

# AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR BOYS.

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BOYS' BRIGADE SUPPLEMENT.  
 THE CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOK COMPETITION.  
 DUBLIN BATTALION DEMONSTRATION.  
 B.B. SCRIPTURE UNION.  
 NEWS FROM THE FIELD.  
 PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

PRICE

3D

PUBLISHED FOR THE  
 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE  
 BY THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION  
 57, 59 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.



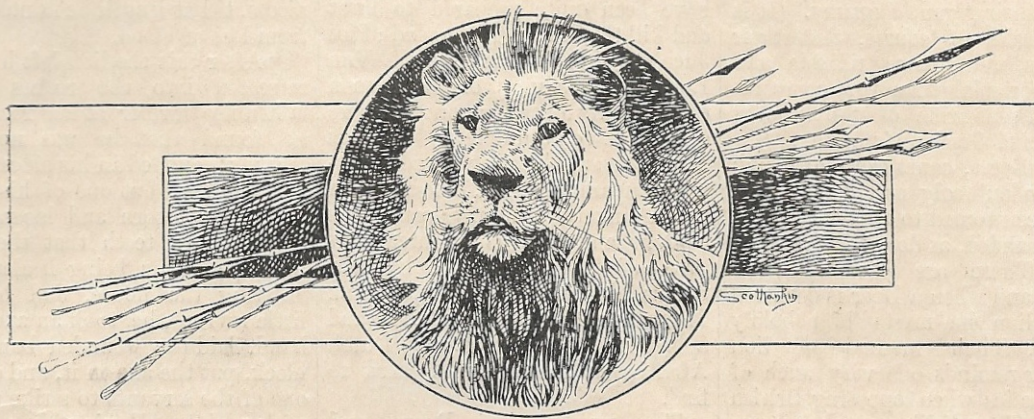


*Drawn for this Magazine by]*

WITH DESPATCHES.

[SCOTT RANKIN.





## Lion Hunting in South Africa.

By H. A. BRYDEN,

Author of "*Tales of South Africa*," "*Gun and Camera in Southern Africa*," etc.



LIONS, although they have been pursued and slain for some thousands of years, are still numerous and daring in many parts of the African Continent. So much so is this still the case in East Africa, that during the building of the Uganda Railway considerable numbers of native labourers have been killed by these fierce carnivora, and quite a scare at one time existed in consequence.

Much the same state of things was to be found on the railway from Beira to Salisbury in Mashonaland, and quite a number of railway servants and operatives have been killed and devoured since the beginning of that line. In Asia lions were, apparently, never so abundant as in Africa: their numbers have for years been steadily diminishing, and there are now but a few of these animals remaining in India and upon the confines of Persia.

Professional lion hunting, of which during the present century Great Britain has furnished many remarkable exponents, may be said to have been inaugurated by that type of all keen and fearless slayers of big game, Nimroud the Great. Assyrian monarchs seem to have been very daring and very courageous lion hunters. One has only to go to the British Museum, and view there the sculptured feats of these kings, imperishably depicted on stone monuments, to

appreciate the bravery of men who hunted this dangerous beast of prey with bow and spear and chariot.

The Pharaohs of Egypt were never probably such "mighty hunters before the Lord," but one of them, Amenemhat, was undoubtedly fond of the chase. In his stone records he says: "I hunted the lion and I brought back the crocodile a prisoner." Thothmes III., another great Pharaoh, was also extremely devoted to hunting, and no doubt pursued the lion, which was at that time commonly to be found in Egypt proper.

Lion hunting, single-handed, may however be said to have been brought to its extreme pitch of perfection by British sportsmen, and that chiefly during the reign of her present Majesty, Queen Victoria. One looks back upon a long line of men, who, for the most part on foot, have taken their lives in their hands, and, depending entirely upon the trusty rifle and their own quickness, nerve, and good shooting, have faced boldly that most dangerous of all wild beasts of the world, the African lion.

The list of these great hunters is a fairly long one. It is impossible to set down all; but the names of Cornwallis Harris, Sutton, Steele, Oswell, Vardon, Gordon Cumming, C. J. Anderson, W. C. Baldwin, F. C. Selous, F. V. Kirby, A. H. Neumann, and F. J. Jackson, readily occur to one.

I suppose no better testimony to the courage of English hunters was

ever adduced than that given by Livingstone in his "*Missionary Travels*." "Our present form of civilisation," he says, "does not necessarily produce effeminacy, although it unquestionably increases the beauty, courage and physical powers of the race. When at Kolobeng (in Bechuanaland) . . . there were parties of Griquas, Bechuanas, Boers and Englishmen. All were eager to distinguish themselves, and success depended mainly on the courage which leads the huntsman to go close to the animal (the elephant), and not waste the force of his shot on the air. It was noticeable that the average for the natives was under one elephant per man, for the Griquas one per man, for the Boers two, and for the English officers twenty each.

"This was the more remarkable, as the Griquas, Boers, and Bechuanas employed both dogs and natives to assist them, while the English hunters generally had no assistance from either. They approached to within thirty yards of the animal, while the others stood at a distance of a hundred yards, and even more. . . . It would thus appear that our more barbarous neighbours do not possess half the courage of the civilised sportsman."

That, perhaps, is rather too bold an assertion. In more recent times hunters like Selous and Neumann have, however, improved even upon their predecessors of the forties. They have approached, in their pursuit of elephants, often within a few



feet of their gigantic quarry. It is to be said, of course, that their weapons were more reliable and more powerful than the comparatively feeble rifle of the time of Oswell and Gordon Cumming.

The Boers, courageous although they undoubtedly are, have never been accustomed to tackle the lion single-handed, as does the Englishman. There are exceptions, of course, and when a Boer is cornered by a lion he meets him boldly enough. Their method of lion hunting reminds one very much of their tactics when opposing British troops. They dislike exposing themselves unnecessarily in either case. When a lion, from its depredations or man-eating propensities, has to be slain, a number of Boers are called together and the brute is hunted up. So soon as he appears he is greeted with a volley from the combined sportsmen and falls an easy victim. The Boers understand the habits of men like Selous and Oswell, who boldly hunt the lion single-handed, as little as they do the bravery of the British soldier in advancing across the open to the attack of entrenchments lined by sharpshooters. As a rule they look upon either as an act of rash and utterly foolish daring, not by any means to be encouraged.

By their own more cautious methods, however, it is to be said that the Boers of South Africa have cleared the vast territories of the Cape Colony, Orange Free State, and the Transvaal from the hosts of lions with which they were formerly infested. The Free State especially, thronged as it was forty or fifty years ago by an incalculable number of antelopes and zebras, from the herds of which lions obtained an abundant food supply, nourished plenty of these dangerous carnivora, many of them of extraordinary size, stature, and beauty of coat. In the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State there is now not a lion remaining, while in the Transvaal they are only found occasionally here and there in the wild districts of the North and East.

It must not be imagined, however, that instances of great courage in connection with the slaying of lions have not been common among the Boers during their two hundred and fifty years of life in South Africa: there have been many such. Some few, even in modern days,

have been quite prepared to hunt and kill the lion single-handed; Piet Jacobs, Jan Viljoen, and Van Rooyen are names of such men that readily occur to one. There are and have been others. Cornelis Van Rooyen, the friend and hunting companion of Mr. Selous, needs no testimony from my pen. His courage and skill as a hunter have been often vouched for by Mr. Selous himself. I have met Van Rooyen, and a pleasanter fellow and a better specimen of the Dutch Afrikaner it would be hard to find.

The numbers of Boers and members of their families slain by lions in South Africa during the last two hundred years must have been very large. Every family has traditions of them, and many a Transvaal and Free State household even at the present day can bear personal testimony to losses sustained from these carnivora during the last fifty years. The pioneering of South Africa has of course naturally entailed these sacrifices. In the last century, when the up-country Colonists lived far remote from Cape Town and doctors, they had to cure the wounds sustained in encounters with wild beasts in the most primitive manner possible and trust to Providence for recovery.

Here is a tale of a lion adventure in Cape Colony which happened to a Boer a little after the middle of the last century. It is related by Sparrmann, the celebrated Swedish traveller and naturalist, who travelled at the Cape in 1774.

"A lion had stationed itself amongst the rushes of a rivulet that ran near the farm, so as to deter the servants from going out to fetch water or tend the cattle. The farmer himself, therefore, accompanied by a few terrified Hottentots, resolved to attack it and endeavour to drive it away. But as it lay concealed in the thick rushes, he could not see to take aim, but was obliged to fire several shots at random into the rushes. The lion, enraged at this, rushed out upon the farmer, who, having fired off his piece, was quite defenceless, and at the same time deserted by his fugitive Hottentots. As soon as the lion had laid hold of him, he plucked up courage, and thrust one of his hands down the lion's throat, which saved him from being torn to

pieces, till at length he fainted away from loss of blood.

"After this the lion left him and retreated into the rushes again. When the farmer at last recovered, he found that he was not only terribly wounded in his sides by the lion's talons, but one of his hands was so much torn and lacerated by the animal's teeth that there was no hope of its being healed. On entering the house, and being a little revived, he took an axe in his hand, laid the wounded hand on a block, put the axe on it, and ordered one of the servants to strike the axe with a club. Having thus cut off his own hand, he dressed it with cow dung, and tied a bladder over it, and at length healed the wounds with the usual salve, made of a decoction of odoriferous herbs, lard, and a little wax."

Adventures with African lions are, of course, innumerable. There are hundreds of narratives to select from even in the literature of the last thirty years. Oswell, one of the greatest hunters that ever visited Africa, gives a singular instance of a Bechuana woman's courage and devotion.

This woman was hoeing in the fields with her female comrades, and a young man standing near some bush was chatting to them. Suddenly a lioness leaped out upon him, seized him and dragged him off. The woman ran after her, and catching her by the tail was dragged for some little distance. "Hampered with the man in her mouth and the woman behind her, she slackened her pace, whereupon her assailant straddled over her back, and hit her across the nose and head with a heavy, short-handled hoe till she dropped her prey and slunk into cover." The man thus rescued was her husband. Surely a noble instance of wifely devotion this!

Oswell himself had once a marvellous escape from a lioness which had a cub with her, and was therefore doubly dangerous. The dogs had brought the lioness to bay, and Oswell was peering for her in some thick bush twenty yards away. Suddenly she came out at him before he had time to fire. He spurred his horse and tried to escape, but before he could get up speed the lioness had made her spring, and was up on the horse's quarters behind him. She had not a secure seat, however, and dug in her fore claws to ensure a better grip. The horse, maddened



with terror and pain, bolted under a tree, a branch of which swept Oswald and the lioness off, so that they rolled on the ground together. The hunter was stunned for a moment or two; when he came to he found the lioness gone. She had been distracted by the dogs baying around her and had made her escape.

Few men have been at more dangerous close quarters with a lion and escaped so happily.

Gordon Cumming had many shooting adventures with lions. Once, while watching at night by a pool of water, he had six in front of him. One of them spied him in his shooting hole and came round to cultivate closer acquaintance. Night shooting, from the dimness of

ceeded to devour the unfortunate man at a little distance from the camp.

The next afternoon Cumming, on returning from a successful elephant hunt, set out to take revenge upon the man-eater. Following the spoor, easily found by fragments of the unfortunate Hottentot and his clothing, the hunter's dogs presently held the brute at bay in some wait-a-bit thorn. "As I approached," says Cumming, "his horrid head was to me, his jaws open, and growling fiercely, and his tail waving from side to side. On beholding the brute my blood boiled with rage, and setting my teeth, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him, and shouting 'Your time is up, old fellow,' placed my rifle to

seventy yards and took a shot, then mounted and reloaded. It was in the days of muzzle-loaders, remember. This first shot missed, and Baldwin, riding in to get another, was suddenly chased by the lion, which rushed out at him with a tremendous roar. His horse was a good one, but the lion, for a short distance, is wonderfully speedy. Baldwin leaned over in his saddle watching for the brute's spring, digging in his spurs meanwhile and pressing his nag for all he was worth.

On, on came the lion, two strides for one, and made its spring. Baldwin gave a violent jerk at the near rein, dug in his off spur, the horse swerved away, and the lion, grazing the hunter's shoulder, just



COMING DOWN TO LOOK AT THE CAMP.

the light, is ticklish work, especially with big carnivora. There was nothing for it, however, but to fire, which Cumming did. His ball entered one shoulder and passed out at the other; the lioness bounded away with fierce growls, accompanied by her five comrades, and was found dead next day.

One dark night, on the Limpopo, Gordon Cumming's Hottentot wagon driver, Hendrick, was seized at the camp-fire and carried off. The other native servants heard the neck bones of the unfortunate man cracking as the lion fastened on him and dragged him away. One of them pursued the brute with a burning brand and belaboured it about the head, but in vain. The lion got away with its human prey, and pro-

my shoulder and waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot; he again rose, but I finished him with a second in the breast. . . . When the Bakalahari heard that the man-eater was dead they danced for joy, calling me their father."

Mr. W. C. Baldwin, who hunted from Natal to the Zambesi between 1851 and 1860, had, amongst a host of adventures, one very narrow escape from a lion. He was coming down country from the Zambesi and encamped an hour or two west of the great N'twe-N'twe Salt Pan, when some bushmen brought him word of a lion. Following the beast up, he dismounted at sixty or

missed hurling him out of his saddle by a hair's breadth. Baldwin, a man of iron nerve, quickly recovered himself, and, as the lion had pulled up, jumped off and gave it a shot and broke its leg. A second shot broke its spine, and two others finished it.

Mr. Selous has probably had more experience with lions and has shot more of these formidable brutes than any man now living. At one time it was rather the fashion to scoff at the African lion, and to represent it as a beast of poor courage, offering no very trying task to the hunter. Mr. Selous, while admitting that lions, like individuals, vary in character, has a very wholesome respect for these animals, and pronounces them to be



more dangerous to meddle with than any other wild creature in Africa.

With that opinion most men who have any experience of African hunting will be inclined to agree.

One of the best days ever scored by Mr. Selous in hunting lions took place in Mashonaland some years since. Just before sunset he caught sight of a fine large lion with dark flowing mane. This lion he shot, and was standing admiring his prize,

when three lionesses and three cubs quietly walked across an open glade no great distance from him. The sun was down, and there was little daylight left, but Mr. Selous employed his time so profitably that in a few minutes he had killed two fine lionesses. Had there been another quarter of an hour of daylight he believes that he could have added the remaining lioness to the chapter of the slain. Still, three lions in the space of something like

a quarter of an hour is surely enough to satisfy any sportsman.

There are still plenty of lions to be shot in Africa, if the sportsman cares to penetrate to the remoter wildernesses. But only the man who thoroughly understands rifle-shooting, has perfect confidence in his own powers, and is possessed of fine nerve, can be recommended to tackle such dangerous game as this, the fiercest and most formidable of all the carnivora.

## Commandeered !

### A TRUE EPISODE OF THE BOER WAR.

By B. M. AITKEN, *Author of "The Story of a Flag," "The Story of a Fishing-Smack," etc.*



N the city of Johannesburg, late astir with life and movement, a strange silence reigned—a silence which to some meant ruin, and to many death. The shutters were up, the banks were closed, and one solitary cart which slowly rumbled across the marketplace seemed to intensify the utter desolation of the Golden City. A month ago that square had been so thronged with traffic that passage-way was difficult.

Walter Macallum, engineer, pushed aside his green sun-blind and looked out into the white glare of the empty street. The mine he worked for was closed down, and he meditated returning to England till better times. He was a canny youth, and had enough confidence in his own powers to face the present crisis with less despair than thousands of his compatriots. He had earned some reputation in his own line, and was hopeful of employment elsewhere.

As he sat down to write home, a thundering knock came at the door.

"Colonel Maartens !" said Macallum, not over cordially. His previous encounters with that official had seldom been pleasant, and sometimes acutely disagreeable. Under present circumstances they were not likely to be less so.

"Good-morning, Mr. Macallum," said the Colonel with a sneer.

You are a strange man to stay

when all the rest of the Uitlanders have run away."

"I have no reason to hurry," said Macallum cautiously. "The Government never turned its attention to me before."

"It is going to now," said the Colonel, pleasantly. "We are well prepared and are going to give you British what you call a good licking. You had better make yourself useful to us and earn £30 a month. We want more men to work our search-light, and we all know you are well acquainted with all kinds of electricity."

"In short," said Macallum, with his mouth growing parched and dry, "I may consider myself commandeered?"

"Ja, ja, that it is so," nodded the Colonel.

"And if I refuse?"

"You will not refuse," said the Colonel, laughing. "That is to say, if you are a wise man."

He glanced over the piles of instruments which were blocking the bare little room, and Macallum's heart sank within him.

"I do not know what the exact uses of all these may be," Colonel Maartens observed, "but I will send for them all. You see, Mr. Macallum, if you are obstinate it will be no use. We shall find someone more amenable than you, and they may only spoil your tools a little before they find the exact way of working them. That would be a pity—hey?"

"A great pity," said Walter mechanically, and the Colonel departed, still smiling.

The moment he had gone the young engineer locked the door and sat down desperately to think. He was a level-headed man, and had never yielded previously to the general panic, but the horror of this situation stunned him.

Serve against his country! That was impossible! The patriotism of fighting ancestors, who had struggled and died with Bruce and Wallace, ran in his veins. He would have laughed if a year ago he had been told it would leap to life with this passionate resentment, this holding of his own safety so cheaply.

"No!" he muttered, with clenched hands. "I've stood a good deal—selfishly, perhaps—but I'm not a traitor to my country. I don't think while we're still at the beginning of the war that they are likely to shoot me, but anything short of that may be expected. I must clear out."

He flung a few things into a portmanteau, wondering how many would get past the inquisitorial eye of the Customs, when a second knock came at the door.

"You can't come in," he called out.

"You had better let me," said a warning voice in Dutch.

"Frank de Witt!" exclaimed Macallum, opening the door to admit a tall young Dutchman with whom he had been on excellent terms in the past. De Witt wore his cartridge belt and sombrero, and had his rifle under his arm.

"I am just off to the front,



Macallum," he said joyously, "and I hear you are to go with us."

"Do you really imagine I would come?" said Macallum, in a curious clenched voice.

De Witt shrugged his shoulders.

"You haven't any choice," he said. "The warrant for your arrest must be out already."

Macallum turned desperately on his friend.

"Look here, De Witt," he said, "you may go and tell the Colonel I refuse. I don't care what they do to me."

"You are a fool—an utter fool!" said De Witt, open-eyed. "Of course, I shall have to report you."

"Go and report, then!" said Macallum, and sat down doggedly on his portmanteau.

De Witt stared at him, with mingled feelings on his handsome face. Twice he moved to the door, and twice came back.

"Macallum," he said, "did you defy the Colonel point blank?"

"No," said Macallum. "I merely objected. I don't think he would have understood a refusal."

"Then," said De Witt, "you have just five hours in which to get across the Border. I happen to know it is then they will be coming for all your apparatus. There is a train leaving in half-an-hour, and you had better go by it. I can't and won't do more for you, but I will hold my tongue till you ought to be over the Border."

He turned on his heel and went out, leaving Macallum to act on this chilling but sapient advice.

The engineer locked his portmanteau, and wondered if any stray Kaffir, for love or money, would take it to the station. It would look less unusual in that climate than carrying it himself.

Then he glanced round at his instruments with a woebegone smile. *They* at least would unconsciously serve the enemy, though *he* refused ten times over. There was no time to destroy or make them useless; and, besides, even at this desperate juncture his thrifty Scotch soul resented such an utter waste.

So bright, so shining, so deadly—must they go into his enemies' hands? It was almost a bitterer pang than his own peril.

Suddenly his mouth tightened.

"I'll risk it," he muttered. "In another two hours it will be dark, and the remaining three will give

me time to bury them. I'll chance escape *after* that!"

He flung himself on his beloved instruments, and with frantic haste began packing them into the smallest possible compass. By the time he had finished the surrounding streets were quieter than ever; and, beyond a steady trickle of population stationwards, scarcely an inhabitant seemed stirring. Even the assembling burghers were coming in quietly, but the occasional clatter of their horses' hoofs rang hollow on the hard ground.

"Three hours," gasped Macallum, "and I can hide them so that if I'm alive I shall find them at the end of the war."

Those three hours were like a nightmare. It does not concern us in what quarter he buried them, but the ground was baked hard as rock by the burning heat of the past day. There was no moon, and so deserted was the town that no inquisitive lights gleamed upon his labours. Harder he dug than any Kaffir in the mires, driving the spade in so violently that he quaked lest the haft should snap. When, with perspiration streaming from his brow, he again closed over the last square inch of soil, four and a half hours had passed. A wild impulse to fly seized upon him.

"Keep cool, Walter Macallum," he admonished himself, "or your work will be less than useless."

The last few minutes, while he forced himself to cover up every possible trace of his work, were the most horrible of all. He was so strung up that every moment he fancied he heard Colonel Maartens's strident tones, or saw by the gleam of a lantern the flutter of the warrant. But at last he felt the most astute Boer in the Transvaal could not detect the sepulchre of his treasures.

"Lie there, my bonny dears," he muttered, in a kind of wild merriment. "I know fine where to find you again."

He had exactly ten minutes in which to catch the last train to Cape Town. There was no time for disguise, but haste would be suspicious. With his knees shaking under him he sauntered leisurely down to the station.

The train, crowded from end to end, was on the move. He madly thrust his way through the struggling crowd of refugees and dashed into a coal-truck.

As the train got clear of the platform, he saw Colonel Maartens gesticulating among a crowd of lesser officials. Macallum suppressed a school-boy desire to cheer, and leaned up against the side of the truck with a long-drawn, sobbing breath.

"Thank God!" he whispered, brokenly. "Saved my honour and the instruments too!"

## Naval Reserve.



Our ancient town of Portsmouth,  
With its docks and quays,  
Long ago there dwelt a sailor  
Known as Captain Breeze.

Stumping, stalking  
round the harbours,  
Rough and tough and old,  
Oft to gaping crowds of cronies  
Husky tales he told.

"Hi! hi! gentlemen of England!  
Out upon the rolling seas!  
Tussle for a place in the foeman's  
face  
With the valour of a Captain  
Breeze!"

"See these legs of oak and leather?  
See this empty sleeve?  
Arm and legs went off together,  
Never asking leave.  
Down to Davy Jones's kingdom  
They were pressed to go,  
And, with *half a Briton's vigour*,  
Still defeat the foe.

"Hi! hi! gentlemen of England!  
Shuffle out of hum-drum ease,  
For the Realm's all right while  
the boys can fight  
With the valour of a Captain  
Breeze!"

"Oft this eye (there's only *one*, sir),  
Terrified the foe;  
Once this chest, as broad as Neptune's,  
Had some *lungs* below.  
Piercing glance and stormy voice, sir,  
Each has done its part;  
Limbs and eye and voice I lost, sir—  
Never once the heart.

"Hi! hi! gentlemen of England!  
Out upon the stormy seas!  
The Realm's all right if the boys  
grip tight  
To the legacy of Captain  
Breeze!"

JOHN LEA.