TRAVELS

IN THE

INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA,

COMPRISING

Fifteen Years' Hunting and Trading;

WITH JOURNEYS ACROSS THE CONTINENT FROM NATAL TO WALVISCH BAY, AND VISITS TO LAKE NGAMI AND THE VICTORIA FALLS.

BY

JAMES CHAPMAN, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MAPS AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
BELL & DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN;
EDWARD STANFORD, 6, CHARING CROSS.
MDCCCLXVIII.

CHAPTER XI.

Return to Chapo's—Start for the North-eastern Interior—Alarms by Natives—The Ntwetwe Salt-pan—Encounter with Lions—Abundance of Game—Reach the Shua River—An Elephant-hunt—Makarikari Salt Lake—Confluence of Rivers—Borders of Moselikatze's Country—Dealings with some petty Chiefs—A Night Encounter with Makalakas—Bushmen massacred—The Simonani River.

My hopes of falling in with elephants having hitherto failed of realisation, I now meditated a long excursion in an eastwardly direction towards Moselikatze's country, and through a region as yet quite unexplored. After consulting one of my Makalaka servants, whom I had engaged at Chapo's, as to the practicability of such an undertaking, I determined (although with small encouragement on his part) to make the attempt, and accordingly hastened back to Chapo's, which was to be my starting-point, for the purpose. I already knew the country for nine days in a north-eastwardly direction, and had no doubt of my ability to get through it; but I did not feel equally confident as to the treatment I should meet with at the hands of the native tribes on the way, who had never seen a white man, a horse, or a wagon, and whose minds had been poisoned against the whites, from interested motives, by Sekomi's tax-gatherers.

Having fully determined, however, on the venture, I arranged the wagons in such a manner as would enable me, on arriving at Chapo's, to despatch one of them homewards, while the other was filled with the luggage and supplies necessary for my long journey. I left the lake on the 3rd of August, 1854, and in doing so gratified the secret wishes of

the chief, who, fearing another attack from Sekelètu, felt concerned lest he should incur blame from the head of the white nation in the event of any accident happening to us. Some of his sage councillors, however, had already concluded that we carried a "medicine," and that our lives were charmed, as otherwise we should not dare to force our way into the presence of great chiefs, through their multitudes of people, without betraying any signs of fear.

On the way to Chapo's Town, which we reached on the evening of the 24th, I had a good deal of sport, with the details of which I will not fatigue the reader. The crocodiles, in particular, I had a feeling of satisfaction, amounting almost to a sense of duty, in destroying, and the numbers of those reptiles with which this river Botletlie abounded gave plenty of employment to the rifles of my servants as well as myself. On one occasion as many as fifty-seven crocodiles were seen huddled together on the margin of a pool to which the women resorted for water. One of those that I killed in the Botletlie river was of enormous size, its extreme length being upwards of sixteen feet, the circumference of the neck more than five, and the jaws rather more than two feet long. The body of this brute was as bulky as that of a buffalo, and the united efforts of eight men failed to drag it out of the water. Its legs, as thick as those of a rhinoceros, were however secured and skinned, and now, I believe, adorn the shelves of a "Children's Mission Museum" in London.

A few days sufficed to complete my arrangements, and guides were promised me for a start to the Shua river, where, judging by the favourable reports of the natives, I hoped to shoot at least a few elephants, and to secure some fine long-tailed rhinoceroses. For these latter the Shua, hitherto unknown to white men, is famous. When on the point of setting out, however, news came which rather damped the spirits of my people, and nearly prevented the prosecution of my plans.

Some Bamañwato arrived with the tidings that two regiments (*mepato*) of Sekomi's men had departed for the Shua, to attack there the outposts of Moselikatze and carry off his cattle. This news, coming as it did at a time when my followers had hardly recovered from the perils and fatigues of a long spell of work in the desert, made them hesitate to accompany me on an expedition beset, as it seemed, with dangers and difficulties still more serious. I thought it highly probable that the story was an invention of Sekomi's to deter me from exploring those parts of the country which contributed most to his wealth as a preserve of elephants, and were hence best suited to my purposes. I endeavoured to instil this persuasion into the minds of my men, but to little purpose, until I assured them of my full resolve to undertake the journey, in spite of the report in question, when they at length reluctantly consented to bear me company. On the 28th of August I took my leave of Chapo, or *Masella*, as the natives also entitle him, after the large kind of otter which is the worshipful patron of his tribe, as the crocodile is of the Bakwains and the young lion of the Batawanas.

I had already sent on Meroepie with one of the wagons to wait at Lutlochoé either for my own or Edwards's arrival at Sekomi's. I now struck away to the northward, having with me the other wagon, which was nearly empty, in order that I might travel with rapidity, in case I should presently find myself in a wider tract of desert than I reckoned upon. I knew that the oxen would hold out for five days without water, and calculated that within that time, with a light wagon, I should be able to get over 180 miles of ground. Moreover, I greatly doubted the probability of finding so extensive a tract of country altogether destitute of water, although the natives, both at Chapo's and along the road, swore by their chief that we should die of thirst, and declared that we should not reach the Shua until we were grey-headed—or for six months at

the very least. They resorted also to their usual tactics, endeavouring to mislead and intimidate my servants, and attempting to frighten me by affirming that the Makalakas dwelling on and beyond the Shua, as well as the Matabele and Mashona, were cannibals. This last piece of most appalling intelligence I met, much to the confusion of my bewildered informants, by professing great delight at the prospect of having at last an opportunity of falling in with that singular race, the Man-eaters! These and other such marvellous legends, however, could not fail of having some effect on the minds of my credulous followers, and I found no small difficulty in allaying their fears and inducing them to continue the journey.

Our course lay for a time along the same track that I had followed on a previous journey. We passed Koobye a few miles north of the Botletlie river, and afterwards crossed the great Ntwetwe salt-pan, there about 18 or 20 miles broad, reaching its opposite shore at midnight on the 2nd of September. In the absence of water at Gootsa, we were obliged to push on at once, passing various stations with no more than the ordinary incidents of travel in the African wilderness.

One morning, while inspanning, I shot a beautiful bird, called the Kaffir crane (*Balearica regulorum*). It is of a bluish slate colour, pale about the head, with a long black tail, and six black feathers in each wing. These are much prized by the native warriors, the plume being stuck on their heads, in the manner practised by the North American Indians.

Throughout this portion of our journey I had been under the impression that we should yet feel the effects of stratagems practised to obstruct our march, and had prepared my people that they must expect to hear some startling news concocted by the natives to frighten us back, as all their other machi-

nations had failed. My anticipations were shortly realised. On the 6th of September we had outspanned at a spring-pond called Tsagoobyabsa, when, at the dead hour of midnight, a file of meagre Bushmen joined us from the east, and, squatting round the fires, were soon engaged in earnest and mysterious conversation with our pretended guide, Goroge, who seemed to have expected their arrival. The next moment he woke Molihie and begged him to rouse me and bid me fly. There was no time to be lost, as the Matabele warriors, having overrun the country eastward, would be upon us in the morning, being in search of a tribe of Makalakas who had fled past us. I now found that all my previous admonitions and warnings were lost on my people, who joined their entreaties to those of the Bamañwato that I would return at once. But all this I was prepared to hear, without the slightest intention of being influenced by it, though there seemed till daylight a great likelihood of my being deserted by all my people at this junction. My remonstrations on their undutiful and cowardly conduct at last produced a good effect, and with daylight their courage returned.

Goroge and his gang, who had accompanied us for some days, feigning great alarm, now abruptly left us, taking every member of their party with them, as well as every particle of flesh they could lay their hands on, and prophesying that we should all die of thirst, if we were not killed by the Matabele. I had been so accustomed to these manœuvres during my travels, that I had become callous to all such reports, and, bidding Goroge and his followers "God-speed," felt almost thankful at being rid of their company, though I must acknowledge that I was rather at a loss for want of a guide. I had formerly reached, a few days farther to the north-east, a chain of springs called Motlamaganyani (a succession), but my present destination, the Shua river, lay about south-east, or east by south, and I determined that if I could not find

water ahead during the next few hours I would make a push and ride night and day until I should find some. Consequently, on the 7th, accompanied by one of my men, I started on foot eastward, over the same kind of country we had traversed for the last few days, consisting alternately of long grassy lawns, and groves of the golden-leaved mopani trees, growing generally in a sandy soil, and abounding with beds of calcareous and siliceous pebbles; and after a walk of nine miles east I captured a few Bushmen, grubbing for the kind of bulbs well known at the Cape as lunches. These miserable wretches, never having seen white men, were terribly frightened; but, with some difficulty, tobacco and beads eventually reconciled them to the strange apparition. We found, however, that they had been informed of our being in the neighbourhood, and warned by Goroge to avoid us, as, if successful in our object, we should make a road which would lay open Sekomi's country, his cattle, and his Bushmen, to the ravages of Moselikatze's people. This injunction had the desired effect on these Bushmen, who swore with trembling that there was no water in the land, though I soon found a beautiful spring within 100 yards from the spot where we stood.

We now travelled eastward, and soon emerged on an open plain, the margin of the Ntwetwe salt-pan, which we had crossed before considerably to the westward, and which runs parallel with our present road, as it also does with the Botletlie. This river expands gradually, a few miles east of Koobye, into a large salt lake, which increases in breadth till it is met by the Shua river flowing from the north-east. In four hours from our last bivouac we reached a spring called Mananyna, or by the Bushmen *Chua Katsa*, on the opposite or southern bank of the Ntwetwe, which stretches still farther north-east, until near the springs called Motlamaganyani.

The gnus, quaggas, and springboks were so tame here, owing to their ignorance of the gun, and, besides, so abun-

dant, that we did not care to shoot them; but during our journey in the afternoon in the south-east direction, across what is called the Bontveld, I was diverted from stalking a drove of the finest buck pallahs I had ever seen, by the sight of a troop of about thirty elands, fast asleep, a short distance before me. These I stalked in great haste, as the wagon was coming up, and shot the largest cow; but she proving poor, we abandoned the greater part of the flesh, to the no small astonishment of the poor Bushmen, who nearly wept for grief at such waste.

The track we pursued now gradually inclined more to the south. I was not quite satisfied with this change, but was unwilling to interfere with our guide, lest he should desert us altogether. I felt sure, moreover, that when we had once struck the course of the Shua, which could not be far off, I should be able to advance without any apprehension of want of water. One spring to the north-east, and several south and south-west, were pointed out to us, but only one, called Mamtsoe, lay in our course, about south-east. This we reached the following day, after five or six hours of hard travelling over a wide plain.

We passed the spring, trekking three or four miles farther to be near the wood, and encamped under one of the giant moana trees, of which there are many about. Here I found the bush folk more numerous than I had yet seen them, owing probably to the abundance of game. Their astonishment at the sight of white men was prodigious; they did not forget, however, to warn us of the presence of their *boleo* traps, which were hung on the neighbouring trees, and would certainly have proved fatal to some of our oxen, if not to ourselves.

A number of lions being in the habit of resorting nightly to the spring, either to drink or to waylay the game, I went out early in the evening to kill some animal for a bait to attract

them to some spot convenient to my skaarm. I knocked over two quaggas at my first shot, one of which I had dragged up to within five or six yards of my shooting-box, when my man Molihie declared his intention of occupying another position, where there seemed little likelihood of his being visited by lions; but he completely outwitted himself, for, soon after dark, and before the moon rose above the horizon, I observed some object crouching towards his post, and my cry of warning was lost in the report made by his large rifle. The animal he fired at did not move; and five other lions, which were lying within a few yards of his position, now got on their legs, while two others were observed moving round the pond above the wind. My faculties being now also quickened, I observed two lionesses facing me within twenty feet from another direction, at which I instantaneously fired, and probably prevented their springing into my skaarm. Abraham, who was with me, now discharged both barrels of his gun, and while I held my rifle pointed at them he reloaded his, when I again fired with the same bad success. The lions not seeming inclined to beat a retreat, Molihie's courage was well tested, and he cried lustily for his master to come to his aid. Of course I could not comply with this demand, being myself placed in a similar position. Having continued firing till nearly all my ammunition was expended, I became more cautious, and, taking a more deliberate aim, was delighted to find the bullet tell, and to see the lioness bound off with a growl. In this movement she was instantly followed by the rest; the troop, numbering ten in all, having besieged us for a short but anxious period, during which it seemed as if not even thunder nor lightning could terrify them.

After their retreat, we heard them for a long time tearing with tooth and nail at the second quagga, which lay about 200 yards off, but, having only three bullets left, we did not dare to meddle with them, although for the rest of

the night we had the advantage of a bright moonlight. Having feasted themselves on the flesh of the quagga, and killed and devoured another, they came again towards the water to quench their thirst, but the recollection of our engagement with them some hours before probably checked their advance, as they halted midway and set up a most terrific roaring. Two others also approached in a different direction with fearful roars, but Molihie having fired a shot which mortally wounded a white rhinoceros, the lions feared to venture near the water. Game of all sorts came and went in vast multitudes all night, many passing within a few feet of us; and I feel no scruple in affirming that, since the preceding evening before sunset, till the next morning after sunrise, except during the time of our being besieged by the lions, no less, at a very moderate computation, than a hundred head of game drank at the spring every five minutes. This in ten hours would make the number 12,000, which, however enormous it may appear, is, I feel confident, far within the mark. The pool, about 400 yards in circumference, was all night kept in commotion, the splashing of water, the din of clattering hoofs, and the lowing and moaning of gnus and their calves, being mingled in discordant notes. The braying of quaggas was terrible, and the pond, excepting at one or two short periods, while we fired, was never clear.

Next morning the wounded rhinoceros was overtaken by the Bushmen and killed, and some of the flesh brought to camp. A few ducks and geese were shot for our own larder, and a vast concourse of cranes strutted about the plain, making a croaking noise all day long. At night multitudes of Namaqua partridges and turtle-doves visited the water; some of these were also shot, which, together with a dozen springboks, two gnus, four quaggas, and the rhinoceros, gave ample employment to the Bushmen in devouring or jerking the flesh. Some of these Bushmen are

fine strapping fellows; one old man, who had been crippled by an elephant, wore badges round his arm for eighteen elephants which he had himself speared.

On the evening of the 10th, still hoping to shoot a lion, I lay again by the water, but none came. A multitude of springboks drank breast to breast within two yards of the muzzle of my gun, which, being loaded with a conical bullet weighing five ounces, on a strong charge of powder, passed through the vitals of five and wounded a sixth. This incident considerably enlarged my belief in the powers of a gun. Till this time I had resolutely maintained three animals to be the maximum that could be killed with one bullet. A borele with a very long horn received another bullet from my large rifle through his heart, and ran for more than a thousand yards before he fell.*

Early on the 11th we started east for the Shua river, passing first through a mopani forest, in the midst of which I met with a small spring, and near it a family of Bushmen, shamefully naked, the women as well as men. They were in a complete state of panic at every movement of our own, or of the wagons, having never seen white men, wagons, or horses before. In the afternoon we crossed a level country intersected with shallow watercourses, and plains covered with a short prickly grass, always indicating the approach to a river or watered locality, and at night reached the banks of the Shua, having travelled nearly twelve hours, and killed a borele on the plain, after a sharp contest.

I was much disappointed in the Shua river, of which I had

* I may advert here to the fallacy of the common belief (encouraged, I believe, by anatomists) that death ensues instantly to an animal wounded in the heart. Such a wound is no doubt mortal, but that it does not always terminate life *instantaneously* I can positively affirm, in the case both of the elephant and rhinoceros, which beasts I have known to live, and even move with rapidity, for a quarter of an hour after a bullet had pierced the heart.

heard so much, and had sometimes been almost persuaded to believe, from the accounts of natives, that it must be a navigable river running eastward. The Botletlie too, they had told us for years, became in its lower course a broad and deep river, abounding in hippopotami and crocodiles. The fallacy of these exaggerated reports at once became evident on my visit to the spot, and I regretted that, instead of finding an immense body of water, the Botletlie gradually widened into an extensive salt basin, probably twice the circumference of Lake Ngami, and was met here by the Shua from the north, and four other streams from the eastward, forming by their confluence an immense lake or pan, which is generally dry for half the year or more. From the appearance of the banks, which are abrupt and steep, one would suppose that this immense pan must at one time have been a permanent fresh-water lake, for the older Bushmen assert that about thirty or forty years ago it never dried up, and abounded with hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish. But suddenly, they say, the waters from Lake Ngami ceased to flow; the lake dried up, and the dead fishes and animals were devoured by the vultures. At the present time, this vast expanse, stretching away in every direction farther than the eye can trace, is nothing but a barren plain, level as a plank floor, and covered with a white incrustation or saline excrescence. This level becomes inundated during some months in the year, assuming then a very grand appearance, though only twelve or eighteen inches deep.

The Shua, which here appears to come from the north, is fed by several lesser streams flowing from the north-east, which I shall hereafter have occasion to mention. Though in general about 200 yards broad, and at this time 60 or 70 feet deep, the Shua contained only here and there pools of stagnant and salt water, which when dried up left a crust of good salt on the surface of the white sand. In the

summer season, however, this river pours down an immense flood, of which there are strong indications everywhere in the large bogs high up on the banks inclining southwards. The singular fact which surprises me is that, although the soil forming the immediate bed of the river is so strongly impregnated with salt, fresh water may be obtained anywhere by scratching to the depth of nine or ten inches below the surface, as is daily practised by the game, even though within three feet of a pool of brine; so that the water seems only to become salt when acted upon by the rays of the sun, or the influence of the atmosphere generally. The banks of the Shua are studded with the mopani tree for a mile on either side, affording cover to many rhinoceroses, gnus, bucks, bastard-bucks, sassaybies, lions, and other animals. Another strange mimosa attracted my attention here, having never met with it before. It is called *Habbi Khosi* (prick the king) —a very beautiful straight branched mimosa, spreading its branches from the ground.

On moving the wagon next day a few miles south, to the junction of the Shua with the Salt Lake, I observed several of the mañana traps, from which a number of guinea-fowls were, like criminals, suspended by the neck, and also a fine fat pauw. These we left for the owners, and passed on, and, having sought out an eligible position for the wagon, I strolled out with some Bushmen in search of a new buck, called by them *Boo-a-dow*. But after trudging about for several hours in quest of this novelty, the hope of obtaining which I had nourished for more than a month, I found, to my great disappointment, that the boo-a-dow was no other than the common reitbuck. Another animal of which I had heard strange tales still eluded my search; and from the description given of it I felt certain it was not yet known to Europeans. This animal, called by the natives *quelleŭ-quelle*, is a beautiful white and spotted antelope. It is said

to be some marvellous freak of nature, possessing qualities unknown to the lower animals in general. This strange creature had been in my thoughts ever since I left Lake Ngami, and I determined to satisfy my curiosity respecting its seemingly fabulous character, searching for it whenever opportunity offered. Its peculiarity, as it is represented, renders it unfit to be eaten by females, whose sex it is said in some respects to resemble in its physical formation.

Next day I strolled about again in search of the quelleū-quellè in a burning sun, beating about through fields of tall waving grass on the margin of the Salt Lake or Makarikari (mirage), but started only some jackals and hares, which generally abound most in this kind of veld. The spoors of rhinoceroses were numerous, but we saw none of the animals themselves. On limping back towards the wagon, with a chafed and blistered foot, I observed my followers suddenly absconding on both sides of the vehicle; and, looking round for some explanation, I received the warning word *Taaw* (lions). This was immediately followed by the angry growl of two large lionesses in the long grass before me, and the yelping and purring of three cubs. Levelling my gun at the nearest, my dog dashed forward, and at once brought them round to face him, with a terrific growl. This drove the Bushman carrying my spare gun 200 yards in a less number of seconds, nor would he again come near; while I, fearful of the odds against me if I commenced an attack, neither dared to turn my back to the enemy, nor to fire, though an old Bushman, who stuck bravely to me, and seemed to have a wonderful craving for lions' flesh, was urging me to do so, thinking, no doubt, that the white man's gun, though a single-barreled one, was always invincible. But, differing with him in this opinion, I was content to secure my dog, preventing him from annoying the lionesses, and alternately

levelling my rifle upon the more vicious or bolder of the two, as they lay lashing their tails within thirty yards of me. After about five minutes of rather painful suspense, the cubs moved off, and as the mothers turned to look after them, I squatted down, and, aided by the grass, concealed myself from their view for a few moments. On raising myself again to watch their movements, I saw that they had overtaken their cubs; but observing me, they returned growling for a few paces, and lay down as before. I also resorted to my former manœuvre for concealment till I saw the lions move farther off; and then, jumping down into the bed of a nullah, I ran along it to head them, where a tree on the bank afforded me a safe position for waylaying them; but they had entered a large field of tall tambookie-grass, where they were quite out of sight.

Learning from the Bushmen here, who seemed acquainted with everything that passed at Moselikatze's Town, that the white men, meaning Mr. Moffat and my friend Edwards, had been to that place and were on their return, I determined on a change of plan, feeling that it would be a useless toil to take the wagon farther eastward; but as elephants abounded in that direction, I determined to proceed on horseback a few days farther, to ascertain the character and resources of the country as regarded the objects of the hunter and the trader, and examine some of the outposts at a high range of mountains of which I had heard, called Madumumbela, and, if possible, reach Moselikatze's Town, and pay him a short visit. Consequently, saddling two horses on the 13th, I took with me Molihie, as achter-rider, and three Bushmen, carrying a little ammunition and two spare guns, as well as a tempting collection of beads, &c., intended for an offering to propitiate his highness the great Matabele chief, the terror of the South African tribes, as far as, and even beyond, the Zambesi river.

Shortly after crossing the Shua, I fell in with six strapping Makalakas, all six feet and more high, who, crouching and trembling before me, were in a complete panic at their first sight of a white man. A small troop of elands coming in sight, and approaching within 800 yards, I was tempted to try a very long shot, which, fortunately, passed through the neck of a cow, and killed her on the spot, to the great amazement of our swarthy travellers, who, taking up their shields, ran to the spot, and soon commenced operations for roasting part of the prize. Their admiration of the gun, the horse, and the white man, knew no bounds, and everything belonging to us was "God!"

Having taken a much smaller portion of eland flesh than my Bushmen were willing to carry, we parted company with the Makalakas, who remained to demolish the rest, and begged me to shoot an ostrich on my way, as they were engaged in an expedition to procure black feathers to adorn the heads of the Zulu warriors. Shortly after leaving them I had the good fortune to fall in with three of these birds, and, still better, to kill one of them, the male, though running, at the distance of full 800 yards. This extraordinary piece of good luck made a deep impression upon our guides, who failed not at every stage to communicate to those we met the wonders they had seen performed by my gun. Having plucked the white feathers from the two wings, forty-six in number (or half a pound in this instance, worth about £6, though generally the feathers only weigh about a quarter of a pound), I left the remainder for the Makalakas, who would be sure to follow the trail of our horses and find it, and moved onwards, while the Bushmen turned back to shower maledictions on the vultures for lighting on the flesh, which I had positively refused them permission to burthen themselves with, as they were already bending under the weight of my packages, besides large junks of eland's flesh.

It is beyond their comprehension how we can be so prodigal as not to remain until we have devoured the flesh we kill.

None of the Bushmen or other natives whom we had met during the last eight or ten days, or might expect to meet farther eastward, had ever seen the face of a white man or anything belonging to him. It was therefore necessary that, whenever we approached a village, one or two of my followers should be sent forward to prepare them for the extraordinary event. Consequently, arriving at a small well, before reaching one of the Bushmen's kraals, some of our party ran ahead to enlighten the simple inhabitants, who would have taken us for *Torrah*, or *Porrah* (God, or the Evil Spirit), while I remained to wash myself, and dress a wound on my heel, which had now perfectly disabled me; I little thought at the time that a party of Moselikatze's warriors were lying in ambush close by, watching my every movement, which, as I afterwards learnt, they faithfully reported, in the presence of my friend Edwards, at the chief's town. Fortunately for me, this party had no hostile feelings towards Englishmen, nor dared to molest them without permission being first obtained from their chief, or I might have been cut off. As I heard afterwards, these Matabele were on the look-out for some Bamañwato who were making a raid on their herds, and, although they thought that I must be acting in concert with Sekomi's people, who had just been making observations on their cattle posts, they were afraid to do me any harm without further watching my movements, for fear of making a mistake, as they knew that their chief was entertaining Messrs. Moffat and Edwards at his town in the most cordial manner.

Next day we were up early, and continued our march, still in a north-east direction, but often inclining eastward, through beautiful groves of the often-recurring mopani; and in the afternoon bivouacked under the delightful shade of a

cluster of these trees, enjoying the pleasant interchange of light and shade afforded by their spreading branches.

Falling in with a party of Makalakas belonging to a tribe inhabiting the Madumumbela mountains, about long. 28°, lat. 29°, under a chief called Mènoè, I obtained from them all the information I could; and learning that Messrs. Edwards and Moffat had actually left Moselikatze's Town on their way home, and that the journey to Shunkaan was still a long day's work on foot, I determined to remain here, and invite the chiefs of the Makalaka, who, though now subject to the paramount rule of Moselikatze, had themselves once been chiefs of a powerful independent nation to meet me here. A present of beads, wire, handkerchiefs, and knives was sent with the invitation, and I fully expected the chiefs to make their appearance in a few days, which I was glad to spend in recruiting my horses and resting my leg, which was so disabled that I found it impossible to stand, the tendon above the heel being severely chafed and much inflamed. This may have been owing to the peculiar state of the system when exposed for any length of time to the effects of an exclusively flesh diet.

But soon after my messengers sped on their embassy to the chiefs at Madumumbela, the repose I promised myself was disturbed by the glorious cry of "Elephants near," which has always the wonderful power of dispelling every other care with its all-absorbing excitement. I forgot my pain, and, having rested the horses for the day, was the next morning assisted into my saddle. Followed by a numerous gang of some seventy or eighty armed Bushmen and Makalakas, we started northward, and soon crossed a periodical stream, called Tunkaan, which has its source near the Shashè river, an affluent of the Limpopo, situated about south-east of our course. Another stream which we crossed, called Mietengoè, has its sources in the Madumumbela range, and runs past Shunkaan's

Town, and we bivouacked at a third, which is considered the main stream of the Shua river. This stream, rising beyond the northern extremity of the Madumumbela mountains, which it encircles, waters the heart of Moselikatze's country, passing the town belonging to Impukani, one of Moselikatze's greatest generals, and his uncle.

The sun had just set when we dismounted after our long ride, and, disabled as I was, I lay down by the fire, while Molihie strolled into the bush for a few hundred yards. Soon I heard the report of a gun, and six other shots following in rather quick succession. I felt convinced he had met with elephants. I was however mistaken, for Molihie soon returned, bringing the tails of three rhinoceroses which he had shot, and assuming an air of indifference, as if he was in the habit of slaying a whole herd of rhinoceroses every day. The admiration and amazement of the natives at this feat knew no bounds, and, as we had already made several extraordinary though perhaps merely lucky shots in the earlier part of the day, I advised my man to persevere in taking great pains while shooting in future, and to endeavour to avoid missing a shot if possible, in order to inspire the natives with a proper respect for our guns and our countrymen, and to convince them of the danger of venturing on hostilities with the white men.

A buffalo, a gnu, and a brace of quaggas had been also shot in the course of our ride; and as the following day was Sunday, we informed the natives amongst whom we now found ourselves of our custom not to hunt on that day, and that they would have time to cut up the flesh for themselves. Great was the rejoicing at first, but many the frays that soon ensued between the leading members of the Bushmen families, who each claimed a preference in appropriating the fat. The Makalakas however interposed, and, flourishing their battle-axes, soon settled the Bushmen's quarrels, by forcing them to abandon their fancied rights, taking them-

selves not only the fat of all the rest of the game, but the fattest rhinoceros into the bargain; and by Sunday evening the surrounding trees were quite concealed by the festoons of flesh on which they were hung.

Early in the morning Molihie was roused from his slumbers by the Bushman who had carried his gun, to partake of a dish of water which he had brought with him. This was such an unusual thing that Molihie wondered what it meant, and, being suspicious enough to imagine that the draught might perhaps contain a dose of poison, he, for a moment, hesitated to drink it; but another Bushman, who, like most of the elder Bushmen hereabouts, spoke Sechuana well,* explained to him the custom that a man who kills an animal is always served early in the morning, by the rest of the party, with a drink of water. I have myself been often since treated with the same ceremony.

Early on the following morning we started in search of the Sibaninne river, on whose banks it was said elephants were to be found in great numbers. Accordingly, at one of the large pools of water in the bed of the river, which abounded with fish, we found the fresh spoor of three bull-elephants. This we followed; but we had not gone far when we discovered by their trail that they had taken to flight, having probably been startled by our wind. Molihie and myself galloped on the spoor, followed by thirty of our armed Bushmen, and in about ten minutes encountered them in a forest, eyeing us as we drew near to them. When within fifty yards I dismounted, and giving the largest tusker a shot, the effect of which was announced by a groan, directed Molihie to follow the second best, and we separated, each pursuing his allotted victim. Closing with mine for a second

* In former times the Bamañwato inhabited these parts of the country. Their chief town was in this neighbourhood, and many of their cattle-wells are still to be seen.

shot, I was nearly unhorsed by a borele, but followed my elephant again, with a number of Bushmen at my heels. I fired several shots, without any other effect than decreasing his speed. At length, having started three buffaloes, they made straight for the elephant, who turned upon them, and, charging them furiously, drove them back towards me. I turned my horse's head towards the armed Bushmen, who, being at a respectable distance behind me, ought at least to have covered my retreat; while their fellows, who had been safe spectators of the fray from the highest branches of the trees, now dropped to the ground like over-ripe fruit; so that the general rout of the white men, the Bushmen, and the buffaloes, all flying pell-mell before the charge of their common foe, the elephant, formed rather a ludicrous spectacle. For the time he certainly had the best of it, but, either his rage or his breath being soon spent, he gave up the chase, and stood sullenly contemplating the retreat of his assailants behind the screen of the forest trees. As for myself, according to the proverb, I recoiled, the better to renew the attack; but while I was endeavouring to drive the elephant towards a more open ground, I heard a loud trumpeting a short distance westward, and, looking round, beheld Molihie in a somewhat similar plight to what had just been my own, being chased by the elephant he had singled out. But the most extraordinary part of the affair was this: the elephant not being able to overtake his enemy, I saw him pull up successively two trees by the roots and cast them after Molihie, nearly striking his horse with one of them. This singular act of sagacity surprised me not a little, being under the impression at the time, as I am to this present day, that the act of thus hurling the trees was not accidental, but intentional. Each of these trees was nearly twenty inches in diameter, and they were thrown twelve or fifteen yards from the spot where they grew, so that, leaving the intent

out of the question, it was in itself a prodigious feat of animal strength.

On arriving at the well, where the Makalakas were waiting for us, I was much annoyed at finding, instead of the chiefs, some of their principal men, bringing me indeed very flattering messages from their masters, with a present of some ivory; but regretting they could not conduct me to Moselikatze's Town, as it would endanger their lives. I disbelieved this; but as they begged me to return homewards now, and to revisit them the next year, I came to understand that these petty chiefs had concealed my near approach from head quarters, and would like to carry on a clandestine intercourse with me for their own purposes. They promised to show me, next year, thousands of elephants and other large game; further, that as I had first shot their country, in fact discovered it, they would preserve it for me. Not wishing, however, to confine myself to the acquaintance of these fellows, I threatened to find my way without their assistance. After hearing this the Makalakas disappeared one by one, and at night, the ivory of the elephants we had killed not arriving, I made up my mind to go at once in search of it.

At this moment a Bushman arrived breathless from the east, in search of the Makalakas, with a message from Shunkaan entreating me to fly without delay, as three of Moselikatze's towns were up in arms, and in pursuit of the Bamañwato who had been in my track reconnoitring Moselikatze's cattle, and he feared his troops would fall on us by mistake if I did not get out of the way before they arrived. In the meantime I had discovered from one of my guides that the Bamañwato and Makalakas were leagued together. The latter, wishing to escape from Moselikatze's rule, and place themselves under the protection of Sekomi, and join the tribes he had gathered, had invited the Bamañwato to come and inspect the country, and study the practicability of making off

during the rainy season into the Bamañwato country with the whole of the cattle entrusted to their charge by Moselikatze. Becoming aware of this, I refused to fly, being fearful of confirming the suspicion of the Matabele that I, too, was in league with the Bamañwato, and resolved that if they came on I would meet them amicably, hoping, as I still retained a smattering of the Zulu language from my residence at Natal, that I should be able to explain to them how matters really stood.

Having saddled my horses, I left my guides of the Shua in charge of my traps, and, under the guidance of some other natives, sought out the hiding-place of the Makalakas, which I reached about 11 o'clock at night. Contrary to my expectations, I found them quite prepared for my arrival, and drawn up in a formidable array, standing under cover of their long shields, evidently with hostile intentions. Surprised at this, I felt for an instant at a loss how to act; but a moment's reflection satisfied me that it would not do to exhibit any symptoms of alarm, and that my safety depended on the composure and firmness with which I acted in this emergency. Having, therefore, ordered Molihie to stand with his gun ready at full cock, I rode up undauntedly to within a few paces of the dusky crew, whose appearance was doubly horrid, as the bright moonlight did not penetrate the deep shade of the mopani trees under which they stood. At this moment the leader of the gang sprang forward in advance of his comrades in a sort of war-dance, as is their wont when threatening a charge, and rattling the shaft of his spear against his shield, yelling and whistling shrilly the while, he demanded what we wanted there at this hour of the night. Springing from my horse, as did also Molihie, I was perfectly astonished at the effect produced by our assumed composure, when this brave of the braves hastily retreated into the ranks, evidently disappointed at the want of pluck among his followers, who slunk one by one behind the bushes. Follow-

ing up my advantage, I rated them soundly in Sechuana, in as loud and bold a voice as I could assume, threatening to destroy the whole of them in one instant if they did not instantly lay down their spears. Strange to say, with that superstitious dread which these unsophisticated savages entertain of the white man, but which I had never fully believed in till this day, the whole of the Makalakas laid their spears on the ground, trembling with fear, while nearly all the Bushmen disappeared in a twinkling.

Having brought matters to this satisfactory conclusion, I demanded my ivory, which in another instant was forthcoming. After this I required eight Bushmen to carry the tusks: at first these could not be found, but, stamping impatiently on the ground, I insisted on having them, when the Makalakas set up a shouting, and, explaining to the Bushmen that the danger of hostilities was passed, they one by one emerged from their concealment. I then demanded a bundle of dried flesh, by way of compensation for the trouble they had given me, with another Bushman to carry it; and at length, having cautioned the gang to take care that I did not set the ground on fire under their feet, we took our departure, driving the bearers of the tusks before us to our bivouac.

I had been so often deceived by false reports, that if real danger was threatened it had become highly probable that I should disbelieve in it; but disgusted now with the conduct of these savages, and having nothing further to wait for here, I returned to my camp next morning, attended by eight Bushmen, each bearing a large tusk of ivory, and preceded by a few others carrying our spare guns, blankets, &c.

On the 25th we were up early and marching towards the wagon, which we neared in the afternoon. I shot a giraffe, a koodoo, and a brace of springboks. I found all right at the wagon, and my driver, Abraham, entertaining a jolly circle of Bushmen and their families, who, much to his

annoyance, sought, from the colour of his skin, to claim relationship with him; they were astonished that he could not speak their language, and believed he only affected ignorance of it. Amongst the game which he had shot for them were two or three rhinoceroses. These he reported to be very numerous, as well as lions, which regularly killed and devoured every night at least half a dozen quaggas within hearing of the wagon.

The next morning, while working at a *katel** for my own use, three Bushmen came flying from the east, and reported that a commando of Moselikatze's was within a few miles south-east of us, and would be here the same day. These men were in such a state of alarm that they would not stop even to partake of some of the flesh which our Bushmen were boiling, but hurried on. Shortly afterwards 200 or 300 Bushmen, women, and children, came flying in breathless haste from the same direction, carrying their pots and other utensils on their heads, and occasionally stopping to look round, evidently in great terror. Our followers, too, having been handsomely rewarded with beads and tobacco, made off; one, an old man, who was under an engagement to conduct me southwards, I fortunately caught in the act of making his escape, and insisted on his fulfilling his agreement. Affairs assumed now a more serious aspect than they had ever done before, and as I stood every chance of being left to the mercy of events, and without a guide if I let this man go, while not possessing on my own part the least knowledge of the country towards Sekomi's, I felt that I must start immediately while I had him in my power.

As soon as we had inspanned, the remnant of a Bushman family which had been massacred the same morning arrived, and reported that the Matabele were on the Simoani river, which lay in our route, and were feasting on the oxen and

* Stretcher.

buffaloes they had killed. One of the fugitive Bushmen, who had been out hunting, having discovered the spoor of the Matabele as he returned home, had concealed himself, and learnt that his wife and parents had been killed, and his children made captives. The poor fellow, who seemed wretchedly forlorn, followed the fortunes of the rest of the Bushmen, who, taking all their dried flesh with them, had gone a few miles into the Karikari salt lake, or pan, where they foolishly flattered themselves they would be in safety; once in any place of refuge, however temporary, and having a full belly, they forget all dangers and troubles, regardless of all prudence. But shortly afterwards the sad intelligence reached me that all the eldest of the clan, to the number of twenty-three, had been massacred that same night, and the younger ones carried into captivity to be made slaves or soldiers of Moselikatze.

On the afternoon of the 26th we travelled about 16 miles south, always keeping on the eastern edge of the Salt Lake, and reached the Simoani river, a small periodical stream with very little water, flowing into it from the eastward. Here we slept, and during the night, being obliged to watch our guide, I heard the cattle breathing very hard—a sure sign of their seeing or smelling danger. My thoughts immediately reverted to the all-engrossing subject of the Matabele, but on putting my head out of the wagon two objects close before me loomed as large as elephants. On a second glance, however, I made out that they were rhinoceroses, and the next moment a bullet left my large rifle from the wagon, smashing the shoulder of one of them. The report of the rifle, the puffing and snorting of the rhinoceroses, and the barking of the dogs, woke my people, frightened not a little. They lost all self-possession, and could not find their guns, though they had been sleeping with them close at hand; at length the wounded beast ran off for a few hundred yards, followed by the dogs, and then fell dead.

Next day we started early, continuing our journey down the banks of the lake in a southerly direction for 24 miles, through the same kind of country, with a mopani forest to our left. During the day my old guide made an ineffectual attempt to decamp, and, happening to fall in with other Bushmen, I was able to secure their services and dismiss him. This old fellow saved his life by accompanying me, for all his relatives were killed, as he would have been had he remained with them. We slept at the Chuani river.

On the 28th we still travelled south in sight of the lake on our right, passing on the way a deep well eight miles south of Chuani, and in about 16 miles came to Qualeba, a small, dry stream near a range of hills running from south-west to north-east. We opened two wells in the bed of this river, our horses, cattle, and dogs being miserably thirsty, having been driven fast over a dry country. Next morning we were surprised to find that a borele had robbed us of a portion of our water; but we still found sufficient for our cattle, and, resuming our march, reached Chuatsa, a mineral spring on the banks of the Meea river, resembling that at Shogotsa. We made a distance of at least 24 miles before sunset, having shot a springbok and sighted several rhinoceroses, elands, and ostriches.

On the 30th we travelled again south for about 12 miles, leaving the immense Salt Lake stretching away to the westward, and came upon two beautifully clear fountains of water gushing from the head of a picturesque valley, with a growth of trees, reeds, and an abundance of verdure quite pleasant to behold. At this fountain, which is called by the natives Morimo tsébé (God's ear), we considered ourselves safe from pursuit by the Matabele, and at night we lay by the water to shoot buffaloes and rhinoceroses, and remained over the following day to give the men and cattle rest.

Having had no coffee or tea for some days, I procured two

different kinds of berries from the Bushmen, the *marétloa* and *mogoana*, which forty-eight hours' fermentation converted into a very pleasant drink, something resembling cider. The marétloa berries are distilled by some of the more civilized tribes residing in Mahura's country, and produce a very strong spirit. The process of distillation is very simple. The still consists of a kettle inverted on a boiler, the spout being inserted into an old gun-barrel, which is led through a cask or tub of water.

Absurd and disgusting as some of their practices are, there are traits in the character of the Bushmen in these parts which are much to be admired. Degraded as they are in the scale of humanity, and even in the eyes of their superiors amongst the native races, their morals are in general far in advance of those that obtain among the more civilized Bechuanas. Although they have a plurality of wives, which they also obtain by purchase, there is still love in all their marriages, and courtship among them is a very formal and, in some respects, a rather punctilious affair. When a young Bushman falls in love, he sends his sister to ask permission to pay his addresses; with becoming modesty, the girl holds off in a playful, yet not scornful or repulsive, manner, if she likes him. The young man next sends his sister with a spear, or some other trifling article, which she leaves at the door of the girl's home. If this be not returned within the three or four days allowed for consideration, the Bushman takes it for granted that he is accepted, and gathering a number of his friends, he makes a grand hunt, generally killing an elephant or some other large animal, and bringing the whole of the flesh to his intended father-in-law. The family now riot in the abundant supply, and, having consumed the flesh and enjoyed themselves with dance and song, send an empty but clean bowl to the young man's

friends, who each put in their mite, either an axe or spear, some beads, or trinkets. After this the couple are proclaimed husband and wife, and the man goes to live with his father-in-law for a couple of winters, killing game, and always laying the produce of the chase at his feet as a mark of respect, duty, and gratitude. For the father-in-law a young man always entertains a high regard, but after marriage he shuns his mother-in-law, never perhaps speaking to her again for the whole of his life; and there seems to be a mutual inclination between them to avoid each other. The same feeling exists on the part of the bride towards her father-in-law.

TRAVELS

IN THE

INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA,

COMPRISING

Fifteen Years' Hunting and Trading;

WITH JOURNEYS ACROSS THE CONTINENT FROM NATAL TO WALVISCH BAY, AND VISITS TO LAKE NGAMI AND THE VICTORIA FALLS.

BY

JAMES CHAPMAN, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MAPS AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
BELL & DALDY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN;
EDWARD STANFORD, 6, CHARING CROSS.

MDCCCLXVIII.

fell in with a ready-made kraal, which had been used by Makalaka hunters lately as a protection against lions and hyenas. Scarce had night set in ere the roaring of lions was heard around the camp, and we added fuel to our fire. One of the native lads sitting near the fire was bitten by something; he thought at first it was a scorpion, but the pain continuing to grow worse, he thought it was a snake-bite, while others supposed it to be a spider. Whatever it was, the boy's pains increased so much that, notwithstanding the natives' usual insensibility to pain, he now screamed and shrieked and tumbled and raved in the most frightful manner, and I felt much distressed on his account. Inside our camp all was confusion, while outside our fence the lions prowled about, and commanded at times an equal share of our attention. My two dogs, however, bravely fought them away after awhile. The boy's father, his speech convulsed with grief, begged of me to help him, and the boy too, in his lucid intervals (for he had gone mad)—begged as if it was really in my power to help. I had given the Bushman, April, a piece of snake-poison antidote to carry round his neck in case anybody was bitten by a snake, but he had unfortunately gone to sleep some distance off, beside a quagga which he had shot. I bethought me, however, of a plan I knew to be practised by the Boers of the Trans-Vaal in cases of snake-bite. Causing the sufferer to be held down, I scarified the wound, and, having put some drams of powder on it, ignited it, repeating the operation twice more. Immediately afterwards he seemed considerably relieved, but every now and then his shrieks were terrible, and he was delirious at intervals.

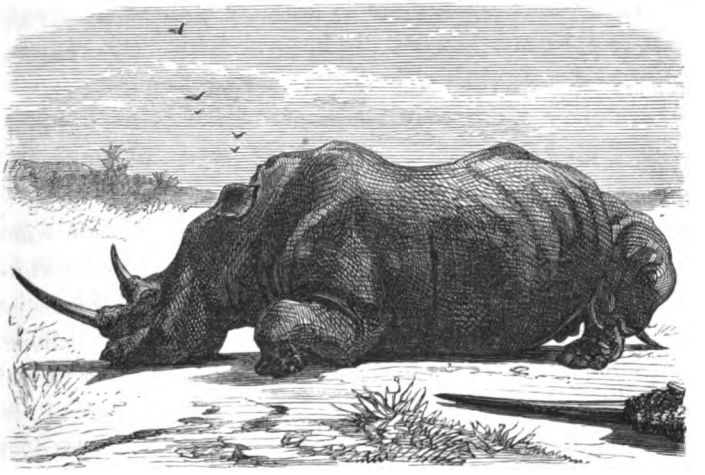
1*st October.*—At sunrise my headache had left me, and, feeling refreshed, I walked out in search of a white rhinoceros, having seen the spoor of that animal. I found another beautiful stream, but could not learn its name. I soon caught sight of two rhinoceroses, fighting, as it seemed to me, head

to head, like two bulls. My guides thought the objects were only bushes, and I stopped to see if they moved. Presently the dust flew from the ground as they pawed the earth and dashed it with their horns. Making a circuit to get under their wind, I had to sit patiently for two hours watching the fight, which turned out to be a playful encounter between a male and female, the latter having a calf by her side, which exhibited tokens of sympathy with her dam. They were in the middle of an open valley, on a grassy plot, which I could not approach nearer than 200 yards without disturbing them, and as I wanted to secure all three, I determined to have patience, and sat observing the play. In the end, I confess to having been cruel enough to shoot them all.

The male rhinoceros was a khetloa. I believe that I am right in assuming, as I have done in previous observations on the khetloa, or borèlè, that there are three varieties of rhinoceros, positively distinct from one another, besides one or two that are doubtful. First we find the mohogu, or white rhinoceros, also called chukuru, mogoana, and mogoshuana, at different stages of maturity; secondly, the kobaoba, or long-horned white rhinoceros; thirdly, the khetloa, or the true and large borèlè. Besides these we find the borelengani, or kenengani, and the mogoshuana shot by me on the Botletlie river in 1854, and which I consider to be actually another grass-eating rhinoceros, and not a hybrid.

No. 1.—First, then, with regard to mohogu (*Rhin. Sinusus*): its colour is of such a light neutral-grey as to look nearly as white as the canvas tilt of a wagon. The male measures 6 ft. 8 in. at withers, carries his head so low that the chin nearly sweeps the ground, is constantly swaying his head and horns to the right and left when suspicious, and its calf, instead of going behind, or at the side, always precedes the dam —and when fleeing is helped onwards by her horn or snout. The back of the mohogu is tolerably straight, but the croop

(? hench bone) is as high or higher than the withers; has a large square hump, a double navel, and females a blind pouch near the vagina. It moves each ear alternately backwards and forwards when excited, and which, when thrown forward, turns as if on a pivot, so bringing the orifice of the ear innermost. It has a broad square muzzle, eyes small and lateral, horns long (anterior one white), and of a coarse fibre. It is an indolent creature, and becomes exceedingly fat by grass eating. The mohogu is also gregarious in families, which are



RHINOCEROS MOHOGU, AND HORN OF THE SUPPOSED KOBAOBA.

greatly attached to each other, and utters a lowing sound, and not such a startling whistling snort as the borèlè does. The hide is thick and wrinkled at base of the neck; the ears are pointed and tufted.

No. 2.—I once had the vanity to think I had upset all the current opinions on the subject of the kobaoba, and, with all deference for the opinions of others, I shall say nothing more than refer to my photographs of the mohogu and kobaoba, and give the opinions of some of the most

experienced native hunters whom I have met on the subject, for, after all, my opinions may be erroneous. At all events, the scarcity of the animal, if it really is a different one, puts it almost out of one's power to furnish correct information on the subject, and I am not aware of having seen or shot more than two in my time. Some of the native hunters, who take a different view, and differ from me about the non-existence of kobaoba (and, to do them justice, they are very observant of animals), assert the kobaoba to be more slender in the body than the preceding animal; that he has a decidedly hollow or saddle back; is not quite so white or quite so large as the mohogu; that he carries his head and his neck, which is however longer, like a borèlè; and that the horns do not always show a downward tendency at the point, but sometimes grow very crookedly the reverse way. They appear to be long and tapering forwards. The edges and inside of their ears are very hairy. The female kobaoba, if kobaoba it was, which I last shot at Kanyo, had also the blind pouch like the mohogu and borèlè. I have stated these facts in support of the opinions of others, but against my own, because I understand that Dr. A. Smith has given *Rhin. kobaoba* a separate plate in the "Natural History of South Africa," and I consider it every explorer's duty to state what he can on these matters to enable naturalists of various opinions to arrive at the truth at last.

No. 3.—Borèlè, or khetloa, male 6 ft. at withers, female 5 ft. 8 in., is that described by Harris as *Rhinoceros Africanus*. The country here abounds with them; they are nearly as large as mohogu. They drop behind, and have a stiff, clumsy, and awkward walk. The horns grow to equal lengths, are flat, and chopper-edged. You may know the borèlè by the comparatively lazy manner in which he throws forward *both his ears together*, and lifting them as lazily again *together*. He feeds on bushes and roots, is nervous and fidgety when

discovered, but confines his movements generally only to the head and horns, moving them in an undecided manner, first one way, then the other. He is not nearly so excitable as the borelengani. He is of a dark neutral-grey colour at a distance.

The *borelengani*, or *keningani* (sometimes, I believe, called *chukuro bogali*, fierce rhinoceros), has large ears, pointed and tufted, considerably smaller than the latter, which he cocks in a remarkably frisky way, and *together*, by which he can be at once distinguished. He is a dumpy, plump-looking animal, of very dark colour, very lively in his actions, seemingly always on the trot; always very nervous, wary, and fidgety; often flying round in a fury, whether he has observed danger or not, making the hunters sometimes believe he has been discovered. When he fancies he does hear or see anything, he lifts one foot, tosses up his horn and nose and sinister little eyes, and presents altogether a perfect picture of the most intense and earnest scrutiny and attention, wheeling round with great rapidity, and, by his active gestures and startling snortings, often rendering the nerves and aim of an inexperienced hunter very unsteady. On the whole, his actions, when undisturbed, are like those of a lively and busy pig. The anterior horn is long and neat, thin, shiny, black, and pointed, and of fine texture. The posterior horn is always short. It is rather small round the neck.*

These are the descriptions of the acknowledged *four* varieties of rhinoceroses, if we admit kobaoba to be one. I think that, by taking notice of the above-mentioned very few peculiarities of action, &c., it will not be found so difficult to distinguish them as by mere details of measurements. Besides these four varieties, there is a fifth, either a distinct variety or a hybrid, eating grass as well as bush; and I am happy to say that, since the one shot by me on the

* Some precise measurements are given in the Appendix.

Botletlie river in 1854, my friend, Mr. F. Green, has shot one, and a third has been shot by John Kenny and Snyman in this country.

7th October.—Rode over to Reader's wagons, with letters, &c. The valleys have a beautiful carpet of green young grass upon them, and the herds of red pallahs skipping and bounding playfully on the turf are quite delightful to behold. Next morning, making a sweep eastward, fell in with a pretty fountain having two or three sources. The fountains, like the Chowè, flow into the Daka. Shortly afterwards I fell in with three quaggas and shot a mare bearing twin foals. The other two, as usual, were unwilling to run far, stopping to bark, and wait for their companion. Quaggas show great attachment to each other, and often die victims to it. I followed them up, and, falling in with a troop of buffaloes, shot one through the heart, and the rest ran off. I had a gallop after the others again over the rough stones. For the first time in my life I saw a buffalo turn back out of a flying troop and charge, and the result was, that I and my horse nearly forfeited our lives, or the use of our limbs, in consequence of it. The fact is, I had followed too close on the heels of the troop, but had, fortunately, been reining in at the time, and was dismounting, when the buffalo turned away within a yard or two of us, and dashed after the troop. I next fell in with a village at a fountain. The people here had gardens, with pumpkins, water-melons, and calabashes in a flourishing condition; but I saw that, in spite of all their ingenious devices for scarecrows, the buffaloes came every night to attack the gardens. Light baskets, suspended from a flexible bow, planted in the ground, and calabashes, with wings of grass, and full of motion, seemed to be possessed of life; but this would not scare away the buffaloes. I followed their trail as they were leading along my homeward path, and soon fell in with a large troop lying tail to tail in a