THE NATURAL HISTORY
OF SOUTH AFRICA

INCLUDING THE HARTBEESTS, WILDEBEESTS, DUKERS, STEENBOKS, WATERBUCKS, REDBUCKS, IMPALA, SPRINGBUCK, GEMSBOK, BUSHBUCKS, KUDU, ELAND, CAPE BUFFALO, GIRAFFE, HIPPOPOTAMUS, BOSCH VARK, QUAGGA, ZEBRAS, RHINOCEROS, KLIP DASSIE, AND AFRICAN ELEPHANT

BY

DIRECTOR, PORT ELIZABETH MUSEUM

MAMMALS

IN FOUR VOLUMES
VOL. III

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4
FOURTH AVENUE AND 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS
1920

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THE QUAGGA

(Equus quagga)

The Quagga is now extinct. It formerly roamed over the plains of the Cape Province and the Orange Free State in large herds. It was a purely South African Zebra, for its range only extended from the central plains of the Cape, and over the vast veld of the Orange Free State. It does not seem to have wandered north of the Vaal River or east of the Kei.

It was hunted and shot down in a most merciless manner by the Voortrekkers, and was finally exterminated in the Cape about the year 1860. The last of which there is any record were shot near Tygerberg in the Aberdeen District in 1858. A few individuals survived until about the year 1878 in the Free State. A live Quagga was exhibited in the London Zoological Gardens. It was presented by Sir George Grey in 1858, and lived for six years, dying in June 1864. It is now mounted and on exhibition at the British Museum. Mounted specimens are also on exhibition in the Edinburgh and Tring Museums in Britain, and in the Paris, Berlin, Frankfort, Mainz, Basle and Berne Museums in Europe. The Cape Town
THE QUAGGA

Museum has a young foal, and the Bloemfontein Museum the skin of an adult.

The Quagga associated in herds of fifteen to about thirty individuals, and roamed over the vast inland plains, usually in the company of the wild Ostrich and Black Wildebeest.

Although in the Orange Free State herds of Burchell's Zebras grazed upon the plains in the early days of the civilisation of South Africa, the Quagga always seemed to keep apart from them. These animals were capable of domestication, and colonists frequently trained them to go in harness. A pair were taken to England, and it was a common sight to see them being driven about Hyde Park in a phaeton.

A local animal dealer received a letter from a man in South-West Africa who alleged there were real Quaggas in the hills in his neighbourhood. He asserted in most positive terms that they were genuine Quaggas, and not Burchell's or Mountain Zebras, and gave a minute description of them. I read the letter carefully, and his description undoubtedly related to the true Quagga. He offered to capture some for a price. The animal dealer endeavoured, without success, to obtain a permit from the authorities, authorising him to capture a few "Zebras." He subsequently took a shipload of Zoological specimens to Europe, and it was his intention while there to endeavour to get permission to enter South-West Africa with a permit.
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I naturally urged him on all I could, knowing what a sensation the discovery of a few survivors of the once numerous race of Quaggas would cause. The war, however, broke out shortly after, and the investigation was held up.

I am now endeavouring to secure, through two well-known hunters in the South-West Protectorate, a skin and skull of one of these alleged Quaggas with a view to settling the question one way or the other.

The name Quagga comes from the Hottentot name which imitated the cry of the animal. To distinguish it from the Zebra or Wilde Paard (Wild Horse) the Voortrekker Dutch called it Wilde Esel or Wild Ass.

Like the true Zebra, the Quagga resisted capture with both teeth and heels, and early writers mention instances of natives being killed, or pieces bitten out of them by wounded stallions.

The Quagga was the first of South Africa’s large fauna to become extinct, for the reason that it was a dweller of the plain, and its range was very limited. The Voortrekkers shot these animals to provide meat for their Hottentot and other native servants, and also for the skins, which made excellent leather for veldschoens (home-made shoes). The skin was also used for making large bags or sacks, in which they stored dried fruits and biltong.

An old Dutchman told me that his father and several uncles made their living solely by shooting Quaggas, Zebras and large antelopes, and selling their hides. In this way his father accumulated about £5000, which he invested in a large farm and stock.

Thumberg, a European traveller in the Cape, relates that he saw Quagga on the veld near Zwartkop River, and around about the site where Port Elizabeth now stands. The Quagga was of about the same shape and size as a Burchell’s Zebra. An adult male averaged 4 feet to 4 feet 6 inches at the shoulder, and measured 8 feet 6 inches in extreme length. The head was light brown or bay colour; neck and upper parts of the body dark rufous-brown, gradually fading to fulvous on the sides, and white beneath and behind. The limbs and tail were pure white.

The Quagga, apart from its general coloration, differs from the true Zebra by being striped on the head, neck and shoulders only. The striping behind the shoulders fades away into spots and irregular blotches.

THE MOUNTAIN ZEBRA

(Equus zebra)

The Mountain Zebra, or Wildepaard of the Boers, is, as its name implies, an inhabitant of the mountain ranges. It was formerly common amongst the mountains of the Cape Province, and in similar situations in South-West Africa. On the advent of the European colonist to South Africa, these Zebras
were quite common in all the hilly districts of the Cape; but thanks to the wholesale and indiscriminate shooting indulged in by the colonists, this beautiful and harmless animal has been reduced to a few comparatively small troops. These exist amongst the rugged and often almost inaccessible mountains, such as the Cedarberg in Piquetberg, the Roggeveld in Sutherland, the Swartberg between Prince Albert and Oudtshoorn, the mountains in George, the Sneeuwberg in Graaf Reinet, the Winterhoek in Uitenhage, and amongst the mountain ranges of Cathcart and Cradock.

Owing to the recent stringent enforcement of the Government regulations prohibiting the destruction of the Mountain Zebra, this animal has increased considerably in the mountain districts of the Cape. In some mountain ranges where there was formerly only one small troop, there are now several troops. Much public revenue could be obtained if the wild animals of the country were judiciously bred and sold to the various Zoological Gardens throughout the world.

A few Mountain Zebras probably still exist in South-West Africa, but there cannot be many, for the Hottentots of those parts are keen hunters and good shots, and have, ere this, accounted for most, if not all, of these Zebras in the mountain parts of South-West Africa.

For many years past considerable numbers of these Zebras have been captured alive and shipped
THE MOUNTAIN ZEBRA
to Europe by various animal dealers. One, of my acquaintance, has so far sent about fifteen. When catching them for this purpose a good many are accidentally killed, drop dead from exhaustion, or succumb a week or two after capture. The Mountain Zebra runs in small troops of three or four to about ten individuals, and feeds upon grass and the stunted shrubs which thrive upon the mountain sides.

When feeding or resting, one of the troop occupies an adjacent elevation and acts as a sentinel, giving the alarm with a shrill neigh. In situations where they are not persecuted, such as those on some farms, a sentinel is not posted.

The Mountain Zebra is not one of those animals which has taken to the high rugged mountains owing to constant persecution by man, but apparently, like the Klipspringer, it has made the high mountains its home for preference.

These Zebras feed during the early morning, evening, and at night; resting during the heat of the day under the shade of a tree, in a kloof, or on the shady side of the mountain beneath overhanging rocks. They venture down into the valleys at night to drink, but are always back in their mountain home before dawn. The Mountain Zebra is a short, compact, sturdy little animal, with the toughest and hardest of hoofs.

Although it does not possess the springing powers of the Klipspringer antelope, this Zebra rivals it in
mountain climbing. It gallops about the tops and sides of the rugged and precipitous mountain sides with apparently the same degree of ease as a horse upon the veld.

When alarmed or chased, they will gallop at break-neck speed in a perfect abandonment of recklessness up or down the steep, narrow, boulder-strewn mountain paths. Such truly astounding powers of endurance, surefootedness and sense of balance can only have been evolved after long ages of mountain life. The Mountain Zebra could, with advantage, be domesticated and used as a pack animal for mountain work, such as is often required in military expeditions, for it possesses the climbing powers of the wild goat, and the stamina of a donkey.

A troop of Mountain Zebras consists of mares, foals, and one adult stallion. When the young males reach maturity, they are driven from the troop by the leader until his strength is on the wane, owing to increasing age or accident, when he is in turn driven forth or slain.

When a troop increases beyond half-a-dozen to a dozen individuals, it splits up, some of the mares going off with a young male; for these animals are well aware that the scanty vegetation of their bleak mountain home is insufficient for the maintenance of a large troop.

When endeavouring to capture the Zebras alive, it is a sheer waste of time and energy to endeavour

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The Mountain Zebra

to run them down on the mountain tops. The way I have seen them caught is as follows:

After locating a troop of Zebras, about a dozen mounted men made a wide detour and formed a semicircle behind them, and with yells, cracking of whips and revolver-shots, the animals were driven on to the slopes, where half-a-dozen well-mounted men were concealed. At the right moment these dashed out in pursuit, while the others guarded the passes up the mountains. The chase taxes the endurance of a good horse to the utmost. The exhausted Zebra is eventually run down, a noose is slipped over its head from the end of a six- or eight-foot stick, and when the quarry falls half strangled, a stout headstall is slipped on the head. It is then led off between two mounted men, each of whom has a rope tied to his saddle, the other end being secured to the headstall on the Zebra. A third man rides behind, and urges the captive on with a whip.

Zebras when hunted in this way often fall dead from exhaustion, or break their necks or legs in their desperate struggle for liberty. A stallion which was captured in the mountains in George District was confined in a small stone kraal, and, at a standing leap, cleared the wall, which was exactly six feet in height, without touching the top.

The Mountain Zebra has the reputation of being an untameable beast, and authors for a long time past have handed down this statement, which is untrue as far as my experience goes. When adult mares
are captured and kindly treated, they become quite tame in a month or two, so much so that when released in an enclosure they graze as unconcernedly as a domestic horse, and can be driven back into the stable without difficulty.

An animal dealer in Port Elizabeth tamed them so thoroughly that they used to follow him about the paddock. One was trained to the saddle, and his little son of ten years rode it.

The immature males were equally docile. Stallions were more difficult to tame, but even they became quite tame within a few months, and after about a year could be trained to the saddle. Old stallions, however, are practically untameable, and for some months after capture they are very vicious, advancing with teeth bared in a most menacing manner. I noticed they always used their teeth for defence or attack, and not their heels, as is usual with the horse tribe. A farmer acquaintance had a fine donkey stallion maimed by a Mountain Zebra stallion. The latter had been leading a solitary existence, and for several days he had been endeavouring to gain the affections of some donkey mares on the hillside. The donkey stallion resented this, and attacked him, but was so badly bitten that he had to be shot to put him out of his misery. On this same farm a solitary old Zebra stallion used to pay nightly visits to the crops, leaping over the barbed-wire fences and stone walls with ease. One moonlight night he was surprised in a field of corn,
and in his hurry to escape dashed into a wire fence, turned a somersault over it and broke his neck.

Old stallions when captured often refuse to eat, and die of exhaustion, or what is commonly known as a "broken heart." How could it be otherwise with an animal which all its life had been as free as the birds of the air up in the mountain fastnesses, and leader of a troop, to be suddenly captured, tethered and confined in a stable?

The mare Zebra breed freely with donkey stallions, but the hybrids are not fertile. Donkey mares also breed from Zebra stallions.

I once saw a troop of Mountain Zebra mares, donkey mares and hybrid foals led by a Zebra stallion which had been captured young and reared in captivity.

A year or two ago as much as £300 each was obtained for Mountain Zebras from Zoological Garden authorities in Europe by an animal dealer.

The period of gestation of this Zebra is about twelve months. The foal is similar in shape and size to that of an ordinary donkey, and is covered at birth with rather long, woolly fur.

For many months after capture it is necessary to feed and look after the Mountain Zebras with the greatest care, and the diet should consist of hay, dry lucerne and forage principally. A sudden change to green, succulent diet often proves fatal. They suffer considerably from bots, and many in the wild condition die of exhaustion from this cause. Bots
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are the larvae of a species of fly. They attach themselves to the inner walls of the stomach.

The Mountain Zebra stands about forty-eight inches, viz. twelve hands, and is smaller than the other South African species, viz. Burchell's Zebras, and can easily be distinguished from them by the following points:

1. The hairs along the withers and haunches are reversed.
2. No forelock is present on the forehead.
3. Ground colour of body varies from ochre-yellow to pure white. Body fully striped, the stripes not extending round the barrel. Feet striped to the hoofs.
4. Ears long and ass-like.
5. A gridiron pattern of transverse bars on the haunches.

A troop of Mountain Zebras exist on the tops of some rugged hills on a certain gentleman's estate in the district of George in the Cape Province. A hunt was organised, and the party, mounted on good horses, succeeded in detaching a mare from the troop. They headed her down to the foot of the mountain and captured her. The following day she was brought in to Port Elizabeth, and within a week gave birth to a premature foal. This was in May 1909. The foal was still-born about a month before the normal time. Instead of being yellowish-white and fully striped, as is usual with the full-time foals of Mountain Zebras, its body colour was light brown, becoming paler on the limbs and darker on the head. The illustration of this foal shows up the black stripes, which are comparatively few in number. A cross between a donkey stallion and a Zebra mare would produce a hybrid more or less similar to this foal. But it happens this mare did not come in contact with any donkeys. It was one of a troop of wild Zebras living on the crest of a range of high, stony mountains. The troop does not scatter, and any donkey stallion which might have had the courage to venture into the haunts of these Zebras would have been bitten and kicked to death by the Zebra stallion leader of the troop. This is no theory: I know it to be so from observation. Should a donkey stallion appear in sight, the Zebra leader will leave the troop and give chase and kill his would-be rival. In this particular instance, the troop of Zebras lived on the distant mountains, and the nearest donkeys were on a farm many miles away. There can be little if any doubt that this foal is a reversion to a donkey-like ancestral type.

BURCHELL'S ZEBRA

(Equus burchelli)

Iqwara of Amaxosa; Idube of Zulus and Swazis; Makwa of Basutos; Peets of Bechuanas.

Burchell's Zebra, or Quagga, as it is generally called by colonists, inhabits all parts of South Africa.
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north of the Orange River from Zululand in the east, across to South-West, and north to our Zoological boundary, the Zambesi. North of this river it extends as far as the Egyptian Sudan.

A few specimens were brought from the Transvaal some years ago, and liberated on Mr. Struben's farm "Tafelberg," in the Middelburg Division of the Cape Province. They have since increased to a troop of about thirty. Ten of these were captured and disposed of, leaving a troop of twenty, which are doing well and increasing steadily in number.

Burchell's Zebras formerly existed in immense numbers on the upland plains of South Africa in troops of fifty to a hundred and more. This beautiful animal, as well as the other inhabitants of the Karoo and grass-veld, were subsequently slaughtered in a wholesale way by the early travellers and colonists.

However, owing to Government restrictions, and the establishment of Game Reserves, this Zebra has been saved from the fate of its relative the Quagga.

Burchell's Zebras are very sociable, and when unmolested they congregate in great herds. In East Africa it is a common sight to see a herd of over a thousand Zebras grazing upon the plains, and smaller troops dotted about in the distance, sometimes as far as the eye—aided by a telescope—can see. Dotted about here and there amongst them are various species of antelopes feeding peacefully.

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BURCHELL'S ZEBRA

In the Game Reserves of Zululand and the Transvaal, these Zebras are increasing at a rapid rate. Now that they are free from persecution by man in these areas, they are gradually resuming their former sociable habits; and instead of scattering about the country in family parties, they are coming together and forming herds.

When persecuted, Zebras take to the broken, stony, hilly country and bush-veld, and only venture upon the open plains during the hours of darkness. When persistently persecuted, they resort to the boulder-strewn mountain ranges.

They usually drink at night or in the early hours of the morning, but in the Game Reserves, where they are free from molestation, they may often be seen going to water during the daytime.

According to Major Stevenson-Hamilton, the gestation period varies between eleven and thirteen months. The foals are born during the early summer months, viz. from August to the end of October, or early November.

The Lion is the most dreaded of the Zebra's natural enemies. They usually lie in ambush at the drinking places. Knowing this habit of their arch-enemy, the Zebras, in lion-infested districts, approach the water with extreme caution, ready on the instant to wheel about and make off at full speed. In any case, the moment their thirst is quenched, they gallop away to the open ground.

The mare Zebras tend to grow exceedingly fat,
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much more so than the stallions. The fat is of a rich yellow colour, which is much relished by the natives, but is unpalatable to most Europeans. Sometimes the fat accumulates to the depth of an inch over the quarters of the animals.

European hunters do not, as a rule, care for the flesh of Burchell's Zebra, except that of the immature animal, which, when freed from the rich yellow fat, is fairly good. It is sweetish in taste, like the flesh of its relative the horse.

In districts where they have not been persecuted by man, Burchell's Zebras exhibit intense curiosity. Travellers tell of herds of them coming up to within one hundred or even fifty yards, even venturing up to their horses and donkeys, and staring and sniffing at them.

The call or cry of this species of Zebra is a sharp kwa-ha-ha, repeated several times. Their speed is not great, and a well-mounted man on open ground can run them down after a fairly hard chase. The Boers, in the past, often captured them alive by riding them down, then, coming up alongside, a noose, held on the end of a long stick, was slipped over the victim's head. When first captured they bite and kick in a most vicious manner, and several men are often required to lead away a single Zebra. When thoroughly subdued and kindly treated, Burchell's Zebra becomes as tame and docile as a horse, and can be trained to harness and to the saddle. I have frequently seen them grazing in the

BURCHELL'S ZEBRA

fields with horses and donkeys, and returning with them to the kraals at sunset. Tame Zebras are often utilised as draught animals for carts, wagons and carriages. After a few generations of domestication, there is no reason why these Zebras should not become as reliable as average horses and donkeys.

When taken into captivity and trained to harness, the Zebra naturally cannot compete in endurance with the horse or donkey, whose ancestors for thousands of generations have been building up and transmitting "staying" power along these lines. The Zebra is immune from that dreaded scourge known as "horse sickness," and to Nagana or Tsetse fly disease as well.

Zebras are often infested with intestinal worms, and when restricted to limited areas such as farms, an entire herd often becomes so badly infested by these worms that the majority die.

There is every probability that sometime in the future, Zebras will become a common domestic animal in South Africa, especially in horse sickness and nagana disease areas.

A serum could probably be obtained from them for the treatment of these diseases.

A local animal dealer procured several Burchell's Zebras from a farm in the Middleburg Division of the Cape Province. Two of these gave birth to foals in October. These foals were prematurely born, apparently two to three weeks before the normal time. They were beautifully striped, and exactly similar in
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	heir markings to the mothers; the hair was close and smooth, and the edges of the black stripes were clearly defined. Three weeks later, another mare gave birth to a normal period foal. The little creature was decidedly longer in the limbs than the immature ones, and the body was covered with yellowish woolly fur, at least an inch in length. The stripes were present, as in the adult, but were not clear cut or sharply defined, owing to the fuzziness of the long, woolly hairs. This foal was born during the first week in November.

These Tafelberg Zebras agree in every detail with Mr. W. L. Sclater's description of the subspecies Equus burchelli selousi (Selous Zebra) with the exception that a narrow white line about a quarter of an inch in breadth separates the hoofs from the black band round the lower part of the fetlock.

Owing to dissimilarities in the striping, Burchell's Zebras have, so far, been divided into six local races in South Africa, viz.: (1) Burchell's Zebra (Equus burchelli typicus). (2) The Damaraland Zebra (Equus burchelli antiquorum). (3) The Transvaal Zebra (Equus burchelli transvaalensis). (4) Wahlberg's Zebra (Equus burchelli wahlbergi). (5) Chapman's Zebra (Equus burchelli chapmani). (6) Selous Zebra (Equus burchelli selousi). (7) Crawshay's Zebra (Equus burchelli crawshayi).

BURCHELL'S ZEBRA

The typical species is either extinct or almost so. These local races merge almost imperceptibly into the other, making the separation of them into distinct sub-species a matter of considerable difficulty.

The following are the chief points of difference on which Burchell's Zebras have been divided into various sub-species. This key of the sub-species is taken from The Fauna of South Africa, by W. L. Sclater.

KEY TO THE SUB-SPECIES

A. Barrel stripes not reaching the ventral longitudinal stripe.  
(a) Legs white and unstriped from their junction with body.  
Equus burchelli burchelli.

(b) Legs slightly striped as far as the knees and hocks.  
Equus burchelli antiquorum.

B. Barrel stripes meeting the ventral longitudinal stripe.  
(a) Shadow stripes extending to neck, where they are very plain, lower portion of legs but slightly marked.  
Equus burchelli transvaalensis.

(b) Shadow stripes only on quarters, very strong and distinct, fetlocks and pasterns unstriped and unspotted.  
Equus burchelli wahlbergi.

(c) Shadow stripes on quarters faint and narrow.  
(i) Stripes on the lower part of the leg showing a tendency to become obliterated, pasterns not continuously black.  
Equus burchelli chapmani.

(ii) Legs strongly striped to the hoofs; fetlocks and pasterns continuously black.  
Equus burchelli selousi.

(d) No shadow stripes.  
Equus burchelli crawshayi.

Burchell's Zebras vary considerably in their markings in the same herd, and in consequence it will, I think, be found, on further and more extensive investigation, that the majority, if not all, of
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the so-called sub-species or local races are merely individual variations.

It seems to me there are only two good local races, viz. those with the black barrel stripes not reaching the ventral longitudinal stripe; and those in which all the black barrel stripes meet the ventral longitudinal stripe, viz. those with the barrel stripes right round the body, and cut through by the ventral longitudinal stripe. The others seem to be mere variations from these two types.

The Reverend Gilmore Edwardes, of Port Elizabeth, contributes the following interesting account of a Zebra hunt in the Cradock District of the Cape Province:

"Zebras in South Africa are royal game, and may not be killed or caught without a permit. This document is one not easy to procure, and always limits the sportsman strictly to a specified number in each case. Mr. John de Klerk, whose farm, Doornhock, lies among the mountains some fifteen miles to the west of Cradock (Cape Province), had the good fortune recently to obtain such a permit, authorising him to catch six Zebras (two of which were to form part of South Africa's present of wild animals to His Majesty King George), and forthwith invited a number of friends from the farms in the district, and from the neighbouring town of Cradock, to join in what proved to be an exciting day's sport.

"Assembling at the homestead early in the morning, when the plan of campaign was explained and discussed, the party, mounted on sturdy and well-trained shooting ponies, climbed the steep and rocky track which leads from behind the house up the face of a mountain spur, and reaching the summit, rode on across the main ridge and down the slope on the other side, into the broad and open valley beyond, where lay the carefully-planned centre of operations, the scheme of which will now be described.

"Across the valley, and over the mountains in either direction, runs the boundary fence of the farm, miles of wire, which even the wild Zebra will seldom attempt to negotiate. From a suitable point in this boundary fence, a wing of wire fencing had been run out to a distance of 200 yards, at an angle of about 50°, while at the apex an opening was left leading into a strongly-constructed wire kraal, a cul-de-sac. This was the pivot of the rounding-up movement, the object being, of course, to work the Zebras into the space between the fences, and to drive them down into the kraal. Four horsemen were extended in line with the wing fence to guard against a rush past its outer end, while a dozen or more rode behind the hills to the left, sending some of their number round the head of the valley to the hills on the other side; thus, with the wire fencing, completely encircling the area where it was expected that the game would be found. One small troop had already been sighted, but as the arrangements
were not complete, these quietly moved off, and disappeared after the elusive manner of their kind. Everything, however, was now in order. The men were at their stations; the horses fit and keen; the fences firm and strong; the kraal open-mouthed and ready for all comers, while, lying behind a rough shelter of bush, were two or three natives, ready to spring forward to bar the entrance the moment the Zebras were in. The horsemen began to move down the hills, closing round the valley, and there below them, quietly grazing on the slope of a gentle rise, was a troop of eight of the beautiful creatures they were seeking. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous, but the sentiment of the Zebras just now was evidently that of Dr. Johnson when he found himself in the company of ungenial characters: 'Gentlemen, I do desire that we be better strangers,' for, with a shake of their heads, and an indignant snort from their leader, the troop trotted off. They soon recognised that the hills were already occupied, and breaking into a canter, they made down the slopes for the open valley. The horsemen rode warily; they wanted no stampede. As long as the troop were going in the right direction all was well. And now they are in the open ground. Away to the left is the main fence; in a semi-circle behind are the pursuers; away to the right is the line of horsemen guarding the wing. So straight on the Zebras canter. Now they are between the fences; but they have not yet realised it, and the horsemen are closing rapidly round behind them. The excitement is becoming intense; the horses plunge forward recklessly over the boulder-strewn ground; the Zebras are galloping straight for the kraal. In thirty seconds they will be in; but no! The leader has scented danger. In the middle of his stride he swerves. The whole troop swings 'right wheel' into line, and charges straight for the wing fence. What are they going to do? Will they attempt to clear it? Will they dash into it and attempt to burst it? They are not such fools as to try either of these plans. Three of their number forge ahead of the rest, and, with heads low down, fling themselves forward, driving their heads under the lowest wire almost up to their withers, and, with a mighty heave, up comes the fence, the nearest post flying clean out of the ground. Through go the three; behind them falls the fence; over it bound the rest of the troop, and away—but not all. One catches his hoof in a wire, and turns a beautiful somersault in black and white. He is up in an instant, joins his comrades, and off they go. See them going, going, gone! They have vanished in thin air over the opposite hills. And there, on the backs of nigh upon a score of panting and puzzled horses, sit nigh upon a score of gallant horsemen ruminating on the bitterness of life, the fickleness of wire fencing, and the incredible fussiness of mountain Zebras, and making sundry remarks peculiarly appropriate to the occasion.
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“A council of war was now held, as a result of which the fence was repaired, and a second rounding-up movement arranged. The formation was much as before, and the horsemen swept round the hills, centreing, as in the previous drive on the valley which led to the kraal. Fortune was again favourable, but not extravagantly so, for this time the find was one of only three Zebras and a foal. Taking of necessity the same direction in the main as the larger troop had taken, they showed some independence of judgment in keeping more to the hilly ground, hoping perhaps to break through to the right. In this, however, they were thwarted by the vigilance of the enemy, who gradually forced them into the true course. This meant a run down a steep and rugged mountain side, and afforded a fine opportunity of witnessing the amazing speed with which these wild mountaineers can dash downhill, treating rocks, boulders and holes with a reckless contempt, rivalling even that of the fleet-footed Rooi-buck. Down they go into the open veld, straight for the fenced area. Like their predecessors, they feel their pursuers closing in behind them, and forge ahead towards the kraal. But again nature’s cunning hand is shown. Some subtle instinct warns of danger in front, and they come galloping back over their tracks towards their pursuers, bearing a little to the left, with the evident intention of getting round the outer end of the wing fence.

BURCHELL’S ZEBRA

“Now comes a trial of skill and speed with the wing men. Will they get through or not? It is a wild dash for freedom. They stop at nothing, and in spite of all efforts on the part of the horsemen, two of the Zebras and the foal get over the line, and are out along the hillside towards the distant mountains. Two only, for the third was, after much helter-skelter, stopped and headed back. The hunt was now cut in two. The wing men rode off in pursuit of the three animals which had got away. Meanwhile, within the fenced area (which, it must be remembered, was open to the veld at its broad end, and to the kraal at its apex) the sport waxed fast and furious. Up and down, round and round, sped the desperate Zebra, stopped by the wire fence on two sides of the triangle, and by horsemen on the third. To the men with the lasso it gave no chance; to the kraal it would have nothing to say. Close behind it rode Mr. John du Plessis, mounted on a horse as untiring as it was sure-footed. It was a wild race between horse and Zebra, and the end came in an extraordinary way. Mr. du Plessis (riding 15 st., by the way) was galloping close at the heels of the Zebra, when the latter suddenly swung round on its hind-legs and faced its pursuer. Without checking his horse in its pace, this veritable Nimrod flung himself out of the saddle right in front of the Zebra, seized hold of the astounded creature by its enormous ears, and by sheer force of weight and muscle, held down its
head till his comrades came to his aid. The clapping on of headstall and ropes was but the work of moments in their practised hands, and, with much plunging, prancing and kicking, the beautiful captive was lodged within the kraal.

"While the plans and procedure throughout had been scientifically laid, and correctly carried out, the ultimate capture was as ludicrously unorthodox in method as it was plucky and effective in execution. Catching wild Zebras by laying hold of their ears sounds next-of-kin to catching birds by putting salt on their tails. However, nothing succeeds like success, and the Zebra, a four-year-old mare, was now making things lively in the kraal. In the meantime the horsemen who had gone in pursuit of the others were having a hard run for it. The ground was so covered with great round stones and young boulders, that there seemed nowhere for a horse to put his foot down. Still, for all that, they got away at a tremendous pace. The foal was a serious check on the other Zebras, and from time to time the faithful creatures would pause to let the little one come up with them. Along the side of the hill they went, and down the slope of a shallow kloof, where trickled a tiny spruit. Here the foal made a false turn, and a rider, dashing forward, cut it off and headed it up the hill and away from the others. Its capture was now only a question of time. Mr. Simon de Klerk was foremost in the run, and at last rode it down, exhausted on the hillside. The two Zebras, which had stood on the opposite hill watching their little friend's fate, now disappeared. With some difficulty the foal was brought up to the kraal, where, to everybody's delight, it was found that the two captives were mother and foal, reunited in bondage, it is true, still, reunited. So ended the second drive. Many of the horses were done up with several hours hard riding under a blazing sun, and were glad of a rest. In groups of twos and threes they stood with their bridles trailing on the ground, never attempting to move away—such is their hunting training—but making the most of their opportunity with what they could pick up in the way of green food growing amongst the stones, while their riders beguiled the time with a smoke, and with watching proceedings within the kraal. As the sun was now going west, it was decided to combine the homeward trek with a third enveloping movement, which should sweep the mountains, as yet untouched, in the direction of Doornhoek, the direction, that is, in which the escaped Zebras had gone. Again the horsemen, after a drink of warmish water from the spruit, in which the horses joined them, split up into parties, and rode off in various directions, the advance party going a roundabout way in order to drive up again from beyond the homestead.

"There was, of course, no further idea of using the kraal as a trap. This was left in the rear of the present movement. The general idea now was to
find and drive a Zebra, and to capture either with
the lasso, or by cornering. In company with two
others, one being the hero of the first capture, I
had ridden to the top of the area now being worked,
and commanding a complete view of the area, as
well as of the glorious panorama of the mountainous
country around. Presently, away down on a lower
range, could be seen a small greyish object moving
in our direction, and 200 yards beyond it four black
dots in line. The one was a Zebra, the four dots
were the hunters. On they came, till the Zebra
approached the foot of the hill. Skirting this, he
turned to the left, only to discover in the distance
other horsemen threatening his advance. Doubling
back round the foot of the hill again, and cleverly
dodging his original pursuers, he made an attempt
to get round the back of the hill, only to be met with
another line of obstructers. Quick of decision, he
now dashed up the face of the mountain, between
this last party of horsemen and ourselves, deter-
mined to make a bid for freedom in the direction
of the morning’s field of operations. By the time
he reached the comparative level at the top of the
hill he found himself running a close race with one
of his persistent enemies, Mr. John du Plessis, of
Garstlands Kloof. The situation was now desperate.
In front was a wire fence, the two upper wires of
which were barbed. The opening through which
he and his comrades had come earlier in the day
was far down to the right, and probably in the

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**BURCHELL’S ZEBRA**

hands of the enemy. Close at his heels rode the
hunter. On they sped, straight for the fence.
Ten feet from it the Zebra paused. ‘What was
to be done?’ It was only a second, that pause;
but the horseman was beside him, out of the saddle,
and on to his head, with two brawny hands gripping
him by the ears. With a wild and uncontrollable
bound, the Zebra hurled himself and his assailant
into the wire fence, where, kicking and struggling,
shouting and snorting, the two spent a really magnifi-
cent five minutes—well worth remembering. The
hunter had the Zebra by the ears, and would not
let go. The wire fencing had the hunter and Zebra
by the arms, legs and necks, and would not let go,
and the barbs were doing a brisk business with both
of them. How long this would have gone on it is
impossible to say, had not the redoubtable captor
of the first Zebra come to his relief. Jumping off
his horse, and taking in the situation at a glance, he
seized two stones, and with two or three sharp
blows, he cut the wires, bundled man and Zebra
through the opening thus made, threw his own
enormous weight into the mêlée, and there was the
Zebra on the ground, with one man on his head,
and another on his haunches. Meanwhile, other
horsemen were rolling up in hot haste. Headstall
and ropes were soon fixed on the captive Zebra—
a fine young stallion of about two years. His
captors moved off to the ends of the ropes. He
leapt to his feet, and thereafter kept everybody.
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connected with him at leg's length, and fairly busy.
"This was the end of the third drive, and con-
cluded the day's sport. The task of getting the cap-
tives down the mountain track to the farm
was slow and difficult, but at last it was success-
fully achieved; and when the hunting party broke
up at the homestead, after being hospitably refreshed
by our host and hostess, the three Zebras were
safely stabled and doing well."

THE WHITE OR SQUARE-LIPPED RHINOCEROS
(Rhinoceros simus)
Burchell's Rhinoceros; Umkombe of Zulus; Umhlofo of Mata-
bele; Chukuru of Bechuana; Un Girin of Sudani.
The White Rhinoceros, or Witte Rhenoster of the Dutch
hunters, was formerly common in the open
grassy country in South Africa, between the Orange
and Zambesi Rivers. It has never been recorded
south of the Orange River. At the present time
the only living specimens in South Africa number
about twenty, which are strictly preserved in the
Game Reserves of Zululand. It is possible one or
two may still exist in the remoter parts of Southern
Rhodesia. It was formerly believed that the
Zambesi was the northern limit of the White
Rhinoceros, but it is now known to be common in
north-eastern Congo, the southern portions of the
Sudan, west of the Nile, and some other parts of
Equatorial Africa.
The northern race differs from the southern
form in the proportions of the skull, and apparently
the skin is somewhat different. It is known as
Rhinoceros simus cotonii.
How the name of White Rhinoceros came to be