

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLV.—APRIL, 1863.—Vol. XXVI

ANOTHER AFRICAN HUNTER.*

AS long as game exists upon our planet there will be men whose special mission is to make war upon it, and as long as great hunters exist nobody will tire of reading their exploits and adventures. Gordon Cumming was the first to make known to the world that Southern Africa

was the Paradise of Nimrods. Every where else the hunter is limited to one or two species of prey. On our western prairies he is confined to bison; in India he must satisfy himself with tigers and wild hogs; in Ceylon he can, or rather could, bag tuskless elephants, and half-wild buffaloes; in Siberia he has only bears and wolves. But in South Africa he finds big-tusked elephants, lordly lions, mighty rhinoceroses and hippopotami, savage buffaloes, long-necked giraffes, large alligators, fat sea-cows, swift ostriches, sneaking hyenas, wild zebras and quaggas, and an almost innumerable variety of the deer tribe, such as oryxes, koodoos, inyalas, gnus, elands, springbucks, gems-bucks, leches, pallahs, and others whose very names are strange to naturalists.

Mr. Baldwin is the son, we believe, of a Scotch gentleman, born with a love of dogs and horses. When six years old he owned a pony, and had regularly two days a week with the harriers. After leaving school he was placed in a merchant's counting-room, but it was soon intimated to him that his attendance could be dispensed with. Then he was sent to Forfarshire to learn farming, with the same result. Then he was placed on a Highland farm, consisting of a couple of acres of arable ground, thirteen miles square of mountain, moor, and lake. Here with deer stalking, otter drawing, and the like, he got along comfortably for a while. But Gordon Cumming's book having come out, young Baldwin made up his mind that South Africa was the place for him; so investing his means in guns, saddles, and dogs, he sailed for that favored land, and at once joined a hunting party from Natal, setting out within three weeks after landing. From that time for eight years he made regular hunting excursions, growing gradually longer and longer until the last, in 1860, in which he traversed 2000 miles of almost unexplored country, and reached the famous

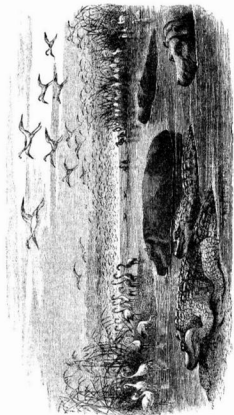
* *African Hunting, from Natal to the Zambesi, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, etc. from 1852 to 1860.* By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With numerous illustrations. Harper and Brothers.



WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN.

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A BATTLE SCENE.

cataract of Mosistunya—"Sounding Smoke"—for which Livingstone, in the worst of taste, proposes to substitute the name of "Victoria Falls"—a name which we trust will not be accepted. Baldwin was the second white man who ever saw these falls, which from his account and those of Livingstone may fairly challenge the palm with Niagara.

The journals in which Mr. Baldwin records the incidents of his various expeditions were written in Kaffir krsals, or on wagon bottoms, now in ink, then in pencil, or, these failing, with strong tea or gunpowder and water. They furnish an almost daily record of the life of an African

hunter, as simple and direct as Robinson Crusoe. From these we propose to compile one more chapter of African life, supplementing in a way the articles for which at different times Cumming, Andersson, Livingstone, Burton, and Du Chailla have furnished materials. The region over which Mr. Baldwin hunted mainly extended from Port Natal, 30° to the Zambesi in 17° south latitude, and from 25° to 33° east longitude, embracing a tract 900 miles from south to north, with an average breadth from east to west of 250 miles, covering an area about equal to the French Empire. In it are comprised the British Colony of Natal, the country of the ferro-



FAST ASLEEP.

clous Zulus, the Transvaal Republic of the Dutch half-breeds, the great Kalahari Desert, or "Thirst-Land," and the well-watered tract about Lake Ngami, peopled by various tribes of the Kaffir race.

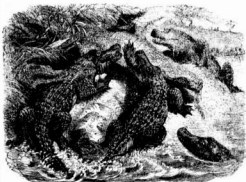
Nine whites, with three wagons and lots of Kaffirs, set out on the first trip for the purpose of shooting sea-cows at Saint Lucia Bay, 150 miles up the coast. The journey was an unfortunate one. It was commenced in January, the wet season. The rain fell every day. By day they waded through tall soaking grass; by night they slept under the wagons, and every morning found themselves in a muddy pool, with a lot of Kaffirs curled up at their feet, and a host of wet dogs on top of them. When they reached their hunting ground they found game enough; but it was fearful work to get it. Sea-cows and

alligators lay basking on the sand banks surrounded by long-legged birds without number. The hunters worked in the morning up to their waists in mud and water, killing sea-cows, cutting out their tusks, salting the meat, and trying out the oil in the afternoons. At first Baldwin made light of the alligators, but one or two narrow escapes taught him wisdom. Once he came across a huge fellow lying asleep, and he was just about to give him a kick in the ribs, when the beast

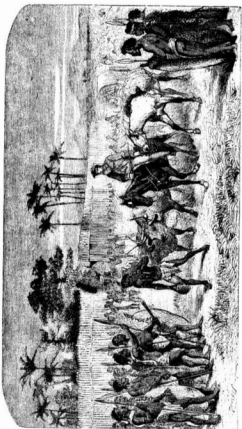
awoke, gave his tail a sweep that would have done for his assailant, and rolled like a log into the water. Again he was swimming across a muddy river, with his gun under his chin, when, looking back, he saw a huge alligator making for him, leaving a wake like a steamer. He dropped gun and just succeeded in gaining the bank. Again he was out shooting wild geese. One by one they disappeared under water as soon as they were hit. At last he waded out to secure one, and just

caught it by the leg as it was going down; it came in halves, an alligator securing the best part, and ready to treat the hunter in the same way. At another time, tired with wading, he sat down upon a reedy island in the shallows and fell fast asleep, awaking just in time to see half a dozen of the scaly brutes within a few yards, open-mouthed to make a meal of him. The alligators have a singular habit when one of their number has been shot on land, of clabbing together and shoving him into the water, where he sinks like a stone.

The result of this expedition was that all the hunters were attacked by fevers. Baldwin, after lying senseless in a Kaffir kraal for some days, recovered just sufficiently to drag himself to the wagons and knew nothing for many days; two others were taken in like manner and died; a



DEAD ALLIGATOR DRAGGED INTO THE WATER.



A FENCED KRAL.

third died a day or two after; and four more, who had taken a turn into the country in search for elephants, never returned. Of nine men who set out on this trip only two survived.

Eighteen months after (July, 1853) Mr. Baldwin set out on another expedition to the Zulu Country, then ruled by a ferocious chief named Panda, the son, we believe, of the terrible Dingon. They got within sight of Panda's kraal, an encampment two and a half miles in circuit, containing 2000 huts. The sable potentate was in bad humor; refused to see the strangers. "Do they think me a wild beast," he asked, "that

they are so anxious to see me?" He refused to allow them to proceed, swearing by the bones of his mighty father, that if they crossed a brook, some twenty yards ahead, he would kill every soul of them. So they were obliged to turn back, passing his kraal through two lines of ferocious warriors, ready to fall upon them at the slightest signal. There was nothing to be done but to confine their hunting to the quarter permitted by the wily old chief, where the elephants were few, while they knew that beyond were herds, whose tusks would have been a fortune.

The next year, 1854, the six months' trip was



KNOCKED OVER BY A LION.

again up into the sea-cow and alligator region along the coast, where what with the spoils of these and now and then a stray elephant, and an occasional adventure with a lion, the time passed rather pleasantly and quite profitably.

The next trip was made once more into Pan-

da's country, over tremendously rough roads which tried even the Cape wagons which are calculated for such service. Once on rising a steep hill they omitted the usual precaution of chaining the wheels when commencing the descent, and the huge wagon went thundering



GOING DOWN HILL.

down at an alarming rate. Baldwin leaped out into a thorn bush and escaped with little injury; one of his Kaffirs was run over, and got his skull split open. He refused to have the wound sewed up, and the injured fellow was left behind, his comrades bleeding him between the shoulders, and rubbing gunpowder into his wound, their usual treatment for dangerous hurts. What success attended this pleasant prescription was never ascertained. This trip was commenced in October, 1856, for the purpose of locking up a party of hunters which Mr. Baldwin had sent out, and taking them supplies of ammunition. The rains soon set in. Game was scarce, and consequently lions showed themselves in closer neighborhood to their camps at night than was altogether pleasant. One old fellow who had been unable to get his own dinner crawled up to a tree upon which the hunters had hung up their meat, and tried to claw it down, but not being able to reach it slunk off in the darkness, stumbling over the tent-ropes, and giving the Kaffirs a thorough scare.

Soon news came that the whole country was in an uproar. Old Panda, who had killed seven of his own brothers in order to make sure of a quiet life, was alive and well; but two of his sons set up a quarrel for the succession, and were on the point of fighting it out. Baldwin wished himself out of the country, for the sight of blood makes the Zulus worse than wild beasts, ready to knock on the head any thing that comes in their way. The weather too was fearful. When the sun shone the heat was unendurable; the gun-barrels fairly blistered the hands, and the heel-plate was too hot for the shoulders to bear. When, after six weeks' travel, he arrived at the place

where his hunters were to be, there was no trace of them. Then news came that the Zulus had killed five whites and all their Kaffirs. So leaving all his goods behind, Baldwin set off on his return. Approaching the Tugela River, the boundary of the Zulu Country, he was told that a great fight had taken place, that the streams were choked with dead, and that for fifteen miles one could walk over dead corpses. This was almost literally true. Men, women, and children were lying in every position. There were mothers with their children lashed to their backs both thrust through the shoulders, and warriors with all their war dresses untouched, all in the last stages of decomposition. The stench was



AN AFRICAN BEESDAKE.

horrible, the tough-stomached Kaffirs even could not endure it, and for a while endeavored to avoid the putrid bodies; but they soon lay so thickly that this was impossible. It was computed that one-fourth of the Zain nation had been destroyed here at a blow. They met a portion of the conquering army escorting Kitchwayo, the victorious prince, carrying branches of trees, and walking very stately and slowly, teaching him to be a king, they said. The warriors were boasting how many they had killed; one would count up five on his fingers, another three or ten; one famous warrior reckoned up twenty—men, women, and children.

Thus far Mr. Baldwin's trips had been made

near the coast, never reaching more than 100 miles into the interior. Next year (1857) he set out for the far interior. His hunting speculations seem to have prospered, for we find him in possession of a heavy wagon, with sixteen oxen and seven "salted" horses. A salted horse is one that has been up country and become acclimatized, and so commands a high price, for it is a peculiarity of this interior region that it is almost certainly fatal to horses from the coast. It was June, the winter of the Southern hemisphere. The nights were intensely cold, with hard frosts in the morning, and high cutting winds, but the days were lovely; even in mid-winter orange and lemon trees were covered with

fruit. At this season, says Mr. Baldwin, it is the finest climate in the world. This is the Transvaal Republic, and the Boers, as the people are called, have little love for their English neighbors, who have seized on the coast. It is a favored region, but sparsely peopled. Baldwin was offered half of a farm of 2000 acres in exchange for a plow. There was plenty of small game to keep the larder supplied. Hyenas now and then came snarling around the wagon, frightening the Kaffirs; but lions kept at a respectful distance. But according to the general testimony of all travelers there is no calculating upon the conduct of the king of beasts. In nine cases out of ten he will take himself off when he sees you, but in the tenth case he will attack with a ferocity and determination worthy of his traditional reputation. Hyenas are a great annoyance, and the Boers have a cruel way of teaching their dogs to face them. When they catch a hyena in a trap, they pass an iron chain through a slit in his leg, just above the hocks; he gnaws furiously at this, and breaks his teeth; he is then let go, and the dogs are set upon him; his teeth being gone he soon falls a



prey, and the dogs learn confidence.

The Dutch Boers are a simple people, fond of drinking, riding, shooting, and dancing, live to a good old age, and are, on the whole, very well off in the world. They are very moral, and usually marry early. Their mode of courtship is peculiar. The amorous swain asks the chosen fair one to "upsit" with him. If she is favorably disposed, when the old people have gone to rest, she brings out a candle, and remains as long as that burns. The degree of her favor is indicated by the length of the candle. If it is short, the interview is brief; if long, the up-sitting may be protracted till morning; the candle is put in charge of the lover, who takes special care to keep it from the draft, and to prevent it from flickering and running down, so that it may burn as long as possible, for he must always retire the moment that it is out.

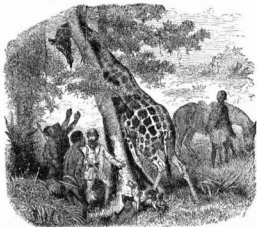
Mr. Baldwin protracted this journey through the country of the Boers, hunting by the way, and having many adventures with elephants, rhinoceroses, ostriches, and buffaloes, which are better told by the pencil of the artist than they can be by any brief abstract which we can give from the pages of his journal. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think the buffalo the most dangerous customer which the African hunter will encounter. The giraffe affords capital sport, and is, besides, especially good eating. One giraffe hunt had a curious ending; one of the long-necked creatures receiving a death-shot went headlong into a tree, with three flocks about twelve feet from the ground, where it remained wedged fast, and died standing. Hot as the days were the nights were bitterly cold. Once Baldwin, out on a hunt, lost his wagon, and was unable to light a fire. So tethering his horse, he curled himself up, while lions, hyenas, and jackals were howling around, and tried to make



CREATED BY A BUFFALO

his dog answer the purpose of a coverlet. It took a fierce fight to make the dog agree to this arrangement, but after a severe pummeling the hunter succeeded in bringing the dog to terms, and fastening him above with the stirrup leathers. The warmth of the dog kept his master alive. It must have been a cold night, for in the morning the wild animals around could hardly stir.

Baldwin kept his eye open to the main chance, sold his wagon and goods for oxen, made other arrangements, and set out farther into the interior. He passed Kobilong, the old residence of Livingstone, which had been pillaged by the Boers, made acquaintance with Sechele, the



A GIRAFFE IN A TREE.

chief of whom Livingstone speaks so highly, who proved to be a sharp hand at a bargain, though he found a match in the Scotchman; and penetrated far into a part of Kaffir-land where no white men had been before. At one kraal he was quite a lion, on the strength of his beard of six months' growth, which the Kaffirs would not believe to be natural until they had

satisfied themselves by pulling it. In spite of hunting time sometimes hung heavily. It was a white day when he borrowed a few books from another hunter in the region. These he would only read in small bits at a time, thus protracting the enjoyment to the utmost.

In December he turned homeward, now—it being mid-summer—suffering greatly from want



BALDWIN'S BEARD.

of water, and got back to the Dutch settlements with a troop of 55 oxen.

Next spring (1838) he started again for the far interior. In a few days he reached the region where Gordon Cumming had his most famous elephant shooting; but found only one elephant's track. The season was the driest on record, and traveling was no easy matter. Water, which is after air the great necessary of life, was found only at long intervals, and then of the poorest; the half-choked cattle would often not touch it; and the hunters could only worry it down when disguised with brandy.

By May Mr. Baldwin had got far up in the desert, where he was more at the mercy of the Kaffirs than he had supposed. One of them brought him an old musket to be mended; in trying to do this the lock was broken, and the owner demanded a new one. He was obliged to comply. Not long after a party of roving Baman-gwatos came along with a bit of a Masara boy whom they had picked up in the desert. The owner wanted to sell the black two-year old; and Baldwin being assured that they would probably abandon him in the desert when they got tired of him, bought him for the broken musket. He called the little fellow Leche, and he soon became a great favorite. About this time his own Kaffirs grew weary of the journey, and decamped in a body, leaving their master alone, with twenty oxen and only one attendant, and the poor little Leche. He had a doleful time of it for a few days all alone in the desert, though the urehin made himself generally useful, helping, little as he was, to kraal the oxen. However, in a day or two the runaways came back, and their defection was overlooked. Leche grew fat and happy with as much meat as he could eat. But in a few weeks it was all over for him. His old owners had come back, bringing the broken musket, and insist-

ing upon a good gun or the return of the boy. Baldwin had not another gun which he could spare, and so the child was carried off, shrieking and kicking. "It was a sore sight for me," says Mr. Baldwin, "to see my little manikin borne away; I could not have been fonder of one of my own. His large black diamond eyes, with their long lashes, used to twinkle like stars, and his little teeth, white and even as snow-flakes, were exposed in a double row as he saw me coming to the wagon well loaded with meat behind the horse, and he used to clap his little hands with delight and scream and dance again. Black children are as patient as Job, never ask



KALAFER'S BREVET—GEO. OF DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

for any food, are very quick at learning; and where a white one would not leave his mother's apron, the black youngsters fetch wood and water, make a fire, and cook their own food, run about, show no fear, lend a hand at every thing, and sleep on the ground, rolled up like a ball before the fire." Several times afterward Mr. Baldwin bought slaves from these nomads of the desert in order to save them from maltreatment; and

in return he got soundly abused in the colonial newspapers for trading in slaves.

Lake Ngami was the point to which Baldwin's course was directed. He reached it about the middle of June, and gives no very favorable account of the country. It is flat, unhealthy, and uninteresting. It is three days' journey around the lake; but the fatal fly—the tsetse, whose bite is death to horses—renders it impossible to make the circuit on horseback. Moreover, the Kaffirs hereabout are in a chronic state of hostility, their great end in life being to steal each other's cattle. Lechulatoke, the most potent chief thereabout, accompanied Baldwin on his first visit to the lake. "He is not a bad fellow at heart," says the traveler, "but a dreadful beggar, and very covetous; he wants all your things on his own terms, and asks outrageous prices for his." However, when it came to



A LONELY NIGHT.

business, the Scotchman showed himself a match for any African whom he met, the pious Sebebe not excepted. More than once he has occasion to chuckle over his good bargains in ivory.

After visiting the lake Lechulatoke gave his visitor a grand dinner. It was served in the open air, the attendants being the prettiest girls in the kraal, who knelt before the guests, dish in hand. Their clothing consisted of a skin around the loins, and no end of beads upon legs, neck, arms, and waist. The food consisted of roasted giraffe, swimming in fat and grease. A giraffe-steak seems to be no bad thing in its way—quite equal to the choicest beef; but if we may credit Mr. Baldwin, who has had ample experience, the choicest parts of an animal are those which we throw away. "The intestines," he says, "are the daintiest morsels." In an early part of his journal he sneered at the taste of the

natives who took the paunch of an animal, filled it up with the viscera and all their miscellaneous contents, and cooked them together as a *bonne bouche*. A half dozen years' experience made him wiser, and he now says, "Nothing approaches the parts most relished by the natives in richness of flavor, and racy, gamy taste. The Kaffirs know well the best parts of every animal, and laugh at our throwing them away." In the matter of eating we live and learn. Mansfield Parkyns, following Bruce, as-



YERKING BY NIGHT.

sares us that no man knows what a steak is until he has eaten it, as they do in Abyssinia, freshly cut and raw. Mr. Hall, whose experiences among the Esquimaux will soon appear, is rapturous over arctic cookery, which in his estimation puts to shame the sublimest achievements of the chefs of Delmonico or the Astor; and our gourmands who have come to appreciate "gamy venison," "tender" snipe, and woodcock's "trail" may have something yet to learn from the cooks of a Kaffir kraal. We imagine, however, that Mr. Baldwin is hardly in earnest when he says, "They say perfect happiness does not exist in this world, but I should say a Kaffir chief comes nearer to it than any other mortal: his slightest wish is law, he knows no contradiction, has the power of life and death in his hands, can take any quantity of wives, and put them away at any moment; he is waited upon like an infant, and every wish, whim, and caprice is indulged to the fullest extent. He has ivory, feathers, and karoses brought to him from all quarters, which he can barter with the traders for every article of luxury."

Leaving the Lake Ngami region, and making his way back through the desert, he came near dying of fever and ague, suffered terribly from want of water, ran great peril of being burned up by a conflagration in the thick, dry grass and bush, lost several horses and cattle by the sickness of the country, and finally reached the Dutch settlements early in September.

In the spring of 1839 he set out on another trip into the far interior, with a larger outfit than ever before. When he reached Sechele's he had three wagons, about sixty oxen, eight horses, and thirteen servants; he had already lost on the two months' journey six horses, a few dogs, and been upset a few times. Thus far he had



DESKING WITH KAFFIR CHIEF.

killed nothing of consequence; but, as he was on the verge of the elephant country, he looked for a good return for his investment, provided his horses would be so obliging as to live a few months longer. If they died, there was an end of elephant shooting. In a fortnight five more horses died, and the elephants were not reached. Still he pressed on. The air was so dry that an old seasoned gun-stock shrinks, and the fittings become loose; and the wagons, unless built of carefully seasoned timber, tumble to pieces. It was late in July before they had any elephant shooting of consequence; but then they began to come upon them, though by no means



A PASS BY A SAVAGE ELEPHANT.

in such large numbers as they had hoped. At best, elephant-hunting is hard work, and Mr. Baldwin found it especially so. Under date of July 22 he writes: "The elephants stand so far from the water that it is impossible to get back the same day. I have therefore come on with one wagon ten miles nearer to the standing-places, and all our water has to be drawn that distance on a sledge which I have made. It is now the depth of winter, and the grass is as dry as old tinder, without the slightest nourishment in it; as a natural consequence, the oxen are as

dry as rakes. I grieve much for the poor willing horses, thirteen or fourteen hours under the saddle, at a foot-pace in a boiling sun three-fourths of the time, then tied up to the wagon without food, and stinted in their allowance of water, which we have to draw ten miles at least, half the way through hack-thorns over a stony ground. These are among the hardships which we must undergo to get elephants. They are dearly paid for."

One day messengers came from Lechulatebe, the Kafir chief, whose lot had seemed to the hunter only a year before the ideal of happiness. He had seen hard times since; his town had been burned down, all his stores destroyed, and no traders had come near him for a long time. He wanted tea, coffee, sugar, powder, lead, and a horse. Baldwin sent what was asked, and told his people to get as much in return as they could. In exchange for a wagon-load of miscellaneous stores, he got a wagon-load of ivory. He also received a rather unprofitable present in the shape of a couple of half-starved Masara



BALDWIN'S DOGS.

boys, whom he thought it an act of Christian charity to take. They were poor emaciated things, who had received just enough roots, reeds, and offal to keep body and soul together. They were all head and stomach, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, gaunt, and famished, with a prematurely old look. Their appetites were tremendous, and Baldwin had to check them from devouring pieces of old shoe-leather, worn-out straps, and giraffe-hide an inch thick. They picked up wonderfully under full rations, and showed no deficiency of brains. Once, on account of some fancied wrong, the whole body of Baldwin's Kaffirs bolted off into the desert, taking with them these two six-year old urchins.

After a week the boys came back together. They had made their way alone fifteen miles through the desert. The lads were finally left in the care of the German missionaries.

One way and another, Mr. Baldwin managed to pick up a valuable cargo of ivory, ostrich-feathers, rhinoceros-horns, and other articles of African trade, as good as gold, and returned to Natal about New-Year's a richer man than when he set out.

Early in the spring of the next year (1800) Mr. Baldwin set out for his longest and last journey into the interior. We pass over the old incidents of horses and cattle dying, of thirst and heat, and the thousand other adventures of African traveling, and come to the 1st of August, when he ascertained to his satisfaction that he was within a day or two of the great falls of the Zambesi. He set off resolutely, determined to find them, walked all day and night, and toward morning heard their loud roar ten miles away. Just before day-break he threw himself down close by the river, two miles above the falls. Livingstone's description of these wonderful falls is known to all readers. Baldwin

says that this description underrates their magnificence. Livingstone estimates the width of the river at 1000 yards; Baldwin is sure that it is twice as great. Livingstone puts the depth of the plunge at 100 feet; Baldwin thinks it is as many yards. Livingstone was expected to arrive every day, and Baldwin waited to meet him. So on the 9th of August the two first Europeans who had ever gazed upon this wonder of the world stood together on its brink, and their names are carved together on a tree close by, the only place where the great explorer carved his name in all his long journey.

Masipootana, the captain under Livingstone's old friend Sekeleta, was angry that Baldwin had



CHASE OF OSTRICH.

come to the falls without consulting him; but now that he had come he must pay handsomely for the water he had used for drinking and washing, for the wood he had burned, and the grass that his horses had eaten. Moreover, it was a great offense that he had taken a plunge into the river from one of the chief's boats. If he had been drowned or devoured by a crocodile or a sea-cow, people would have said that he had been killed by the Makololos, and Skeletu would have laid the blame upon Masipootana, who had in consequence suffered great uneasiness of mind—for all of which damage and injury of feeling recompense must be made. In consideration of all this Baldwin sent a half dozen pounds of

beads to Masipootana, who transmitted them to Skeletu, who returned them to Baldwin. That matter was disposed of, but the captain had a more serious grievance. His father had lent a number of men to Livingstone on his former trip, and they had not come back; and besides the cannon and horses which the Doctor promised to send had not appeared. Baldwin, with good reason, was tired of the country and set out on his return, expecting to encounter on his way back one of his wagons with the attendant Kaffirs and half-breeds, whom he had sent on a hunting expedition in another direction. A few extracts from his journal will show some of the delights of African travel:

"Sept. 9. I am now three days on my road back again—a weary, long journey, without water so far, and I shall be obliged to wait for rain before I can get out, besides which the veldt is full of a poisonous herb, which is certain death in a few hours to oxen."—"14th. All the vleys are dried up, and we only get a small quantity of water at the fountains after hard digging. In the early mornings, evenings, and nights it is so cold that there is ice in all the water vessels, while the days are intensely hot. Game of all kinds is as thin as deal boards, and the fare consequently very indifferent."—"20th. Sick and tired. I thought once I was in for the fever. The back-thorns have torn all my clothes to rags; they are patched in twenty places, and I am hardly decent even for the veldt, where any mortal covering will do; nothing but leather has any chance, and that is too hot. A little bacon still left, though shaded from the sun in the very middle of the wagon, has almost melted away."—"30th. A Maccalacens chief besought me to shoot some game for him and his people, as they had fled from Mosilikatse, and were starving. Boccas shot twenty-three head in all, my-





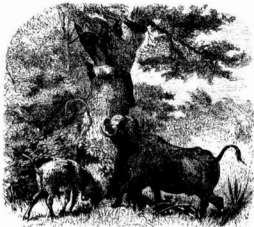
SEBBA HUNT.

self seventeen, chiefly rhinoceros and buffalo, and two elephants. Every vestige of the meat vanished like smoke, but we have left the poor fellows a large lot of dried flesh to go on with. The chief was very grateful, and sent me a present of four tusks, which paid well for powder and lead."

"Oct. 8. I take up my pen to kill time. I am out of sorts, both body and mind. There is neither grass, wood, nor water; the sun is intensely hot, and there is no shade of any sort. We have been laboring to get a supply of fresh water for our oxen, and have dug large holes in

I can learn no particulars as to the person buried there; but a more desolate spot to lay one's bones in can hardly be conceived; I can only hope such a fate may not be mine. I was very near losing two of my horses. They went back in search of water at night, and at daylight we started on the spoor. Boccas was first; he saw two lions in waiting, fired at one, and jumped into a tree; fired again, wounding one, when they made off, and five minutes after the lost horses came trotting down to the water. The lions were as thin as planks; they had not killed any thing, and would have pounced on

several places; but the water, though drinkable at first, after an hour's exposure to the sun is salt as brine. My oxen are dying daily. I make a post-mortem examination, but am no wiser. They swell up to an enormous size, drink gallons of this brackish stuff, and when opened are full of a nasty yellowish matter. The Masaras say there is not a drop of water ahead, and what is to be done I do not myself know. The Masaras showed me a white man's grave.



TRACED BY BUFFALOES.

the horses instantly, though it is not their usual practice to kill game in the daytime."—"16th. How I have managed to kill the last five days, and how I am to get rid of the next ten or fifteen is a perfect puzzle. I can find nothing in the world to do, but very little to eat; wood next to none; and I have drunk almost enough tseckish, nauseous water to share the fate of Lot's wife."—"12th. Dull and lonely as it is, I could manage to get over the day, but the nights are dreadful. When the sun goes down the wind invariably does the same; then come the mosquitoes, midges, gnats, and sand-flies, and the air is as close as a draw-well. I can hardly endure a rag over me, and lie on my back slapping right

and left, taking hundreds of lives without diminishing the buzz, and praying for morning or a breeze of wind, and getting up occasionally to look at the stars to see how far the night has advanced."—"24th. I have become wrinkled and haggard, and, if my telescope, which I use as a looking-glass, does not belie my appearance, prematurely aged."

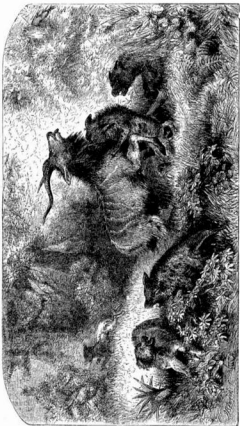
"November 4. I think it is Sunday, but every thing is so monotonous I have nothing to mark the flight of time, and I may just as likely be out of my reckoning as not. I am in rags, and my flesh resembles boiled lobster more than any thing else, being literally roasted in the sun. The pain is very great, and all for

the want of a needle. I had four in my hat on leaving the wagon, but they have all got lost. I might have saved the life of an ox or two had I only had a couple of pins. I bled one, and tried to take up the vein with a thorn in lieu of a pin; but it broke in the night, the vein burst open again, and the ox bled to death, and I have been afraid to venture a second time. The days are so intensely hot that it is impossible to stir, and the moon is seven days past the full; therefore I must wait now fourteen days, so as to have the full benefit of it; and then, if I hear nothing good previously, start myself in search, a good 250 miles, without other meat and drink than what my rifle will provide for me, and then back again another 250 miles. My waking thoughts and midnight dreams are of my missing wagon, and I can not help thinking that something serious has happened. The Kaffirs have only one punishment—death—for every offense, and Mosilikatese has been jealous of my hunting without his permission, as he claims the country, and there is no law here but of the stronger."—"9th. I have got over some sixty miles of the journey; twenty hours in the yoke without water."—"11th



A fountain. Got here yesterday after a journey of three days. Nothing but sheer necessity shall ever compel me to come again to this thirst-land. The oxen, hollow and flat-sided, did nothing but low, and when outspanned kept on the track, and would not stand or eat a moment. The ground was so hot that the poor dogs to whom I gave water could not stand still to drink, but had to keep moving their feet. It is three days to the next water."—"17d. At the River Mesa, which I reached two days ago. Dog-tired, I went fast asleep as soon as I lay down, and never awoke till the morning star rose, when I heard lions roaring, and jumped up to see if my horses and oxen were all right. I was horrified at seeing no signs of either: sent the Kaffirs off at once; and now came the climax of all my misfortunes. January had never made the oxen fast, though he had seen five lions in the afternoon, and poor Ferus and Kebon lay dead within sixty yards of one another. They cost me £90, and I should have got at least £120 for them had I wished to sell. At sunset the Kaffirs

returned, reporting the death of two of my oxen, devoured by lions. In about eighteen days, if all goes well, I hope to reach Sechle's, where I may reckon on a few comforts from the German missionaries, but the wagon runs heavily, squeaking all the way, and the wheels are dry as tinder, and where to procure a bit of grease to smear them with I do not know."—"18d. Rain at last, but only in heavy passing showers. I am now outspanned under the very same tree as three years ago. I have led but a vagrant sort of life since then, doing very little good for myself or any body else, except supplying the ungrateful, half-starved Massaras and Maccalacas with abund-



LION, HORN, AND BITE

ance of flesh. I have journeyed over some twelve or fifteen thousand miles; been through the Transvaal Republic, Free State, and part of the Old Colony, twice down to Natal, and twice around Lake Ngami, and now over the Zambesi into Makololo and Basoka lands: and now I think it is nearly time to halt."

Here, too, we halt, though the perils and dangers of the journey were far from over; not the least of which was a most wonderful dinner got up for our hunter by worthy Mr. Schroeder, the German missionary at Sechle's place, a fortnight after this last entry, where he was stuffed high to bursting. Thence, in a couple of months,



A SKINNING.

our adventurer reached Port Natal. Six weeks after, the missing wagon, loaded with ivory, made its appearance, selling, we infer, for enough to pay expenses and leave a margin for profit. His hunters had found elephants and other game so plentiful that they had remained behind longer than was expected. Four "guns" had killed in this expedition 61 elephants, 2 hippopotami, about 30 rhinoceroses, 4 lions, 11 giraffes, 21 elands, 30 buffaloes, 71 quaggas, about 200 of the smaller species of deer, besides an immense quantity of small game. It must be borne in mind that this was no wanton slaughter of ani-

mals for the mere love of sport. Except in the rarest cases, every pound of flesh was made useful to the large party of Kaffirs who accompanied the hunters, or to the swarms of natives who follow in the train of a hunting party. Mr. Baldwin, after ten years of absence, returned to his native land, where he prepared for press the story of his African experiences, which we have endeavored to condense, leaving, however, the main adventures with wild beasts to be told by the pencil of the artist. To have given these in full would have required us to quote nearly the whole of his capital book.



FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.