cantered across the flat about three miles, still I could see no horses without the glass till at last, as the sun was setting, I came-up with & recaptured the truants, as they were quietly grazing under a coppice. I forthwith saddled up one, & joyfully returned to the camp, where they were received with a cheer.

[28th] The following day we did little except receiving a visit from a disagreeable Boer, who declared the ground was his. He was considerably

impudent, but we fortunately discovered the ground was not his, so merely laughed at him & he retired in great wrath.

March 1st. We rode over to Mynheer Roberts, from whom we purchased the two horses for £15 each, mine glorying in the name of "Scrumneet" (i. e. fear nothing)⁸¹ & prepared for a start the following morning, determining now to take the chance of horse sickness & get forward.

[2nd] We only got on however about 10 miles, killing a springback for flesh.

3rd. We had very early intentions, but the oxen having strayed, we did not inspan till late; however we got on as far as the Febus River, crossing the salt pans.

4th. Our oxen again were missing, & an idle day in consequence. Took a ride onto the Febus Flat, but did little. A Hottentot who had been in search of the oxen only returned at daylight on the 5th, the oxen having strayed back to the impudent Dutchman, who was on the point of sending them to the pound. We inspanned immediately & made a few miles before breakfast. On the road I had a beautiful shot at a springback, bowling him over at full speed.

On the evening of the 5th we arrived at one Swanpool's. Water being scarce, he refused to let us outspan, but a bottle of brandy softened his heart & we remained here till the following afternoon.

[7th] Christie & I then rode over to a farm of Mr. Nelson's, to see for some more oxen. As we were about starting one of the boys came running up to us to say that he had just seen a covey of 30 partridges, but as we expected the amount gradually dwindled down, & we found but 10, out of which we bagged 7, & then prosecuted our ride. We rejoined the waggons at night.

8th. Found a good thrashing floor, towards which we turned our horses' heads, & some good grass for the oxen. Killed a splendid pouw & then rode over to Colesberg.

9th. Rode over to Fossey's,⁸² over the Orange River where I purchased 15 oxen & returned the following day. The price of oxen in this district is about £2-5-0, though in the neighbourhood of Ft. Beaufort good ones are not to be had under £3. I saw Bain, who had been on a shooting excursion into the interior, & from him I obtained letters to the missionaries.

A splendid moon made porcupine hunting the amusement for the evening. I found Christie had arrived at Colesberg with the waggons. A horse of mine had decamped; he had however been bred in the Hantam⁸³ & we knew where to look for him. He had several times tried to make his escape when knee haltered, such is the predilection of horses in this country to their native velt. The Hottentots by 10 p. m. were one & all very drunk, & kicking up a tremendous row.

11th. Tried to get Cobus up to go in search of the horse, but he was too drunk, so tied him to the waggon wheel instead.

12th. Cobus having gradually become sober was off at daylight for the horse & returned with the truant in the evening, he having travelled about

30 miles knee haltered across country!! We found the oxen as they were on the point of being sent to the pound.

13th. Oxen all in the pound. Totties gradually getting sober. Waggon repaired & after vainly endeavouring to get off the whole day, effected a start about 9 p. m.

15th. Being Sunday, & the oxen requiring grass, we halted. Obligated to shoot a springbuck for flesh in the evening. Ginger, who had been absent for some days without leave, returned.

FROM THE ORANGE RIVER TO THE NGWATO COUNTRY

16th. Inspanned at 4 a.m. & crossed the Orange River, the hill on the north side requiring great work to get up; severe belaboring of the drivers on the unfortunate oxen, who had been nearly starved since leaving Ft. Beaufort, was all in vain till twenty were yoked in, & at last to our gratification pulled the heavy vehicles through the sand. We were not a little inclined for breakfast, as it was near noon, & hurried our domestics with the frying pan, but as usual a hurricane of dust was blowing in this bleak deserted spot, & the meat was so peppered with sand (as the Irishman would say) that despite our hunger we could scarcely eat it. Our "peck of dirt" at least must have been swallowed.

We got on a few miles more before sunset. The following morning [17th] the oxen had strayed, so we were late getting under weigh. After a little Christie's waggon broke down, & then all four waggons stuck fast on a horribly stony hill; every minute we expected the leading waggon to make way, till all four drivers, four foreloopers & every other person were at work, shouting, kicking, turning stones &c. After sjamboks⁸⁴ [were] applied to the after oxen & the whips without mercy & with particular dexterity to the fore oxen, it was in vain; the shouts, kicks, whips & stones were of no avail; yoke trees⁸⁵ broke, Hottentots lost their temper, & we bid fair to remain there for the rest of the day. At last a move was perceptible, 24 oxen were at work, & go it must, when the trekrouw⁸⁶ broke & back went the waggon down the hill. We expected an immediate smash, but luckily the wheels locked & all was right, trekrouw mended, & every whip & lung again in force. At length the poor brutes of oxen dragged our vehicles one by one up this disgusting hill. We anchored a few miles on for the night.

[18th] The next day Christie sent his waggon to be repaired, & we rode over to Phillipolis, where we saw Borrow of the C. M. R.⁸⁷

Two curs, which I had purchased of some Griquas for 2s. apiece, were kicking up a horrible row all night under my waggon, never, I conclude, having had a chain on before. We met some Griquas yesterday, who did all they could to frighten us, telling us that our horses would all die of perdsikta. They were on their way to Colesberg to buy ammunition for their shooting expedition, so naturally wished to detain us. However I believe we are rather running a risk.

On the 20th we treked on. The country being very bare of grass, we were obliged to stop wherever we found this necessary article for our travelling. 21st. We had lots of rain at night. I killed a springbuck, & we remained here the whole of the 22nd. The next day [23rd] got on a few miles. A bitterly cold night, such as I never before felt in this country.

The partridges calling all round us, in the morning [24th] we sallied

forth, as in duty bound, but the cold was so intense that for some time we could not feel our guns. It is, however, we hope favorable for [abating] horse sickness. We agreed today that should any of the horses be taken ill, one of us shall return to some safe place with the others, & there remain, the waggons going on to some good grazing ground for the oxen. As this would be a sort of purgatory to the individual who has to go back, we have agreed to toss up for the appointment. & though a disagreeable way of beginning our expedition it would be better than losing all our horses, which we may do if we go on too soon. Arrived this evening at Knapsaac Riviere,⁸⁸ where we had some good wild duck shooting.

25th. I killed a couple of pouws & some partridges, the former with cartridges. Saw a small troop of hartebeasts for the first time, but very wild. Encamped without water for the night.

26th. After a wet night we again inspanned. I took a pony & killed a springbuck, but they were very wild. We halted at Wieman's Berg & the following day [27th] went out in search of hartebeasts, which were reported to be in the neighbourhood. We had just had a good course after a steinbuck, & killed, when a small troop of hartebeast hove in sight. Riding upwind* we each got a good double shot & I wounded one, but to my disgust he slackened not his pace & the troop went away upwind. I gave up all hopes, following quietly after them. However, I passed round a coppice & fortunately crossed two of them within a short distance. Sticking spurs to the Dutchman I was soon within shot & hastily dismounting I fired a long shot, but a lucky one & I almost hurried as I saw the animal fall on his knees, his shoulder being broken. It was a good shot, as he was going a great pace, & it was the first I had slain of the species. I had some little difficulty in closing with him, till another ball rolled this magnificent fellow on the flat & I could not help admiring him before I put the last shot into him, when, brought to bay, he turned his head towards me, with the peculiar game expression of this antelope. It certainly is the gamest of the tribe & I congratulated myself on my good day's sport for this part of the world. Christie then came up & while the Dutchman had taken the opportunity of my being engaged, to gallop off to the camp, we went to bring a party to carry the buck home, which we did on two horses, & his head was duly reckoned among the collection.

28th. I inspanned at daylight. I took a ride to look for hartebeast, but found none. We halted for the night minus water, & consequently the next morning [29th] several oxen were missing. They did not return till late on the 30th.

We passed through Ramah,⁸⁹ a small Griqua village composed of mise-

* All the antelope, on being disturbed, invariably run upwind, some particular species being so determined that they will almost knock their opponent down, rather than be forced downwind; but when once they have a good start upwind it is useless to attempt to overtake them. [Author]

rable huts. Here we were told that in the neighbourhood were lots of hartebeests & wildebeests, but after a long ride we returned with an empty bag, save a couple of hares & a jackal, killed after some good courses with the greyhounds. We encamped for the night by a small river, where we purchased a fine sheep of some Griquas for about twopenny worth of tobacco.

31st. Made a long trek after a wet night. I killed another hartebeest & considered myself fortunate, as game is scarce in these parts. I had to put three balls into this last before she would give in, one ball passing through the fleshy part of the fore-elbow, apparently not lessening her speed; the last, however, through her heart, settled her hash.

April 1st. I spent today in search of koodoo, which I had heard were to be found in the neighbourhood, but we found only spoor, & none of the animal, & I was returning with an empty bag after a long walk over the hills when, on looking over the flat below with my glass, I espied a troop of hartebeast. I hastened down & having despatched a boy for a pony I was soon on my way to the spot where I had seen the buck; in a short time I came up with them & had another fine cow sprawling at my feet, & having jumped on Toby again, I cantered to the camp, knocking over in my way a steinbuck as he stopped to look at the intruder on the preserves, & throwing him over the saddle went for a reinforcement for the hartebeast, which we carried *nolens volens* to the waggons.

2nd. Again moved on with the caravans. We fell in with the "trek buck",⁵⁰ i. e. the springbuck in innumerable herds, in search of grass & water. At this time they will allow a person to go almost among them, & our list of slain was great. Outspanned for breakfast about 1 p. m. & again journeyed at night. At 12 o'clock on the 4th we crossed the Vaal River. Another very hot day. We reached Campbells Dorp⁵¹ the following day [5th], the evening setting in with a tremendous thunderstorm. Christie today came back after an unsuccessful run after the roan antelope, his face & hands besmeared with blood, dirt & gunpowder, having had a tremendous fall during which his gun went off by accident.

6th. Started at daylight with Cobus to look for koodoo & bastard gemsbok (or roan antelope). After a long ride, during which we fell in with spoor, but no game of any sort, I espied a noble b. gemsbok. I immediately started making sure of him, as I had heard these antelope were utterly destitute of speed, but after a very long gallop he beat us, having got a start upwind. I killed a steinbuck & a hartebeast on my way home, [and] having made a breakfast of the flesh & milk of the latter, I returned to the waggons.

7th. Got our waggons overhauled by the missionary, a blacksmith by trade.⁵² Had great difficulty in getting any sheep, so our Totties had to be supplied with extra rations of meal, the game we had killed being too far from the waggons to bring home. We were still in great anxiety about the horse sickness & daily expected to see some of our unfortunate animals laboring under the disease, the last showers of rain not tending to diminish the chance of it, & everyone telling us we should not have a horse left a month hence. The horse sickness is particularly prevalent at this season

of the year, from the young grass & dampness of the soil.

8th. Continued hot weather. Left 12 oxen to get flesh against my return. A Griqua arrived to say that there were lots of game, elephants &c., about 2 weeks from Kuruman.⁸⁸ This, as will be seen, was a regular Kafir report. We were therefore anxious to use all possible expedition. We accordingly inspanned, & got on a few miles.

9th. A little guineafowl shooting, & at night bagged a porcupine. Arrived at Pap Kul⁸⁴ with the waggons about midnight, where one of the drivers had some long stories about a particular lion who was wont to destroy oxen, & we accordingly tied them up for the first time for fear of lions.

[10th] Proceeded in the morning; a cold windy day; we intended to make Daniels Kul,⁸⁵ but a heavy storm coming on we halted for the night under a copse. Here the Hottentots "bulled" an old gray cask [of brandy] & made themselves proportionably happy for the night. The following morning [11th] we encamped at Daniels Kul, a small village of Griqua huts. Partridge & pouw shooting in abundance.

12th. Rain; all against the horses, but as this is considered a safe place we determined to make a few days' stay.

13th. Christie went out in search of vilt but found none. Had some partridge shooting in the evening.

15th. Closed a bargain for 6 more oxen, & now intend to go ahead as fast as possible. We are now only 10 days from game, & find it most tantalizing to be delayed in this way.

16th. Killed an ox, to satiate the cravings of the Hottentots, as game is scarce.

17th. Took a long ride, but saw little except one koodoo on the hills out of shot.

18th. In search of blastard] gemsbok, but again unsuccessful. Bagged a little small game.

19th. Sunday. Having arrived at the middle of April, at which time horse sickness is supposed to be over, we have determined to start tomorrow.

20th. It was late before we were fairly off, & our unfortunate oxen were this & the whole of the following day [21st] before we got to water at Honing,⁸⁷ where we arrived about sunset. I rode on with the troop of horses in advance, as we wished to get to water as soon as possible, & it was curious to see the poor creatures turn out of the road at any similitude to a vley (or pond) or down game paths; indeed it was difficult to keep them on the road, so dreadfully put to it were they for water. Report had said that Honing was the favorite resort of lions, but we slept in peace, though the Hottentots were in a great state of alarm at the oxen, when they were loosed a little before daylight, rushing back to the waggons as soon as they had proceeded a little distance. Whips were cracked, & each Tottie boasted of his courage; he "was ne bung for de leo nie",⁸⁸ but not one would venture away from the waggons except a 12 years old boy, who, for fear of the others' vengeance if he refused, was forced to go after the oxen.

22nd. We treked all day & arrived late at Kuruman. Here we were immediately welcomed by the missionary, Mr. Ashton⁹⁸ & his wife, & during our stay were treated with the greatest kindness & hospitality. Mr. Moffat¹⁰⁰ was away, for which we were very sorry as we expected much valuable information from him.

23rd. Set all our people to grind meal & as it was their only chance of getting any on the road, they worked harder than I have yet seen them. Kuruman is the cleanest & most civilized place I have seen on my travels, though very small, the luxuriant gardens yielding an abundance of fruit & vegetables.

24th. By midday we had again inspanned, & bid adieu to our host, for such Mr. Ashton had been; milk, bread, honey & fruit being such luxuries to us that we never tasted meat during the two days we were at Kuruman. By hard trekking we arrived at the Matuarin¹⁰¹ by midnight.

25th. Again moved, though the heavy sand obliged us to travel but slowly. 22 miles brought us to Motieto¹⁰² by 10 p. m. where we were glad to rest a day.

26th. Sunday. Our waggons surrounded by Bechuanas begging for beads &c., with which ornaments the women were loaded round their waists & ankles. For money we shall henceforth have no use, & our only chance of obtaining either work or any small articles for the future, is by barter. Having yesterday lost Spring (one of the greyhounds), I sent a Kaffir back to Kuruman, with the promise of two lbs. of powder (value 3s.) reward if he brought him back safe, but as Kuruman is between 30 & 40 miles off & the weather being hot, I cannot say I envy him either his walk or his bargain; in the evening Spring returned with the man, but how far he had been back for him I could not ascertain.

27th. I intended to start at daylight, but the Kaffirs having abstracted two oxen (at least we suspected them of so doing, as two were missing) we were delayed. A present of a knife, as we supposed, induced the Kaffirs to restore the two oxen, & in the evening we proceeded. We had enlisted an interpreter at Kuruman, who gloried in the name of "Sea Vater"¹⁰³ from the circumstance of his having once seen the briny ocean. He had been with Dr. Smith¹⁰⁴ in his expedition into the interior, & was supposed to be an invaluable personage. His wages were 8 or 12s. per month; of this he requested 7s. 6d. might be advanced to keep his wife & family in his absence, but as we expect to be away some months I fear she will come but badly off. We had also entered into an agreement with two Kaffirs, who requested to be allowed to join our train, as they were journeying to Bakatta.¹⁰⁵ They were to drive the oxen & horses, or fetch wood & water for their daily rations of meat.

In the morning we paid a visit to the missionary who, among other interesting information, told us something of the country to the west. He described it as a dry sandy desert, with no water, the few wretched natives & the game living on the watermelons which abound there. There is also among the natives a story of a tribe who live far away with a missionary

by name Kobe, but as this must be nonsense, it is supposed that the savages having once heard the report of guns in that direction, suppose that white people live there, & Kobe signifying the report of a gun, have given that name to them. Whether this Kobe had been confounded with the Kobe (chief of the Basilikat)¹⁰⁶ with whom I afterwards became acquainted, or not, I could not ascertain, but as no authentic account had ever reached even the missionaries concerning the Basilikat, it is possible, though the direction pointed out by Mr. Lognani¹⁰⁷ would not justify the supposition.

28th. Treked on till near dark. Only wound a sassabye & killed a wildebeast. Arrived at the Chui Salt Pans¹⁰⁸ at night.

29th. Saw a great many blue wildebeasts or brindled gnooks, & quaggas; for the first time I killed one of the former.¹⁰⁹ At night we had to send the oxen several miles to water, under the care of Kaffirs, who did not bring them back till morning, when they arrived safe & sound; fortunately they were not the Kaffirs of the frontier,¹¹⁰ or we might have whistled for our oxen.

30th. Made a few miles. Had to send a long way again to water, ourselves depending on the water casks.

May 1st. We stopped at a small pit to breakfast, out of which we had to draw water for the horses, but the oxen, who were standing round the hole, apparently wishing to know why they were excluded from their share, had to go minus, & the unfortunate beasts did not get water till midday on the 2nd at the second Chui!¹¹¹ Here the oxen of one of my waggons, dying of thirst, would not wait to be outspanned, but swinging round towards the water, snapped the dissel boom¹¹² (or pole of the waggon) in two. The drivers however managed to mend it by evening. We went out in the afternoon in search of flesh, not wishing to sacrifice more of our oxen. The spring-buck were plentiful, but very wild, & I had despaired when, coming back, a hungry Kaffir pointed to a small troop of sassabye in the distance, & drawing my attention to the empty state of his stomach, entreated me to go after them. Accordingly I turned my horse's head again, & presently got a long shot at two of them; by great good luck, one of them fell on his knees; at this minute, the dogs from the camp joined, & we had a good worry, the Kaffirs, asvogel-like,* coming to the death from all directions.¹¹³

3rd. Sunday. So halted. The jackals last night were impudent enough to come close under the waggons, & the oxen being alarmed, the Totties were again on the alert for Mr. Leo.

4th. Inspanned before breakfast, & by night arrived at the Siglahole R.,¹¹⁴ where we had difficulty in getting water for the oxen, but by digging we succeeded in watering them all, leading them down two by two. In the morning [5th] we discovered a good supply, where we breakfasted & then treked on.

* Asvogel or vulture. It is a wonderful sight to see hundreds of these birds hovering in the air, frequently a second or two after an animal is killed, though a minute before not one was in sight. [Author]

Saul, my favorite old pony, was taken ill, we feared with perd sikta, but after a few hours he gradually recovered, his indisposition having been occasioned, as we supposed, by his having partaken too freely of the limpid stream of the Siglahole.

I took old B. Z. & went in search of game. I had the good luck to fall in with a fine troop of koodoos & attempted to ride one down, but being on such an old brute, I gave it up in despair, and eventually had to drive the old screw several miles before me, ere I reached the waggons, which I did about dark.

We slept tonight without water for either oxen or horses, but arrived early on the morrow [6th] at the Minitawney R.¹¹⁵ Here again we had great trouble to get water for the oxen, the few pools that still held water being so full of dying fish, that they would not drink for some time. I killed a rietbuck & was returning in the afternoon with the pack, after an unsuccessful search after another. I had just watered old Holland when I perceived in the distance a troop of large antelopes, which I at once determined must be either elands or b. gemsbok. My glass soon decided in favor of the former & I made up my mind to have a shy at them, little as my steed was in trim for a run. Getting well upwind, however, they passed me at full trot, in review order. I dismounted, & a rifle ball told plainly on the side of one of them, & mounting hastily, I soon closed with & laid low this, one of the largest & most magnificent of the antelopes; the dogs were in full pursuit of the others, which kept kicking out in a most ludicrous manner, their fat, unwieldy sides shaking like prize oxen. I drove my horse & the after-rider's home, laden with flesh, the eland meat being deservedly the most esteemed of all the vilt. This being the first we had killed, & no one having had any flesh since yesterday, the consumption tonight was trifling in the extreme.

7th. Went out to the carcass of the eland in hopes of a lion, but no find, the asvogets having completely precluded the possibility of our obtaining one atom more of the flesh. The dogs had meanwhile coursed & killed a rietbuck. Christie & I then rode on to look for elands & presently came in sight of a small troop of b. gemsbok, one of which, after a very long gallop on Judas, I succeeded in laying low; on being wounded, he screamed & charged most viciously, his broken shoulder stopping him midway till another ball laid him at full length & the whoop was cried. An impertinent sassabye coming to look on, I crept silently behind a bush & laid him also on the ground, after a fine course with Yok after he was wounded. N. B. The oxen got well watered today for the first time since the 5th.

8th. About 1 a.m. waggons came rolling along which we soon found to be those of Cumming¹¹⁶ who having discharged his cargo at Graham's Town, had set forth again on a second expedition. One of my waggons was found to have an axletree cracked, so we were delayed till the 9th, when we made a long distance, & risking the chances of lions, we travelled at night. I had killed another sassabye, as we were in want of flesh. As we left the Minitawney, a pretty little quagga foal joined our troop of horses & we would have kept it, but finding its foot had been injured we thought it most

humane to put a ball through him.

Early on the 10th we arrived at the Molopo R.¹¹ At daylight the following morning [11th] I went in search of elands, but found only immense herds of quaggas, one of which I killed, I also saw five lions, coming from the carcass of a quagga; four of them were in the distance galloping off at the top of their speed across the flat, but the nearest to me, a lioness, I rode after, in hopes she would stand, but her point was evidently a thick covert, from which nothing would turn her, & after a little fruitless search I left her. I met Christie on my way home; he had just discovered the unpleasant fact of his horse being ill; he was bled, & then, having discussed the lions, we agreed to go home, get breakfast, bring out the pack, & kill if possible my friend of the morning. However we search[ed] every likely place for her, & not a sign to be seen.

Christie had returned, when I thought I would once more draw the covert into which she had bolted. I had proceeded about halfway through, when an angry growl & a bound through the thicket proclaimed a find. I shouted tallyho, as most likely to get the pack together, & poor Ginger, who had been running with the foxhounds at Fort Beaufort, went in. I heard no more; all was still after another hoarse growl from the lion. Two dogs then came back, but the two best could not be seen. I expected they would bring her to bay, but after some time, having hunted in every direction, I found poor Ginger stretched under a bush, quite dead. His companion could not be found; he had been too plucky & I suppose, taking the queen of beasts for a giant jackal, had for his impertinence received his quietus with a rap of the knuckles. Meshach went sorrowing home, exclaiming, "Well, he began well & finished brave, he did".

We had sent the waggons on in advance, & did not catch them up till dark. On the way I killed a fine bush pouw,¹¹⁸ the largest & handsomest of the bush-tard tribe, & certainly the finest of game birds.

12th. I went out in the morning with a rifle, but did little. By sunset we were on the Bakatta Hills,¹¹⁹ a point to which we had hitherto looked as the commencement of our shooting, & sorry we were not, to have got over the greater part of our travelling. We had now severe work for the oxen to drag the waggons through the hills, the huge stones lying across the wagon track (road it could not be called) bidding fair to break another axle-tree for me. At last however we got all our waggons through without accident, barring a smash of one of Christie's dissel booms, & running our waggons through some Kafir gardens by mistake.¹²⁰

13th. The melting of bullets in the camp today looked as if we meant murder & no mistake. The missionary, Mr. Edwards, very civil. Meseleli, the chief, a great rascal.¹²¹ Lost two oxen, & obliged to go on without them, leaving a reward with the missionary for the above-named chief in case they were returned. Set off on the morning of the 14th.

Breakfasted on the bush pouw, decidedly the best bird I ever eat (not that I profess to be an epicure). We then started to look for buffaloes, rhinoster,¹²² & other game. I was however unlucky in finding nothing but

wildebeast & springbuck, which I considered beneath my notice. Outspanned in the evening by a river without water, Christie brought in a supply of eland flesh. Lions were kicking up a great row all night.

15th. Having no water we sent two of the boys in search of some, but the others having neglected to fill the casks, were minus liquor (i.e., water). I was rather glad of it, as I had often predicted this state of affairs from their persevering idleness in not filling the casks. They then one & all absented themselves to look for water; meantime the others returned & we inspanned & started. I driving my own waggon. Presently I came in sight of two waterbuck, the first I had seen, & leaving the waggons to Providence, I jumped on Judas & was soon in full chase of a fine ram. I had two balls in him & he was nearly done, when

"Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes,
For the death wound & death halloo
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew,
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm & weapon bared."¹²³

galloping at top speed. Judas put his foot in a hole, & over we came, a fearful smash. Oh! my honor, to find my ill-fated collarbone again in two. I tried to persuade myself it was not broken, but it would not do, & after nearly fainting with pain, I regained the waggons with difficulty, having (from being nearly stunned) all but lost all idea as to the whereabouts of the camp. Thus after my weary trek to the skeet belt I was compelled to lay up the first day; surely such bad luck never happened to any man; however nothing was to be done but grin & bear it.

The following day [16th] Christie returned, having killed two rhinosters besides having fallen in with buffaloes, waterbuck, giraffes & numerous small game; it was indeed hard to be laid up at this exciting time, the game frequently almost within shot of the waggons. Moseleli returned the oxen this evening.

17th. Having set my collarbone, I made up my mind to lay up for a few days.

20th. Hearing that Oswell¹²⁴ had passed us on a like expedition, & as we were anxious to see him, we determined to get forward.

21st. Arrived at Sichele's,¹²⁵ where the missionary received us most kindly & here also we overtook Oswell.¹²⁶ Dr. Livingston¹²⁷ inspected my collarbone & pronounced it to be going on all right, giving me hopes of being able to shoot again in about 3 weeks' time, but I think I shall not be able to wait so long. He also gave us much information, & Oswell having determined his course to the east, we resolved on taking a line rather to the westward, [and] our object being to get to elephants as quickly as possible we determined to go to the Bacai country¹²⁸ & for this purpose, with the promise of a present to Sichele, we procured guides from him. This country being nearly north & one which had been neither explored nor shot

over, we expect good sport.

Accordingly, on the 22nd we were again under weigh. I was not able to travel in the waggon, but found an easy pony much more comfortable for the broken bone. From this time we had to travel without a road & for a commencement our line today was by no means the best, so that we made but little progress. We arrived at night at a small stream, which we left early the following morning [23rd], after rather a difficult transit over our newly formed drift. During our stay at Sichele's, he had made us a paltry present, doubtless in hopes of receiving a far more valuable one in return & assured us our guides would do everything we wished; this however remains to be proved. He had also taken a great fancy to a sword of mine, which I gave him in exchange for a tiger-skin caross. He is a clever, though rather bloodthirsty chief; only a few weeks ago, telling his missionary he was going to shoot elephants, he took his departure to some old enemies of his, who would not swear allegiance & massacred some 25 of the unfortunate individuals, the rest only escaping in the darkness of the night.¹²⁹

23rd. We found water about 10 miles forward & accordingly thought it best to wait there till the morning of the 24th. Here the Hottentots had a sort of meeting, declaring they would not condescend to eat quagga; the disturbance was traced however to an old blackguard of a driver & after some hours without any other meat, they unanimously declared that it was "lakker coss" (i. e. first-rate food),¹³⁰ indeed I believe in general nothing comes amiss to a Tottie.

I took a ride today, & by resting the rifle on my after-rider's back, I managed to kill a pallah, a beautiful little antelope, rather larger than a springbuck; they run in herds, a single ram, or perhaps two or three only, among a large number, their beautiful curved horns appearing as crowned heads among their hornless ladies. I also killed a young eland, knocking him over with a ball from a pistol, as he cantered past me.

We encamped at night with barely sufficient water for the oxen & were consequently early under weigh [25th]. A terrible affray in the middle of the night among the domestics ended in one of them receiving a knife in his abdomen; luckily however, of no serious consequence, a Hottentot being the hardest of mortals. Dakboor, one of my best shooting ponies, was discovered to be ill, his eyes dreadfully swelled, great difficulty of breathing & evidently suffering great pain; he was bled, but it was of no avail, & we were obliged to leave him to die.¹³¹

Treked on over a large range of hills, our course bearing about north. I took a long ride as the waggons were trekking; found a lion but he would not stop; also koodoo, roibuck¹³² & rhinoster. Also killed a kameel [?] ¹³³ We saw elephants' spoor today for the first time, but as we were anxious to get on we did not stop for them & inspanned at daylight on the 26th.

As I was riding slowly along through the bushes, I perceived a large black animal within three yards of me, behind a bush. I could not immediately distinguish what it was, but taking it to be a rhinoster, I walked on

a few yards, intending to take a steady shot, when out bundled a huge old bull buffalo, almost between my horse's legs. Having only one arm I could not get my rifle under weigh in time, & he was soon lost sight of in the thicket.

Owing to the carelessness of the boys in losing the oxen while we were at breakfast, we were delayed several hours, & were obliged to outspan at night minus water. We arrived however early the following morning [27th] at the place where we expected to find water, a kind of salt pan, but the water in the only two holes that contained any was barely sufficient for oxen & horses, night & morning.

I went out after breakfast to look for koodoo, but found no track. We had intended starting today, the 28th, but the Kafirs who had been in search of water for our next stage returned saying that we cannot go that line, for want of water, & the other which they propose is scarcely better, yet we shall have the track of Cumming's wagon & unless we meet him are certain to find water. Certainly the want of water takes away much from the satisfaction of travelling in these wilds. The country too is all burnt, so that we frequently have to travel for miles without being able to get a bite for the cattle; the game is consequently scarce.

[29th] Our line now lay nearly n. w. which, though a roundabout way is the only one with a chance of finding water. As usual, I rode on while the waggons were trekking, & finding a large troop of koodoos, I selected a splendid bull, & rode him down, assisted by Yok, not perhaps with much benefit to my collarbone, but as I contemplated this splendid fellow lying prostrate on the ground, I thought little of broken bones. He certainly is a princely buck, though his enormous horns perhaps give the idea of his being rather top-heavy. I regained the waggons, which had again outspanned without water about sunset.

30th. We recommenced our journey. I rode on with Christie & we presently found a troop of elands, of which we each killed one, Christie driving his up to the waggons, where a regular butcher's shop was soon in force. After breakfast we proceeded, & travelled till near dark, when we unyoked for half an hour, at the end of which the unfortunate oxen were again wending their weary way through the heavy sand, as we had yet come to no water. After some way we outspanned for the night & had another three hours in the morning [31st] before we reached the long wished-for water, Watlin Abbey¹⁴ by name.

Here, to our disappointment, the hole was nearly stuffed up with mud, & we had first to clean it out & then empty the water with buckets into a smaller hole at the side, where the oxen could drink; the poor creatures were lowing & bellowing in a horrid way all the time, & were with difficulty kept out of the hole. This was on the 31st & the oxen had not tasted water since 8 a. m. on the 29th & today they were not all watered till sunset.

The guineafowls were in immense quantities here, & I managed to bag 2 brace with my one hand. As we were sitting at coffee in the evening, the report of a gun & immediately afterwards the lamentable howl of a dog.

proclaimed the fact of one of our canine companions having been shot. It proved to be the deed of a stupid Hottentot who, thinking himself very sporting, had laid by the water for a buck, & Christie's favorite dog having gone down to drink, was taken for a roibuck & received the ball in his shoulder.

June 1st. After watering the oxen we again treked on. Just before starting another horse, by name Toby, came up to the waggons, evidently sick, with the same symptoms as Dakboor. I gave him up & he died in a few hours. A sharp frost every night. I rode out as the waggons treked, & killed a springbuck; presently two Kaffirs pointed to a bush, saying "Chicoru",¹³⁵ & immediately a huge rhinoster tumbled out with her calf. I gave her a ball behind the shoulder; she staggered & then ran on with Yok after her; presently she turned after him, charging him at a canter of a most ludicrous description, but presently made off and we saw her no more.

Continuing my ride, I came in sight of a giraffe standing as motionless as a statue, his head stretched far above the trees alone attracting my attention in the first instance. This was the first I had seen, & having heard they were so easily to be ridden down, I gave Cobus orders to ride him down; after we had approached within reasonable distance, we started. I followed at a canter, my collarbone being rather more painful than was agreeable. I expected to see him immediately stand, but after several miles I came up to Cobus with his horse quite blown, he having had two purts. I was going to give up the chase, when I saw the kameel stand a short way off; sticking spurs to my old friend the Blue Pony, I put him once more into a gallop & was soon alongside of my gigantic enemy. His race was run & I trotted up alongside of him & put two pistol balls into his ribs, but still he kept on at a sort of shuffling walk which kept me at a trot. I could not help laughing. I appeared so very small under his immense carcase & his enormous neck towering above me; he seemed to ask for mercy from so diminutive a foe as myself; he offered no resistance, except an occasional clumsy kick which never came near me. I had no more balls for my pistol & was lamenting that I should not be able to finish him, when up came Cobus with the rifle, & I soon put an end to his career, one ball more causing him to fall headlong. His crashing weight seemed to shake the very ground, as he stretched his long body on the sand to rise no more.

It was late & having decapitated him, I hastened to seek the waggons. I was not exactly sure in which direction they were but was certain I had had a long run. I soon found it necessary to throw away the head & mend our pace, as the sun was nearly down; presently a lion hove in sight; a little way on, we nearly rode over two rhinosters who appeared not to re-lish being thus disturbed, & every minute we were coming across some kind of vill, but I had no time to stop, having no water. I was giving up for the night & thinking I might even tomorrow have difficulty in regaining the waggon-track, when two white specks hove in sight in the distance & after sundry surmises, all four waggons came in view, & we reached them just at dark. I found Christie on the point of starting again with the waggons,

so after swallowing a hasty though not scanty meal, I also was ready for getting on; we journeyed on for two or three hours by moonlight, but to our disappointment did not arrive at water, & a long Kafir hedge crossing our line, we pulled up for the night.

I had lain down under a bush & was dreaming over the events of the day, by which my collarbone had not much benefitted, & my sleep being perhaps in consequence not so sound as it otherwise would have been, when I was suddenly roused by one of the horses snorting & hanging back from the waggon, which were close to me. I jumped up immediately & shouted for the dogs. At that instant there was a heavy bound from behind the bush where I had been lying, & an immediate encounter of the dogs with some master enemy gave me shrewd suspicions as to the species of my midnight intruder. The next morning, the spoor proved that it was a lion, & certainly his company was rather too close to be pleasant. The remainder of the night three lions were roaring in concert round our waggon, evidently very hungry.

We resumed our journey early the next morning [2nd] & found the water close at hand, Depeppi,¹⁵⁶ a large vley, where it did one's eyes good to see that the oxen could really drink & be satisfied without any chance of the water being dried up. I went out in hopes of killing a rhinoster, as we were in want of flesh; numerous hungry Kafirs accompanied me. I found only one rhinoster, which I wounded badly but owing to my former accident. I found I was not a match for him & he escaped. Here for the first time we saw the Kafir traps, which are constructed with long fences from the water, several hundred yards in length; the ends are far apart near the water, but as their distance from it increases, they gradually draw closer & at the end is a yawning hole, large enough to receive any sort of game, & covered over with sticks & bushes. Thus, when troops of game are drinking the savages rush down to the water, driving the frightened game up this lane & being followed by the hungry hunters, they are all engulfed in the chasm at the end & are quickly put an end to, & devoured by their merciless enemies. Whole troops of wildebeasts & antelopes are frequently put an end to, in this unsporting manner.¹⁵⁷

We pursued our journey in the afternoon. The next day [3rd] we reached Masoni,¹⁵⁸ another fine spring. On the road Cobus & I rode down a fine bull gemsbok, forgetting what a dangerous antagonist I had to deal with (for these bucks when beat frequently charge most viciously). I went up close to him to pistol him, when just as I came up alongside, he stopped suddenly & threw back his head, his long sharp horns just grazing my leg & my horse's ribs; had he struck me or my horse, the horn would probably have gone through my legs or killed my horse on the spot.

At Masoni we found Cumming busily engaged at dinner & contemplating a fine pair of teeth from an elephant he had killed the day previous.¹⁵⁹

4th. Stayed in camp, preparing the gemsbok's head & making bullets. After dinner we settled to go down to the water, it being a splendid moonlight night, & this being the only water for many miles we expected to see

elephants, besides other game, come down to their evening drink. Cumming and I accordingly wrapped ourselves in a caross & laid down silently, in a small hole close to but downwind of the water. We had not waited long before two large rhinosters came blundering down; they snorted, & took their fill, but were apparently not satisfied, for they stood in close conversation (if such their gruntings, blowings & unearthly noises could be called) for a long time. During the night many more came down, several almost too near us to be pleasant. Roibucks, quaggas & wildebeasts also formed a large portion of the evening's company. I was awake from a snooze of a few minutes by Cumming, who pointed to three gigantic giraffes, which were standing over the water. as if presiding over the night's entertainment; after some time they took their departure & having waited in vain for the elephants, we were about to depart, when another guest made his appearance; we could not make him out exactly, but he was evidently an intruder. for the alarm was given in the language of each tribe. The company immediately separated, & finding ourselves thus left in our glory alone, we betook ourselves to the waggons & to Morpheus.

Certainly the scene tonight entertained me more than a theatre ever did; such a menagerie, all in their native haunts, surely has been seen by few.

5th. We searched in vain for elephants' spoor, Cumming having frightened them all away.

6th. The Balala, or Kafir slaves,¹⁴⁰ today informed us of a place where elephants drink, & we accordingly set off early, * fully determined for a fight; however after riding 12 miles at a foot's pace, scarcely seeing a head of game, our guide suddenly halted at some large flat dry stones, which had certainly to all appearance once held water, but now not enough to quench the thirst of the smallest of the creation, much less that of the elephant. This however we were informed was the place, after a few angry words to the Kafirs, we found that the only thing to be done was to return. I killed on my way home one or two small bucks for flesh.

7th. My careless driver had again disabled one of my waggons, but by noon another axletree was completed, & Christie having preceded me last night, I started once more over the trackless sands.

* I found during the whole of my journey, that a lie-in-bed man would not do for this work, & accordingly "early to rise" was always regularly attended to, indeed one ought to be ashamed of being under the blankets in such a climate, a minute after sunrise. I always breakfasted before sunrise, frequently at 4 or 5 a. m. & setting forth for the field by sunrise, I had the whole day before me. Dinner took place at any hour between 1 & 9 p. m., this kind of life securing an appetite on the shortest notice. When I started on elephants' spoor, I was always provided with a little coffee, bread & meat, in case of not finding. These were carried by a Kafir, or strapped on my saddle; another Kafir carried a calabash of water; another my caross, & others led dogs, which were to be slipped when the animals were found. [Author]

On the 8th we arrived at the Bamangwato tribe, where we again found Cumming, engaged in a noisy quarrel with the chief Secome.¹⁴ It was however soon amicably settled, but I did not at all like the appearance of this chief; his countenance was that of a complete savage, with a mixture of cunning, treachery & sullenness. On our way today we lost two horses by their falling into the game holes which are set along the game paths, & so carefully covered over that not even a man can see them. When the animal has fallen in he becomes impaled on one or more sharp stakes at the bottom.

Being much in want of flesh, Cumming & I went again to lie by the water-side.¹⁵ It was up a deep glen between two mighty rocks which hang over each side, & on such a splendid night as this formed a scene grand & beautiful. We proceeded up this glen to the end of the stream & listened patiently behind a large stone for our foe. Nothing save the black rhinoster drank here, barring an occasional wolf or jackal to keep up some sort of music in this lonely glen. The black rhinoster being the most vicious kind, we were rather anxious to have a safe place of retreat in case of his showing fight. About midnight, when we had almost given it up, the loud rattling of stones & occasional dismal grunts proclaimed the advance of the animal down his lonely path. Slowly tumbling down the precipitous road, & rolling great stones & pieces of rock before him, he at last gained the bottom, & anxiously did we await his approach within gunshot, but, to our disappointment, after standing for at least two hours, whining & howling piteously, he took his departure, smelling, as we supposed, the blood of one Cumming had killed the previous night. We ran up the rocks to salute him as he passed, but found it no go, & then lay down & slept.

This perhaps was one of the wildest scenes that could be witnessed. We were awakened by the chief & his followers coming down at daylight [9th] on their way to our wagons. This tribe live at the top of these mountains as a security against Mosilekaise¹⁶ who, they declare, still wages war against them & their herds.

On the morning of the 9th I again set out in search of game, but it was so scarce that I could not obtain sufficient for flesh. Cumming went his way today, & on the 10th we also took our departure, stopping at the Bacais, where we promised a present to the chief if he would show us plenty of elephants.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN THE FAR INTERIOR

On the 11th with the chief's son & numbers of hungry Kaffirs, we set forth for the elephant country. I was unfortunate enough to lose another of my best shooting horses (by name Dutchman) in a game hole. Arriving at the Schanie River¹⁴ the following morning [12th], we expected to find the spoor of elephants, but they had all treked; we accordingly sent scouts in all directions to be on the lookout for the drinking place of elephants.

Taking my rifle however, I soon found an old black rhinoster & calf, & after several shots & rather a long chase, she gave in, and shoving her ugly head into a bush was gathered to her fathers. The impertinent calf, not realising apparently my having taken possession so easily of his departed parent, made show as if he were going to charge, & another bullet had to be expended on his carcase before he could be numbered among the list of slain.

In about a quarter of an hour a pack of Kaffirs came up & had a tremendous worry. They were all excessively hungry & consequently in a great state of excitement, each fighting for his share, cutting away with their assegais, throwing pieces of meat into the fire (which was lighted immediately on their arrival) & as quickly devouring the half-roasted flesh, rubbing themselves with fat, & in the intervals taking breath & snuff alternately.

I proceeded homewards with Cobus & soon came in sight of two rhinosters, but not wishing to give the Kaffirs more flesh I halloosed to them, & they got out of the way. A little way on, another rhinoster was across our path; thinking he also would make way, I hailed him, but instead of taking this friendly hint, he immediately turned sharply round & came at us at the top of his speed & was on us almost before I had time to turn away; but old Pringle, on whose back I was mounted, soon saw his danger & bolted with me through thorns & bushes, I looked back as soon as I could get a pull at him, thinking the rhinoster must have stopped, but there he was, still in full chase. After a little time, however, I got clear of him & looked out for Cobus but he was nowhere to be seen. However, knowing the courage of Hottentots, & having seen him at first go away like the wind in just an opposite direction to that which the rhinoster was taking & evidently thinking the animal was after him all the time, I had no doubt but that he had long ago galloped to the camp [and] arrived there before he recovered from his fright. I therefore quietly turned my head homewards, & on my way fell in with a fine troop of buffaloes. After wounding two or three, York brought one of them to bay, & after settling him, I left the others in peace & returned to the waggons.

On my arrival Cobus appeared, his eyes bunged up¹⁵ & his whole face

black & blue. It appeared that his horse had run away with him & run him against a tree [and] thrown him & he in his fright had not seen which way the horse took, so I had to sleep over the loss of another horse.

13th. Very early I had all the Kaffirs out, & having taken up the spoor of the horse, we followed it a long way. Mr. Peto, the chief,⁴⁶ then sitting down & turning his dice, came to the conclusion that we shall find the horse at the camp on our return; much against my will I was obliged to yield to their decision, as they would work no longer, & when we arrived at the camp & the horse was not to be found, the Kaffirs discovered that it must be a mistake, but that at all events he had gone in that direction. Having heard that he had been seen in the direction that we came, I sent after him, but Meshach, feeling I suppose the cravings of hunger, returned at night, saying the Kaffirs had lost the spoor, so I gave it up in despair.

14th. In the morning, however, as we were preparing to inspan, the Kaffirs were seen approaching in equestrian order with poor Magill who, though nearly starved, had lost neither saddle nor bridle. Yesterday I rode with Christie to see a wonderful tree 45 feet in circumference. It is by no means handsome, but like a collection of ugly stumps joined together, & wide branches sprouting up from the top, like so many elephants' trunks. In the season it bears a palatable fruit, though now stripped of leaves & all appearance of life.⁴⁷

15th. The Kaffirs declaring they were dying of hunger, I went in search of vilt, & presently fell in with a troop of giraffes, one of which I shortly laid low with a single ball of 16 to the pound. It is a curious sight to see so gigantic an animal humbled by so small a ball. I cannot understand why Harris⁴⁸ makes so much of murdering these harmless brutes, or how he managed to put "17 balls from the deadly grooved rifle", ere he could bring one of these powerless creatures prostrate to the ground. We outspanned at a nearly dry river for the night.

16th. I again took the field, the Kaffirs rather lazy after the kameel feast. A large white rhinoceros which I killed with a single ball did not, however, come amiss to them. He was an enormous animal, measuring 13 ft. 7 in. in length & 6 ft. 4 in. in height. Coming back, I met Christie with another pack of Kaffirs, hunting for the spoor of a lion that had killed a woman & child the night before. We hunted some time with them, but could not make it out. It appeared that the unfortunate woman was left behind by her husband with a heavy load to carry, besides her child, & not being able to regain the waggons had fallen a victim to Mr. Leo.

We were obliged to pull up with the waggons after a few miles, the Kaffirs assuring us we shall not get to water for some miles; we suspect, however, that they want to get in the whole of the flesh before they proceed farther.

17th. We had arranged to proceed in the morning, but a report arrived to say that a fresh elephant spoor was seen close to the camp, so after a hasty breakfast we were mounted & ready for a start. We were soon on the track of a large bull elephant that had passed, apparently about dawn this

morning. Telling our after-riders to follow the spoor, we cantered on & after some miles we certainly expected to come up with the elephant; but no, on we went, in a most broiling sun. Presently we passed round a hill where some thick covert made us hope that now at all events we should come up with our friend, but still on went the spoor, & thus passed the whole day, our horses at a canter nearly all the time.

Some very difficult spooring puzzled us, & we were giving it up when some quite fresh spoor showed us that we were not far off, & in a few minutes a halloo from Cobus proclaimed a find. But we had got to some very thick covert, which defied our horses to enter it & after some fruitless attempts to get in, we dismounted & scoured the bush, but the elephant had escaped & the sun had set, so give it up we must. The Kaffirs now came up & I determined, as it was a long way to the camp, & a very dark night (to say nothing of the horses' having had enough), to stay here for the night. Christie, however, thought he could find the way so he & his after-rider departed.

I was then conducted by the Kaffirs to some huts a mile or two off, where I laid myself down to sleep, minus supper. The Kaffirs had some boiled roots, to which they helped themselves, one taking a large handful out of the pot & handing round small pieces to his companions.

18th. I was never more delighted than when daylight dawned, for the Kaffirs had snored so dreadfully & insisted on taking up such close quarters to me that my night's rest was by no means of the most agreeable sort. I left accordingly very early, the savages vainly endeavouring to get me to shoot something more for them. On the way old Holland knocked up & I with difficulty reached the waggons, where to my astonishment I found Christie had not returned, & to judge from my own feelings, he must be somewhat famished, as we had tasted nothing since yesterday morning. Thinking Christie must have found the spoor of elephants & followed it, I hourly expected him, but he did not arrive, & at night a Kaffir came to say that he had seen the place where he had tied his horses for the night & proceeded again this morning. If this be a true story, he must have passed the waggons in the dark & now have completely lost his way. As it is no difficult matter to lose one's way in this country I went to bed with rather dismal forebodings. I made up my mind to start early in search, & send Kaffirs in all directions, but still the chances were against finding him.

19th. As I was preparing to start, Christie made his appearance, rather knocked up with his expedition. It proved that he had passed the waggons in the dark, & on the morrow totally missed his way & lost all bearings; most providentially, however, just as he was knocking up, as well as his horses, for want of water, he found a spring where, after he had shot a buck for flesh, he determined to take up his quarters & ride out every day in hopes of either finding the waggons or being found by me. But such an adventure as this is by no means an agreeable one. I killed a wildebeast & the waggons proceeded about 15 miles before sunset.

20th. Again made a few miles. The hungry Kaffirs declaring they must

have flesh, I killed a couple of elands & the waggons fortunately coming up at the moment, a quantity of flesh & no small supply of fat was transferred to the larder of the Hottentots. The Kaffirs were not satisfied though they had a whole eland of mine & one of Christie's for their share, each of these animals being as large as an ox, so I rode on & killed a couple of kameels to fill their mouths. As I returned I perceived immense troops of quaggas, wildebeasts & elands all charging furiously down in the direction I was going, having been alarmed by Christie. Hastily dismounting, I crept behind a bush, & as the foremost wildebeast charged down, with his head to the ground, his heels & tail flying in all directions, I rolled him over at my feet, & the others in the utmost consternation separated in all directions. I soon came up with the waggons & outspanned about a mile from the water where elephants drink. At last, then, we are on the ground occupied by these mighty animals — the elephant preserve. We are not however afraid of gamekeepers.

21st. Accompanied by a single Kaffir, I proceeded at daylight on foot to inspect the vley. A troop of bull elephants had drank during the night & I hastened back to the camp with the news. Having hastily swallowed our breakfast, we turned out all hands for the elephant hunt; having arrived at the water, we took up the spoor, & in about 20 minutes came in sight of a small troop. We killed one large bull & the remainder decamped.

22nd. We were again on the spoor of elephants, an old & a young one. We followed this spoor for many miles along an elephant path, till at last the Kaffirs said there was no water in that direction, & that they would follow it no longer. Accordingly we turned back, intending to sleep near some spring & look for elephants in the morning. It was getting late when, as we rode carelessly along, we suddenly came to the fresh work of elephants, boughs torn off, trees rooted up & quite fresh spoor.

The Kaffirs by signs shewed us that we were not far off, & after crossing a little coppice, on arriving at the top, we came in sight of — but how can I describe it? — at least a hundred elephants with their calves of all sizes were just below us, & in another minute I found myself, burning with excitement, in the middle of them. I shouted to Meshach, who was with me, to try & kill one, & I tried to pick one out, but for some time the troop was in such confusion that as soon as I wounded one I lost her, immediately among the others, till at last, after allowing a vicious old cow to charge, I got her away from the rest & commenced the battle. She had a calf, for which at first she seemed to have some slight affection, but after the first two balls she left it to the mercy of the dogs, & I followed her through the thickest covert imaginable. I was barely able to ride & it was dangerous work, my elephant every now & then stopping, turning suddenly back & charging after me with her shrill trumpeting. Old Pringle however was active, with the assistance of the spur, & we avoided her.

As I was rushing through the bush, I heard Meshach's voice, "I have lost my powder flask", expecting me, I suppose, to give him a charge; but it was no time to enquire, & in a few minutes I cried the whoop over the

elephant as she lay prostrate, with her head against the trunk of a tree. I hastened on & presently came up with another at which I also set to work. Elephants were charging about in all directions; every minute a fresh assailant appeared, & it was with difficulty one could keep sight of the wounded animal. During the chase I passed almost under the nose of an infuriated old creature, into which Christie had put some 20 balls, but after various escapes & many tears & scratches, the finishing ball was put into the second. The fight had lasted about an hour & a half & it was just dark. We sent the horses to water & took account of the dead. I had killed two, Christie one, & John his man one. But for our being novices in the art of elephant shooting, no doubt the bag would have been much larger. While the horses were sent to water & a large feed of grass cut for them, as well as for beds for ourselves, I managed to creep up to my elephant & survey the brute by moonlight.

The Kafirs meanwhile were preparing no scanty supper for themselves, & we too presently sat down to our feed (some meat which we had brought, together with a little coffee) & soon afterwards resigned ourselves to the arms of Morpheus. It would be a curious sight to a man transported from London to behold the extraordinary scene which such an evening as this presented: under a large tree groups of Kafirs were squatted round the fire, laughing, talking & singing the scenes of the day; others rushing backwards & forwards to the defunct elephants for fresh supplies of flesh. One-self cooking a goodly piece of eland's flesh on a stick, a hungry Kafir watching attentively, in case any superfluous fat might chance to fall to his share. Other Kafirs were seen busily employed in rubbing themselves with fat & grease, & all seemed delighted with the events of the past day, the Kafirs from the knowledge of the fact that for the next two days at least they will be able to do nothing but eat & sleep, & the sportsmen with pleasurable sensations in thinking over their good day's sport & the wonderful events of the last few hours. The huge elephants were lying only some few yards off, & a glorious moon defied a roaring fire to give a better light.

The following morning [23rd] we proceeded to inspect individually our elephants. I sent Cobus to one of mine, & after seeing the other I went to look at his; but to my astonishment John declared it to be his elephant, & that he had positively shewn it to another at the time he killed it; being persuaded it was mine, I proposed having the bullets extracted. Meanwhile, as this was rather a tedious operation, Christie proposed that we should test Mr. John's veracity by making him & Cobus bet two months' wages about the elephant. They both agreed but John soon discovered that he had made a mistake & that he had found the place where his elephant had fallen, but "somehow or other it had got up again". Turning homewards after breakfast, the dogs brought something to bay & hastening up I found they had run a wild pig to ground. He bolted out between my legs & I put a ball through him & continued my route homewards. The waggons being quite surrounded with bush, I passed them without seeing them, & nearly losing my way did not reach them till dark.

24th. I sallied out in quest of a supply of food for the waggon & finding a troop of elands I drove one up to within a short distance of the camp & despatched her. It is almost a melancholy sight to see this beautiful antelope, when blown, turn towards you imploringly, as if to ask, "Why cannot you let me go? Why kill such a harmless inoffensive animal as I am?" I certainly never will commit this species of murder except when in want of flesh, & the eland forming our best dish, it must be done. After some delay, the Kaffirs came up & were not a little annoyed at a wagon being sent for, & the whole eland removed, the blood, entrails & filth being the only share allotted to them.

25th. Starting with a large pack of Kaffirs, we soon found fresh elephant's spoor, but the ground was bad & they finally gave it up. Tried again for a second, & found about 2 p.m. After singling out one of the finest — a splendid bull — I set to work; after two balls put into him, he began to shew fight, charging most desperately & the covert being nothing but thick vacumbiches,* I with difficulty eluded him, & it so frightened Cobus that he was seen no more that day. After great trouble & difficult riding through the bush, tumbling over broken trees, with the boughs across the only path, the one made by my friend as he rushed through the jungle breaking down everything before him, I had given him six balls, all in a good place. The last one had evidently hurt him & though he had shewn me his temper & once or twice so nearly had me, that I really half funk'd him, yet I thought he was now nearly done for, & accordingly closed with him a little, intending to send one more volley into him, which I expected would end him; but not so. Stopping short in the very thickest of the covert, he suddenly seemed to exert all his remaining strength & with one last effort made at me through the thorns; his shrill trumpeting must have been heard for miles. I had just time to turn Judas round & sticking spurs into him, went at my best. On looking round, however, expecting to see that he had stopped, I beheld his huge ugly head, with uplifted trunk, just above me. I gave it up & thoughts of being murdered rushed across my mind, but as one last resource, I turned sharply round a thick bush, giving at the same time a tremendous dig with the persuaders on Judas's ribs (though I believe the poor beast knew his danger) & I was out of sight of the enemy. He stopped, & as I was downwind of him, he turned suddenly round & made off. My horse was so frightened that I could not pull up directly, & when I did so the elephant was gone. Cobus returned, saying he had lost his stirrup leather. I had before this considered elephant shooting a comparatively safe sport, but I have now had a lesson which I shall not easily forget.

26th. Again took the field, but the Kaffirs were not hungry enough & we went to lie down by a vley till morning. Yok today got into a game hole, but he was fortunately heard & rescued.

27th. After a cup of coffee, we sent the horses to water & telling the boys to be very particular where they rode, as game holes were very nu-

* Signifying "stop a bit", applied to a peculiar kind of thorn tree. [Author]

merous. They had not been away five minutes, ere Cobus rode my old pony Saul straight into one (not however intentionally). He was after some time & with much difficulty got out, but, I fear, will never recover [from] it. After some slow hunting, a knowing Kaffir took us up a hill, whence we saw some elephants below. The bush was very thick, but rushing down & selecting a young bull, I made him give in, after about 8 balls, to the double-barrel & old Pringle.

28th. Stayed in camp. Elephant hunting is glorious sport, exciting in the extreme, perhaps tedious at first, before the find. The slow work of sporing, sometimes not even at foot's pace, & then perhaps not finding all day & having to lie down at night in a caross, with only a piece of meat & a cup of coffee, & wait & hope for better luck tomorrow; but this in itself makes the sport exciting & when once found what can be more grand than an elephant fight. It is perhaps something like going into battle; you know too for certain that if your enemy catches you, you are a dead man & no mistake. But give me elephant shooting along with the other sports to be found in this interesting country; a life in the wilds for me. On our return to the camp, we fare not so badly: heaps of rhinoster steaks, giraffe hash, elephant's trunk & foot, wild pig (an excellent dish), eland steaks, better than Christmas beef, guineafowl, partridges & hares for side-dishes by way of a change; all this with first-rate soup & always a good cup of coffee would almost satisfy an epicure. But a Lord Mayor one must not be in these regions, & an appetite is never wanted.

29th. Went out again for elephants but had to wait till the following morning.

30th. After drawing some time, a loud whistling & shouting of the Kaffirs told us the enemy was in sight. He was a single bull elephant & after a few balls dropped heavily on the ground. We found, however, on close inspection that he had only one complete tooth, the other being broken. We then returned to the camp where, as usual, we found that our followers had consumed all the flesh, though we had left ammunition & guns with the Hottentots for the express purpose of killing something; we had therefore immediately to start out in search of food. I soon fell in with a pallah, which I sent home on a Kaffir's back, & Christie killed a koodoo.

We agreed to go different routes, Christie taking that to the n. w. & I that to the n. e. I however remain here for a day or two. I went out & sent Cobus after an eland, which he drove till the animal was quite blown, & turning sulky, allowed him to dismount, take the rein off his horse, fasten it round his horns & to his hind legs & finish him by cutting his throat. We then sent a waggon for him.

We were generally obliged when elephant hunting to repair to the drinking places of these animals, which are well known to the Kaffirs. They only drink at night & unless disturbed generally at the same place. They are commonly supposed to drink only once in three days, but in hot weather it appears that they frequently drink, especially troops of cows with young ones. After their nightly libations they withdraw before daylight to their

feeding places where they remain all day unless disturbed.

1st July. A fine bull elephant had drunk, so taking Meshach & Cobus & a select party of Kaffirs, we followed his spoor. After some difficult work, they got it away; it then led over some very stony & rocky ground, so that it required very steady hounds. After this it led along an old elephant path, over a wild & woody country; we were going downwind, & feared he would hear or smell us. Not a single word was spoken, & the dogs were carefully held. Two hours of this work brought us to a very thick covert where, luckily, our fox had stopped & taken a turn upwind. Though they could not see him, the Kaffirs knew he was not far off, & motioned me to go on; they seemed to know he was a wicked one. The dogs too could smell him, & Sichly was standing up in his collar, in the greatest possible excitement. A few yards on I caught sight of a huge pair of tusks, & as I waited till he would turn a vulnerable part towards me, down he came at me with a will. Avoiding him, however, he got away in the thick covert & I could not ride in. The dogs kept him at bay, but I could not get at him & feared I should lose him. The Kaffirs, seeing what sort of a customer he was, had long ago retreated to the top of a high hill, where they shouted & halloed themselves hoarse.

A good hour had been spent & I had only put two balls into the elephant but these had at last the effect of making him break covert, & as he crossed to another large thicket I caught him midway & two balls from the double-barrel were followed by two more from the rifle, which I snatched from Cobus as the elephant once more retreated to his stronghold, the dogs still sticking to him well. After this broadside he got very sick, & after a little more work I killed this magnificent fellow; his tusks weighed about 70 lbs. apiece. In this bush work the dogs are very useful, as they let you know where the elephant is & keep him at bay, though a dog that is a coward is very dangerous & may be the cause of many an accident. After a long time, the Kaffirs were induced to come down to the defunct animal. They confessed that the Bechuanas were like women today, that they had behaved like cowards & that "the Englishman & his dogs were alone brave".

2nd. Left the camp with only four Kaffirs, the remainder having gone to the dead elephant, & our pack having divided & half gone with Christie, only one good tracker remained with me. With these four & with Meshach & Cobus at my tail, I set forth, little thinking I was taking three of my best horses out for the last time. After searching in vain the whole day for spoor, about sunset I was conducted by the Kaffirs to some huts belonging to Balala or poor Kaffirs, who having been taken captive are made to work like slaves for their masters. They are frequently brutally treated, to say nothing of every article belonging to them being at the indiscriminate use of the tribe to which they are attached. They are made to kill the most dangerous animals for the chief, provide him with food & make carrosses for his benefit. In short every article belonging to them, even to the very hair of their heads, is at his disposal.

At these huts I took up my quarters for the night, having first fixed on

a convenient spot for my bivouac. I was immediately surrounded by all the inhabitants of the village, who flocked in numbers to see me, or perhaps because they had nothing better to do. Their hungry countenances & empty-looking stomachs assured me that I should not want a pack for the morrow. They also assured me that they could find elephants. After a scanty dinner, to which however the Kafirs added some excellent water-melons, I laid down to dream of tomorrow's sport.

3rd. After a cup of coffee, & having sent the horses to water about three miles distant, we set forth, followed by the whole tribe, many of whom had never before seen a horse or gun. They were terribly noisy & I could only prevail on some of them to be silent by the threat of having a ball put into them. After some miles we came to signs of elephants having been in the country, although no recent tracks; yet shattered bushes, trees torn up by the roots & huge footprints in quondam mud shewed that elephants had been there. I now perceived that the Blue Pony was sick, & sent Cobus home with him. Proceeding a little further, we got on fresh tracks, & soon came up with two old cows & 5 or 6 young ones. I took the finest and directed Meshach on the other. I soon felled mine & then went to hunt for Meshach, who I found blazing away at a great rate at an ugly old creature with only one tooth. She was however a hard 'un & took several balls before she gave in. We then, as the camp was about 20 miles off, gave up all idea of returning today, & leaving the horses to graze, made a ravenous repast on elephant's flesh, minus bread & other such luxuries. I had, however, just enough coffee left for a cup in the evening, & rolling up in my caross was soon asleep, over [sic] a roaring fire. The worry among this starved tribe of Balala was grand; such fighting, shouting & disturbance I never witnessed, & by sunset nothing remained but the naked skulls of the defunct animals, all the flesh having been removed & cut up, & then hung up to dry so as to render it easy to carry to be removed to their palaces.

4th. In the morning I took a short ride round to see if I could find easily, but though we soon came on spoor, the noise of the Kafirs frightened the elephants & the alarm trumpet being heard we knew it was no use to follow, & accordingly I turned my head towards the camp. On my way I went up to the fountain where the elephants drink to water my horses. A curious place it is: between two lofty hills runs the elephant path, gradually ascending, till, at the end of the kloof, * where the two hills join, rises the spring, a small round hole only 3 or 4 feet in diameter. Across the path lie huge trees torn up by the roots & immense branches scattered in all directions; large bushes are also borne down to the ground, where the mighty elephant has been used to take his nightly feed. I longed to lie at the small hole of a night & see these gigantic creatures stalk up to their drinking bowl.

"It was a strange & wild retreat,

* Ravine or deep dell. [Author]

As ere was trod by outlaws' feet,
Stupendous cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild cat leaves her young."¹⁴⁹

After watering the horses, we slowly descended the elephant path & struck across the flat for the Kaffir huts. My breakfast having been but a poor one, I pulled up about lunch time under the Kaffir huts & having shot a fine young pallah, proceeded forthwith to make a heavy repast under a fine green tree. Our horses, too, were not sorry to have a mouthful of grass. Scrumneet, on which Meshach was mounted, having knocked up, & I suspect not being all right. Continuing our ride, & the feed having refreshed our weary steeds, we gained my old encampment long after dark. I was not sure as to the exact position of it, the Kaffirs having burnt all the grass when the waggons moved, as I had ordered them to proceed to another vley. A moon, however, favoring us, we soon found our old spot, & following the waggon track, after a few miles we arrived at the waggons, & I cannot say I was sorry to set to at a good supper, after the bad feeding of the last three days. I found that Cobus had returned, but not being able to get the pony all the way had left him in the hills & of course I never saw him again. I sent, however, a Kaffir the next day to be assured of his death & he brought back his tail. The pony had evidently been bitten by the fly!¹⁵⁰ He is a great loss, being one of my best.

5th. Treked about 10 miles to the east. Having fired a shot in advance of the waggons, the Kaffirs, of course, immediately rushed up to the death, but were greatly disgusted at finding only a pallah kicking in its misery, instead of some large animal, which they knew could not like a pallah be all transferred to the waggons. Leaving the domestics to make a kraal for the oxen & arrange the camp, I took old Holland out, & killed a fine bull eland.

6th. This place had been described to me by the Kaffirs as abounding with elephants. I was therefore not a little disgusted to find that some brutes of Kaffirs had within the last few days been making fences round the vley with game holes, thus having disturbed the elephants & leaving me but little chance of sport. I went out however, but suspect the elephants have decamped. Scrumneet died today with the same symptoms as the pony — swelling of the eyes, difficulty in breathing & total loss of appetite. He was one of the three out with me on the 2nd & I fear the third (Judas) is also going to be ill.

7th. At it again. I fancied that on account of the empty state of the Kaffirs' stomachs, we were sure of a find, but after following a bull elephant's spoor all day, we gave it up about sunset & slept near our old encampment. Today shewed the advantage of having good spooters. The Kaffirs had none of these out, & fancied the spoor was of last night, when in reality it was of the night before. This we found out afterwards, when they arrived at the

place where the elephants had fed during the day & had again gone on.

8th. This morning, there being no spoor at this vley, we proceeded to another water, where we took up two good spoor of bulls. Followed on, on for many miles, over a beautiful country, right away to the Bamangwato country, till near sunset. Now horses, Kafirs & dogs were all tired, & as we were going in quite a contrary direction to the camp & I supposed could not be less than 30 miles distant from it, I was obliged to give up, & make up my mind to return minus a bag. We got a few miles back at night.

9th. Followed our weary way at daylight. The Kafirs were dying of hunger & thirst, as we had had no water since yesterday morning, & I felt obliged to walk to save Bovey, though my boots were on their last legs [sic]. No vilt could be seen, & the Kafirs contented themselves with eating the few berries they could find. It was not till just dark that we reached the waggons, after 3 days of the most tedious unsuccessful spooring after elephants. Saul was quite knocked up, & had to be left on the way & I never expected to see him again. However, I sent a Kafir back to sleep with him & bring him on, if possible tomorrow. To add to these misfortunes, Judas was discovered to be ill, the third horse of the expedition of the 2nd [July to be ill].

10th. Wishing to have compassion on the multitude, I went out to look for a kameel or other large animal, but found only some wildebeasts of which I killed one & was glad to find on my return that Saul had been brought in by the Kafirs, apparently not very much tired.

VISIT TO THE SELEKA TRIBE AND JOURNEY UP THE
LIMPOPO AND MARICO RIVERS

11th. Judas died, evidently another case of the fly. Having lost so many of my horses I determined to return to the Colony¹⁵¹ via Limpopo [River], hoping the remaining horses will be sufficient to keep us in flesh till we reach the borders of civilization. I lay by a vley all night in hopes of killing something, but nothing came down save a large troop of buffaloes, & they were too far off, & as if fearing intrusion, rushed down to the water, drinking immense quantities & immediately retiring in the same confusion.

12th. Knocked over a couple of pallahs to keep us going, & determined on a start towards the Limpopo R. I had proposed this to the Kaffirs, but they said I should fall in with hostile tribes, my cattle would die, & that I should never return; in short, refused to show me the way. I found out, however, that they were afraid of my finding another tribe to the n. e. & that they would reap the benefit of my shooting instead of themselves. What then was their surprise to see me take out my compass & steer away for the Limpopo. They could not make it out, & were quite sure that "now the Englishman must be a god". They begged to look at the compass & were dying with curiosity. The chief, Peto, now asked for his gun, which we had promised in the event of his shewing us good sport. As he had behaved well on the whole, as soon as I found I was on the right track I thought it best to give it to him. He said that he was going to return to his tribe, but on receiving the gun he altered his mind & followed the waggons, saying that the Kaffirs would not be guides today, as they would not conduct me to a wrong place. I was certain, however, that they would not follow me unless I was in the line for water, & by night I had encamped by the banks of the Limpopo R., not before my luckless vehicle had been propelled against a tree & smashed an axletree.

As I approached the river, I caught sight of a waterbuck & soon had a ball through him; he recovered himself, however, & I set Yok after him. After a few minutes I heard a loud baying in the distance from the other dogs, & creeping up, expecting to find the wounded buck, I perceived a huge
X rhinoceros in a most excited state, the dogs attacking him on all sides. Yok was not there. Sending a boy to the waggons for my 9 to the pounder, I crept up pretty close to the rhinoceros, & gave him a ball behind the shoulder. Yok was now baying down by the river, but as it was just dark I could see nothing, & returned to my evening's repast.

13th. The waterbuck was picked up today where Yok had been at bay. I mounted old Pringle & followed the spoor of two bull elephants, till the Kaffirs came to the conclusion that it was no use following it further. I then continued my ride, in search of more spoor, but was obliged to sleep tonight minus sport.

14th. I started in the morning with as hungry a pack as ever entered field. It seemed in vain to hunt, but I declared positively that till they found elephants they should not eat. However the poor devils were so hungry that, knowing they had had nothing for two or three days, I had an atom of compassion & at this moment two rhinosters were heard, groaning, squeaking & grunting in a most frightful way. I at first thought it was lions but, creeping up, I saw two white rhinosters in earnest conversation. A ball put into the side of one soon made an end of their morning's amusement, & the dogs being of course slipped, contrary to my express orders, they took after the other, & I saw them no more. The Kaffirs being once in possession of food, hunting today was useless, & I returned to the water, repairing once more to the comforts of my caross at night, another day having been spent in fruitless search after elephants.

15th. Contrary to my expectation, the whole army of Kaffirs turned out to take the field this morning, what little remained of the rhinoceros being carried on their backs, together with pots, pans & packages of the skin. They were very lazy, but luck favored me. We presently heard a loud noise, like the report of a gun, & wondering what sportsman there could be in this part of the world, I despatched a trusty Kaffir to reconnoitre. He ran back immediately & beckoned to me. I cantered on & soon came in sight of a large bull elephant, who had just cracked a bough for his breakfast, & this had been the supposed report of the gun. No sooner had I seen than I attacked him, for it always seems to me that after being long balked, & after hard work for days without sport, when at last the unlucky individual comes in sight, I am the more savage against him. So in this case, charging at once at him downwind, he returned it, but missing me in his rage, he made right through the Kaffirs, who threw themselves down, ran behind bushes & up trees. Pots, pans & flesh flew in all directions, the confusion was most amusing. Meanwhile I had given him a broadside as he passed me, & in a few minutes, after repeated charges, he fell to rise no more. He was a splendid fellow & much to the delight of the Kaffirs, abounded in fat. Leaving them in their glory I slowly returned to the waggon, which I reached about sunset.

The encampment was formed about a quarter of a mile from the river on rising ground, plenty of old trees forming food for our nightly fires. How different is this country from that in which I have lately been traveling; the absence of water is replaced by a splendid river, a burnt-up country by fine grass for the cattle, scarcity of game by abundance of the smaller bucks, buffaloes, rhinoceros, waterbucks, koodoos & wildebeasts. I was overjoyed at my discovery & trusting to find a like abundant supply of elephants, I determined to make a short stay & once more try my luck, while horseflesh remained.

[16th] A visit from some of the Basilikat¹⁵² determined me to see this tribe, & if their reports are true elephants must be thick on the ground. "They run about our gardens," say they, "& when we get up of a morning the ground is covered with them." Another horse, old Holland, had during my absence fallen into a game hole when going to water & broken his back.

The Bacais, who were not allowed to hunt with the other tribe, had become so hungry during my three days' absence that they fell to at the horse-flesh, though a few days before they had been boasting that they would eat nothing but the best of venison; nevertheless,

"From a horse's skull they stripped the flesh,
As we feed the fig when the fruit is fresh."¹⁵³

x Saddling up two of my remaining horses, I went in search of a rhinoster. I was not long after crossing the river before I espied a borele, ^{*154} one of the vicious kind. However, as there was a nice breeze blowing, I kept downwind of him & creeping up, gave him a couple of balls behind the shoulder. He snorted & charged down, but not being gifted with overbright vision he did not see me, standing quite still behind a bush, & he charged by me & dropped down dead in a few seconds. Coming back I fell in with & killed a small buck by the riverside, hitherto unmentioned by naturalists & apparently unknown to the natives. It was about the size of the common duiker, of a reddish-brown color, with small white spots about the head & body, like the bushbuck.¹⁵⁵

17th. I rested my stud & took a walk along the river with Yok & my rifle. I wounded a waterbuck & telling Yok to go, a splendid course ensued & he came to bay in the river. It was about 10 minutes before I came up & creeping up, I had a magnificent view before me, the buck standing in the middle of the stream, nearly covered with water, & Yok at a respectful distance, making the banks resound with his deep note. The long shaggy hair of the buck was dripping with water as he dared the greyhound to approach him. It was with no little compunction that I at last put an end to the scene by another bullet, & secured to Yok his well-deserved prey.

The Basilikat had now brought their chief to see me & I determined on Monday to pay them a visit. They are greatly amused with everything the white man does, never having seen one before; everything elicits a laugh or a joke. Horses, waggons & indeed everything connected with the establishment is a matter of astonishment to the wondering savages. My iron bedstead too, which I had had erected here, as I expected to stay some days, caused much surprise. "There," said the chief to his subjects, "is the couch where the god sleeps."

18th. Being Sunday, I stayed in camp.¹⁵⁶

19th. Starting very early in the morning, I was accompanied by nearly the whole of the Basilikat (plural of Silikat) who were to conduct me to their village, having duly convinced me of numbers of elephants to be found in their preserve. Our route lay along the side of the river for a few miles & we then crossed the Limpopo, the Kaffirs in great glee, each being decorated with some feathers of a bush pouw, which they had taken possession of on the way. As we approached their village, the foremost suddenly pulled

* The small black rhinoster. [Author]

up & asking me if I saw that hill, said, "There, then, is the city". We crossed a small stream by name the Supalala or Umpalala River¹⁵⁷ & the Kaffirs then sat down round their chief in perfect silence. We were now close to their huts; some women & boys who were collecting round were so alarmed at the white man, on a horse, that they immediately decamped in the greatest consternation.

After a few minutes, at a sign from the chief, the tribe rose up, & followed by them the king & his guest entered their dwellings; neatly constructed huts, surrounded each by a small yard, fenced in by high walls of espalier [espalier] bushes, formed the palaces of every family. As we approached the ladies were to be seen popping out their heads from the doorways, & retiring again in modest alarm. Proceeding through two or three lanes formed by these tents, we entered the yard¹⁵⁸ set apart for the men to congregate in during the day & for the young men to sleep in at night. Here the chief Kobe¹⁵⁹ motioned me to be seated & in a few minutes brought me three wooden bowls, one containing mashed beans, & the other two Kaffir corn prepared after approved methods; he had also a bowl for himself, the contents of which he immediately devoured, to shew me, I suppose, that all was right. After a little time I took possession of a kind of open hut in the centre of this yard & herein deposited guns &c., giving over my spare ammunition to Kobe's especial care.

20th. In the morning I was early in the saddle, & attended by Meshach, whom alone I had brought with me, we started for the first day on Silikat preserve. After a long debate as to whether any of the Bacais should accompany us & its being decided against them, we made our way towards the river. We were soon met by two of the Kaffirs, with the intelligence that a troop of bulls had drank, & soon we were on the hot spoor. In about an hour they were viewed, but such was the excitement of the Kaffirs that they let all the dogs go too soon & then separating in all directions, I had nearly lost the game; but catching sight of three elephants, it was not long before I was alongside & by the time my barrels were hot, two of the three had bit the dust, one a very fine one, the other also was not to be despised. Being very hungry I made a good lunch on the scene of action & returned to the village by sunset. Bovey, on whom Meshach was mounted, showed symptoms of having the complaint.

21st. I was again half determined to give up & return [to] the waggons, but on second thoughts (& they are said to be best) I sent Meshach to the waggons for old Pringle, & mounting Magill, I collected the few straggling Kaffirs that had not gone to the defunct elephants & once more found the spoor of three elephants. I was today accompanied by the chief in person, or I verily believe that none of his subjects would have been able to tear themselves away from the flesh. Our spooring at first was easy but towards midday it became very difficult, owing to the elephants having crossed the feeding place of the previous day, & again come on after their evening libations. However, the tribe proved themselves good huntsmen as well as hounds, casting in all directions & hitting it off in good style. They next

climbed trees, sent parties forward & to the right & left, & then hit off the right spoor. This difficult & tedious work continued for some time & again we seemed in a fair way for a find, but it was growing late & I feared bad luck. However, our exertions were rewarded by coming up late in the afternoon with three bulls. After a moment's inspection, I dashed at the biggest & let fly a couple of balls into his side; he then charged madly back among the Kaffirs, while I quietly loaded behind a bush, & then renewed the attack. In a very short time he had 20 bullets into him, but he seemed not to care. Another dozen, & he still kept on & I found my ammunition running short. My remaining bullets were expended at little more than arm's length, I thinking every ball must be his last. At last I gave it up in despair. I had but two bullets left & he still moved on though very slowly.

I now called to the Kaffirs (who had often boasted of their method of killing elephants with assegais) to come & finish him, but their assegais, thrown at 20 or 30 yards' distance, merely stuck into his rump or tail & dropped out again, or more often endangered the dogs, which were still baying furiously round the infuriated animal. At last the Kaffirs came nearer, but unluckily at this moment a ball struck into the elephant's eye, & summoning all his strength he charged madly about, first at the dogs, then at me, & lastly at the Kaffirs, which completely cooled their courage for the day. He now began to throw water over himself with his trunk & the Kaffirs said that now he would die, as he did this to cool his heart, which was very full of blood. My last ball was expended, but the elephant still slowly tottered on & the sun was setting. As it went down, a sudden change came over him; a tremendous shivering & shaking came on, & he hurled down the trees around him, not being able to wreak his vengeance on anything else. Just now, finding a secondhand bullet* in my pocket, I got off & having hammered it so that it would go into my gun, I aimed at his eye, & he dropped on his knees. At last this hardy veteran had given up the ghost. He had received upwards of 40 bullets, & I was satisfied that some must have pierced his heart. On a post-mortem I discovered that (though almost incredible) his heart had at least 6 balls through it; it was regularly riddled. I had heard it before asserted, that one of these animals would live 20 minutes after receiving his death wound through the heart, but before today I did not believe it possible.

I slept & fed on elephant's flesh. It appeared to me that there was a decided difference between the elephants of the lower country & those inhabiting the Basilikat country. The former had much longer ears, were larger animals, but the teeth apparently smaller. This has not before been spoken of, though I have heard from the missionaries of the long-toothed & the short-toothed varieties; but it seemed to me that the difference consisted chiefly in the length of ear & the difference of shape & size.

22nd. This morning returned to the palace, where I found Meshach with

* One I had taken out of a defunct elephant. [Author]

old Pringle, Bovey having departed this life, like the rest.

23rd. After a longish search, we sent three Kaffirs on to reconnoitre, & in a very short time they hurried back. They had evidently good news, & each man stripping to his light upper girdle, beckoned me to follow. They led me up silently to a small coppice, under which they motioned me to dismount, & guided by them I scrambled up the almost perpendicular rock. On the opposite side was a single elephant, feeding & lazily flapping his sides with his huge ears. Descending, I again mounted old Pringle, & proceeded with as little noise as possible round the hill. Here I was confronted by two ugly old buffaloes who apparently did not relish having their rest disturbed. Their noise disturbed the elephant & I just caught sight of him sneaking over the hill in front of me. The dogs being slipped, were instantly at him, but he had determined to lead me a merry chase. He began with a hideous trumpet, which certainly must have answered all intent of the alarm trumpeting of these animals; he dashed away through the covert, & as quickly returned & made towards the river. He could go so fast, & the country was so bad, that I with difficulty kept sight of him, especially as my sulky friends the buffaloes again seemed to wish to dispute my right of hunting over the manor.

After some minutes quick work we arrived at the river, but he stopped not, & I let fly a couple of balls into him as he floundered across & scrambling up almost a precipice on the other side, was lost to my view. After a difficult ascent, the dogs came well into play, having got a refresher in the river, & they ran on his scent till once more they were at bay in a desperately thick vacumbiche covert. He now kept along the nasty ground by the river, where the numerous game holes really made me considerably nervous. Once more I drove him out of this & once more he crossed the river; he had now, however, received some few shots & began to slacken his pace, & after a little more maneuvering he could go no more. Dismounting, I crept up to him & giving him the *coup de grâce*, he yielded up his last breath, with the most awful groans & screams I ever heard. This was the fastest & most dangerous animal I had encountered; he was only a young bull, but his pace was good, & he had led me over a frightful country.

24th. I sent for my two remaining horses & rested those that were out yesterday. Soon after dark the rumbling of a drum announced that a ball was to take place. Bending my way towards the yard, where this music was going on, I found one of the chief's wives seated on the ground, with a vessel about two feet high & hollow, used to stamp the corn in. On the top of this was a rawhide drawn tight over, so as to form a drum, or rather an apology for one, & on this musical instrument was the queen hard at work with her knuckles. At first only occasional notes were heard, evidently to call the assembly, but as the company began to arrive the music increased, & in due time the ball commenced. On one side stood all the young ladies of the village, muffled up in their carosses & fur caps, & singing & beating time to the drum by clapping their hands. At the end of the yard was the lady musician on the ground, with the drum between her legs, & on the op-

posite side to the young ladies were the young gentlemen; they, clad in perfectly natural garments, were dancing in the most grotesque way, generally about three at a time, throwing their legs & arms about, & shouting & singing by way of a base to the female musicians. The songs were chiefly in honor of their chief & the white man. I collected a few words from the interpreter: "Now," said they, "you are a great man, oh chief. Your father did not see a white man; your grandfather did not see a white man; but you have seen one, & you have brought him here & we have seen him; thank you, thank you. Who killed the elephant? You did not kill him, it was the gun that killed him. No, it was the Heer!⁶⁰ Oh, our father, you are a great man," &c., &c. A considerable quantity of dust & smell formed part of the amusement of the evening. The party was, however, kept up with great spirit until the small hours, but no refreshment was to be seen on the side tables.

These Basilikat who are (by some distant connexion with Mosilekatse) Matabili,⁶¹ are decidedly a cleaner & better-fed race than the other tribes I have met with, some of the women even approaching to good looks; & though they had never before seen a white man,⁶² were more civil & less troublesome than their neighbours. The chief is seated every morning at daylight in the market place to receive the homage of (or as they say, "to be made great by") his subjects, each of whom, as he enters the yard, salutes him on the knee, clapping his hands & saying the words "shimerick" [and] "neemita" (your humble servant; good morning, chief).

They speak the same language as the Bechuanas & other tribes of these regions; the language is termed 'Sichuana'. The dress of the men is in general quite natural, sometimes a single skin covers the back, & those who can afford it have carosses which they wear in the cold weather. The slightest cold affects them, & they can never work till the sun has aired the day; if sent on a mission at daylight, they invariably carry a piece of fire with them, & when out of sight of their dwellings, light a fire & warm themselves till the sun is up. Their great delight is to roll & bask in the sun, & unless their appetites are keen, they will not take the trouble to hunt for game. They usually carry an assegai or two & generally a short battle-axe which serves either to cut wood or to defend themselves; round their necks are hung their dice & fire wood. The former are thrown when they wish to know in which direction anything of which they are in pursuit is gone, & are implicitly relied on; the latter is composed of two small pieces of wood, with which they can immediately produce fire by rubbing them together. Their heads are usually shaved with a piece of sharp iron, leaving a patch of their wooly hair at the top of the head, & sometimes a ring round the lower part of it. The grandees have frequently brass & iron rings round their waists for ornament, & to their girdles are affixed small leather bags for snuff, of which they are very fond & take it in such quantities as to bring tears into their eyes for minutes together. They have sandals composed of rawhide, with no upper leather except a kind of strap which, passed round the great toe, prevents their losing the sandal.

The ladies of this tribe are rather better dressed than others; they

have almost all good carosses & fur caps. Their young ones, which are never dressed, are carried on their backs in the carosses, or allowed to roll in the dirt & mud in the sun like pigs. The ladies are also frequently covered with a profusion of beads wound round the waist, ankles & wrists, the chief's wives have brass wire round their arms & legs. The fat of elephants is in great requisition among the fair sex, who are not, according to their ideas, well dressed unless besmeared with fat & clay over face & body, till they shine most brilliantly. The women cultivate the ground & sow the seed, fetch wood & water & are in fact their husbands' slaves; the men only hunt as their share of the work, when hungry.

The Kaffir corn, a small round grain,¹⁶³ which yields abundantly, is their main food; this is stamped & then boiled into a sort of porridge & is also made into boyala,¹⁶⁴ a kind of thick beer, which not infrequently intoxicates them. Their meat is also stamped & boiled or rather stewed till quite soft, with if possible immense quantities of fat & grease. This however is only when they are not very hungry; when they are so, the meat is like the smelt, merely shewn to the fire. The men are allowed as many wives as they can afford, the price of each being five spades or hoes & two goats, but this is not paid till the first child is born. The chief, however, was inclined to ask me a far higher price for a wife, telling me I must pay 10 oxen for one. In this case, however, I believe I might have selected Mrs. Kobe, or any I pleased from among his fair subjects. Their religion is very limited; they worship the Deity, though their superstitions are numerous enough. Each wife has a separate hut, a sort of dog kennel, into which they crawl to sleep; outside is a small yard in which they remain in the daytime. This is surrounded by a high bleached hedge & uncovered. Both apartments, however, are remarkably clean. The dwelling set apart for me was of a different kind, a sort of round shed, supported by a pole in the centre & poles round the ridge; it had no sides, but the roof came down to within three feet of the ground & excluded the rain. This hut was supplied with hay for me to sleep on. This is by no means a large tribe. I suppose their village does not contain more than 1000 inhabitants. This however is independent of outposts, & Balala, which are distributed about the country.

25th. Sunday. So again had a rest day. The Umpalala River, running within about a quarter of a mile, was my usual resort for a bathe, & most luxurious I found it. It is like a beautiful trout stream, with a sandy bottom, & the water beautifully clear. I ascended to the top of the hill (by name Botling).¹⁶⁵ About halfway up this hill the village is situated, & above it rises almost perpendicularly. The sheep & goats are nevertheless driven up every night at sunset, for fear of Mosilekatse who, if we may believe the Kaffirs, pays them a yearly visit, to enrich himself with their flocks.

Kobe ascended with me and also his brother, a fine athletic man & apparently up to anything. He is the most active & intelligent-looking man I have seen among these tribes, & far superior to his brother the chief, to whom, however, he pays the utmost deference.

26th. I had eaten my breakfast & the Kaffirs were ready to start, when

the loud lamentations of a woman were heard from a neighbouring kraal. On enquiry I was told it was only a man inflicting punishment on his wife, & we were on the point of starting when a report came that it was a vrow weeping for her child that had just died. Immediately the whole of the female part of the village were in tears & their bewailings & lamentations were to be heard in the distance. I was glad to get away, & expected the Kaffirs to follow me, but not one of the tribe would come, & the chief sent word that he had today received great sorrow, that a child had died among his people, & that today he must not hunt, nor his people, & that they must today go to the river to wash away their sins. One Kaffir alone, with the Bacai tribe, was allowed to hunt; he was only to conduct me to the huts of some Balala. Having got so far, some Kaffirs shortly arrived to say that elephants had been viewed & we forthwith proceeded. They proved to be a troop of cows, & they were as usual in a great state of excitement; it was with difficulty that we could get near them, as the bushes were so thick & of such a thorny nature that even spurs would not make old Pringle face it. A vicious old creature charging me, however, I dropped her with one ball. I then went to look after another & soon found Meshach, who had killed a young one. By good luck I succeeded in laying low two more & the Bacais having come yesterday starving from the camp, they were allowed to take one elephant out of the four. The other three were kept for the Silikat tribe when they should have finished their ablutions.

27th. I left early & slept at some Balala huts to be ready for the morrow.

28th. We started on two bull elephants' track, but it appeared that they were frightened by some wildebeasts that had seen us, & the Kaffirs thought it best to follow another spoor which we came across. Presently, while we were anxiously proceeding, a vicious old rhinoster charged right among us, without however doing any damage, except that some of the dogs getting loose, began to bay & we feared the elephants might hear us. But we were destined for better luck. About 2 p.m. the crack of a branch was heard & as I walked quietly forward, a magnificent elephant was in view, quietly browsing under a large green tree, & as he lifted up his huge trunk he displayed a splendid pair of teeth. To his left were five or six fine elephants, also feeding. This was one of the finest sights I have seen.

Approaching almost within 20 yards before he saw me, the dogs were slipped, & after a few charges he fell with a crash, just as he arrived at the banks of the Limpopo, which had evidently been his point. The second best of his brothers also suffered his fate, & then, as we took the horses down to water at the river, a different kind of game presented itself. The river formed a deep sort of lake & this was full of hippopotami; they were snorting & blowing about in the most ridiculous style. I fired a few shots at them & then, not wishing to give the Kaffirs any more flesh, left them in peace.

These were the finest sea-cows¹⁶⁶ I had seen, but I cannot say that the sport is first-rate, though their ugly bulldog-looking heads, as they come blowing up from under the water & then disappear, sometimes only exhibi-

ting their snout & as quickly withdrawing it, makes a most ludicrous mark for the rifle. Towards evening a Kaffir came with great glee, to inform me that one was "ishullee" (dead), & the next morning [29th], after the water was a little warmed with the sun, the most hungry of the Kaffirs ventured in, & after a long business the animal was brought to the water's edge, duly cut up, & notwithstanding that it was completely decomposed from being left in the water all night, not a vestige was left for the fishes. The hippopotamus or sea-cow is certainly one of the most extraordinary animals in the creation. It has a body like a huge pig, a head somewhat like a horse, with an enormously broad nose, or rather snout. His ears are decidedly in the bulldog line & his eyes like pigs optics enclosed in a garret window. His short fat legs belong more to the pig & his tail is exactly like a worn-out shoe brush. He has 6 teeth above & below in his enormous mouth, of all sorts & shapes, the longest coming out in front of the mouth, & two to match them coming from the underjaw like pigs' tusks.

30th. The two elephants & the sea-cow being duly packed up, the teeth extracted, & there being apparently a chance of getting the Kaffirs to work tomorrow, I started for the Matabili [Seleka] town. The chief returned late, his people laden with flesh & fat to no small amount. I was awoke in the middle of the night by a tap on the shoulder & looking up, discovered Mr. Kobe, half-intoxicated, with a large basinful of boyala (or Kaffir beer), of which he insisted on my partaking. His snuff pocket had also to be filled & after a little small talk I was once more in the arms of Morpheus.

31st. Having already killed 19 elephants, though I ought to be satisfied, yet I now determined to make up 20, so set forth today for that purpose, but though we got on spoor, they heard us & decamped.

August 1st. Sunday. I was much amused this morning to see the price of a wife paid before the chief & elders. In the market place the chief was seated, with numerous Kaffirs round him. A sulky-looking fellow, standing outside the circle, was the young lady's brother, & the husband had the price of his wife on the opposite side. Four goats & five spades [hoes] were to be paid, but the brother did not seem to be satisfied. It was however decided against him, & the goats & spades were given to the brother, who with his brother divided the spoil of their sister, the chief receiving one spade as a tithe; he in his turn will have to furnish the child with a caross when it becomes of sufficient age. Today I received the pleasing intelligence that while hunting the wicked elephant of the 23rd I had been several times within half an inch of some dangerous game holes. This news was brought by some Kaffirs who had seen the horses' track. Had we fallen in, we should probably have been both buried alive; these holes are so carefully covered up that even the men cannot see them, & occasionally fall into them themselves.

2nd. Once more on the spoor of elephants; most curiously they crossed over the very ashes of an elephant I had killed some days before. They had been feeding all the way from the drinking place, so I was sure of a find, & at last a Kaffir who had climbed a tree in advance pointed out the animals.

I had two balls into one in a trice & Meshach followed another. Mine took a great number of balls & at last, being tired of firing at him, I let him stand a few minutes, when, without another ball, he fell to rise no more. Hearing Meshach still firing away in the distance I hastened to him, & found that he had knocked up Magill & had besides mislaid his ramrod by firing it away.

I arrived just in time, & notwithstanding that old Pringle was a little done with our former encounter, another fine elephant was soon reckoned among my list, this making 21 mighty elephants. Magnificent sport, & now I determined to proceed home. Taking leave therefore of my friends the Basilikat, with whom I had now been a fortnight, I returned to the village, got on Saul & cantered back to the camp. Before I arrived, however, it got dark, & had it not been for the sagacity of my old pony, I should perhaps have had the pleasure of falling a victim to the lions, who were roaring in concert around me.

After cantering on for some miles, fancying I must either be close to the waggons or else have lost my way, I fired my gun off but received no answer. I had quite made up my mind to offsaddle, when my domestics thought fit to fire & I found myself close to the waggons. My people not expecting me, had fancied it was Dutchmen [Boers] firing & had thought it best to keep quiet. I found the camp however in an orderly state; so far good, & the following morning [3rd], as I had invited Mr. Kobe to pay me a visit, I went out to get some flesh, though one would have fancied that 12 elephants in a fortnight besides other game ought to have been enough.

4th. The spoils of my last fortnight kept arriving hourly, & towards the evening the chief arrived with numbers of his vrows to see the waggons &c. The Kaffirs were all crowding round my fire, which might be called my drawing room, & at last I found it necessary to make a fence round my bed & fire, allowing only the chief & a few of his great men to sit within my state apartment. He was very loquacious & requested to be allowed to taste everything that the white men eat. Among other things, a small piece of biscuit seemed to create great astonishment & was immediately divided among several of his followers. He was not satisfied till he had tasted gin, of which I had a little; he then became very friendly & devoted to me, & assured me that his country was mine, & that no one should for the future hunt over it without my leave; he begged I would pay him another visit next year.

5th. Today I dressed him up in an old suit of regimentals, which I presented to him, also a looking glass, a pair of scissors & a few other small presents. He then seemed perfectly happy. One of my dogs being unfit for further service, I gave it also to him, with injunctions to take especial care of him; this seemed to please him immensely. His brother begged me before I left to give him some of the charm with which I killed the elephants, as, when he went to try to kill them, they were always so savage, & he was sure I must have some charm. Just then, he caught sight of a small piece of red cloth at the end of my gun cover, & immediately discovered that this was the charm, & begged to have a small bit of it. I after-

wards went out & had capital sport with waterbucks with Yok.

6th. I had fixed today for a start, but a false axletree had been manufactured in my absence, & of course my people had not taken the trouble to try it; consequently, when the oxen were inspanned & the waggons began to move, the axletree gave way & I had to pull up again. I had a great battle in the evening with a waterbuck who fought Yok with great fury & I feared would have killed him.

7th. To while away the time I went out to look for a rhinoster. The first got a ball behind his shoulder but made off. Coming back, I found two, an old & a young one, & thinking of young rhinoster steaks, one of the greatest delicacies, I put a ball into the latter; he dropped after a few yards, & then I put another ball into the old one as she passed me.

10th. At last in a fair way for a start. Accordingly, I bid farewell to this spot, where my waggons had stood for a month & once more took my route southward. As I was starting a Kaffir met me with a note stuck on the end of a stick. Wondering where a note could come from, I was surprised to find it came from Oswald,¹⁶⁷ who was only a day below me on the Limpopo, & hearing of my broken axletree had kindly written to ask if he could be of any assistance. By the way I killed a waterbuck & arrived opposite Oswald's camp by dusk. Wading across the river in the dark, accompanied by a Kaffir, I presently found myself at Oswald's waggons, where we had a long discussion over our fortunes & adventures since we last parted. We also today passed the Macolney River.¹⁶⁸ Neither this nor the Umpalala have been before mentioned by travellers. The former is a broad sandy river & both run into the Limpopo River from the s. w. In the river of Limpopo, & those that empty themselves into it, I found four different kinds of fish, specimens of which [I] brought down from the interior preserved in a solution of corrosive sublimate &c.

11th. As may be supposed, meeting an Englishman & friend in this part of the world was as welcome an event as it is uncommon & I stopped today with Oswald. He also having had good sport among elephants, we did not lack topics of conversation. Captain Varden,¹⁶⁹ of E[ast] I[ndia] S[ervice] was also with him. They certainly live in a most luxurious style for the velt.

12th. I continued my journey along the Limpopo, having crossed it, & in about 5 hours came up with Christie's waggons. His oxen & horses having been bitten by the fly he had taken this line, intending to return slowly towards the Colony. I staid with him till the morning of the

13th. When I resumed my journey at daylight. Christie had lost several horses. When I met him he had just discovered one, which he had left some days previously, thinking him to be dying. The following morning he sent one of his boys to look for him & he returned with the intelligence that the asvogels had just finished him, & that nothing but his bones remained. What then was Christie's surprise to find the last one quietly grazing by the side of the river; but such are Totties. I made about six hours, & recrossing the river about sunset, encamped again on the west bank.

14th. Treking again this morning I crossed the Malaclu River¹⁷⁰ by

breakfast & made another 3 hours to the south by dusk. On the way I killed a pallah, springbuck & some small game.

15th. Sunday. Remained quiet.

16th. The Kaffirs having brought in reports of buffaloes, at daylight this morning I saddled up old Pringle, & conducted by a Balala, soon arrived at the ground where we were to find the game. Very soon afterwards a huge old bull buffalo tumbled out of a thick covert, & ramming my steed through, I found myself riding abreast, some yards from my friend as he galloped slowly & sulkily along. Hastily dismounting, a ball told well behind the shoulder, but he cantered on, apparently unhurt, for about two hundred yards when, with a heavy groan, he fell head over heels. He made however one desperate struggle more at a charge, but it was his last.

He proved to be a magnificent specimen & as I had not already a good head of the buffalo, I took especial care to decapitate him skilfully, & giving the head in charge to the Kaffirs to be sent apart till the waggon arrived, as no three men could have carried this enormous weight, I left them at liberty to perform as they liked on the remainder of the carcase. After returning to the waggons & making an enormous breakfast I despatched one waggon along the river, with orders to halt towards evening, & the other I took rather out of the way, in order to secure my buffalo head, which I considered a truly splendid prize. What then was my disgust on arriving at the scene of slaughter to find the Kaffirs, not content with the whole carcase, which I had given especially for their insides, were busily at work hacking away at my unfortunate specimen. I was just in time to save it from being utterly spoiled, though it was somewhat disfigured, & after bestowing sundry kicks on the savages, I left them to their meditations. They did not seem to relish this mode of treatment & pretended to be ill-treated, but after a day or two I found these same individuals more civil than their companions.

17th. Again inspanned & made a good day.

18th. Halted early this morning on the banks of the Notuani R.¹⁷¹ which was all but dry. Hearing that the roan antelope was to be found here, I went in search, but was disappointed. A magnificent lion, however, came across me, & as it appeared a good open country I made up my mind for a row; but after galloping after him some yards, he disappeared in a ravine, & I could find him no more. At night the lions were roaring round the camp in all directions, though it is so uncommon to meet them in the daytime.

19th. Treked again. It was after sunrise when I heard lions, apparently not far from us, & I hastened in the direction, but as I approached I heard them drawing off & I could not catch sight of them.

20th. It proved so hot towards 10 a.m. that I was obliged to pull up till the evening, when I again made a few miles, still continuing my route along the west bank of the Limpopo. I went in search of sea-cows but no find, & I contented myself with a pallah & springbuck.

21st. We were obliged to keep up large fires all night, the lions being again close to us. Treked along on a fine cool morning, & I was looking for

a convenient spot to outspan for breakfast when I came across the fresh spoor of a bull elephant. I had not seen any signs of these creatures for some days so, hastily ordering a halt, I made ready for an elephant hunt. Breakfast & other preparations took but a few minutes & with my few remaining Kaffirs (the others having departed to their various tribes), I was again on the back of old Pringle, my only remaining horse fit for the battle (Magill having taken his leave of this life some days back & B. Z. & Saul being almost done up). A piece of flesh was tied on my saddle & my carross on a Kaffir's back, while another carried a calabash of water; this bespoke my expectation of not finding. Suchly was the only dog I could muster.

Contrary to my expectations, a fine troop of elephants were found. Allowing them to pass in review order, I picked out the one with the best teeth, & [in] a few minutes he was going his best, after several balls, when he charged a huge tree as his last effort, & the tree & mighty elephant rolled headlong together in the dust, a fine sight.

I was drinking my evening cup of coffee at the camp, when a noise in the river close by attracted my notice. The Kaffirs were all away so I was able to keep quiet, & soon discovered that a troop of elephants were drinking not many hundred yards from me. They were splashing & trumpeting in the water, & our camp being downwind they had no idea of their enemies being so close. Dogs were held & the most breathless silence was kept for fear of alarming them, as elephants, once hearing or smelling man, not only vacate the country but give the countersign to others. We heard them however at last go quietly away, though from the darkness of the night I could see nothing of them.

22nd. I moved my camp a little way down the river, so as to be out of the way of their drinking place, & determined to try again, so soon as the Kaffirs should be ready for another supply of flesh. I waited for elephants to drink till the

24th. When I took a ride round to look for them, but they had all decamped & accordingly the next morning [25th] I was once more on the move. Trekking on till about 10 a.m., we left the Limpopo & followed the Mariqua,¹⁷² which here empties itself into the former river. I have before mentioned the delights of the Limpopo, the fine country, magnificent sport & abundance of water always to be had, & I really felt sorry to leave its enchanting banks. Hearing that elephants were in the neighbourhood, I halted for the day, intending to look for them on the morrow. I took a walk to look for some flesh for the camp in the evening & unexpectedly came in sight of a magnificent troop of the roan antelope. I had been looking out for this rare buck for some time, & I was delighted at my luck. Being without a horse, however, I sent a Kaffir to the camp, & in a short time I was on the back of old Saul, but the bucks were by this time out of sight & after some search I gave it up & took a turn towards home.

Presently I came in sight of two old bull buffaloes, chewing the cud, sulkily under some thorns. I dismounted & crept up pretty close, but they saw me & were making off when I let fly a bullet & hit the foremost in a

good place. He stopped, as if he had not decided whether to charge me or not, & then slowly made off with his companion. I had lost sight of them till, as I was wending my way home, they came again across my path; they both instantly stopped, & my friend was evidently bent on mischief, when another ball made him change his mind, & he slowly stumbled away.

I was on the point of pursuing him when the troop of b[astard] gemsbok came again in view. Making signs to the Kaffirs to watch the buffalo, I put my old pony to a canter & in a few minutes had wounded two of the troop of bucks. I had however some little difficulty in riding down one of them, & then, as he stood within a few yards of me, I loaded & put my hand into my pocket for a cap; but alas! I had (thinking I should probably only get a shot or two) come out badly supplied with ammunition, & my pockets, notwithstanding continual squeezings, would not yield a single fuzee & I was compelled at last to turn away & leave my victim to the mercy of the wild beasts. Returning, I found the Kaffirs busily at work at the buffalo.

26th. At daylight I went in search of the wounded buck, anxious if possible to get his head which, I thought, the lions might have had the civility to leave untouched. I was accompanied only by three Kaffirs & by my never-failing companion Yok. After reaching the spot where I had left the buck, we followed up his track some way, and found the ground where he had slept & again this morning had gone on; we were therefore certain of his being alive. The Kaffirs now shewed their skill in sporing; it really was beautiful to see these three men trace this single animal for several hours, over ground imprinted with the feet of hundreds of other bucks, of all sizes & shapes. But they never forget the size & shape & manner of going of the animal they are after. After some very hard work we found that the buck, though very badly wounded, was aware of his being pursued & had stopped every now & then to listen, & again gone on & I was on the point of giving it up, but riding forward with Yok I caught sight of my friend attentively listening under a low tree. A splendid course ensued. His doom was sealed, for good Yok

"saw & darted forth,
He left the (Kaffir) hounds midway
And dashing on his antlered prey,
Sunk his sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life blood drank."¹⁷³

I enjoyed today's sport amazingly, as there was much difficulty to contend with & perseverance required, the finish making it satisfactory to a sportsman. In the cool of the evening I treked on a few miles.

27th. I again made a few miles by daylight, but hearing of elephants, I pulled up & once more outspanned near the drinking place of these gigantic animals.

28th. I took old Pringle once more, & after some laborious work, as I was now obliged to walk a great deal to save my steed for the contest, & the weather had become very hot, the well-known sign, a crack of a tree,

proclaimed a find. Moving quietly on, the elephants were in sight. I was disappointed at not finding the bulls I was after, but had by chance come across a troop of cows; however nothing was to be done but attack. A vicious old cow chased me a long way through a nasty thick bush & I had to look sharp to avoid her, but in my turn, as she was about to attack me again, the first ball dropped her on her knees. Some Bushmen were out to-day & proved themselves first-rate hounds & they soon came up with the others, after they had run on the scent some way. Another cow suffered the fate of the former, & Sichly captured a young one for the Kaffirs to assegai.

Returning to my first elephant, I found she had managed to get on her legs, though unable to turn round or move & the Kaffirs were vainly endeavouring to assegai her; she was covered with blood & screaming with rage & pain, & it was not till a ball pierced her brain that her final downfall was accomplished. Carrying home the trunk & one foot of the young elephant as a particular luxury for the pot, I returned to the waggons.

29th. Wanting some flesh, I crept down to the river, & this being a particularly hot day it was not long before a troop of roibucks afforded ample provender for my followers. The lions are every night round the camp in great numbers & doubtless I should ere long have had intrusions in my camp, had I not kept awake frequently during the night to make the lazy Hottentots keep up a continual fire in the kraal.

30th. Elephants having drank last night, I followed them, but they having taken it into their heads to trek, I returned having done nothing.

31st. Not wishing to delay any more, I inspanned, continuing my course down [up] the river. However, I had soon information of fresh elephants' work, & once more old Pringle was brought to the contest. It was a large troop of cows with numbers of little ones. I took great trouble to ascertain if there was a bull among them & finding there was not, I attacked a splendid female. After some time, the battle being rendered more dangerous on account of my steed being evidently on the decline, she also shared the fate of the former & made up my number to 25, besides young ones, of which one was killed today with the assistance of Sichly. The last was the finest cow I had seen & her ivories were deemed worthy of the collection. I now returned to the waggons, which had proceeded some miles. I found on my arrival a report of more elephants being in the neighbourhood, so outspanning for the night I gave orders to the Kaffirs to bring me intelligence in the morning if they had drank.

September 1st. No bull elephant had drank, so towards evening I inspanned, thinking perhaps of the different sport I was pursuing, to that at which sportsmen in England had been at work during the day. Wishing to get on a few miles after sunset, & a splendid moon favoring us, I was determined to defy lions & try it. I had not however proceeded far before something in the rear frightened the loose oxen, & galloping past the waggons with the alarm signal (whatever it was), both spans were immediately at a full gallop with the waggons & turning off towards the bush, all but

clashed together & smashed. We were, however, just able to stop in time to prevent this, but not before a luckless driver (Jacob), in endeavouring to jump off the box, had slipped, & the wheel passing over him had fractured his thigh. An accident of this sort in this outlandish country is no joke, & it is difficult to know how to proceed.

Luckily however we are only four or five days from the first missionary, & after packing poor Jacob as comfortably as was possible in one waggon, we proceeded on the following day [2nd], the Kaffirs so loaded with flesh that they could hardly walk & obliged their unfortunate children, who had hitherto been considered too young to walk (& some of them could hardly toddle) to trudge along after their relentless parents. The trekking of these people is a most curious sight, pots, pans, skins & flesh being packed up with any other available rubbish in heaps on their heads & backs; the weight they can carry in this way is sometimes most astonishing.

RETURN TO THE CAPE COLONY AND ENGLAND

3rd. After watering the oxen, we bid adieu to the Mariqua R. & struck across the country for Sichele's, the first missionary station. It was a hard day for the oxen, & at sunset we encamped without water about half-way.

4th. Pasing through a gorge of hills, we again had a hard day's work over an almost endless flat of sand & long grass, occasionally varied with large & dangerous holes & trees obstructing our way. When approaching Sichele's one & all of the Kaffirs left me, to go to their place. Before they arrive in the village, the [witch] doctor is sent for, to wash the newcomers from their sins, as they suppose unless this ceremony is duly performed, no rain will fall this season, or some other dire calamity will befall the tribe. The custom of rain making among the Kaffirs is like their other savage superstitions; in each tribe there is a rainmaker who, in proper seasons, has recourse to his inventive genius for the purpose of watering the earth. The rainmaker procures a black goat, a variety of roots & other edibles, a quantity of eland's fat, & also collects a present of corn from his brethern [to] enable him to bring rain. These are all boiled over enormous fires, great ceremony being observed the whole time. It is always done about the season of rains & the wily rainmaker waits till he sees the clouds gathering & every appearance of it in the heavens, & then commanding the rain to descend, overturns the pots into the fire. The smoke which arises is ascribed to some supernatural power & in due course the rain is expected to descend.

Our guides also had vacated our service for that of their vrows, & at last I found the waggons jammed up between some hills, without a guide & apparently without any means of advancing or retreating. Some difficult work (rendered more difficult for the oxen, from their being so long without water) kept us nearly all day & it was not till I had taken the oxen out & sent them to a small spring in advance, cut down numerous trees & otherwise made an exit feasible, that both waggons were fairly clear of this detestable spot. It was now dark, but a splendid moon keeping us company, we managed to make Sichele's by midnight!¹⁴

5th. I was received by Dr. Livingstone with great civility & kindness & I proposed giving my oxen a day or two's rest here!¹⁵ Dr. Livingstone has only been here a short time, but has already built himself a cottage, & a school is now in progress. Sichele also seems to profit by his good advice. From Dr. Livingstone I first heard the news of the Kaffir war being in existence, though reports are old & many of them scarcely to be believed. He kindly took charge of Jacob & on the

8th. We parted, after a few little breakages in my waggons being set to

rights. Last night I informed Sichele I should pay him a visit & accordingly he conducted me to his kraal, shewed me his different wives, some five or six in number, & then discussed their merits over some boyala. He was very anxious to know which I admired the most & on my pointing out two of them he said that he thought so too. He is a crafty & wily savage; he is particularly fond of bartering & says that of all the trades he sees Englishmen engaged in he thinks the life of a trader must be the best. He had a stirrup given him by the missionary some time since, & he had for some time been endeavouring to get a fellow to it, to ride his pack ox with. Directly I arrived, he tried me & I told him I did not know if I could give him one. He then went to the missionary several times to ask what he thought, whether there was any chance of my giving him one. He was not a little delighted at my presenting him with a stirrup, but was then not satisfied till he had one of my saddles for the pack ox. He then wanted an iron bedstead I had, which for the consideration of a caross I let him have. The next morning he sent it back, but I told him no; he then said that the reason he had sent it back was because it would not carry double. He however took it again to try & the following morning said that he never was so glad he had got anything in his life, & that he never slept so comfortably before. Having taken leave of my friend the Doctor, I pursued my journey along a beaten road, no slight luxury to me. The lions tonight were very impudent, & as one of my men said, he thought they were coming to sit down to dinner with him.

Prosecuting our journey the following morning [9th], I met Mrs. Moffat from Kuruman,¹⁷⁶ who was going on a visit to her daughter Mrs. Livingstone. I had a famous run after a wild pig (the vlaac vaarke),¹⁷⁷ which appeared on the flat & the dogs were nearly beaten off, the pig ripping up Sichly in several places & nearly killing him. Yok continued the course & at last, being too wary to tackle the pig like his bulldog associate, permitted the animal to chase him round & round, till I came up to put an end to the battle.

On the 9th I arrived at Mabatsa, where Mr. Edwards the missionary lives. Here I found some newspapers confirming the report of the Kaffir war, & news being rare to me I spent half the night in reading them. Here I first heard of the melancholy death of Capt. Bambrick,¹⁷⁸ my brother officer; he was an old Waterloo man & to escape the Blancs to be butchered by these rascally Kaffirs seems too hard a fate.

10th. I pursued my way, taking a different route to that by which I came, to avoid the Bakatta Hills. Outspanned on the Notuani R.

11th. Had a long journey over large flats of granite, which bid fair to shake the waggons to pieces. Very early we outspanned at Mimouri,¹⁷⁹ a fine spring, which forms a kind of small lake. No game however, but large troops of springbuck which provided flesh for the waggon department.

12th. While at breakfast I looked over my shoulder & perceived a troop of blue wildebeasts, come to look on. [On] snatching up my rifle, however, they were soon out of sight, with Yok after a wounded one. By night we reached the Molopo. I had some good guineafowl & partridge shooting in

the morning [13th], but my day's sport was marred by not being able to find Yok, & I feared that the wildebeast had made an end of him. Old Pringle too, when I got on him for a few minutes, I found unable to go out of a walk. He was evidently suffering from the bite of my enemy, the fly. My axletree was reported cracked & as there was no wood in the neighbourhood, I was at a loss to know how we could get on, when I recollected seeing a large piece of wood yesterday as we journeyed, which some traveller had left there. This was most fortunate in these wild regions & I immediately sent back for it. It proved to be exactly the right size, so I set my fellows to work forthwith. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; by breaking my axletree I recovered Yok, who had been picked up by a waggon two days behind us, & had I not been obliged to wait, I should have seen him no more. Old Pringle departed this life, & in hopes of finding a lion at his carcase the next morning [14th], I was on the lookout at dawn, but Mr. Leo had not been there, though he was heard round us all night. I was sorry to lose my poor old horse, from whose back I had vanquished so many elephants, but his death had been expected some days.

16th. Though we had no road, I followed a single waggon track, & by night arrived at the source of the Sutlohana,¹⁸⁰ which, though only a muddy pool in any other country, is here dignified by the name of a river. This, however, being the only part which boasts of water just now, we were lucky in finding it.

17th. I found the waggon track bore away too much to the eastward, so I had to make a line for myself so as to strike the regular road, which I knew ran some miles to the west. Accordingly, I struck away about s.w. but travelled nearly all day without hitting the road. At first my interpreter declared he knew the velt well, but I was certain he was in the wrong, & as it afterwards proved, had I followed him, I should not have found my way for some days. After travelling in this happy state of uncertainty for some hours, I began to think I must be wrong, & the numerous remarks & advice of my domestics did not assist me much, one declaring he was quite certain the road was more one way, & another exactly the opposite, & one sagely remarking that now he was quite sure if it was not in such a direction (pointing about s.w.) it must be in the other (about north), which remarks, as may be supposed, assisted me greatly. At last I had the satisfaction of finding myself once more on the beaten road, having hit it off by recollecting a kloof where I had killed some game on my way up. The Hottentots now were overjoyed, already I believe considering themselves at their beloved gin shops & grog-loving vrows. I confess I was myself glad enough to have done with cross-country work, & from this point there is a good road the whole way to the Colony. Game had now almost disappeared, occasional troops of sassabye, hartebeasts, gnoos & springbucks being just enough to keep my camp in flesh. The Kaffirs had now all taken their departure, with the exception of Sea Vater the interpreter & his family, which he had found somewhere in the interior. These people were tonight the cause of a disturbance which might have ended like the previous runaway.

I was travelling at night when their pack ox, which was in the rear of the waggons & overloaded with skins, flesh, pots & pans, managed to get his burden loose & came galloping past with his treasures flying in all directions. My oxen, not having forgotten the former fright, were with difficulty prevented from running away, & I was obliged to pull up in the middle of the flat, without even a bush for us to lie behind.

18th. Continuing our journey a little before daybreak, a lion's roar was heard, & the Totties as usual were in a great state of alarm. However he allowed us to pursue our journey in safety, & we arrived early at the Meritsana River.¹⁸¹ Here, after sending the oxen about five miles, they were enabled to get water sufficient & we resumed our road in the evening; but after a few miles it became so dark that I was obliged to pull up under a coppice, the night setting in with a tremendous storm of cold wind.

19th. This morning the shivering drivers were with difficulty extracted from the blankets & it was so cold that I could not keep warm, even by walking and running. By 11 a.m. we outspanned on the banks of the Siglahole River where, after some digging in the sand, we procured sufficient water for all. Tonight I was as usual asleep under the waggon, when I was awoken suddenly by a rush of oxen breaking loose from the waggon wheels & yokes to which they were tied, & away they bolted helter-skelter. It was evidently the work of a lion, & I feared that (as is often the case in such frights) they would not be easily stopped, & perhaps travel some 50 miles before morning. However, as it was a fine moonlight night, we managed to stop them, & in the morning found the traces of Mr. Leo within a few yards of the waggons.

21st. We arrived about midday at the great Chiu Salt Pans. Here I stopped till the following day, expecting not to get water till the day after.

22nd. Before starting I was obliged to put an end to my favorite old pony Saul, who had been gradually sinking from the effects of the fly bite for some weeks & today was unable to get up from excessive weakness. I had seen many a good run with the foxhounds from his back & he has carried me many a weary long day in the wilds of Africa. But he has suffered the fate of the other eleven, though he held out till the last. By the superstitions among my followers, the following occurrence was looked upon as foreboding his fate. Last night I was awoken by Meshach in a great hurry, saying, "There, there, he has got him now". I immediately enquired what was the matter. He answered, "I heard a lion just pull down the old pony close to the waggon, & if you will listen you will hear him drag him away". I did so but heard nothing but a troop of quaggas galloping over some stones in the distance. It was however most unwillingly that Meshach allowed me to go in search of the pony (which had been allowed to run loose during the night), as he said the lion would catch me too & he was not convinced till I found the pony grazing quietly a short distance from the waggons. The next morning, however, the day of his death arrived.

Continuing our journey, we made a long day, & the following morning [23rd] stopped at Lohanon Hills,¹⁸² from whence I sent the oxen about five

miles to water & again inspanned at night. B.Z., my only remaining horse, who was quite done up, was so weary of being by himself that he bolted, & from the carelessness of the boys I saw him no more. Thus my whole stud was left on the plains of the interior.

The following day [24th] I arrived at the little Chui, another salt pan, where the water was so bad that it was scarcely drinkable, even in coffee, & the wretched-looking herds of oxen belonging to the neighbouring Kaffirs shewed plainly that it was none of the most fattening. I was glad therefore to hasten away & though my interpreter assured me we could not reach Motieto till sunset the following day, we contrived to do so about midday, by early trekking, not, however, before another death occurred in my establishment. Poor Yok, who had never left my side except, when on account of fatigue or lameness, I had desired him, & never left the foot of my bed at night except to pull an intruder's carross off his shoulders, & who needed but a nod from me to tell him to go or not to go when game was in sight,

"He had been fondly bred

To share my board, to watch my bed,"¹⁸³

Like the horses, he had been bitten by the fly, & died in fits, & (though with regret) I was obliged to leave his bones to bleach on the desert.

Finding a blacksmith at Motieto, I set him to do a job or two to the wag-gons and did not move again till the evening of the 29th. My stock of provisions was now all but out; rice, meal & sugar being hors de combat. I comforted myself, however, with the thoughts of being able to replenish at Kuruman, where we arrived after two hard days' trekking over the heaviest sand we have had the whole expedition.

After enquiring the news, my next demand was for food, but I received the pleasing intelligence that everyone was starving, & not a grain of anything to be had. Mr. Hume, the trader¹⁸⁴ having been delayed by the Kaffir war, had not brought his usual supplies. I was however most hospitably entertained by Mr. Moffat, the missionary who has resided here several years. He is doing much to endeavour to enlighten the savages & has just commenced a printing shop, at which he & Mr. Ashton work with great assiduity. I doubt however if their attempts at conversion are often blessed with success; they have at any rate a difficult race to deal with & their work must necessarily be slow (we hope, sure).

Kuruman, as I before mentioned, is a clean civilized-looking little place, though the country round is barren & by no means captivating to the eye. The village itself consists of the two missionaries' houses, a church & school, Mr. Hume the trader's & one other cottage, besides one or two outbuildings, the village of Kaffir huts being situated at the back. A beautiful stream runs through it & the green willows which surround the luxuriant gardens are not a little refreshing to one's eyes after months in the wilds.

On the 3rd of October I bid adieu to my friends, who had most kindly supplied me with a little meal & potatoes, to carry me at all events some

way along my road. The last of my friends the Kaffirs left me at Kuruman, I rejoice to say; their consumption of food, to say nothing of other annoyances, have made me often wish for their room rather than their company. Continuing my road the same way I came up, I arrived at Campbells Dorp on the 8th. Here Mr. Bartlett looked over my waggons & acquainted me with the fact that a report some time back had come to the effect that all the sportsmen had been murdered. They would not believe it at first, but a second report arriving to say that it was really the case (the messenger adding, I believe, that he alone was left alive), they had at last given credit to it, & were consequently somewhat astonished at my arrival unscathed.

Having procured the oxen I left here, & finding them fresh, I treked away, crossed the Vaal River on the 11th & arrived at Stink Fontein on the following day. The water here beats everything I had tasted, well deserving the appellation of Stink Fontein.¹⁸⁵

I was told that after this I should get no more grass for the oxen, but by dint of keeping a good lookout, & outspanning wherever a morsel was to be obtained, [&] outspanning again at the water, I contrived to get along well, though the country was very bare.

On the 19th I arrived at Phillipolis, without anything of note having occurred on the road. Here I hired a horse from a Griqua for the sum of 8 rixdollars or 12s., for which sum I had unlimited use of the horse for a few days. I then despatched my waggons on to Fossey's, a farmer residing on the north bank of the Orange River, where I proposed giving my oxen a few days' rest. I then rode on to the farm, where I met Bain, an old traveller, & we had a long talk concerning the fortunes of the chace. The following day I rode on to Colesberg; here I staid a day or two, & on the 26th, my oxen being rested (though from the continual drought they had come but badly off for grass), I once more set off from Fossey's, crossing the Orange River & once more being within the confines of the Colony.

Intending to avoid Colesberg, I set out on a different road, but losing my way during the night, I found myself at daylight on the high road to the canteen. Outspanning to take advantage of some good grass, I narrowly escaped having the oxen sent to the pound, but the Boer was easily conciliated & allowed them to graze unmolested. This was a very cold night, the wind actually blowing the blankets off several times during the night, notwithstanding our being under the lee of a coppice. Wishing to prevent my Totties from getting to the canteen, I did not stop in Colesberg but continued my journey about 10 miles further. However, the Hottentots requested permission to walk back at night, promising to be back sober by daylight, & wonderful to relate they kept their promise.

On the 30th I exchanged with a Boer named Fenter¹⁸⁶ some worn-out oxen for two nice young horses. The following morning, on reaching another farm, I requested as usual permission to unyoke on his farm, but his most incourteous answer was, "If you do not move off directly, ek sall your ossa min." (i. e., I shall lay violent hands on your oxen).¹⁸⁷ We afterwards learnt that the cause of his ill-humour was his having passed some

time in the jail at Colesberg for not having answered his summons to assist in the Kaffir war.

November 2nd. I arrived at a very civil Boer's & intended to start next evening, but Meshach had allowed the two horses to decamp & they having in accordance with the practice of Cape horses made the best of their way home, although knee haltered, I did not recover them till late at night. The following morning I proceeded. I had now taken the road to Graaf Reinet¹⁸⁸ from Colesberg, intending to go straight to Port Elizabeth, the road through the frontier not being considered safe since the Kaffir war, which was still in existence.¹⁸⁹

On the night of the 6th one of the dissel booms (poles) of the waggon was pulled out of the socket at the top of a tremendous hill called Sneeu-berg.¹⁹⁰ but the wheels being fortunately locked, no damage was done. We were however obliged to wait till daylight to repair it. On the following morning we entered Graaf Reinet. This most picturesque place may be termed a town of gardens; it is beautifully laid out, streams of water running at each side of the street & the garden which is attached to each house being allowed a certain portion of water on appointed days. The inhabitants are principally Dutch. The village is nearly surrounded by the Sundays River & in the season yields abundance of fruit. Putting up at Mr. Sencie's hotel, I staid here till the 9th, when I despatched my waggon to the Bay¹⁹¹ in care of my domestics, & having occasion to go to Fort Beaufort, as well as wishing to see my old friends of the 7th, on the 11th I mounted a newly purchased steed, & proceeded en route. Not however before this animal in the shape of horseflesh had afforded much amusement to the populace by his attempts to buck me off. This is, I believe, a vice peculiar to Cape horses, made up of short jumps & bounds, which it is most difficult to sit. Before night, however, he had given up all idea of bumptiousness, as I had ridden about 60 miles, putting up at a worthy Dutchman's, whose vrow (the good man being out) received me most hospitably, the forage being the only article to be paid for.

The next morning about 35 miles more brought me to Somerset.¹⁹² Here I was kindly entertained by the magistrate, Mr. Cole,¹⁹³ & the following morning took my departure from this uninteresting village for Fort Beaufort. It was not considered safe to ride about the country alone, but fortunately falling in with a frontier farmer, & each of us having our double-barrels, we did not fear the chance Kaffirs that might be straggling about. At night I put up at my old friend Pedlar's & next day rode into my old quarters, Fort Beaufort. Most of the 7th were scattered about in all directions on outposts. Headquarters, however, & two troops were still in their old quarters & it seemed not a little strange once more to be dining at a mess with old friends. Here I staid a week, during which time I rode over to the General's camp¹⁹⁴ at Block Drift.¹⁹⁵ Hogg, who has a regiment of 700 Hottentots,¹⁹⁶ was inspected & the commanding officer duly extolled, by Col. Slade,¹⁹⁷ the inspecting officer.

The Kaffir war seems to have been a most harassing affair to all em-

ployed in it & the cavalry, having nothing for their horses, were consequently worse off than others. The great want of rain had prevented there being a blade of grass left, & oxen & horses were shot by hundreds when done up, for fear of the Kaffirs' getting them. Officers had to live for days without an article of baggage, & their food consisted frequently of nothing but very bad beef without a grain of bread or biscuit. The country, however, had now had several showers of rain & I never saw it looking more beautiful & the troopers, though allowed only 6 lbs. of barley, were getting round with the assistance of young grass. Nothing was, however, yet known or determined as to the finish of the most detestable warfare; some Kaffirs had surrendered, but others still remained in their strongholds. Among others, Mocomo, one of the chiefs who used to live almost in the canteen at Beaufort, had surrendered for the purpose of getting drunk in camp & professed great contrition. Large numbers of guns & cattle were demanded by Government, but the wily Kaffirs declared they had none, bringing in occasionally a few paltry arms without locks & cattle of the worst sort.

On the 18th I was surprised to see Christie ride in. He had followed me down, & had lost all his oxen from the fly, luckily being just able to drag his waggons into Sichele's, where he got fresh ones. Bidding once more adieu to old friends, I rode down to Graham's Town on the 20th accompanied by Christie, & on the 22nd arrived at Port Elizabeth, expecting to find my waggons already there, but they did not arrive till the 24th, when they slowly rolled up the town, the oxen, as might be expected, nearly knocked up. I instantly unpacked my waggons & deposited my treasures with Mr. Britton's store,¹⁸⁸ such being the honest character of the inhabitants of Port Elizabeth that nothing could be trusted on them during the night.

The next morning the waggons & oxen were advertised in the market place, & the drivers being of course in a beastly state of drunkenness, I was obliged to drive the waggons to the market myself. I felt greatly relieved when at last all was declared to be off my hands, & nothing now remained but to get rid of the Hottentots, by paying them their dues, which were of course quickly transferred to the gin shop. I was much amused at the method used by these honest people at the Bay in disposing of articles to the highest bidder; the waggon is first put up & when the highest bid is made, the name of the bidder is marked down, but is not allowed to take away the vehicle. Next the oxen are put up, & the same proceedings repeated, & afterwards the waggon & oxen are put up together & whichever way they fetch most, the highest bidder becomes the happy owner; this is, as they say, to prevent any mistake.

I cannot say I was sorry to have made an end of my weary trekking, for during the last three months the everlasting travelling in ox waggons, along a dull road, without a soul to speak to, was most tedious, to say nothing of annoyances, which are in this part of the journey far more numerous than in the skeet velt. Added to this, being without horses & able to travel only a few miles a day at snail's pace has often made me exclaim, "Oh, for the speed of railroads!" All these things make one glad to have

at last come to the end of one's pilgrimage. Not that I am disgusted with my trip; far from it, & I would willingly and gladly set forth tomorrow on another such expedition. It is the coming back, the lonely return with no sport before one, that makes one tired of it. No, the magnificence of the sport cannot be equalled & the life of a sportsman is one of the most enjoyable. The splendid climate is nowhere else to be met with; during my whole stay in the skeet velt I had hardly a drop of rain; the fine country & grand wildness of everything connected with it are to me most delightful & are what few, very few, have, or ever will have, the good fortune to become acquainted with.

The loss of my horses & dogs was of course a source of frequent regret, & in some degree took away from the pleasure of the latter part of my trek. I have, however, been blessed with the best of health, & events much more serious than the loss of horses might have occurred, though this even did not occur till I had seen almost all I wished & never shall I regret the glorious days I have spent in the lonely desert. Here alone is one really free, & here alone can one see sport in its real, natural & unrestricted glory.

"Oh [then] there is freedom & joy and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride.
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the Eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,
The only law of the desert land."¹⁹⁹

I was delayed at Port Elizabeth, setting right my collection of rarities & specimens. I consider my trophies of the chase first-rate, every specimen I had not met with in my late expedition I had shot in the Colony previously, & the collection extends to every head with horns of every description of antelope, the buffalo & tusks of elephants & sea-cows, tails of camelopard, lions' & tigers' skins & in short every description of vilt. Besides these, I have a very good collection of birds, preserved by myself, & collected principally during my stay in the Colony. They were duly encased in tin & strong boxes, & delivered over to the care of Mr. Britton, who is to forward them by the first vessel to London & may they safely reach their destination.

On the 8th of December I set sail for Cape Town in the 'Eagle', Capt. Powell, Oswell²⁰⁰ who had arrived the day previous, accompanying us, & thus we were able once more to discuss our fortunes of flood & field. We arrived early on the 13th at Cape Town, where I put up at Mrs. Parke's hotel. I did not find the place rendered more than usually agreeable by a frequent hurricane of dust & though rather more civilisation exists here, yet the town is not exempt from the colonial idleness & dullness. Among other rides I went over to Constantia, and we had also the honor of being conducted to the apricot orchard by the young ladies.

On Tuesday the 22nd I took a last long leave of South African shores, on board the 'Malabar', 370 tons, Capt. Adam, from Hong Kong, a fine wes-

terly breeze soon carrying us out of sight of Table Mountain. A prosperous voyage of 56 days brought us off Dungeness & landing at Folkestone on the morning of the 16th February 1847, I once more set foot on the jolly shores of Old England.

NOTES

- 1 Simons Bay and Simons Town, on the eastern side of the Cape Peninsula and in the larger False Bay. The British naval station for South Africa was and is located there.
- 2 On 10 July 1843.
- 3 Presumably the commander of the naval station.
- 4 A town and military post on the Kat River. The post was founded in 1822, the town was laid out in 1837.
- 5 Probably Provision Master.
- 6 Philip Norton of Kromme Park died at Grahamstown on 16 April 1847 while serving in the War of the Axe. George Gilbert's farm was near the Kluklu or Xoxe River and was later known as Sephton Manor. A Major Blakeway commanded the Ft. Beaufort (Hottentot) levies in 1836. F. Ayton's farm Rietfontein was about eight miles southwest of Ft. Beaufort. Gordon Nourse was killed on 6 July 1846 while on active service in the War of the Axe. "Vowe" is perhaps the Afrikaner surname Fourie.
- 7 Probably brother officers of Arkwright's.
- 8 Homemade grape or peach brandy.
- 9 A member of a Bantu group called 'abaFengu' by the Xhosa. They were refugees from the conquering Zulus to the northeast and were of several different tribes. Many of them came out of Kaffirland to become British subjects and allies.
- 10 They hunted jackals.
- 11 William Andrews perhaps lived at Endwele, Kroome.
- 12 The Koonap River, a tributary of the Great Fish.
- 13 Hammond's farm, near Sephton Manor, Ft. Beaufort District, was once owned by Robert Godlonton, editor of the 'Graham's Town Journal'. Thomas Baines painted the place in 1849.
- 14 Kluklu River, named for Xoxo, a Xhosa headman and a son of the chief Gaika.
- 15 Henry Pedlar, an 1820 Settler, would have been about 53 years old in 1843.
- 16 Botumane, chief of a section of the Imidange clan of the Xhosa tribe. Makoma, a Xhosa chief and a son of Gaika. He was regent for Sandile, Gaika's heir.

- 17 Mimosa = acacia. 'Wag-'n-bietjie', wait-a-bit, thorns of various species that catch and hold clothing.
- 18 Wolf = hyena. But the holes were probably made by the antbear or aardvark.
- 19 Probably mongooses or meercats.
- 20 See also the entry for 27 May 1845. One of Arkwright's four brothers, Charles, born 1823, was an officer in the 1st Dragoon Guards, but I have been unable to learn whether or not he was in South Africa at that time.
- 21 Perhaps the horse died of anthrax.
- 22 The troops went to the assistance of the Griquas of the Free State, who were threatened by the Boers there in a dispute over land and sovereignty.
- 23 Afrikaans 'fisant', tree-roosting francolins.
- 24 Kaga River, a tributary of the Koonap.
- 25 Baviaans (Baboon's) River, a tributary of the Great Fish.
- 26 Daggaboersnek, Hemp Farmer's Pass, in the range separating the Baviaans and the Great Fish Rivers.
- 27 Afrikaans 'patrys', ground-roosting francolins and sandgrouse.
- 28 On the upper reaches of the Great Fish River.
- 29 The Klein Brak and the Groot Brak rivers join to form the Great Fish about 35 miles above Cradock.
- 30 'Korhaan', literally moorcock. Several species of bustard are called 'korhaan'.
- 31 Swanepoel, an Afrikaner surname.
- 32 Lieut.-Col. Robert Richardson, commanding officer of the 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards. He had preceded "our division" with the bulk of the troops sent over the Orange river.
- 33 Driefontein, Three Fountains.
- 34 Afrikaans 'jag', a noun and verb, hunt or chase.
- 35 Afrikaans 'pou', bustard.
- 36 'Almagtig, die dragonders is nie bang vir die skiet nie'. Almighty, the dragoons are not afraid of shooting.
- 37 On 30 April 1845, at Driekoppen, near Swartkoppies, 300 British troops and a few Griquas routed a commando of about 400 men under Commandant Jan Kock and captured his only cannon. As a result, Major Warden with 58 men of the Cape Mounted Rifles occupied the site of Bloemfontein to administer the Free State.

- 38 They probably crossed at Bothas Drift or at Allemansdrift, which are close to Colesberg. Norval was operating his pontoon at Norvals Pont farther upstream in 1844.
- 39 A Griqua settlement under Adam Kok, north of the Orange River in the Free State. It is located approximately 15 miles east of the junction of the Orange and Seekoei rivers.
- 40 Swartkoppies or Zwartkopjes, very low hills a few miles north of Philippolis and between that village and Touwfontein.
- 41 The Cape Mounted Rifles, a regiment of Hottentot mounted infantry officered by Europeans. The name was changed from "Cape Corps" in 1828.
- 42 Touwfontein or Taufontein, from Sechuana 'tau', lion. 30 miles north of Philippolis.
- 43 Brother officers, including Lieut. P. H. Thompson of the 7th Dragoon Guards and Bailey of the 91st Regiment.
- 44 Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of the Cape Colony, 1844-47. He reached the camp at Taufontein on 16 June 1845, according to another source.
- 45 Rock rabbit or dassie.
- 46 Other officers with the force, apparently, but this was not the Capt. Henry Butler who was author and artist of 'South African Sketches' (London, 1841); he served at the Cape in the 27th Regiment from 1835 to 1839.
- 47 Andrew Hudson Bain (1819-94) was born in the West Indies and arrived in the Cape Colony in 1840. He soon became a hunter and trader in the interior, and in 1847 he settled in the Free State, where he acquired several large tracts of land.
- 48 The Rev. Brownlow Maitland was private chaplain to the Governor, but their relationship is not known.
- 49 He had apparently been to the Caledon River to fetch Moshesh and the other chief to see the Governor.
- 50 Moshesh (died 1870), founder and paramount chief of the Basuto nation. He and other Basuto chiefs and Griqua captains conferred with Maitland at Taufontein. This Makomo may have been a Basuto, not the Xhosa of the same or similar name.
- 51 In the vicinity of the Thebusberg, on the headstreams of the Groot Brak River and south of the Zuurberg. There is a railway station called Thebus on a tributary of the Groot Brak (apparently the Thebus River) and near Steynsburg.

- 52 The black korhaan or little black bustard, 'Afrotis afra'.
- 53 The song may have been written by Private Buck Adams of the 7th Dragoons, but it is not mentioned in his narrative.
- 54 From "Afar in the Desert", by Thomas Pringle. The two lines should read: "Away — away from the dwellings of men, / By the Antelope's haunt and the Buffalo's glen".
- 55 'Nix nie melk'; "nix nie brod nie".
- 56 Afrikaans "vrou", wife.
- 57 "Bang vir die Boere". Afriad of the Boers (north of the Orange River).
- 58 Nickname for Jacobus. An after-rider was a mounted man who acted as assistant hunter, gunbearer, tracker, skinner, etc.
- 59 "Voorloper", English "voorlooper", leader of a span of oxen on trek.
- 60 For "taaiibos", a tough bush of the genus "Rhus".
- 61 Gordon Cumming mentions a farmer named Wessel, living north of Colesberg in 1843.
- 62 Unidentified.
- 63 "Riet" = reed, "put" = a well or pit.
- 64 "Bietjie", little.
- 65 Probably a military surgeon with the troops stationed there. There was no district surgeon or civil practitioner there in 1845.
- 66 Capt. James Christie, 91st Regiment.
- 67 Both Arkwright and Christie took English servants who had been soldiers. (Livingstone, "Family Letters", I, 180).
- 68 The 7th Kaffir War, or War of the Axe, began in March 1846.
- 69 Kaross, a cloak made of prepared hide or of skins sewn together.
- 70 Roualeyn Gordon Cumming (1820-66), a son of the second baronet of Altyre and Gordonstown, served in the military in India and Newfoundland and in 1843 joined the Cape Mounted Rifles. He resigned his commission as ensign to make five hunting and trading trips to the interior, 1844-49. He later lectured and exhibited his trophies in Great Britain. Cumming was something of an eccentric in dress and manner.
- 71 "Perdesiekte", the African horsesickness, an acute, febrile disease of equines that is transmitted by a gnat, "Culicoides".
- 72 Afrikaans "tronk", gaol.
- 73 The Namaqua sandgrouse, "Pterocles namaqua".

- 74 Baines recorded in 1850 a farm north of Cradock occupied by an Afrikaner named Robbertze.
- 75 Perhaps the large "gompou" or kori bustard, "Ardeotis kori".
- 76 Either the grey rhebuck or the mountain reedbuck.
- 77 "Skiet veld", shooting veld.
- 78 "Meneer", sir or mister.
- 79 The ground hornbill, "Bucorvus leadbeatri".
- 80 The horse's head was tied down to its foreleg to discourage its running off, though at the same time permitting it to graze.
- 81 "Skroom", to be shy or timid, and "niet", nothing.
- 82 Cumming mentions Fossey's farm near the Orange River. The name may be Fouché.
- 83 The district round the Hantamsberg and present-day Calvinia in the western Cape Province, for many years an important centre for the breeding of horses. Arkwright probably refers to the New Hantam District in the northeastern Cape near the Orange River.
- 84 Afrikaans "sambok", a whip of rhino or hippo hide.
- 85 Yoke skeys or pins.
- 86 The trektow, a rope of hide extending from the disselboom or shaft of an ox wagon, to which the yokes are attached.
- 87 Lieut. Borrow of the Cape Mounted Rifles.
- 88 Knapsak Rivier, a small tributary of the Orange in the southern Free State.
- 89 A hamlet of Adam Kok's section of the Griquas, near Hope Town in the Cape Colony but north of the Orange.
- 90 Afrikaans "trekbokke".
- 91 Now Campbell, in Griqualand West.
- 92 The Rev. John S. Bartlett joined the London Missionary Society in 1811 and served at Campbell from 1825 or 1826. He completed the building of a church there in 1830.
- 93 Robert Moffat's famous mission station, near the present town of the same name. A mission is still in existence on the site.
- 94 Papkuil, perhaps from "pap", weak, and "kuil", a pool, pit or hole.
- 95 Danielskuil, about halfway between Griquatown and Kuruman.
- 96 Afrikaans "wild", game, wild animals.

- 97 Koning Fountain, about 20 miles southeast of Kuruman.
- 98 "Was nie bang vir die leeu nie". Was not afraid of the lion.
- 99 William Ashton (1817-97) of the L. M. S. came from England with Moffat when the latter returned to Kuruman in December 1843.
- 100 The Rev. Robert Moffat (1795-1883) needs no lengthy note. See J. S. Moffat, "The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat" (London, 1885).
- 101 Mathlwareing River, a tributary of the Kuruman River.
- 102 Motito, now called Bothithong, approximately 35 miles northeast of Kuruman and then a station of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society.
- 103 "Seewater".
- 104 Dr. Andrew Smith (1797-1872) of the Army Medical Department led a scientific expedition to the interior in 1834-36. See P. R. Kirby, "Sir Andrew Smith" (Cape Town, 1965).
- 105 The BaKgatla-ba-Mmanaana, a Bechuana tribe living at Mabotsa.
- 106 See notes 152 and 161.
- 107 Jean Lauga (1811-87) and Jean Louis Prosper Lemue (1804-70) were the missionaries at Motito in 1846.
- 108 Little Chwaing.
- 109 The species of wildebeest south of this was the white-tailed or black wildebeest.
- 110 Xhosa.
- 111 Great Chwaing, a larger salt pan about 65 miles north of Motito.
- 112 "Disselboom", wagon shaft.
- 113 "Aasvoël".
- 114 Setlagoli River.
- 115 Unidentified. Perhaps Arkwright was trying to write "Maaretsane".
- 116 Cumming does not mention this meeting. He states that he met them near Ramah, on or about 15 April 1846. ("Five Years of a Hunter's Life", II, 87).
- 117 A major periodic river of southern Bechuanaland that joins the Nossop far to the west, south of the Kalahari Gemsbok National Park. It is the southern boundary of Botswana.
- 118 The black korhaan or black bustard, "Afrotis afra", frequents bush country.
- 119 See note 105.

- 120 They had reached Mabotsa, the village of the BaKgatla, about 30 miles northwest of today's Zeerust and on a spruit called Maanwane.
- 121 Rogers Edwards (1795-1876), a missionary artisan of the L. M. S., was at Kuruman from 1831 till he and Livingstone founded the station at Mabotsa in January 1844. Mosielele was the chief there.
- 122 Afrikaans "renoster", rhinoceros.
- 123 Sir Walter Scott, "The Lady of the Lake", Canto I, Part VIII.
- 124 William Cotton Oswell (1818-93) was a civil servant in India, 1837-44. He made two sporting trips in the South African interior, 1845 and 1846, when he became a good friend of Livingstone. He, with Murray, Livingstone and Wilson, discovered Lake Ngami in 1849, and next year he hunted in Ngamiland again. His last journey in Africa was in 1851 with Livingstone to the Makololo tribe on the Chobe River and Sesheke on the Zambezi.
- 125 Sechele, chief of the BaKwena from 1831 till his death in 1892, lived then at Chonwane.
- 126 Oswell does not mention this meeting in his accounts of his travels.
- 127 David Livingstone arrived in South Africa as a L. M. S. missionary in March 1841. He moved on from Mabotsa to found a station all his own with the larger section of the Bakwena under Sechele at Chonwane (47 miles north of Zeerust) at the end of 1845. Livingstone persuaded Sechele to move to Kolobeng during August 1847. Arkwright here spells the name as Livingstone originally spelt it.
- 128 The Bakaa, an offshoot of the Barolong, in 1846 lived in the Mangwato or Shoshong Hills, about 20 miles east of the BaNgwato people.
- 129 Sechele, pretending to send his men elephant hunting, attacked the smaller section of the BaKwena under Kgakgê, whose allegiance he was trying to gain. It occurred before April 1846 and was also in retaliation for an assault on some of his people.
- 130 "Lekker", nice, savoury, palatable; "kos", food, victuals.
- 131 Probably from horsesickness.
- 132 "Rooibok", red buck, impala.
- 133 Afrikaans "kameel" or "kameelperd", giraffe.
- 134 Boatenwana.
- 135 "Cukuru", Sechuana for rhino.
- 136 Lophêphê.
- 137 For the elaborate game trap of the Bechuana, "hopo", see Livingstone, "Missionary Travels and Researches" (London, 1857), 26-27.

- 138 Mashuwe, about 25 miles southwest of Shoshong, or two days' trek south of the BaNgwato tribe.
- 139 Cumming does not mention this meeting.
- 140 Balala, or serfs of the settled Bechuana tribes, were Bushmen and BaKgalagadi (BaKalahari), the latter descended from the earliest Bechuana settlers in the country, who were reduced to serfdom or driven into the sandveld to live like Bushmen.
- 141 Sekgoma and his BaNgwato.
- 142 Cumming records meeting them again on 8 June. He and Arkwright watched the water together at night, at a place that may have been the gorge of the Shoshon Spruit in the Shoshong Hills. ("Five Years of a Hunter's Life", II, 94).
- 143 Mzilikazi, founder and first king of the Matabele nation, which was a Zulu offshoot. He first settled with his followers near present-day Pretoria and later lived in the Marico District of the Transvaal, whence he was driven north to Rhodesia by the Voortrekkers in 1836-37.
- 144 Perhaps the Chokwane, a sand river that comes from the Makhuare Hills.
- 145 "Bung", to close, in pugilistic slang.
- 146 Suwe was chief of the BaKaa from c.1835 till 1854. The "dice" were Peto's divining bones.
- 147 The baobab, "*Adansonia digitata*". It was no doubt the first they had seen, for it does not grow south of about the latitude of Shoshong.
- 148 Capt. William Cornwallis Harris (1807-48) of the Bombay Engineers made a hunting trip from Port Elizabeth as far as the Magaliesberg in 1836-37. Arkwright had read his "Wild Sports of Southern Africa", first published at Bombay in 1838 under another title, with London editions in 1839 and later.
- 149 Scott, "The Lady of the Lake", Canto III, Part XXVI. Arkwright misquotes a bit, and twenty lines that he does not quote separate his first two lines from his last four.
- 150 The tsetse fly, "*Glossina morsitans*", transmits the virulent disease of domestic animals known as nagana, or animal trypanosomiasis.
- 151 Cape Colony.
- 152 The Seleka still live on both the Transvaal and the Botswana sides of the upper Limpopo.
- 153 Not identified.
- 154 It was thought at this time that there were four species of rhino in South

Africa, rather than two. The "kôbaôba" and the "mogohu" were supposed to be distinguishable species of the white rhino, the "kgwêtlâ" and the "bodile" of the black.

- 155 Probably the "bushbuck of the Limpopo" that Cumming states he was the first to obtain, in June 1847, and which he thought was new to science. ("Five Years of a Hunter's Life", II, 164-65).
- 156 Sunday was 19 July 1846. I have retained Arkwright's dates as he wrote them, for he seems to have mistaken the day of the week here, not the date. His error is carried through to 15 August.
- 157 The Mpalala, which runs into the Limpopo from the southeast.
- 158 The "kgotla", the tribal meeting place and yard where trials were held and other public business transacted. It was fenced with trunks of trees planted closely together.
- 159 Chief Kôbê, the son of Seleka, died about 1890.
- 160 "Heer", lord or master.
- 161 The Seleka speak Sechuana but are of Transvaal Ndebele origin.
- 162 Perhaps. The map at p. 150 in Vol. I of Oswald's biography shows that he and Vardon visited the Seleka in 1846. Cumming did not reach them till the winter of 1847, though one imagines that Transvaal hunters and traders were there before 1846.
- 163 A grain sorghum, especially "Sorghum vulgare".
- 164 "Byalwa" in the Sotho languages.
- 165 Not otherwise identified.
- 166 Afrikaans "seekoei", hippo.
- 167 This meeting is not mentioned in Oswald's writings.
- 168 Perhaps the Machaneng Spruit, which enters the Limpopo from the west. Arkwright's wagons stood on the west bank of the Limpopo while he was hunting with the Seleka.
- 169 Capt. Frank Vardon of the 25th Madras Native Infantry accompanied Oswald on his journey of 1846.
- 170 Perhaps the Mahalapye River, which comes from the Shoshong Hills.
- 171 Notwani River.
- 172 Marico River.
- 173 Scott, "The Lady of the Lake", Canto V, Part XXV. Arkwright changed the quotation to suit his own circumstances. In the original, the animal is a bitch named "Lufra".

- 174 In a letter to R. Moffat, dated 8 September 1846, Livingstone says that Arkwright had been three days at Chonwane and that he was "agreeable and kind, & ... behaved like a gentleman". ("Family Letters", I, 178-79).
- 175 For his favours, which included setting his collarbone and his driver's broken thigh, Arkwright gave Livingstone a "beautiful gun" worth about £25. In 1850 Livingstone gave it to Lechulatebe, chief of the BaTawana at Lake Ngami, for guides to the Chobe River whom he was unable to use. ("Missionary Correspondence", 143). Arkwright also gave the Doctor three baobab fruits, which the latter sent on to Robert Moffat. ("Family Letters", I, 180.)
- 176 Mary Moffat, with her three younger children and escorted by a party of Griqua hunters, arrived at Chonwane for a visit on 10 September. She was anxious about her daughter's health and comfort at a new station.
- 177 Afrikaans "vlakvark", warthog.
- 178 Bambrick was shot dead on 15 April 1846 while attempting to recover cattle near Burn's Hill with a patrol of the 7th Dragoons and the Cape Mounted Rifles.
- 179 Mamuri, a spruit draining eastwards into the Mainelwe or Little Marico River.
- 180 Perhaps the Setlongwane.
- 181 Maaretsane River.
- 182 Loharon Hills.
- 183 Scott, "The Lady of the Lake", Canto V, Part XXV. "But Lufra had been fondly bred, / To share his board, to watch his bed".
- 184 David Hume the elder was brought to the Cape by Capt. Benjamin Moodie in 1817. Hume made several remarkable pioneering journeys in the interior to hunt and trade before 1838, when he opened a store at Kuruman and settled there as a resident trader. He died at Grahamstown in 1863.
- 185 Also called Kruit (Gunpowder) Fountain, about 25 miles from the Vaal River.
- 186 Venter.
- 187 "Ek sal jou osse min". I shall make your oxen few.
- 188 Graaff-Reinet.
- 189 The 7th Kaffir War lasted till December 1847.
- 190 Snow Mountains.
- 191 Algoa Bay, Port Elizabeth.
- 192 Now called Somerset East, on the Little Fish River.

- 193 The Hon. Eldred M. Cole, who later was Auditor General of the Cape Colony.
- 194 The Governor, Lieutenant General Sir P. Maitland, was the highest ranking officer in the Cape Colony during November 1846.
- 195 On the Tyumie River, near Alice.
- 196 Capt. W. Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, commanded the Swellendam Native [Hottentot] Levy of 1847, about 350 strong.
- 197 Lieut.-Col. Slade, commanding officer of the 90th Regiment, arrived at Cape Town in September 1846 and went to join his regiment at Fort Hare.
- 198 George Britton, general merchant and auctioneer, had stores in Main Street.
- 199 Lines 36 to 41 of Pringle's "Afar in the Desert", correctly quoted except for the omission of the word supplied in square brackets.
- 200 The voyage is not mentioned in Oswald's writings.

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