



PORTRAIT OF COUNT SAMUEL TELEKI VON SZEK.

DISCOVERY  
OF  
LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE

A NARRATIVE OF COUNT SAMUEL TELEKI'S  
EXPLORING & HUNTING EXPEDITION IN EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA  
IN 1887 & 1888

BY HIS COMPANION  
LIEUT. LUDWIG VON HÖHNEL  
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'HEROES OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY' ETC.

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Kimemeta's help I could not get much out of him, though I tried to ascertain whether the Wapare practised any religious ceremonies. The inquiry was quite incomprehensible to him, and as he seemed altogether indifferent to everything I said, I very soon broke up the shauri.

A tramp of five miles across a bush-clad steppe brought us to the swampy mouth of a brook flowing from a valley dividing the Pare Same, or north end of the Pare range, from the Pare Kisingo mountains. This was where we were to join forces again, but Count Teleki had not yet arrived. We pitched our tent close to the edge of a small reed-grown swamp, beneath the cool and pleasant shade of a mighty tree, but the noise of the concert the frogs gave us at night was positively deafening. The ground about our camp was riddled with countless holes, the footprints of elephants; and a little farther off were the traces of many burnt-out fires, scorched bushes, and so on. Here and there grass was sprouting up again, but the general appearance of the district was melancholy in the extreme.

Our days were fully occupied with making topographical observations and in unfruitful shooting expeditions until the late afternoon of March 23, when, to my delight, Count Teleki arrived. His men had not had a drop of water since the early morning, and many had dropped down exhausted by the way. Water was at once sent to them, and their loads were carried for them, a service of love which the Wangwana were eager to render.

As will be remembered, Count Teleki had been unable to leave Mabirioni before noon, so he only made a short march on the day we parted. The next morning his course was north-westerly, and he for the first time met some of the Masai, the dreaded inhabitants of these districts—four warriors, who hastened forward, eager to show the leader of the caravan a

good camping-place on the Ruvu near their own kraal. There was, for once, no talk of presents from the white man; on the contrary, Alkomai, the chief man of the place, brought two fine oxen as a gift from himself. Count Teleki, who did not happen to have with him any of the iron wire the Masai set so much store by, declined to accept the oxen, but in spite of all he could urge he was compelled to receive two goats. The next day the journey was resumed under the guidance of two Masai warriors. For two days the course was in a northerly direction from two and a half to three and three-quarter miles from the banks of the Pangani, which were here very swampy, across flat plains with a few isolated acacias, past the Lasiti range to Mount Sambo. On the second day the monotony was broken by herds of oxen and goats, whilst Masai men and women hastened to join the caravan, behaving in a most peaceable and friendly manner, and pointing out a good camping-place near a water-hole. Then a further march northwards, across districts encumbered with reeds, making walking very difficult till the swampy region was passed, when a detour westwards was made back to the river, on the banks of which the camp was pitched. On this march the caravan passed very near the Sambo mountain, which presented a very rugged, barren appearance, and, according to the natives, was only visited by the herds of cattle, &c., in the rainy season. The district in which the Count now found himself was called Angata Lesulenge, the first word meaning, in Masai, pasture or meadow lands. The river was here from 43 to 55 yards wide, and flowed at about the rate of two miles an hour. Countless crocodiles haunted the stream, and in a few minutes after his arrival at the camping-place Count Teleki had shot three, as well as a python some  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards long. The Count decided to rest here a day, and from far and near the people flocked in in such numbers that the caravan almost

disappeared amongst them, and the leader was not only stared at and touched by everyone—the girls especially being immensely struck with his shoes, which they took for hoofs—but he was expected to work miracles as a doctor by healing all the natives sick with fever, and hundreds of oxen smitten with anthrax. He found alum, of which he had a large quantity with him, very useful; he also recommended better grass for the cattle, and discovered that strips of paper and old discharged and discoloured rockets made first-rate charms.

The next march, which only took two hours, brought the party to Upuni, a well-known halting-place for trading caravans, already visited in 1883 by Dr. G. Fischer; but beyond this point the course of the P'angani was quite unexplored. There were plenty of big game in the neighbourhood, and Count Teleki shot one zebra, one water-buck, and three Mpala antelopes.

Accompanied by many Masai warriors, Count Teleki now made a forced march to Same, our appointed rendezvous, across dreary sandstone districts with here and there some fairly luxuriant vegetation, but entirely without water—a terribly severe strain upon the as yet untrained men, who vainly sought for the precious fluid in the dried-up holes, many of them, as we have seen, succumbing altogether.

The mountains near Same were uninhabited, so that the men had to get their food from Muanamata, which delayed us two days more. We employed the time in shooting expeditions, with very small results, for I only brought down an eland or two; but our hunting led to a very unexpected result. I had killed one old male and sorely wounded another, which, however, went off with the rest of the herd. I followed the animal a long way, but at last had to give him up, as he was taking me too far from the camp. On my way back I

was slinking over a sterile sun-baked bit of ground, bordered by a low thicket, into which I peered as I went, thinking that perchance I might find my wounded game, when I suddenly heard a horrible snort close to me on the left, whilst at the same moment past rushed a huge brownish black rhinoceros, nearly frightening me out of my wits. This apparition so startled me that I did not at first remember the gun in my hand; but I soon sent two shots after the fugitive, apparently without result. The spell was broken now, however, and I quickly followed the animal, which I could easily trace by the deep footprints he had left. But these prints led into just such a thicket as the one from which I had roused my game, and I had not forgotten certain previous episodes of a similar kind. Remembering also that I had so far had no experience in dealing with rhinoceroses, I decided that it would be best after all to make for the camp, which I accordingly did.

On March 26 we were at last able to be off again, our route being first eastwards, crossing a low saddle connecting the main Pare chain with the Pare Kisingo mountains, then northwards along the base of the latter. We camped for the night in one of the eastern valleys of the Kisingo heights, the last stage of the march having been made through a down-pour of rain which soaked us to the skin, and converted the plain we were crossing into a lake with water an inch deep.

The next morning we did not start till half-past nine, as we were obliged to let the people cook their food first. We should reach no water till the day after, the nearest being Lake Jipe, too far away for one march. We started in high spirits, as we expected to have our first view on this march of the snow-clad peaks of Kilimanjaro, the view of which was at first shut out by the heights filling in the valley between the Kisingo and Kwa Mdimu mountains. When these were left behind there was nothing to impede our vision. The

whole extent of the valley was now spread out before us ; on the west rose rugged mountains, gradually increasing in height, for the Kisingo range is succeeded by that of Ugweno. And near the base of the latter, in the wide plain stretching away to the east, we could see Lake Jipe, which looked like a narrow gleaming streak of light, far above which lowered a dark unchanging shadow, encircled by greyish-white clouds. This was Kimawenzi, with its rugged buttresses and pinnacles, the lower of the two peaks of Kilimanjaro ; but unfortunately the ice-crowned peak of Kibo, which rises considerably higher than Kimawenzi, was hidden now.

We started along the valley at the base of the Kwa Mdimu mountains, camping at about four o'clock in the afternoon near a dried-up rainwater pool.

On this day's march Count Teleki had started earlier than the caravan, so as to do some hunting. Besides a successful double shot at two Mpala antelopes, he had an interesting adventure with a leopard. He had seen one in the high grass, but it disappeared too quickly for him to fire at it. At the same moment he heard a growling near by, and saw some animal approaching him through the long grass. Thinking it was a wild boar, or something of that kind, he changed his rifle for a gun and fired, little dreaming of what he had done. There was a rolling over and over in the grass, and then he saw the paws of a great leopard. Quickly the rifle was seized again ; but the danger was past, the animal was quite dead.

Late in the afternoon Kibo also became visible, and the beautifully serrated line of the saddle connecting the two peaks of Kilimanjaro was also fully revealed. The setting sun touched them for a time with glory ; then a thick mantle of white cloud shrouded the rugged form of Kimawenzi, leaving only the snow-clad dome of Kibo rising up in solitary

might, like some incorporeal vision, far above all things earthy and material.

As we approached Lake Jipe it disappeared from view, and even when we were marching along its eastern banks the next day, and could feel its presence, we were unable to see it, on account of the dense and high growth of reeds between it and us. The oppressive heat in which we had marched across the sterile steppes made us look with longing eyes at a wood of fresh green acacias near the lake, and in another hour we were camped in their shade, able to feast our eyes on Lake Jipe; but, alas! its water turned out to be turbid, tasting of mud, and what we got from the middle of the lake, where there were no rushes, with the aid of our boat, was not fit to make tea, even when filtered and boiled. A march of three hours next day along the banks of the lake brought us to the northern end. We had not been able to see the water, for the same reason as on the previous day, so that we were the more surprised at the lovely view from a little hill near by, overlooking the whole extent of the quiet lake, with the dense, impenetrable-looking forests on the north, from which, however, the rising smoke here and there bore witness to the presence of inhabitants.

Charming indeed was the appearance of the lake, with the acacia-woods lining its shores and the rugged heights of the Ugweno mountains forming a background; but very dreary was the view on the east of the monotonous bush-clad steppes stretching away to the coast, a waterless, and therefore uninhabited, wilderness. The immediate neighbourhood of Lake Jipe is, however, haunted by lions and leopards, giraffes, hyenas, ostriches, and other wild creatures, who come down to the water to drink, so that it is a very paradise for the hunter. The lake itself abounds in crocodiles and hippopotami, as well as in catfish and perch

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Weary of the long delay, we started again immediately, and proceeded in a north-westerly direction, up an almost imperceptibly ascending plain, towards the northern side of Kilimanjaro. Groups of acacias or isolated trees of a soft green colour dotted the steppe, whilst here and there rose a knotty greyish-yellow ebony-tree. There were no palms, but the general appearance of this natural park was extremely pleasing, especially as it was tenanted by a great variety of game.

Timid ostriches fled with great strides across the plain at our approach, their quills erect to accelerate their speed, whilst gazelles and larger antelopes jostled each other as they gathered about us in quite a confiding manner, so that we might easily have shot them as we went along. And it was difficult to resist such a temptation; so, although as a rule we refrained from mixing up hunting with marching, I let the men go on, and lingered in the rear behind the herd of antelopes, for I felt I must secure one or two animals. But, strange to relate, directly I left the track the confidence of the wild creatures was destroyed. They were quick to gain wisdom by experience, and in spite of all my caution they sped away and were soon out of the range of my weapon. It was impossible for me to reach any cover from which to take aim without the alarm being given by one or another animal, and before long nearly the entire herd of antelopes had disappeared. They were succeeded, however, by a number of fine zebras, who approached slowly, grazing as they came. Up went my rifle again, but only with the same disappointing result; the zebras, too, disappeared in a cloud of dust. One very inquisitive hartebeest had, however, lingered behind his comrades, so there was still a hope of some venison. And with all the patience and caution known to none but a hunter once disappointed of his prey, I crept on all-fours through the long grass to the friendly shelter of an acacia, feeling this

time quite sure of my victim ; but at the critical moment up flew a lot of small birds, screeching loudly. Of course I sprang forward to send a flying shot after the retreating antelope ; but now I made a very unexpected discovery, for I all but fell over the body of a great rhinoceros, which was taking a nap in the long grass under the acacia. A whispered ‘ *Faru!* ’ (rhinoceros) revealed the position to my black companion, Muallim Harun, and then, following his example, I slunk like a snake along the ground and made for the shelter of another tree. Arrived there we felt safe, but the long grass prevented us from seeing more than one ear and the tip of the nose of the rhinoceros. To make him get up we now both shouted at the top of our voices, ‘ Holla ! Holla ! ’ but the sound died away on the plain without result. The rhinoceros wanted more than the noise we could make to rouse him from his slumbers, and I was just about to fire at him when a dozen zebras suddenly appeared, crossing the plain in single file. As a matter of course, I now pointed my weapon at them, and hoped, so to speak, to be lucky enough to kill two birds with one stone, and it fell out just as I wished. Crack went the shot, there was a cloud of dust ; but this time one of the beautiful creatures lay on the ground, whilst the rhinoceros started up and revealed the whole of his huge bulk. As if annoyed at being disturbed, he tossed up his head, sniffed the air, and stared in our direction, but without shifting his position. Of course there was no chance of shooting him thus ; but the sight was so new to me that I should have gazed at him for some time longer if a sharp shower of rain had not come to our assistance. The rhinoceros lost scent of us, moved away, and thus exposed his whole flank to us. I was not very well up in the subject of rhinoceros shooting ; but I thought a good volley would not be amiss with such very big game, so I got my 500 Express rifle into position, and taking careful aim I fired. The rhinoceros shuddered, but

remained standing as if rooted to the spot; it needed a second shot to bring him to his knees, and we presently found him dead where he had been sleeping. Meanwhile the caravan had long been out of sight, so we had to leave our victims on the ground and hasten forward.

It was quite dark when we reached the camp, which, on account of a storm of rain, Count Teleki had pitched earlier than he had intended on the north side of the hill. The next day **Jumbe** Kimemeta took the men a couple of hours' farther march to the Sagana stream, whilst we remained behind to hunt; but we had no luck, and got back to camp late in the afternoon dead tired, and with absolutely empty hands.

From Sagana the route led straight to the mountain, and the dry yellow steppe grass and thorny acacias were exchanged for a varied flora reminding us of that of Europe. Soon after we had crossed the Huna stream, which flowed rapidly along in a deep bed, we came upon the first natives. Under their guidance we went on, under the shade of thickly growing hedges, flanked by banana-trees, till we came to Miriali's home. The crowds of natives who had watched our approach parted to make room for us, and then Sultan Miriali, chief of the little State of Marangu, wearing a bright-red flowing toga, appeared, and, offering us his right hand to shake, bid us welcome with the words, 'Yambo, Bwana.' In fluent Kiswahili, but with some little hesitation, he next inquired if he should show us where to camp, and led the way, followed by the whole community. We halted in a meadow with soft greensward, watered by a little gurgling brook about one foot wide, and surrounded by banana-trees. Miriali saw how delighted we were with this charming camping-ground, and, with almost Spanish politeness, he placed it at Count Teleki's disposal. He struck us as being a young man of a highly nervous temperament, and he now left us; but not so his followers, and we were soon surrounded by crowds

grumbling very much at the continuous rain. Here Count Teleki had a very dangerous visitor—a puff-adder with poison-fangs nearly an inch and a half long.

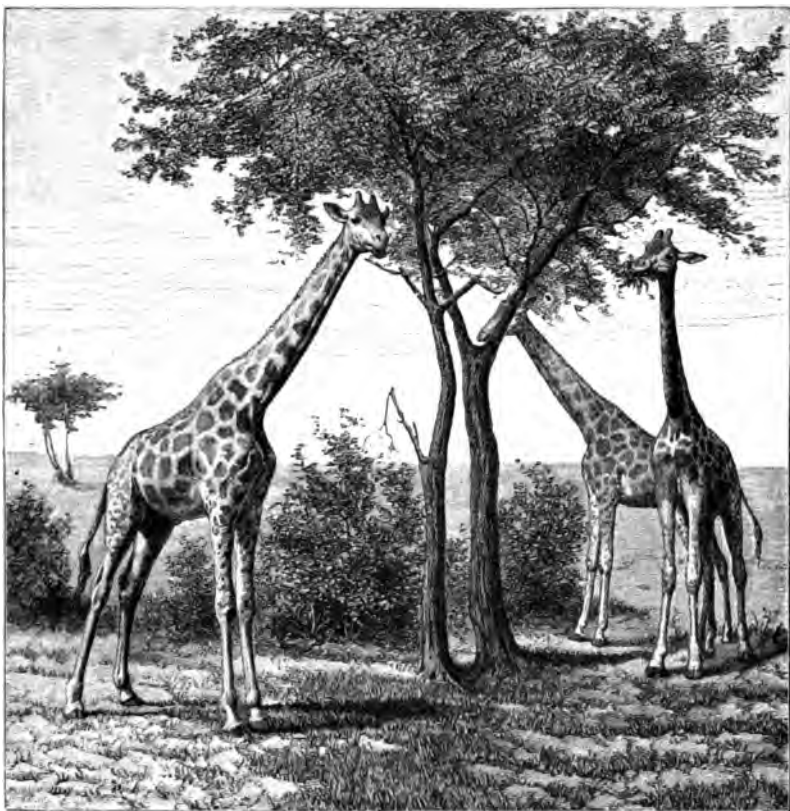
On April 20 we reached the Weruweru river, the largest of the Kilimanjaro tributaries of the Pangani, which is here a little more than twenty-two yards wide, and of considerable depth, flowing rapidly southwards. The whole Expedition was ferried over it in our canvas boat, but first some of the men had to swim across with a rope, a rather perilous task, as all these rivers are full of crocodiles. There is not much risk in deep water, because the monsters cannot strike a really formidable blow with their tails unless the body rests on the ground. The chief danger was on the banks, so we always fired a volley before we sent the men into the water. We had only one boat with us, and it took two hours and a half to get the men and bales over. The cattle and donkeys we simply drove into the river, and the former swam over bravely enough, but the latter, though they knew perfectly well how to swim, seemed to lose their heads in deep water, and drifted dangerously downstream. Sheep and goats always have to be carried, even over quite shallow brooks.

After crossing the Weruweru we bore westward, and camped at one o'clock near a little stream called the Kikaso. The districts traversed were now much more open; baobabs, with low bushes and thickets of sansevieria, were almost the only vegetation.

In the densely wooded districts through which we had lately passed we had hunted in vain, all the large game preferring the open plain. The only traces of wild animals were the heaps of elephant dung, which were often the height of a man, and were extremely useful to us, as they generally remained dry, and served us for fuel when nothing else was to be had. Although our cook had grown grey in African travel, and was

quite an adept at fire-making, it was often a very long business, most trying to our patience, and, generally speaking, a shelter had to be erected to begin with.

We had nearly exhausted the food we had brought with us, and as we were anxious to save our cattle, we had to fill the



GIRAFFES.

men's pots with game. So in the afternoon we went off hunting, Count Teleki in a southerly and I in a westerly direction, the other side of the stream, whilst the men tried their luck at fishing.

I found an open steppe on the west of the Kikaso, with some pretty thick vegetation in the distance. The first glance

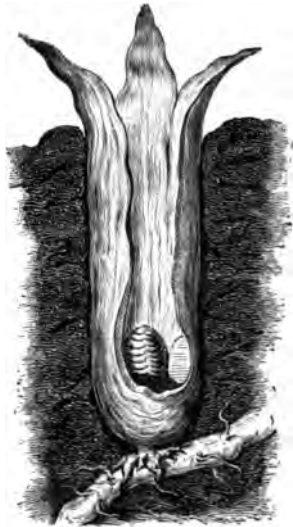
was not particularly reassuring, and only after a long search with the help of glasses did I spy a small herd of giraffes browsing far away to leeward. Giraffes are very difficult to stalk, as their long necks enable them to see over the bushes, and, besides, they always keep a good look-out. With very little hope of a satisfactory result, I set to work to hunt the shy creatures. As the wind was unfavourable to me, I had to make a wide detour; but I had hardly stepped on to the plain, leaving the bush behind me, before I came quite suddenly upon a rhinoceros. A shot from my rifle, calibre 8, made it whirl round several times and dash off with a speed no one would have expected from such a heavy animal. When it was some 200 paces off it stopped, swayed to and fro for a few moments, then, as the blood poured from its mouth, it fell down dead.

A little later I came upon a pair of rhinoceroses standing carelessly at the edge of a thicket, one completely caked with brown mud, the other of a black colour. This time I fired with my 500 Express rifle, at a distance of some seventy paces, at the shoulder of the larger of the two animals. The wounded creature dashed away, whilst the other, after hesitating a moment, followed it, and I found one lying dead in the bush, the other standing beside it. For the third time I fired, bringing down my third rhinoceros. In each case my charge had taken effect behind the shoulder-blade and pierced both lungs. I felt I had done enough now, and, leaving my gun-bearer beside my trophies, I returned to camp to send men out to fetch the meat.

Count Teleki had not been so successful, as he had only brought down two fine water-bucks, and had sighted no other game. The so-called water-buck is one of the finest of the antelope family. Except for the antlers, it greatly resembles in form, colour, and size the noble stag of Europe. It takes its name from the fact that its habitat is always near running water.

As we had now plenty of meat for the men, Count Teleki decided to rest a day and enjoy some more hunting. After a rainy night the morning broke clear and bright, and we started off this time together in high spirits, but only to be disappointed, for the morning slipped away without our having seen any big game at all; on the other hand, we had a very pleasant ramble in beautiful scenery, the vegetation at its freshest and greenest, the shrubs in flower, and even the baobabs, generally so bare and grey, were now putting forth new shoots. The soft air which swept across the steppe was laden with sweet scents, the birds were chirping happily, and we ourselves felt a kind of intoxication in the midst of all the beauty surrounding us.

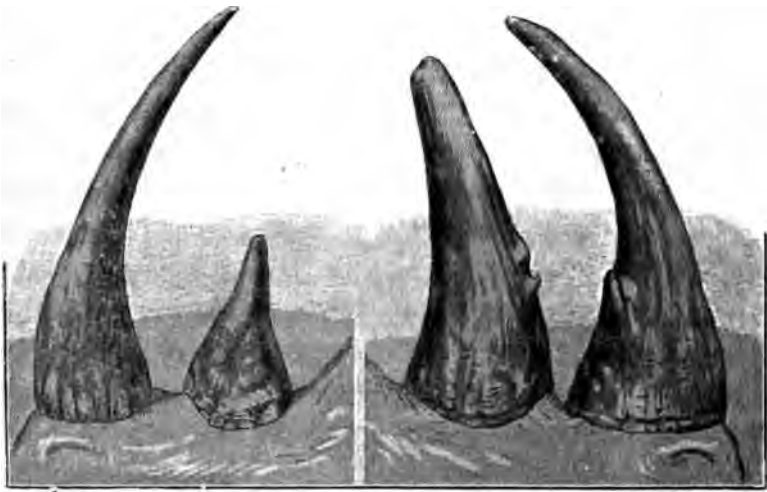
A baobab that has, if I may so express it, died of old age presents a very singular appearance. It splits open, and the silver-grey bark, with the brittle white inner wood, falls off in strips, making a heap of wreckage which, bleached by wind and sun, looks from the distance so exactly like ruined tents that we were quite deceived till we examined one of them closely. Of the flowering plants, a kind of root-parasite especially struck us, consisting of single red blossoms about a foot long, which, with their stems, were almost hidden in the ground. We found them along the banks of the Kikaso, but nowhere else. Our Somal, who were familiar with them in their own land, called them *likke*, and ate them raw. They have an acrid watery taste, and, especially when decaying, emit a putrid odour. They belong to the Cytinaceæ genus, and are known



HYDNORA AFRICANA.

to botanists as the *Hydnora africana*. The fleshy flowers of those we saw were some twelve to sixteen inches long, and consisted of a single cup-like flower, the outer rim of which is cut into four lips.

We dreamed away the hot mid-day hours stretched out upon the greensward opposite Kibo, which now showed its head again, and resumed our walk in the cool of the afternoon. Flocks of vultures and storks guided us to the remains of my yesterday's victims, and then we bore in a south-westerly



HORNS OF THE RHINOCEROS BICORNIS.

direction. A water-buck disturbed in its siesta, which sprang up suddenly almost at our feet, was the only game which came within range. We both missed him; but I followed on his track, whilst Count Teleki went on in the original direction, so that we were separated in a very unexpected manner. With two attendants to carry my guns, I penetrated into a very wild and lonely district, where the baobab-trees were closer together and the ground was strewn with great blocks of volcanic rock, half-hidden in the long grass. But there was nothing to shoot, and I was beginning to console myself with botanising, when we



came on numerous fresh buffalo-spoors. The animals had evidently only just passed, as the peculiar musk scent there always is about them still lingered in the air. We followed the tracks carefully, but did not come up with the buffaloes, though we surprised a rhinoceros and very nearly had a mishap with him. We had only just noticed an ominous grunting in the thick bushes on our right, when crash went some branches, and a huge brownish-black beast dashed out with such tremendous impetus that I had only just time to step backwards into the bush and avoid the charge. I saw my two men fleeing before the lowered head of the rhinoceros, then I lost sight of them, and all was still. In the greatest anxiety, I shouted to them, and to my delighted relief they both answered. Simba had with great presence of mind turned aside into the bush, and though he was a good deal scratched, he escaped. The other man had been in no real danger, but in his fright he had flung away my rifle, and we found it afterwards with both barrels stopped up with earth. We were a good bit upset by the surprise, and went on cautiously enough after this, expecting to see some huge beast behind every bush. It was beginning to get dark when we really did come upon another rhinoceros standing just in our path. My charge took effect, however, and he went off apparently mortally wounded, but it was too late to follow him.

It had not rained all day, but at midnight it began to pour, and continued steadily till twelve o'clock the next morning. Our poor men had a bad time of it, as it was impossible to keep the fires alight. They looked as miserable as the weather the next morning, and the reproachful glances they cast at us said as plainly as possible that they considered us out of our minds for choosing to travel in the rainy season. But we were not to be daunted, and though we were obliged to wade through water nearly up to our thighs, and our clothes were wet up to the waist, the green of the thickets looked all the fresher and

brighter for the wet. Still, after three hours' marching under these conditions even we had had enough of it, so we halted just where we happened to be. The thermometer registered + 20° Centigrade, but we all gathered shivering round our cook, who was this time more than half an hour before he could get a fire. Our march had been along the left bank of the Kikaso and across the two streams with troubled milky waters alluded to in Baron von der Decken's travels; and before we reached them we passed one of the camping-places of the English sportsmen, who had started a few weeks earlier intending to explore the virgin hunting-grounds on the south of Mount Meru, but, as related in Sir John C. Willoughby's 'East Africa and its Big Game,' they heard such disquieting rumours at Kikaso of the number of Masai in the neighbourhood that they decided to turn back. I may add here that travellers are often falsely informed, partly unintentionally, as there are always many stories about of the approaching of the dreaded Masai, and partly intentionally, the caravan people deceiving them in the hope of preventing them from going farther.

Hunting was anything but pleasant work in the swampy, densely overgrown woods, and Count Teleki came home after an afternoon expedition empty handed but in good spirits, as he had seen a great quantity of big game, including four rhinoceroses standing close together to leeward. He had not got within range when a fifth rhinoceros rose up from the long grass and made straight for him. This was exactly what he wanted; but it happened at rather an awkward moment, as he was just tightening a shawl he was wearing on account of the cold and damp. The rhinoceros was close upon him before he could get his rifle in position; but the charge took effect, the animal whirled round once, and then disappeared in the thicket. Count Teleki followed his track for some distance, but abandoned it later, as he came in sight of a herd of twenty-

two giraffes. On such an open tract, however, he found it impossible to come within range of these shy creatures, so he presently gave them up to return to his rhinoceros, only to swerve aside once more to shoot a water-buck, which, though sorely wounded, got away. Pursuing it into the ever thickening bush, the Count surprised three rhinoceroses, who broke through the wood, snorting furiously; a flying shot at one of them was all he could achieve, and as it was now nearly dark he was obliged to give up further hunting.

According to our men, they often heard lions roaring when we were asleep, so we determined to keep watch ourselves to-night for the first time. One lion made the circuit of our camp, for though it was too dark to see it, we could hear its deep bass voice. We were unprotected by any hedge of bushes, but the yelling of the natives was enough to make the king of beasts keep his distance.

On the next day, April 24, we crossed the Kikaso, and, bearing westwards, came to the flat landscape between Mounts Kilimanjaro and Meru. We were now in sight of the densely populated Masai district of Sigirari, and we could make out the herds of cattle, some of them numbering thousands, belonging to the natives. In addition to these, an unusual number of wild animals haunted the flat green steppe watered by the Engilata river, fringed with dark-green trees. Ostriches, zebras, antelopes, gazelles, and giraffes wandered about in regular herds so near the cattle of the Masai that they looked as if they belonged to them. There were plenty of rhinoceroses too, and Count Teleki brought one down with a lucky shot at about 300 paces from our track. Our men sprang upon the body with screams of delight, and began at once to cut off the flesh with their knives, each eager to secure a good portion of the fat of the abdomen, which they consider the best part.

Very soon, like a speck in the sky, scarce visible to the

naked eye, appeared the first vulture. So keen is the vision of birds of prey that they can spy the very tiniest morsel anywhere in a vast range of space. Before long the vultures formed a cloud above us, circling ever nearer, till they settled on the ground close by us, to wait patiently till we left the remains of the feast for them. They came so near that we could have thrown stones at them ; but they showed no shyness whatever, as no one ever drives them away. After the vultures came the so-called marabout storks. Directly we turned our backs on the prey the foul creatures were at work upon it, and the struggle for the best bits, especially the entrails, began again, whilst the storks marched round and round like sentries, ready, as they cannot get the flesh off the bones themselves with their long bills, to pounce on the portions secured by the vultures. We never saw the vultures make any fight for their spoil, although they were bigger and stronger than the storks.

We had still a long way to go that day, so we left the vultures and storks to their banquet and passed on across the bare steppe on the west of the Kikaso. That portion between it and the Engilata river we found to be dotted with little hills from 16 to 30 feet high and covered with what looked like molehills. We had noted this peculiar formation from a distance, and had hoped to examine it closely ; but all our attention was now concentrated upon the natives, who, like the vultures, spied us from afar, and gathered about us in ever increasing numbers from every side. We watched their approach with the greatest interest, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, waited, to exchange news with them. The composed and unembarrassed manner in which they greeted us and offered us their hands contrasted forcibly with the shyness of most wild negro tribes. The way they chatted and laughed was really charming. During the short halt some fifty or sixty natives gathered about us ; of course we whites were the chief objects

Our donkeys and cattle, which were suffering dreadfully from the immense numbers of flies of different kinds, we sent with an escort of eight men to Miriali. We also sent a certain quantity of thick copper wire, begging him to have it made into the little chains that are so much sought after in Masailand.

Another party of men, sent off the day after our arrival, were charged to go to the nomad Masai on the Dariama to buy seventy dressed half-tanned oxhides to make saddles for our pack-animals; whilst a third contingent, under one Juma Mussa Naddim Balosi, was sent to Useri to buy goats. This Juma we had recently hired from James Martin, who was still in Taveta, for thirteen dollars a month. He was a native of Tanga, in the prime of life, had made many journeys in Masailand, spoke the language well, and was altogether very experienced. He told us that Useri, in the Jagga district, would be the best place for buying goats, but he only brought back four, the fact being that they are very scarce in the whole of the Kilimanjaro neighbourhood.

On the morning of May 21 Schaongwe came back with his caravan. He had marched with his men to Tarawanda, at the foot of the Usambara range, half-way between Masinde and Mautui, where he found one hundred loads, brought there from Mawia by Jumbe Kimemeta. On his way there Schaongwe had lost two of his Askari, who had gone off with the stores of provisions he had brought for his men, and when he got to Tarawanda twenty porters and the second guide, Nassid wadi Ferhan, declared quite openly that they meant to go to Pangani, an intention they did not fail to carry out. Moreover, Schaongwe found that nearly every load had been opened and some of the contents stolen, Sultan Sembodja conniving at the theft. After waiting a long time for the return of the men from Pangani, Schaongwe started again, but he had to leave twenty-three loads behind him for want of porters. He allowed himself no time

to rest, however, and two days later he was again on the way to Tarawanda with thirty men.

At this time the Church Missionary station at Mochi, on Kilimanjaro, was in regular monthly postal communication with Mombasa. Only small weights, I believe, of from about twenty-two to twenty-six pounds, were carried in each parcel; but the transit was effected in the remarkably short time of five days, and as the post always touched at Taveta, we were able to get a good many necessary articles by its means.

It took us about a week to get everything straight in the caravan, but after that we had leisure for other occupations, and Count Teleki availed himself of it to go off for five days' hunting near Lake Jipe, with the results recorded in the following extracts from his journal:—

‘*May 27.*—I started with thirty men in the direction of our former camp by the lake, and I had hardly left the forest of Taveta behind me before I brought down two Mpala antelopes from a considerable distance. We reached the old camp at four o'clock in the afternoon.

‘*May 28.*—We marched nearly to the southern end of the lake and camped, passing on the way the remains of a recently killed colossal elephant, which had already been deprived of its tusks by the Wandorobbo, or Wakemba. My bag to-day consisted of six guinea-fowls and an East African partridge. The weather was beautiful after all the rain, the sky cloudless, the sun very hot in the day, but the nights were cool.

‘*May 29.*—With Maktubu, Bedue, and the Somal, Mahommed and Kharscho, who formed my usual hunting-staff, I now scoured the wild bush on the east of the lake. The game was unusually shy, and it was only after a lot of trouble that we brought down two Mpala antelopes. Then the lynx-eyed Bedue spied a rhinoceros some 800 paces off under the shade of a solitary bush. We approached cautiously till we were about forty paces

from it. We were under very good cover, but I could not see the animal well enough to fire, so I had to step out in the open. The rhinoceros, which had probably already scented his danger, no sooner saw me than he charged full upon me. I fired from the shoulder with my 577 Express; there was a loud report, but no apparent result, the animal dashing on without a pause. I was now for a moment the hunted instead of the hunter, the rhinoceros following my zigzag course only, fortunately, to rush beyond me. A second shot was now possible. I fired, but too low; however, after running another two hundred paces the animal stood still. Bedue, who had been very much in my way when I shot the second time, now, in excited delight, rushed at my victim; why, I cannot imagine. Anyhow he drove the animal away, for it dashed off, and though we followed its track for some time we lost it, chiefly because, coming upon quite fresh elephant-spoors, we turned aside for them; also in vain, for we saw nothing more. Our rest at night was constantly disturbed by the grunting and splashing of the hippopotami in the lake.

'*May 30.*—I made a very successful double shot, bringing down two Mpala antelopes at once. I left two men in charge of them and went on. Very soon these men rushed breathlessly after me to tell me they had seen three lions. Traces of these animals could be clearly made out, but they led into a thorn thicket, into which it was impossible to follow them. On the way home I shot a wild hog and a couple of guinea-fowls.

'*May 31.*—I had the tents struck, and went hunting with my whole caravan back to the camp on the upper lake. The results were small and not worth the trouble taken. I had



HORNS OF MPALA  
ANTELOPE.

many a breathless chase after giraffes on this march, but I got not a single shot. A dwarf antelope no bigger than a hare was all I brought down that day.'

On June 1 Count Teleki, and also the men under the charge of Tom Charles, got back to Taveta. Tom had brought his mission to a successful termination. He had rather fallen out of favour with us, but we had been mistaken in our judgment. He was not very big, but as strong as a Hercules, and his face was marked with many a scar which he had won in drunken brawls. We had ordered him to inflict a flogging on some offender, and he had refused to do so, as he could not bring himself to hit a fellow-man. His behaviour seemed absurd, but the discipline of the caravan was not then such as to warrant the personal chastisement of a guide, and the matter was passed over. From many a subsequent experience we found that Tom Charles really was a most tender-hearted fellow.

A second series of astronomical observations was now necessary, to determine the condition and rate of our chronometer, after which we set to work in earnest at our preparations for ascending Kilimanjaro. We decided to send Juma Mussa and another man on two days in advance to tell Miriali of our approach. They started early in the morning, but to our surprise came back to camp in a few hours, and Mussa told us in excited Tanga-Swahili that they had with great difficulty escaped from a band of some thirty or forty Masai warriors. We believed this story, as there were often numbers of Masai prowling about in the neighbourhood of Taveta; but an hour later two men and a woman from Mwika came into camp, and we naturally asked them if they too had seen these warriors. They said, 'No; no Masai moran; but we did see two Wangwana, who stopped when they saw us a hundred yards off, and then turned tail and ran away as fast as their legs would carry them.'



fired, they would all hurry away together, and only approach again with shrinking timidity. Although they were evidently very poor, these natives of Kilimanjaro were better formed and healthier looking than those we had seen to the south of the mountain, probably because the soil is not so fertile here, and they are obliged to work harder to get a living. In spite of this they are generally beaten in a fight, but that is the fault of their weapons and their want of guns. Their spears are smaller and not of such good metal as those of other natives of these parts, for they are much less often visited by caravans and therefore get less iron wire. Their oval-shaped shields are from about 12 to 16 inches broad and from 24 to 31 inches long. They are not nearly so much ornamented as those of most Masai tribes, and altogether the get up of these mountaineers is much simpler than that of their neighbours in the south. The only garment of the men is a girdle of undressed oxhide from about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches broad, whilst most of the women wear nothing but a strip of beautifully dressed brown kid-skin about a foot broad round their loins. Some of the elder women, however, sport spiral brass ornaments on their arms and legs and a head-dress of large blue beads, which stands away from the hair like a little tuft; and a few of the girls wear strips of leather decked with cowry shells on their feet. It was a pleasure to note that their ears are not distorted, both sexes wearing only from one to three little tin rings in the lobes. We saw neither iron chains nor small jagga beads here, only the common white china *sambaj* and the green or blue glass rings called *murtinarok*. What were most in demand were the red *samesame* Masai beads, about the size of a pin's head. The natives did not care so much for the white *uschanga* beads, and, like all the people of Jagga, they disliked dark blue ones.

We were often able to see Kilimanjaro during this halt,

and a glance was enough to show us that the eastern side must be less fruitful than the more favoured southern districts. Here, as there, is a girdle of primæval forest, but there are much fewer grassy openings, and only two deep ravines break the monotony of the barren or grass-clad ridges above the wood. The slopes seem completely covered with a thick layer of ashes, into which all the water sinks, not reappearing until the plain is reached.

The Wajagga living on the east side of Kilimanjaro cultivate two kinds of beans, with eleusine, sweet potatoes, and tobacco, but neither maize nor sugar-cane. The mountain pastures cannot support their cattle, which are most of them taken to graze in the grassy plains below. Almost every day one sees a long procession of men and animals wending their way down to the steppes, and three hours later returning, the men carrying heavy loads of grass on their heads.

We had plenty of time for hunting in our two days' stay here, and as usual the Count and I went in opposite directions so as to secure a larger extent of ground. But we neither of us got much; the game was very shy, and consisted chiefly of waterbucks, hartebeests, and zebras. The first day, Count Teleki brought home a hartebeest which he had killed by a lucky shot at a distance of 300 paces. I had a zebra hunt, during which I had an encounter with a rhinoceros. Zebras are very inquisitive, and often let the hunter approach in the open to within 200 or 300 paces of them, and on this occasion a beautiful plump female paid for her curiosity with her life. We were just going to cut our victim up when two rhinoceroses appeared in the distance. They had evidently been disturbed in a nap by our firing, and now trotted angrily into the open. Though more than 400 paces off they swerved aside when they saw us and then dashed upon us with the speed of racehorses. Of course, as usual, my black companions took to their heels,

making for a solitary little tree some distance off. I saw it was hopeless to think of reaching it, and there was not so much as a blade of straw for cover anywhere. And behind the dead zebra, which would have been better than nothing, three of my men were already crouching. There was nothing for it but to brave the situation out, so I knelt on one knee, the better to take aim, and, my elephant gun in my hand, waited to fire till I could hope to kill. But it seemed a long time



ATTACKED BY RHINOCEROSSES.

before I could get a chance of covering the shoulder of either of the huge beasts, and I knew a shot would be useless anywhere else. So I did not pull the trigger till one of the animals was only some eight or ten paces off. The force of the heavy bullet, propelled by half an ounce of powder, would at least, check its charge. I saw it stagger and fall, but the next moment it was on its feet again. It was not killed, but its ardour was cooled, for it turned away, followed by its

companion. Twice it seemed about to fall and I did not think a second shot would be necessary, but it got away with undiminished speed, and, though we followed it for some distance, we lost it.

The second day we only brought down a little game, including a small female gazelle, without horns, and of a light bay colour. We could not make out to what species she belonged; we only knew that she gave us excellent steaks. We never met with a similar specimen.

On the third morning our men arrived with the loads we had left at our Rombo camp. With them came six natives of Marangu, sent to us by Miriali, with the rest of our copper mikufu. They also brought a letter from Dr. Meyer and Count von Eberstein, in which those two travellers told us something of their partial ascent of Kibo.<sup>1</sup>

The endless delays caused by the difficulty of getting all our loads forward at once suggested to us the idea of turning our cattle to account as pack-animals. We had several strong young bulls amongst them, but all our efforts to train them to carry loads by putting empty saddles on their backs were fruitless, for they simply exhausted themselves in the struggle to get rid of the unusual incubus.

Useri was the last place from which flight was possible to our porters, for they would not dare to go from the encampment at Kimangelia, on the threshold of Masailand. As suggested by Jumbe Kimemeta, therefore, we secretly placed a strong body of guards a little distance from our camp, but it was not needed, for no one tried to escape in the night.

Glad to be quit at last of a constant anxiety, we started again on the 22nd. The path now led in a north-westerly

<sup>1</sup> Later, Dr. Meyer, accompanied by Herr Purtscheller, reached the summit of Kibo (19,700 feet high), made several attempts to ascend Kimawenzi, but were finally compelled to turn back at a height of 16,140 feet.—TRANS.

direction, across a monotonous tract of country, dotted here and there with trees and bushes in increasing numbers, with patches of recently burnt grass, which reflected the glare in a way which had already caused us so much suffering. But presently, to our relief, we entered a sheltered wood, where we soon camped beneath the shade of some lofty trees rising up like islands from the rest of the wood. This spot was a perfect gem in its way, the trees growing, as Thomson remarked before us, as straight as firs to a height of from 100 to 130 feet before they put forth their wide-spreading crown of leaves, the spaces between the trunks being so filled in with creepers, &c., that we had to clear a space with axe and knife before we could pitch our tents. A soft twilight reigned in this sylvan retreat, and the air was like that of spring in Europe, for neither the rays of the sun nor the cold south-west wind still blowing could penetrate into it.

We were now already at a height of 4,617 feet above the sea-level and two and a half hours' march from Kimangelia, the farthest outpost of Jagga, on the confines of Masailand. Our camp was at the fork of two little swampy watercourses. It would, of course, have been better to be nearer a village so as to get food easily, but we always had to look out for water in the first instance, so that our march thus far had really been from stream to stream.

The districts north of the frontier settlement of Kimangelia are inhabited by nomad Masai, who are unable to supply caravans with any food worth mentioning, as they dare not own much cattle for fear of its tempting their powerful neighbours, so that it was necessary to get sufficient supplies here for the twenty-five days' journey to Kikuyuland.

Another caravan having joined ours here, we now numbered over 450. The conditions on which we admitted the traders and their men to our common camp were

simple enough. Count Teleki insisted on implicit obedience from all, and made it also a condition that no shooting should be allowed as it would scare the game. We were also to have the first pick of everything offered for sale by the natives, and in return the traders had the protection of our presence, and were relieved from the hongo or tribute-money, which is very heavy in Masailand.

We needed a very considerable quantity of provisions, so we sent Juma Mussa to Malamia, chief of Useri, with a present and an entreaty that he would allow the opening of a big market for us the next day.

The natives who poured in soon after our arrival told us that there was no Masai kraal within three days' journey, so that we were unable to buy donkeys as we had hoped to do. After much consultation Count Teleki decided to push on at once himself and leave me behind to buy provisions. This would save a lot of time as the Count would send back the animals without returning himself.

On July 24, then, Count Teleki started with Jumbe Kime-meta and 215 men. The 50 men left with me received enough stuff and beads to buy a fortnight's provisions for themselves, and had to look after their own needs. At 7 o'clock every morning the natives, men and women, came in, bringing bananas, potatoes, beans, eleusine, and banana meal, and the vast camp presented a most animated scene, the men of the caravans converting their turbans, shirts, &c., into sacks in which to carry off their purchases. To keep order and prevent thefts, these extempore sacks were weighed and marked with a label stating name of owner and amount of contents.

Beyond the group of trees, beneath which our camp was pitched, there was very little worth looking at; only a stretch of dreary black scorched steppe, with nothing to relieve its monotony but a few guinea-fowls. Now and then, however,

Kilimanjaro revealed itself. The clouds cleared off and the mighty mountain presented a picture of which one could never weary. Especially noteworthy were the pillar-like denticulations and peaks of rugged Kimawenzi. The appearance of the saw-like outlines, as seen when looking in a north-westerly or south-easterly direction, leave little room for doubt that Kimawenzi is all that is left of a now extinct volcano, the north-east side of the crater of which was cleft open to one half of its height in a mighty eruption, so that the greater part of the wall was broken up into huge ravines and gorges, which look accessible from the plain. The eastern side of the summit of Kimawenzi consists of a perpendicular wall many thousands of feet high, which was evidently originally the inner portion of the crater.<sup>1</sup>

We had very little success in hunting here, but my heavy gun brought down one rhinoceros, embedded in the thick skin of which we found an arrow point shot by some Ndorobbo.

Under these conditions I was naturally eager for a change, so that I was very glad when in the afternoon of the 27th Maktubu and ninety men arrived, bringing a letter for me from Count Teleki, from which I will give an extract here.

‘On the first day’ he said, ‘we only marched for a little over two hours, and camped by a clear brook. On the east the land sinks in two terraces to the plain, and the courses of the streams are marked by dark lines of foliage, but the country seems quite uninhabited.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hans Meyer, who, with Herr Purtscheller, twice ascended Kimawenzi to the foot of the ice-cap, 16,830 feet, being the greatest altitude reached, confirms in almost every particular the opinion of the author. Dr. Meyer thus describes his surroundings at this height: ‘We stood on the brink of an abysmal gulf, surrounded by an array of peaks and spires and pinnacles impossible to describe; on this, its eastern side . . . the mountain sinks sheer downwards into a gigantic cauldron, the sides of which are scarred with innumerable rugged ravines . . . I was at first inclined to believe that here we had the original vent of the ancient volcano, but I could not reconcile this supposition with the prevailing dip of the beds of lava.’—*First Ascent of Kilimanjaro*, p. 178.

‘During the march I had seen a good deal of game of different kind, so in the afternoon I went hunting. We were just entering a dense thicket when a rhinoceros rushed out upon us. He was courteous enough to announce his approach with a snort, so that I was ready for him, but a ball from my 577 Express rifle fired at his head only brought him down for a minute. He was up again directly, received another ball, and rushed away. I followed him, to find him standing at the edge of the wood, and gave him another charge in the shoulder which made him seek the shelter of the bush. I had to go after him there at the risk of a sudden onslaught, but I managed to finish him off with a final shot in the neck. Two of my balls had passed right through him.

‘Later in the day we came upon some buffaloes hidden in an overgrown ravine near the plain. We had approached the thicket without the slightest suspicion, and only when we were some twenty paces from it did an unexpected noise warn us of danger. The next minute we saw the bushes part, and the head of a buffalo with mighty horns appear. I was only able to get a flying shot with my 500 Express rifle, which I happened to have in my hand, and the whole herd, some twenty to thirty strong, dashed away in the opposite direction. It was getting dark, so that I was unable to follow up my game although there was a very distinct blood-spoor.

‘The next day another short march brought us to Ngare Rongái. The otherwise dreary landscape was brightened up by the presence of quantities of game, herds of zebras and gnus springing away from our path with graceful leaps and bounds. Without going one step out of my way I brought down a hartebeest, a gnu, and two zebras. There were many traces of Masai here, such as footprints and small holes made in the ground near them by the points of their spears. Some Masai came into camp, but only old men and women,



no warriors; and from them we learnt that we should not come to their people in any numbers till we reached Lake Nyiri.

‘Malago Kanga was a good  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours’ march from Ngare Rongái, and we got there the next morning before noon. ‘The otherwise uninteresting landscape is a perfect paradise for the hunter. Out of a herd of four zebras I passed on the march, I shot three. The first fell on its nose as if struck by lightning, the second tumbled backwards and died, the third made one spring in the air before it succumbed. Later a mother rhinoceros and her little one crossed our path. I fired at the former with the 577 Express at a distance of 180 paces. She staggered on some 50 paces, and then sank upon her knees dead. Her baby charged me so fiercely when I attempted to approach its mother that I could not spare it, though I should have liked to do so. The mother had the very longest horns I had so far seen.

‘From Malago Kanga, which means the guinea-fowl haunt, Jumbe Kimemeta will go on with twenty men to Lake Nyiri, whilst I shall wait here for the arrival of the rest of the caravan from Kimangelia.’

So far Count Teleki; now to return to Kimangelia. Maktubu and his ninety men had done the march back from the Count’s camp in one day, and tired as they were they brightened us up as much as if they had mustered 900 strong. The Zanzibar men were very proud of having come back from dreaded Masailand, and kept their comrades up late telling them of all manner of fabulous adventures and dangers through which they had passed unscathed. They had had plenty of meat too, and looked upon those who had stayed behind with contemptuous pity, showing them some little bits of flesh they had saved for them with an air of high and mighty condescension. It is on such occasions as this that the child-like *naïveté*

and boastful conceit of the natives of Zanzibar are most fully displayed.

After the men had had a day's rest we started again, taking with us no less than a ton and a half of food alone, consisting chiefly of dried bananas, beans, and banana and eleusine meal. The first day we marched past Count Teleki's camping-place to the Ngare Rongai, a little stream of clear water with scarcely any channel, flowing over the grassy steppes in an easterly direction for some thousand paces further, to disappear in the ground. Soon after we reached camp, ten or twelve Masai moruu came to demand the usual tribute, for though we formed but half a caravan, we were not to escape having to put our hands in our pockets. We asked where the moran, or warriors, were, and were told they were away on a raid. The same reply was given to Thomson to a similar inquiry, and, as a matter of fact, there are so few warriors in the dreaded Leitokitók district that they have to combine with their kinsmen on Lake Nyiri; but the tales told of the Masai are still quite enough to make a great impression on caravans passing through this neighbourhood.

Our camp was perfectly without shelter at a height of about 5,250 feet, and as there was a cloudy sky with a continuous fresh south-west wind blowing we had no reason to complain of the heat.

Our next day's march brought us to Malago Kanga. During the first hour the path led upwards across the dried-up beds of two streams to the flat top of a broad ridge which has a westerly slope and is gradually merged in the Kilimanjaro group. The sides of this mountain are dotted with luxuriant vegetation, lofty trees with gleaming white stumps, forming a belt at a height of from 6,550 to 6,880 feet, looking in the distance like perpendicular walls of rock surmounted by foliage. The second portion of the march was down

a gentle declivity and through a slightly undulating district ; except for the increase in the number of acacias, the land grew less and less fruitful as we advanced, the grass was sparser, whilst the ground was everywhere strewn with volcanic débris, &c.

Our camp was pitched on a flat stony hill, some 200 or 300 paces from a long, narrow ravine overgrown with rushes, the side towards the mountain being shaded by acacias, presenting, in the fulness of their foliage, a contrast to the miserable-looking trees we had passed by the way. On the west rose a few low hills covered with black volcanic rocks, whilst on the east the land sank, in one long terrace, to the plain which stretched far away to the foot of the Julu chain. There was very little grass, and that little was sear and dry ; even the reeds in the swamps were dead or trodden down by wild animals. In the distance we could make out a few thriving steppe plants, such as euphorbia, various kinds of succulent bush, aloes, and two kinds of Sansiviera,<sup>1</sup> but the ground was everywhere sandy and bare. This dreary wilderness was, however, tenanted by a great variety of birds, including two kinds of doves, starlings with gleaming steel-green plumage, beautiful nutcrackers with turquoise-blue feathers, several kinds of fowls, hawks, and vultures, marabout storks, and bustards, whilst a little farther away roamed herds of gazelles, antelopes, rhinoceroses, zebras, gnus, giraffes, ostriches, and wild boars. One night, too, we heard elephants in the swamp.

Count Teleki had, of course, not been idle during the previous days here, and had brought down a considerable quantity of game, including a grey tiger. He had also come into personal relations with the Masai, many having visited him soon after Kimemeta started for Lake Nyiri, to celebrate

<sup>1</sup> The Sansiviera so often mentioned by the author is named after the Prince of Sansiviero (1710-1776).—TRANS.

his arrival in their land with dance and song. Twice some of the warriors had actually spent the night in his camp.

Kimemeta was very kindly received by the people living by Lake Nyiri; they had at once killed an ox in his honour, and declared themselves ready to sell us donkeys and cattle if we would camp near them with our caravan.

The camping-place we now took possession of had been tenanted for weeks or months before by another caravan, and there was still a thorn hedge in good preservation protecting it. The very dangerous companions one may find in deserted camps, if they are not thoroughly cleansed to begin with, was proved by the fact that one of our men found to his horror a puff-adder—the largest and most poisonous snake of Africa—under the oxhide he had slept on!

Count Teleki decided to make one more march, with part of the caravan only this time, to Lake Nyiri, and fixed August 1 for the start. As he was now really going into the heart of the ill-famed Masailand, it was decided by the traders to hold what is called a *sadaka* on his behalf, that is to say, a religious ceremony to invoke the aid of God. A suitable spot was selected outside the camp, and the two biggest cooking-pots we had, filled with beans, were soon simmering over a big fire. Near by a black ox with legs bound struggled upon the ground, awaiting his executioner. At this primitive altar knelt the traders and their men, with faces turned north-eastward towards the grave of the Prophet, and prayed for the Count's happy return. Jumbe Kimemeta led the devotions, the Koran in his hand, whilst Muyuji Hamis swung the incense, which rose heavenward in clouds. It was, indeed, a touching sight to see these wild children of Africa on their knees in prayer. The proceedings were not over when a group of fifty or sixty Masai came up, and no notice being taken of their approach by the worshippers, they squatted down in two

groups of moruu and moran, puzzled to understand what it was all about, but at the same time unwilling to interrupt.

Though the Masai had brought two oxen and a goat with them, and were evidently quite well disposed towards us, Kimemeta addressed them indignantly, asking them why they had brought no donkeys and had come empty-handed, so that the moruu soon looked quite crestfallen. Meanwhile the moran, guessing from Kimemeta's raised tones that he was out of humour, thought they would mollify him by a little singing and dancing, so they treated us to an African quadrille, accompanied by a song, beginning the performance by springing into the air with limbs held rigid, whilst they swayed their heads up and down, so that their long twists of hair were tossed over the forehead and back again. Then forming in a long line as before described, they threaded the further mazes of the dance.

The division of the tribute then took place, occupying several hours, and it was not until the evening that the tiring business was over. The coolness of the evening air, however, now drew our visitors to the camp fires, where they took the best places, driving away our men, who looked cross enough, though they did not venture to resist. We therefore politely asked them if they would mind camping outside the hedge, upon which, without the slightest hesitation, they demanded fuel of our porters, as of course they, too, must have fires. Next they stuck their spears in the ground just outside Count Teleki's tent, and finally took themselves off. They never ceased talking and singing till cock-crow the next morning, and not one of them went to sleep.

On the morning of August 1 Count Teleki started again with the same men as before, leaving me behind. Our visitors all soon followed him, as did one of the oxen they had presented, a half-wild creature, which had nearly tossed everyone who approached him, had sprung over the hedge into the midst of

and younger brothers and sisters, eating meat and vegetables, and drinking milk. All is now changed. The moran must live on meat or milk alone; but must not take them together. Other travellers relate that a purgative is taken to remove all traces of milk from the stomach before meat is eaten, but this we did not ourselves verify. Even now a moran must not eat the flesh of a wild animal, and vegetables, honey, beer, &c., are also strictly forbidden. He must not smoke or take snuff, and would sooner eat his own cow-hide sandals than touch any of the prohibited luxuries. On a long journey, however, he is allowed to make one exception in favour of the gum of the acacia, which the Masai chew. The meals of the moran consist of lightly cooked or boiled meat, or of fresh and clotted milk. They look upon cooking milk as a crime, not liking even strangers to do it, so that they are very unwilling to sell milk.

They add a certain bark to the liquid in which the meat is cooked, which dyes it red, and this broth they drink. They take their meals in retirement,<sup>1</sup> and can eat an enormous quantity at one time.

The appearance of the young moran is now as completely changed as his mode of life. He receives from his father a spear with a blade nearly three feet long, a large elliptical shield of buffalo hide with the heraldic device of the district on the outside, in white, red, or black, a long straight sword, and a club made of heavy wood as hard as iron, or of rhinoceros horn. Firearms have not yet been introduced to Masailand, and it is only rarely that bows and arrows are used instead of spears.

<sup>1</sup> Thomson says, *à propos* of the meals of the moran: 'He must not be seen eating meat in the kraal, neither must he take it along with milk . . . so many days were devoted entirely to the drinking of new milk, and then, when carnivorous longings came over him, he had to retire with a bullock to a lonely place in the forest, accompanied by some of his comrades, and a ditto to act as cook . . . they killed the bullock . . . then opened a vein and drank the blood fresh from the animal . . . this sanguinary draught concluded, they proceeded to gorge themselves on the flesh.'—*Through Masailand*, pp. 251-252.

We shall learn later where these weapons are fashioned, for they are none of them of home manufacture.

Thus equipped, the young moran goes to the warrior kraal of his district, where amongst his comrades and the ditto or unmarried sweethearts he leads for a time a life of free love.<sup>1</sup> Although this is the custom of his country, he has to beware of certain consequences which may ensue.

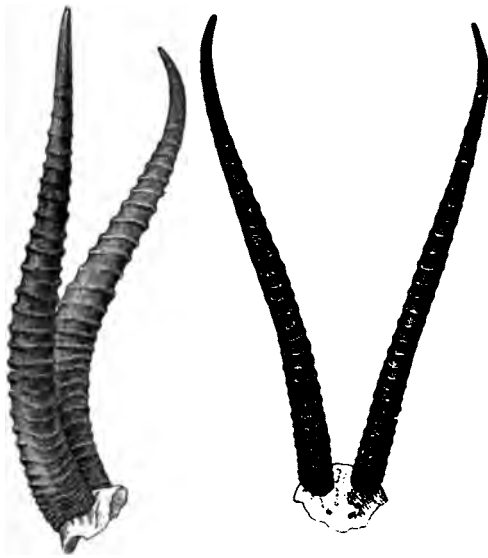
Now that he has come to man's estate the moran is bold, conceited, easily excited, and fond of thieving. His greatest desire is to dip his spear in blood, if it be only in that of some stray, half-starved porter, whilst his chief duty is to protect his district, and on this account the warrior kraals are situated near the most exposed portions of each division of Masailand.

A Masai kraal consists of an outer circle of huts, looking like brown cardboard honeycombs, varying in height from about three and a half to six feet, by nine or twelve feet in diameter. In the open space within this circle are a few smaller shelters for young calves and kids. The population of the kraal varies greatly in number, and some of them contain more than a thousand souls. When a change of pasture is necessary for the cattle, the framework of the huts is often taken up and, with the few milk-bowls, straw mats, calabashes, smoke-dried oxhides, and other household goods, packed on the donkeys and draught oxen or carried by the women. The exodus begins, and when fresh grazing grounds are reached the women have to rebuild the bumba.

The moran kraal differs from that of the moruu in having

<sup>1</sup> We did not ourselves see anything of the severe treatment of an unmarried girl about to become a mother, in the warrior kraal, alluded to by Thomson. Her lover would have to pay her father the fine of an ox, a goat, a sheep, and eight pots of honey, but it is not likely that a native of Africa would put his daughter to death for a slip from virtue, as she is to him merely a marketable article. What Thomson says, however, with regard to the preventive measures taken, was fully borne out by what we learnt.

The neighbourhood of Doenye Erok is a regular zoological garden. The steep slopes, especially near the base of the mountain, are clothed with luxuriant vegetation, chiefly acacias, the nickname of erok, or black, originating in the dark colour of the foliage. Moreover, the trees stand well apart and without the dense undergrowth usual in tropical Africa, and amongst them roam countless Mpala antelopes and a kind of wild dog. But for the sound of their footsteps and the occasional



HORNS OF GAZELLE (SPECIES UNKNOWN).

cry of a small hornbill with a slender red bill and mottled dark-green feathers, absolute silence reigned. We liked going to this wood just to watch the wild creatures in it.

The bush-grown steppe beyond the mountain was tenanted by numerous rhinoceroses, giraffes, zebras, wild boars, gnus, gazelles, ostriches, bustards, guinea-fowls, and part-

ridges. In half an hour's walk Count Teleki wounded four zebras, but he lost them all, as he had gone out alone, and did not like to go too far from the camp. When close home he also brought down an antelope of the size and shape and with the horns of a gazelle, but of the brownish-red colour of a European stag, with white hair on the abdomen. The following day he shot a rhinoceros and a wild boar, having seen two other rhinoceroses. The next afternoon the Count hunted along the eastern base of the mountain, where he was much hindered by



the numerous deep water-channels, mostly with perpendicular sides hollowed out of the laterite soil. He brought down, however, five Mpala antelopes and one gazelle Thomsoni. Whilst cutting up some of his game Count Teleki told two of his men to follow the course of one of these streams and try and find a suitable crossing-place. They came back almost directly with the news that they had come upon a lion tearing a zebra to pieces. The Count hastened at once to the spot and found the headless corpse of the zebra, but the lion was gone. His footprints could be clearly seen, however, and were promptly followed up. They led to a portion of one of the ravines over which the lion had evidently sprung, dropping his booty however, for the zebra's head lay on this side. The stream where the lion took his leap was nearly 11 yards broad by some 22 deep, and the sides were quite perpendicular.

The second afternoon of our stay here I, too, went hunting, choosing the direction of the wood, as, whether I was lucky as a sportsman or not, I was sure of plenty to interest me. And for a long time I watched the various creatures, coming close now to a mother antelope with her young, now to a pair of antelopes, without any idea of spoiling the idyll with a shot. I did not give hunting a thought till a great yellowish-brown creature suddenly came in sight at a distance of some eighty paces.

It was a giraffe, but I was so taken by surprise at seeing it so near to me, and so far from the steppes these shy creatures generally haunt, that I could not at first believe my eyes. I crept cautiously nearer so as to get a good view of the body and choose the best point at which to aim. The giraffe, a splendid full-grown male, did not budge, but went on feeding on the tender topmost leaves of an acacia, without the slightest suspicion of danger. Never had I had a chance before of anything but a flying shot at one of these noble animals, and my

heart beat like that of some cockney sportsman. All the hunter's zeal, laid to rest for a time amongst the quantities of game, awoke within me again, and as I approached I spied a second smaller giraffe and realised that the two were a pair who had withdrawn together to the forest. After long consideration as to where the heart might be in a body of a form so unfamiliar to me, I fired. The buck was wounded to death, and as he struggled in his last agonies, he turned slowly towards his wife, who stood rooted to the spot, her great gazelle-like eyes fixed on her mate. The hunting fever once aroused, I had lost all mercy, and I did not hesitate to fire at the female. Though both were now mortally wounded, the two remained standing, with their forelegs stuck out far in front of them, so I put a rapid end to their sufferings by firing again. The little wife was the first to die; she fell forwards, and then wound her long neck over on the left till her head almost touched her tail. I did not actually see the buck die, as I was watching the passing away of his mate. When I looked again he was lying upon his side quite dead.

A very good shot is required to bring down a giraffe. I killed both these animals with the 500 Express, which was a favourite weapon with us, as we could carry it ourselves, instead of having to depend on the men to hand it to us. It was light, extremely handy, and fired hardened spherical bullets, with six drachms of powder, with wonderful accuracy. Although I fired in this case at both animals at a distance of some twenty paces, it was from a minute to two minutes before either of them fell. I am sorry now that I did not measure the male. The size of the wild giraffes is ever so much greater than one would imagine from seeing them in zoological gardens only, and the largest elephant I saw on my wanderings did not impress me as half so imposing as a full-grown giraffe. The flesh tastes not unlike venison, of which we were unfortunately

not at first aware, as we had never tried it. The skin is nearly as thick as that of the buffalo, and tremendously tough.

I now sent two of my men back to camp to fetch some of the porters to help carry home the quantities of meat, and continued my walk through the wood. I soon came upon another giraffe, equally free from shyness or suspicion as were those already killed, but, as I was not very anxious to secure it, it escaped. My wanderings finally led me down to the bush-steppe, where I saw plenty of ostriches, but too far off to get a shot even with the long-range weapons we had with us. I also came upon another pair of giraffes, which gazed at me inquisitively and made no effort to escape. Though there was really no need to secure any more meat, I could not refrain from firing at the male. Mortally wounded, he tried to save himself from falling by standing with forelegs wide apart, whilst he swayed his long neck to and fro. A second shot brought him down. His wife ran off at the first shot for scarcely two hundred paces and then remained standing, gazing sadly at her mate, not even moving away when we busied ourselves about his corpse, which we covered over with thorny branches to protect it from hyenas and other beasts of prey.

The next day's march led us by good sandy paths first along the southern base of the mountain, where we had to cross many such deep channels hollowed out by rushing torrents as I have already described, then we skirted the eastern base, after which we bore in a northerly direction.

We passed quite close to two little Masai kraals with low huts made of thin pliable stakes stuck in the ground in a circle and bent towards each other at the top, the spaces between the stakes being filled in with interlaced branches, the whole plastered over with a mixture of cow-dung and earth. There is no opening except a small one for entrance and exit. As the cattle are all brought into the central space, round which

the huts are built, for the night, the ground is always covered with dung.

After not quite three hours' march we camped by the little Guaso Kidongoi or Kedong, a stream springing from the eastern side of the Doenye Erok and ending in a small swamp after an easterly course of about a mile and a half or two miles. Guaso, wasso, and ngare all mean water, brook, or river, and Kidongoi signifies quiver, a name it owes to the fact that the district through which it flows is overgrown with a species of branched euphorbia, from the stems of which the natives make their quivers.

The Masai, who at once came to our camp, were at first very surly, chiefly on account of some diseased cattle we had with us. To pacify them we let them pick out the affected animals themselves to be slaughtered. There were four altogether.

There were a great many Masai in this district, living chiefly in the undulating plain on the east of the mountain. As they never hunt, there is an immense amount of game in the neighbourhood, zebras, antelopes, and gazelles grazing close to the herds of cattle, as if they felt safer near them.

Count Teleki would have liked to press on the next day, but the traders wanted to remain to buy ivory, so for their sakes we stopped two days longer.

In some of the ravines on the mountain there were settlements of the Wandorobbo, that remarkable tribe of hunters, who live in small scattered parties with no connection with each other, throughout the greater part of Masailand. We met a few of them for the first time during our march along the Pangani. The word Ndorobbo means in Masai language poor folk without cattle or other possessions, and traders have added the Bantu Wa as a sign of the plural, calling them the Wandorobbo. In general appearance they are not unlike the

Masai, and when even experienced ivory traders see a Ndorobbo approaching with his quaint hunting-spear in his hand they cannot tell to which tribe he belongs without asking him. They also speak the Masai dialect though it is not their mother language, and they employ an idiom of their own in talking amongst themselves. They neither breed cattle nor till the ground, but keep bees and trade in ivory, so that naturally elephants are the game they chiefly hunt. The so-called Masai ivory is really supplied by them, as the Masai themselves never go hunting. For all that, the Wandorobbo are anything but good sportsmen, and are hardly able to get a living, although there is such a quantity of game in their neighbourhood, and they do not object to eating half-putrid meat. They therefore prefer to live near the Masai, from whom they can now and then buy cattle. Very often they cannot pay for it, and remain in the debt and power of their creditors, to whose interest, of course, it is to know where they are. As a matter of fact the Masai are, as a rule, well informed as to the number and size of the elephants shot by the Wandorobbo, and the latter are always very much embarrassed when there are any Masai in the camps of the ivory traders, their dealings with whom are conducted in secret, so that we very seldom came actually face to face with any of these timid people.

Hunting in the low grounds at the base of the mountain was as interesting as it was fruitful, and on the very first afternoon Count Teleki brought down a giraffe, a rhinoceros, and a spotted hyena, whilst two badly wounded giraffes got away. There are but few spotted hyenas in this part of Africa, and as we never molested them the Count would not have shot this one, but, catching only a fleeting glance at a yellowish-brown body moving about amongst the grass of the steppe, he mistook it for a leopard.

I set off with my gun under my arm to explore the course

of the Guaso Kedong, and with a view to losing no time I meant to resist every temptation to turn aside till I reached its swampy mouth. But at the edge of a little acacia wood bounding the swamp on the east a herd of zebras dashed past so very close to us that I could not help firing at one, which turned its side full towards us. It fell to the ground and remained motionless.

At the same moment we heard an extraordinary noise like the yelping of a young hound being flogged, and rushing to our victim we discovered that a young foal had been hidden by its mother's body. The bullet which had killed her had passed through its neck. We had some of the flesh of the foal cooked, and found that it tasted like broiled fish.

Early in the morning of the second day the traders assembled before Count Teleki's tent and begged for another reprieve as they had not yet concluded their ivory purchases. The Count yielded, and we shouldered our guns once more, determined at least to bring down game enough for the day's rations.

On August 14 we resumed our march, the traders having bought fifteen fine tusks, whilst we had succeeded in obtaining four more pack-animals. First we started along the base of the Doenye Erok till we reached its northern end, and then we crossed a dreary, unfruitful, undulating district in a north-westerly direction, Count Teleki bringing down three rhinoceroses by the way, arriving, after a long, hot march, at the waterhole of Bartimaro at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The neighbouring districts were inhabited by Masai, and the water, which was in a deep cistern-like cavity, forming part of the bed of a dried-up stream, encumbered with sand and débris, was carefully guarded by a party of natives, who drove our poor thirsty men angrily away. There was no other water nearer than several hours' journey, but not until

the tribute had been paid were our people allowed to lower their calabashes on cords and draw them up full.

There were plenty of acacias and bushes here, but very little grass; game was scarce, too, and we saw next to nothing but giraffes and hartebeests.

Our next march brought us to the waterholes of Seki in the same dried-up bed already described. There are some fifteen or twenty holes, about 12 to 18 feet deep, with water one foot deep at the bottom. We found that different natives had rights over the various holes, and that here, too, our men were driven away till presents had been given. Jumbe Kimemeta and the traders were very careful not to wound the susceptibilities of the natives, and superintended the drawing of the water themselves. They seemed to take to heart all the remarks made in their hearing, even if only by some conceited boy. The porters were assailed with all manner of abuse and bad language, but behaved in a most submissive, humble manner themselves.

Joseph Thomson implies in his account of his journey here that his people made the waterholes of Seki, but we learnt from the Masai that they were dug out by the Wakwafi, a powerful cattle-breeding tribe who once owned the district. In every rainy season the holes get filled up with sand and rubbish, and have to be cleaned out again and again as the water subsides.

The Masai of the neighbourhood own large herds of cattle, which they water here with the aid of primitive troughs made of stones and mud. Two women fill the troughs from leather bags, and the work is done very much more rapidly than we should have thought possible, some 2,000 animals being supplied with water in a few hours.

The humble demeanour of our men, of course, had an unfortunate effect upon the natives, who consider gentleness and

courtesy signs of weakness. So they became more impudent than usual, and two thefts were attempted in the afternoon. One moran snatched a piece of meat out of the hand of a porter and ran off with it. The porter yelled to him to bring it back, and as he did not obey, fired, missing the robber, who, however, dropped the meat. Another stole a wooden spoon from our cook, and was disappearing with it when one of our light-footed Somal caught him, wrenched away his booty, and gave him a good drubbing with it. Nothing further came of either incident, but a less satisfactory accident occurred to the traders. As already several times remarked, the people from the coast delight in making the natives wait upon them, and Kijanja, the guide and headman of Kimemeta's caravan, had made a moran fetch water and other things for him. As a pledge of faithfulness, the warrior had left his spear in Kijanja's tent, and came to fetch it in the evening after being paid for his work. But the spear had disappeared, and though the whole camp was searched for it, it could not be found. The traders offered the man another and much better spear, but he would have his own back and no other. The whole thing was in fact a trick; the moran had got one of his comrades to carry off the spear, and knew that he could get pretty well anything he liked out of the terrified traders. He demanded the value of ten cows in goods. The traders, who all hang together in their journeys in Masailand, got the goods together with much incense-burning and praying, the death of the thief being the principal thing asked of Heaven; and the moran eventually went off chuckling, with 200 coils of iron wire, 100 of brass wire, 100 strings of beads, and ten naiberes.

The traders, who were ashamed of the whole affair, tried to keep it secret from us, but the incense-burning betrayed them. Count Teleki would never have submitted to such an extortion, though he would have paid what he thought really fair. We



escaped scot free in the matter, except that we sacrificed one rocket, which the traders got us to let off in the evening. With a loud petition from the assembled crowd for the utter confusion and destruction of the thief and all his cattle the rocket sped heavenward and broke in a grand shower of fire in the direction of the Masai kraal, but nothing whatever came of it.

The ivory traders make it an invariable rule to keep friends with the Masai, even when doing so ruins their own undertakings. They are induced to act thus partly from fear, and partly because but for the friendly co-operation of the Masai they could not hope to discover the whereabouts of the Wandorobbo, from whom they buy their ivory.

The beginning of the next march was across a district of very much the same character as before: undulating ground sloping towards the west and fairly sprinkled with acacias, but with little grass. On the east the dreary Mavarasha hills rose to a height of about 6,400 feet, whilst in the north the view was shut in by the blue-grey wall of the Turuka plateau. As we advanced the district became more and more undulating, the trees rarer, till at last they disappeared altogether, whilst the grass became more and more luxuriant. In the last hour's march we rounded an isolated hill some 1,000 feet high, called the Doenye Lomeiboti, camping after four hours' tramp by the banks of the little Besil stream, at the southern base of the comparatively low Doenye Mellevo.

As the advance-guard of the caravan approached the camping-place, three rhinoceroses came in sight, lying together on the sandy slope of the mountain, so Count Teleki went off to hunt them, leaving the men to go on alone. As there was no cover whatever he had to fire at long range; but after they had escaped several times he finally brought them down. He did not rejoin the main body of the expedition, but continued to wander about alone, and presently I saw the porters

halt. As usual I was with the rear-guard, and was wondering what could be the matter when three men came running up, shouting that two rhinoceroses barred the way, and though the Koma or caravan flag had been unfurled in their faces they would not budge. I hastened to the front, and came upon a most interesting spectacle. There, directly in the path, stood the two huge beasts perfectly motionless, gazing at the caravan with their meek little eyes, looking like two Cerberi forbidding the passage. Opposite to them, at a distance of some three hundred paces, were all the men, one of them wildly waving the flag. This was no new situation to me, and fearing that one of the rhinoceroses might charge, I got into the right position without delay and fired at the shoulder of the nearest to me. The animal gave one groan only and fell to the ground, whilst his companion, taking absolutely no notice of the shot, remained stock still. I fired again almost immediately, and to my astonishment the second rhinoceros fell at once, a result I did not expect, as I used the small light 500 Express rifle. The delight of the men, who had watched the whole thing, knew no bounds, and some Masai who had joined the caravan were beyond measure astonished. They seized my hand again and again, spitting lavishly upon it, and murmuring their *Ngai* (God), which is their way of expressing wonder at anything unusual or incomprehensible.

Soon after this we camped. It is never possible to do much trading directly after arrival at a new camp, the natives being too much occupied in satisfying their curiosity and arranging about their hongo to care to fetch the cattle from their distant kraals, and as our donkeys needed rest and good fodder, which had been scarce the day before, we decided to halt another day.

The Besil stream by which we were camped rose a few hundred paces higher up at the foot of the Mellevo, flowed a

little further in a south-easterly direction, and then disappeared. In the rainy season it is swollen by two other rivulets from the Gurugeish Mountains and flows some distance farther, but it is not known in which direction. Near to us the stream was prettily bordered with rushes, papyrus, and castor-oil plants, and at the mouth there were little groups of acacias with fresh green foliage.



TAVALA, MORUO! TAVALA! (STOP, MORUO! STOP!)

After a night disturbed by the noise of numerous hyenas a lovely morning dawned. From our tent we could see four rhinoceroses, and Count Teleki soon went off hunting. He only brought one of them down, however, its fall being witnessed by the whole caravan. It is very interesting to watch a hunting episode from a distance, for when actually taking part in it it is impossible calmly to note every incident, and the whole thing is often much more exciting to a witness

than to the sportsman himself. In this case the Count fired at the animal nearest to him, which dashed off in the direction of a Masai moruo, who was approaching all unconscious of his danger. Directly the rhinoceros caught sight of him he charged, wounded to death though he was. Of course, the moruo took to his heels, and, though the animal soon fell dead, he continued to run as fast as his legs could carry him in spite of the shouts of the whole caravan assuring him that all danger was over. Our men were immensely amused at this ridiculous scene, though they would have acted in exactly the same way themselves.

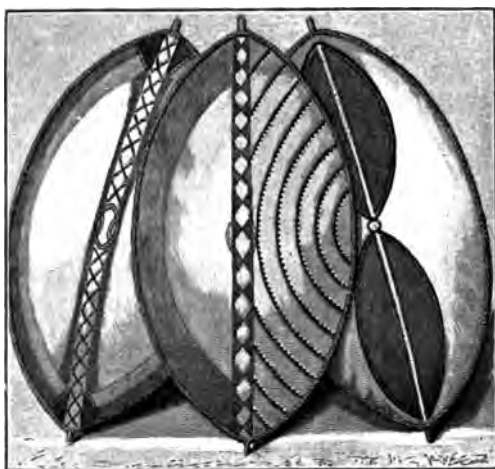
It would take too long to tell of all the Count's further adventures that day. Immense quantities of game, including four zebras, five gnus, and one hartebeest, were brought down, whilst one sorely wounded ostrich escaped with plumage dripping with blood. Count Teleki's account of the behaviour of some moran who accompanied him, when they became eager in the chase, was very interesting. On one occasion they went after a gnu which had been lamed by a shot, seized it by its horns and tail, and dragged it to the Count for him to give it its *coup de grâce*. As a reward they asked leave a little later to follow a slightly wounded hartebeest, and killed it with their spears.

Natives poured into the camp on this day, and from the devices on their spears we gathered that they belonged to the Matumbato, Dogilani, and Kapotei districts; the last-named spoke Kabudi. They did not bother us at all, and had the very greatest respect for our hunting prowess, of which they had already heard, speaking of us first as 'Ngai,' their word for God, and later as 'Moran,' which was, of course, an immense honour for us!

In the afternoon I started, accompanied by a moran, to climb Mount Lomeiboti, as I hoped to get an extended view

from the top. At the base of the mountain I came upon a great herd of zebras. I did not attempt to shoot any of the animals, which showed the most wonderful confidence in us, allowing us to pass within a hundred paces without moving. It took us some two hours to reach the peak, as the sides of the mountain were very steep. Huge blocks of quartz, some pieces almost transparent, strewed the ground. We noticed a great many elands, which are first-rate climbers, and greyish-brown (hornless?) antelopes about the size of a roebuck. We had a splendid view from the top, embracing Kilimanjaro and Meru, but a strong, icy-cold wind soon drove us down.

Just before sunset we had some trouble with a number of insolent Masai from



MASAI SHIELDS.

Kapotei, one of whom went so far as to fling his spear across the brook at one of our men. The spear was confiscated, and the moran had also to pay a fine of a cow, which cooled his zeal for aggression a little.

This sort of thing always made our Somal very wroth, and with very few words and anything but a mirthful expression they would take very prompt measures, such as our porters would have been quite incapable of, to prevent any recurrence of a similar thing.

We started again on the morning of August 18, having bought eleven oxen and three donkeys. Our march now led

us in a northerly direction, along the base of the Doenye Mellevo, first over an undulating steppe, which, as was the case with the Turuka plateau, became more hilly and wooded as we advanced. The Turuka range, with its spurs and buttresses, made very much the same impression upon us as it did upon Thomson, namely, that of some mighty stronghold; the little Mount Kimbay, which stood out on our left, resembling an isolated outwork. Not until after a long, hot march did we reach, at the foot of the plateau, the dried-up bed of a brook filled with blocks of gneiss, and with here and there a few holes, some of them evidently made by the hand of man, containing a little thick greenish water.

On this march we had a good opportunity of noting the devastation wrought by elephants when feeding in herds, for great trees were uprooted or stripped of all their barks, whilst the ground was strewn with branches.

Count Teleki had seen a group of four elephants just before he got to camp, and in the afternoon he went off to hunt them, while I remained in camp to work at our maps.

A little later the news was brought to me that four elephants had been seen some twenty minutes' walk from the camp on a low hill surrounded by bush, standing perfectly motionless as if indulging in an afternoon siesta. Feeling sure these must be the same animals the Count had noticed in the morning, so that there would be no fear of my disturbing him at the wrong moment, I decided to go to him, taking with me one of Kimemeta's men who had hunted with me before, and was trustworthy and useful, although he had but one eye. The sun was already sinking, so that there was no time to lose, and we bore towards the place where the elephants had been sighted, Hassan carrying an 8-bore rifle. But alas! when we got there there was no sign of them or of their spoors. Crestfallen we turned towards home, when the happy thought

struck me to climb a rock some 30 feet high, and have a good look round. It was no use hoping to do more as the sun was just about to disappear below the horizon. I had hardly got to the top of the rock, when I spied the four elephants just where they had been before. They had evidently got scent of us, for they were huddled closely together. There was not a moment to lose if I was to get a shot before it was dark. The white tusks stood out clearly against the grey and green background, so that it was easy to pick out the biggest elephant. I quickly made sure of the direction of the wind; it was in our favour, and we sped quickly down our rock in the direction of our game. We were soon close to them, but not an inch of their bodies could we see for the bushes, and my heavy boots made such a noise on the gneiss and débris that I had half a mind to take them off. But there were too many thorns for that, and stealthily, as if our very lives depended on our caution, we crept on till we came to an acacia, and were at last face to face with the elephants, though I could only make out the big male clearly. There he stood some twenty-three paces off, innocent of his danger, carelessly stretching out his long trunk for another branch. Full of the greatest impatience, I waited for the right moment to fire. I had no experience whatever in shooting elephants, and was anxious to aim at the heart if I could only make sure just where it was. There was some little delay, for which I was not exactly sorry, for never have I been so excited, before the elephant was in the right position, and as it was impossible to fire through the thorny upper foliage of the acacia behind which I stood, I threw myself flat on my face so as to be able to aim under the lowest branches. The great creature at last turned towards me, raising his trunk to secure some specially juicy morsel and exposing his side completely. It was so dark now that I could hardly see, but I raised the heavy gun and fired, aiming at

the shoulder, near the edge of the huge unwieldy ear. At the same moment I got a tremendous blow in the face, and saw blood streaming down on the still smoking gun. I could not imagine what had happened, and took no further notice of the blood then, for I was absorbed in watching what was going on in front of me. The wounded elephant had approached a step nearer and was apparently about to charge. There he stood, drawn up to his full height, so that he looked enormously tall but thin, his ears outspread, and his trunk, which he wound in serpentine coils, threateningly uplifted. And on either side of him, shoulder to shoulder, stood two of his comrades also with outspread ears and uplifted trunks, whilst behind him loomed the fourth. Motionless the four remained, standing sniffing the air and peering towards our acacia, the silence only broken by the dripping down of my blood. I had been almost stunned by the blow on my face, my mad zeal for hunting was gone, and I felt incapable of firing another shot, however necessary, in my own defence. The few seconds during which the elephants remained standing seemed to me an eternity, but presently they all turned tail and dashed off, the noise of the cracking of branches gradually dying away.

I now discovered that my nose was split nearly open, the right nostril hanging loose. The recoil of the elephant gun is so lessened by a thick piece of indiarubber at the end of the butt that it is hardly felt, but the barrels have a strong tendency to fly up on firing. I had already experienced this, but was careless, and moreover I fired lying down, which one should never do with so heavy a gun. The rather sharp-edged comb of the left hammer slit up one nostril, and cut the bridge of my nose. How glad I was that we made it a rule never to cock both barrels of our elephant gun.

I bound up my nose as well as I could, noted the direction of the elephants' spoor, and then returned to the camp in the



dark. Count Teleki was just having a bath in his tent when I got in, and having heard the shot, called out to me, 'Well, how went the hunting?' And as my wound was not very painful, and things might have been much worse, I was able to reply cheerfully enough with a laugh—'Pretty well—the elephant bleeds and so do I!' Stained with blood as I was I looked in anything but a laughing condition, and as soon as he saw me the Count hastened to get out all his surgical implements, carbolic and sublimate liniments, and piles of bandages, with which by the light of a lantern he proceeded to treat his damaged friend. He did not let me go till my face was done up in a regular mask as stiff as plaster of Paris. The wound was not painful, but it was a good six weeks before it healed. Only one small scar and a certain numbness of the tip of the nose still remind me of my first elephant hunt.

Count Teleki had failed to find the elephants on account of the stone-encumbered ground, but when seeking them he came across a lion. Following the course of the stream by which we were camped, he heard the roaring of a lion in the bush. Soon after, one appeared at a distance of 150 paces. He did not seem to have noticed the hunter before, but now he started and offered a good chance of a shot at the shoulder. Count Teleki fired with the 500 Express, and the lion staggered, but was able to get away into the bush. He bled freely, and the Count could hear him roaring but he could not see him. He followed him to within about 80 or 100 paces and then had to give up the chase as the sun was setting.

During the night several lions prowled about the camp, and towards morning we could distinctly make out three at once.

The next morning Count Teleki went off after the wounded elephant. The blood spoor was very distinct for some thousand paces, and here and there were pools of gore. The Count was

able to make out that the animal had soon separated from his companions and had gone off alone, but he could not find him after all, as he lost the spoor on the stony ground beyond the bush. Teleki then turned his attention to the lion he had shot, but with equally unsatisfactory results.

From Turuka two paths lead to Ngongo Bagás on the frontier of Kikuyuland, for which all trading caravans make when passing through the Masai country. One path goes westward along the course of the Turuka stream, and then northward, striking the base of the Doenye Erok la Kapotei. Most caravans take this route, and so did Thomson. The other crosses the Turuka plateau, and bears northward on the east of the Doenye Erok. It is far more arduous than the first, as two days' marches are through uninhabited districts, but for all that we chose it in order, for a time at least, to avoid following Thomson's footsteps. We had only one day's provisions left, so we were anxious to buy food from the Masai. We were close to a warrior kraal containing seven moran and their dittos who often came to visit us, but they were very unwilling to let us have any cattle. We decided, therefore, to send Maktubu with thirty men to Dogilani in advance, which delayed us here some time longer; and, alas! he returned in a couple of days with empty hands, for, owing to Jumbe Kimemeta's forgetfulness, he had gone without any goods for barter, and could not, of course, make any purchases; and, moreover, the Masai seemed very averse to selling cattle. It was nearly night, and we had nothing left, for the only game brought down that day had been a little Mpala antelope. The men gathered about us with woful countenances, for they knew they would probably have to go to rest with empty stomachs, and we were making up our minds to the situation when there was a cry of zebras! A herd of six had approached the camp, and though the sun had

already gone down behind the mountain Count Teleki rushed out with his gun. At the sound of his first shot there was a loud shout of joy; the fires which had been allowed to go out were lit again. They were soon blazing cheerfully, and when two zebras were brought in, the camp presented a most festive appearance.

Most of the traders decided to take the westerly route to Ngongo Bagás, but Jumbe Kimemeta and some fifty of his men remained with us. The traders who deserted us had had no luck in buying pack-animals, as we had always spoilt their market, and they were not likely to get any in Kapotei or Dogilani, though they might possibly have bought ivory. Moreover, they were probably tired of the strict discipline enforced in our camp, and we were, truth to tell, by no means sorry to get rid of them.

On August 22 we were off again, the Turuka plateau rising up in front of us like a perpendicular wall. The path wound through a ravine, and the ascent took a long time, though we had not really much more than 300 feet to climb. Once at the top we had a perfectly uninterrupted view of the tableland of Turuka, which is unbroken by so much as a tree or shrub. The ground is covered with short steppe grass, strewn with volcanic débris of all kinds, intermixed with bits of obsidian and of red and yellow jasper. It is only on the west that the sides are steep; on the east the plateau slopes down to the plain, extending on the north to the base of the table mountain of Doenyo Erok la Kapotei, which is more than 6,000 feet high. The whole plateau, as well as the neighbouring Mount Kimbay, which is also flat-topped, are of volcanic origin, but the crater from which were ejected these beds of lava and ashes, levelling the whole district, must have lain somewhere farther to the north, as in spite of a most careful search we could not find it in the immediate neighbourhood.

It was a long time before all the porters and pack-animals got to the top of the plateau, and even after their arrival we had to wait for Jumbe Kimemeta, who had stopped behind to settle up finally with the other traders, so that it was ten o'clock before we could go on, late enough in view of the arduous march before us.

Meanwhile Count Teleki shot a gazelle of a reddish colour, resembling the one he brought down on the Ngare na lalla. At mid-day we saw numerous rhinoceroses and ostriches, and, to make sure of a day's rations, Count Teleki halted the caravan and went off hunting. The rhinoceroses stood and lay about in the open where there was not a scrap of cover, and the only way to hunt them was to make some of the men draw off their attention. At the first shot all the animals went off, and had to be followed. The tracks of several wounded animals crossing each other, the Count hunted now one and now another till he brought down two. He then went after a third which had hidden somewhere, and, as he thought, soon reached it. But, instead of being badly wounded, the animal, he found, had not been hit at all, and, as he advanced quietly towards it, it charged full upon him. A shot in the shoulder turned the furious beast aside in the nick of time, a second broke a hind leg, and a third finished it off. A fourth rhinoceros received seven Express bullets in head and shoulders, but escaped after all, as it would have taken too long to follow it. We saw five other rhinoceroses here, two of which had quite young ones with them.

Interesting as was the hunt, which was carried on in view of the whole caravan, we were very glad to get off again at ten minutes past two, for the heat was very great on the bare, unprotected plain. We now bore northward in the direction of the base of the Doenye Erok; the ground became more and more undulating till at last it was quite hilly; vegetation, too,

reappeared, and at five o'clock in the afternoon we reached the dried-up bed of the Migungani stream, bordered with acacias, and camped for the night. Alas! there was no water here, and, cruelly disappointed, our men went off to search for some. Fortunately our Somal, used to this kind of emergency, and endowed with wonderful acumen, found a little in a mountain ravine before darkness set in.

The next day we marched northward round the eastern side of the mountain, passing through grand but dreary scenery. The mountain slopes were perfectly bare, and there were but a few patches of grass at wide intervals on the lava and debris strewn plains. All the beds of streams we crossed were dried up, and we went up and down hill in such heat as we had never felt before, but at last we entered the inhabited portion of Kapotei; some Moran came to meet us, and we saw herds of cattle once more.

The natives told us that the place at which we had meant to camp was too far off and offered to guide us to another nearer water. Passing by a well-populated Masai kraal we came to the ravine-like bed of a brook, and camped a little before mid-day on its rocky bank. Only in a few holes was there still a little water, and there was neither tree nor bush. Water for cooking and fuel for the fires were brought from a distance by women and boys. Of course we had to pay for it, and the usual boma, or fence, to protect the camp, could not be made at all, which mattered the less as the crowds of men, women, and children who came to see us behaved very well. This really was the very dreariest district we saw in tropical Africa, but for all that it seemed densely populated.

We noted that the spears of the warriors were exceptionally long and of good workmanship. Amongst the numbers who crowded around us were several young fellows who had but just undergone the operation alluded to before, after which they

Nyiro were rich in fish, and we soon found it to be true, for with three rods only we landed some twenty big fellows in a very short time.

A Neukop, who claimed to know the district well, offered himself here as a guide, and we engaged him the more readily as we could now send the two first guides home. A little difficulty arose about our doing so, however, as no native ever likes to go with a caravan alone, being always afraid lest he should some day be deserted. When our Leukop found his predecessors were going he wanted to back out of his bargain, but we took his weapon away, threatened him with various penalties, and so brought him round. Later we had cause to regret our eagerness to push forward, but the scarcity of our provisions gave us no choice.

Our new guide led us no further by the river, but across the plateau, along the eastern edge of which the Guaso Nyiro flows in a northerly direction. He was a sensible fellow, and seemed to know the whole neighbourhood by heart, for he told us the names of the various mountain chains and peaks in sight. Throughout the whole of this march we enjoyed a grand view of the Doenyo lol Deika and the landscape between it and us. The Pigtail Peak appeared really to consist of a row of rugged heights running nearly north and south, with no connection with Mount Kenia, although from our position they seemed to start from its northern base. Very dreary and forbidding looked Gadormurtu, as the district between us and them is called; steep cliff-like hills and hillocks rising up abruptly from the barren slopes which run down westwards from the Doenyo lol Deika to the river; the shadows cast from these rigid corpse-like forms giving the whole scene a most weird and melancholy appearance, not unlike that of the surface of the moon when seen through a telescope, but without the craters so numerous on it. The smaller heights evidently consist of gneiss, which

is very probably also the material of the main range. Vegetation was entirely absent except in the ravine through which flowed the Ngare Nyuki, the course of which, from its rise half-way from Kenia to its mouth in the Ngare Nyiro, we could trace quite distinctly.

The Guaso Nyiro forms the eastern boundary of the district inhabited by the Masai, and beyond it the landscape appears to be deserted alike by wild animals and man. True, we saw several Masai kraals on the left bank of the river, but they had evidently not been occupied for years.

By a little half-dried-up brook, which we reached after many hours' tramp, we came upon a few elands, gazelle Thomsonii, and ostriches. We also added to our entomological collection. So far the insects we had noticed in Leikipia had been merely common house-flies and a large kind of dragon-fly, but on the isolated acacia bushes by this stream we found numerous examples of the Buprestis beetle, more than two inches long, and we caught a tree-frog spotted with black and white.<sup>1</sup> Towards midday our obliging guide suggested a halt, and led us towards the river. As soon as we had left the volcanic plateau we again noticed the gleaming quartzzy sand, and the somewhat varied flora resembled that of the now almost forgotten Nyika districts, including two kinds of Sansevieria, the *Sansevieria cylindrica* and another probably new species, thorny acacias, with isolated morio trees, cactus-like euphorbias, small aloes, the red flowers of which were just coming out, and by the river itself a beautiful lily with large sword-shaped leaves and small blossoms. We also noticed the spoors of numerous rhinoceroses. The Guaso Nyiro tumbled rapidly along over its bed of coarse-grained pink gneiss, and we knew we were not likely to get any fish here. We threw out our lines, but in vain.

<sup>1</sup> Recognised by Dr. G. Steindachner as a new species, and named *Megalizalus pantherinus*.

We saw the tusk of a hippopotamus on the bank, and we therefore hoped to get a shot at one, but no such creatures appeared.

The next morning I received the unwelcome news that our guide, who shared Juma Mussa's hut, had gone off, leaving all his belongings behind him. This loss was most inconvenient to us, but there was a deserted kraal not far off in which he might have taken refuge, and I had it searched at once. He was not there, and we had to push on without him, which was anything but easy; we had the river before us, it is true, but we did not know which way it flowed, and I had no wish to follow it in all its windings. It would be enough for me to get a general notion of its course. Its banks were, moreover, encumbered with an impenetrable thicket, consisting chiefly of branched euphorbias, aloes with red flowers, and a leafless bush yielding a milky sap, with light green cylindrical branches terminating in two or three little red balls forming the fruit, the whole vegetation welded into a compact mass by countless creepers, &c., so that we were obliged to be content with marching outside the belt, and found ourselves getting farther and farther away from the water. Presently, however, we reached a little gneiss hill, from the top of which we spied a good path leading down to the river, of which we at once availed ourselves. An hour later we were back at the Nyiro, near a clump of beautiful trees, chiefly acacias and sycamores, from which hung many beehives—we counted seventy—of the usual cylindrical form, made out of pieces of the stem of the branched euphorbia. The hives were empty, but their presence proved not only that there were Wandorobbo somewhere near, but also that there must be paths along the river leading to and from the hives. And presently Juma Mussa brought the news that he had found a path, a good clear one, along the side of the river, which had, as proved by the ashes, &c., with which it was strewn, but recently been used by natives. I must add



that the Wandorobbo always carry smouldering wood with them in their travels for smoking out their bees, or getting a fire for cooking their food.

We followed this path, but as it led between banks from thirty to forty feet high we saw nothing of our surroundings, and might have passed quite lofty mountains without noticing them. Now and then we fired in the air in the hope of attracting the attention of the Wandorobbo, but we saw none of them till we had camped, which we did at mid-day. Soon after that two natives appeared, but though we made them presents they would not stop long, only telling us before they left that we should reach the junction of the Guaso Narok with the Guaso Nyiro the next day, and that there was a Wandorobbo village near to it.

In the afternoon I set off to try and find some point from which I could get a view, and to my great surprise discovered that a number of paths led through the thicket, winding backwards and forwards in such a confusing manner, however, that soon I really hardly knew which way I had come myself. As I was still in the labyrinth after an hour's march, I gave up the attempt to penetrate through it, and made for a deserted Wandorobbo village which I had noted earlier, but the approach to it was so barricaded with euphorbias and creepers that I was balked again. I was able to note, however, that the still well-preserved huts were placed just where the vegetation allowed, and that they resembled in general form those of the Masai, but that they were much more carefully put together and neatly finished off with a thin layer of grass instead of with cow-dung.

On November 21 we pushed on along the river, reaching the mouth of the Guaso Narok in two hours. Not a sign was to be seen of the Wandorobbo village we had heard of, so I had a few signal shots fired. For some time no one came, but presently two figures timidly approached from the other side

of the river. They gave satisfactory replies to our questions about the position of the village, but would not show us the way to it or even tell us where we could ford the stream, which appeared almost impassable here.

I thought it best to go myself to the village with Juma Mussa, whom I did not care to trust alone, and a rapid march of three-quarters of an hour brought us to it, the ashes on the ground guiding us as far as the thicket, where some natives, who were collecting fuel, directed us further. They did not seem either surprised or alarmed at our appearance. The village, which was protected by a strong thorn hedge, was so hidden by the thicket that it could scarcely be seen at all from outside. The huts were set down without any attempt at regularity. Near the entrance sat an old man mending a beehive, and some children who were playing near him ran away at our approach. Perfect stillness reigned in the village, a few women and girls peeped shyly at us from between the huts, but drew back if we looked towards them. They resembled the Masai women in every respect. But for these timid glances not the slightest notice was taken of us, the old man even going on with his mending with perfect unconcern. As we wanted to have a shauri to get information about the further course of the Guaso Nyiro I begged the old fellow to call out some of the men of the place, and slowly, one by one, a few at last appeared and squatted down, but they did not so much as look at us or utter a word of greeting. They really seemed to be all half asleep. When eight men were assembled Juma Mussa seized his orator's club and, brandishing it, explained who we were, whence we came, what we wanted, &c. Silently his audience listened, not answering a word till the name Lorian struck upon their ears; then they observed that it was a long way off, twenty days' journey perhaps. On that point they were agreed, but whether this Lorian was a swamp or a lake they could not

say. Some thought, however, that it was the end of the Guaso Nyiro, but all spoke by hearsay only ; not one of them had ever seen the Lorian, and we could not induce any of them to act as guides even for one day.

We returned to our people, crossed the Guaso Narok at its junction with the Guaso Nyiro, and pushed on along the river-bank by paths well trodden by the Wandorobbo. The vegetation was much the same as before, thorny euphorbias preponderating, but just by the edge of the water were some fine trees, including a few feather palms. For a distance of about a mile and a quarter in the latter part of this march the bed of the river assumed a very interesting form. Thus far it had consisted of a rocky channel, varying in width from about eleven to sixteen yards, but now it narrowed to a rift from eight to ten feet wide between perpendicular walls of gneiss from six to fifteen feet high.

We camped on the northern opening of this fissure on the very edge of the rock, in spite of the deafening roar of the seething water below, and just as I looked over, a crocodile, the first I had seen, plunged into the stream.

We were now at a height of about 5,000 feet, and in the thirty-one miles of the Guaso Nyiro so far explored its waters had a fall of some 550 feet. The coarse-grained pink gneiss of which so far its bed had been formed, now alternated with a greyish-black and a very fine-grained variety of the same material. We noticed numerous grey lizards with red or green heads disporting themselves on the rocks.

We had been told that we should meet with no more Wandorobbo, and there were not any bee-hives in the trees, but the ground was still strewn with ashes. The path led away from the river, but we trusted to luck and followed it. To my great disappointment it landed us presently amongst a confusion of gneiss hillocks and hills, amidst which it was impossible

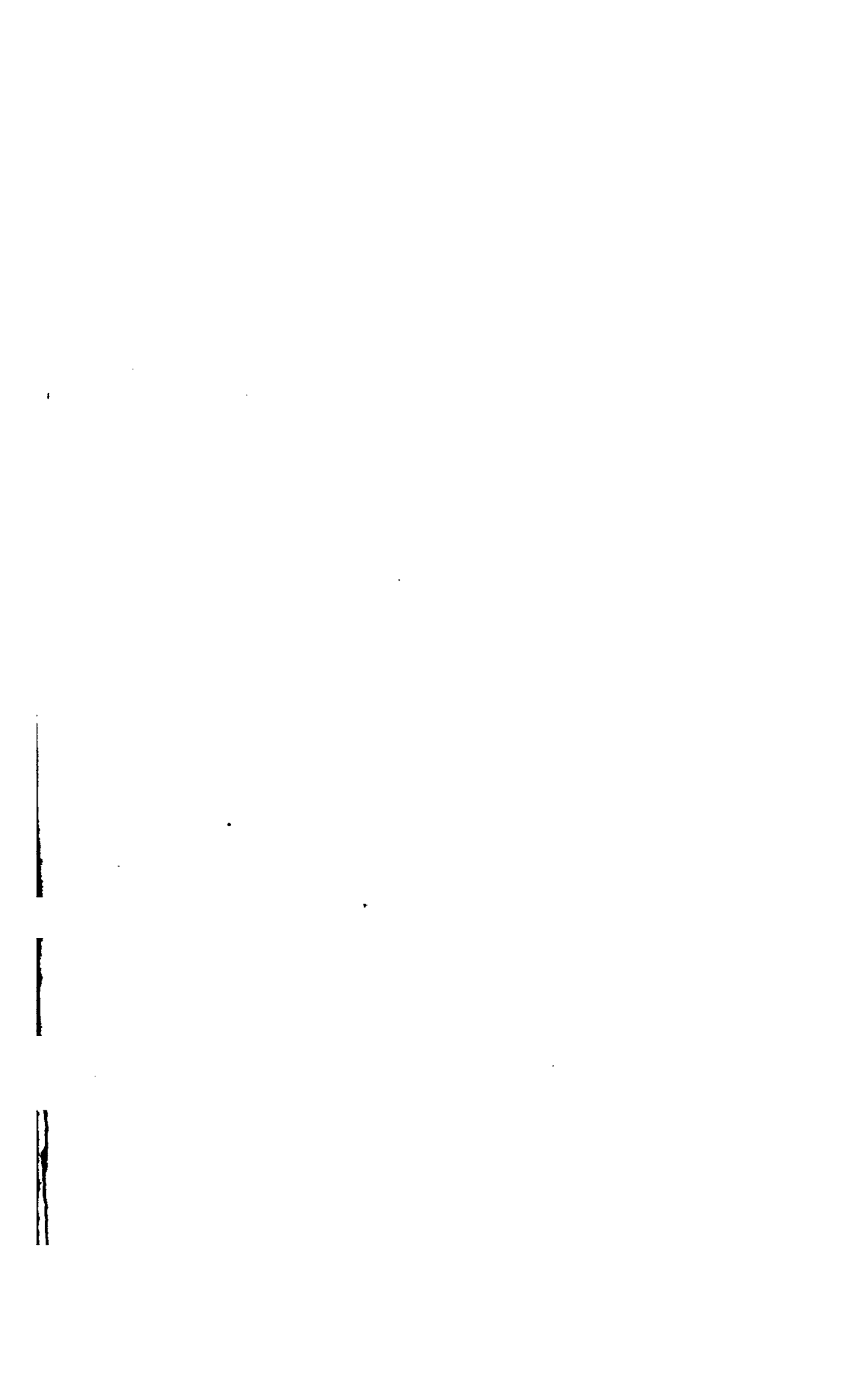
to find a way back to the Nyiro. The edge of the volcanic plateau, which had been previously quite near the river bank, now stretched far away from it in a westerly direction, and, judging from the occurrence of metamorphic rocks in the deep watercourses, there is little room for doubt that beneath the layers of lava on the Leikipia plateau are formations similar to those we had now to cross. In our march up hill and down dale we never once caught sight of the river, though from many a summit we got a splendid view of a wide-stretching landscape.

After a tramp of many hours we came upon a deserted Wandorobbo village romantically situated in a thicket between huge rocks of gneiss, reminding us very much of some robber haunt in the Abruzzi. We examined the place with very great interest, and found several huts in good preservation. The discovery of this village was rather disheartening, as it made us fear that we were a long way from the river. There were plenty of animal tracks about, but no ash-strewn paths, so there was nothing for it but to make a way eastwards for ourselves as best we could. We pressed on through thick and thin till we reached a height, from the top of which we were able to take our bearings, finding to our delight that the river valley was just behind the next ridge. We went straight down to it at once, and found the stream broad and rapid, though shallow.

It was some time before we decided on a suitable camping-place, and more careful examination showed us that the widening of the valley was purely local, the river above and below this spot flowing in a narrow channel between steep walls of rock, so that it was hopeless to attempt to follow its course further. The barometer gave us some assistance in determining the probable nature of this portion of the course of the river, which during our mountain march had escaped our notice. It now registered only 4,250, which represents a fall of some 770 feet, so that for this stretch of about 18 miles



PART OF THE COURSE OF THE GUASO NYIRO



its course must be almost uninterruptedly broken by cascades and rapids.

As we should have to make our way further over the mountains, and I had no wish to travel in the dark, I went off in the afternoon with a few men to try and find a path. Beneath the scorching rays of the sun we tramped about till we found a height from which I could look down on the river, but I failed to obtain any indications as to whether its further course was eastward or westward. We had always made it a rule never to consult anyone but Jumbe Kimemeta or Qualla, but as any advice now could be but guesswork, I turned to Juma Mussa and asked him, half in fun, which way he would go if he had to lead the caravan, and he replied without a moment's hesitation that he was quite sure the Guaso Nyiro flowed westward behind a hill on the north to which he pointed, and that we should soon come upon the river if we went in that direction. Not believing a word he said, I yet decided to do as he suggested, for at least he knew as much about it as I did myself!

So the next day we shouldered our packs and tramped over stock and stone to the ridge behind which we hoped to find our river again, passing by the way the spoors of numerous rhinoceroses, and several elands and kobus antelopes, with an antelope of an unknown species, very like the female of the bush antelope. We did not however get a single shot. On the mountain were a good many tree euphorbias and several specimens of a very handsome dragon-tree bearing at the top of stems from 2 to 4 inches thick, and from 9 to 18 feet high, a crown of light green leaves resembling a big bunch of stiff grass stems. After a march of several hours we reached the ridge, and eagerly climbed it, hoping to look down from the top on to the river, but alas! we found ourselves on a dreary volcanic plateau stretching far away on the north to the base of the Loroghi chain, and on the west and north-west further than

the eye could reach. A dreary scene, in which we sought in vain for any trace of the river, which must, it seemed, flow eastward after all. Annoyed with myself for having listened to Juma Mussa, I now decided to take a northerly direction, thinking that perhaps we should find the river again at the base of the plateau. So off we hurried over the sandy steppe, I much troubled in my mind as to whether we should find any water in this dreary wilderness. Presently, however, a well-trodden animal track cut across our path leading in an easterly direction. Guessing that it would take us to water we turned into it, passing a quite fresh lion-spoor, which stopped at a thicket through which we had to pass. Much to Juma Mussa's relief I led the way now, hoping to get a shot at the lion, but I did not see it after all. We came to the skeleton of a young male elephant with the tusks still in the head, but Juma was so upset by his terror of the unseen lion that he would have passed the tusks if I had not called to him to take them out. 'What tusks?' was his only answer when I spoke to him.

The path got worse and worse, bending very soon in an easterly, then in a south-easterly direction, maintaining the latter till, to our great delight, after we had struggled over ground torn up by big herds of buffaloes and elephants, it led to the much longed-for river.

We were all very tired and out of heart at having made so little progress after such strenuous efforts. We had nearly exhausted our food, having only brought enough with us for seven days, and as we could not rely on getting game in the unknown districts between us and Lake Lorian, we were obliged after all to give up hope of finding that sheet of water on this trip. So I made up my mind to camp here, give the men a well-earned day's rest, and then go back. I thought I could go alone to some point of vantage and get a notion of the further course of the stream.



On July 24 I started with just enough men to carry the instruments and the photographic apparatus, and followed the bed of the river, which widened here and there, but was, as a rule, squeezed in between such perpendicular walls of rock that we had to troop along in single file close to the edge of the foaming water. At a bend of the stream, round a jutting-out prominence, we climbed up the bank in the hope of discovering a short cut, only to find our labour in vain as the bend was quite unimportant. We made the pleasant discovery, however, that there remained now only one gneiss hill, some 760 feet high, of the range of heights which had given us so much trouble, and from the top of it we should certainly be able to get an extended view. So we went back to the river just to quench our thirst, and then started on our climb. At the foot of the hill we startled a quantity of game, beginning with a solitary buffalo bull taking his noonday siesta, but who escaped, as I did not notice him in time. I wounded several antelopes with dark brown hair, probably kobus antelopes in their winter clothing, but was prevented from following them by a rhinoceros dashing right across my path. I brought the latter down, made my men cover the body with bushes to keep off the vultures, and pressed on.

The climb in the great heat was very exhausting, but I was fully rewarded when I got to the top, for I was able to look down upon a vast stretch of country, which I had hitherto only seen piecemeal, and the general character of which I had therefore not been able to ascertain. Round about us stretched the highlands in which we had wandered the day before. Far away in the south rose up Mount Kenia, and in close proximity to it the low Doenyo lol Deika hill region. On the east and north-east the horizon was bounded at a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles by a closely-packed row of mountains and hills varying in height from about 3,300 to 3,700 feet. Not

very far from us, on the north, we could see the rugged edge of the volcanic plateau, stretching away eastward and enclosing at a depth of some 600 feet a flat landscape, from which rose, here and there, little isolated hills, many of them with steep sides and table-like summits. The mountain on which we stood rose abruptly from the river, and was bounded on the east by the gneiss highlands already so often mentioned. We could see the Guaso Nyiro flowing along in an easterly direction and maintaining an equal breadth for about seven and a half miles across the plain, but we could not make out where it went after that, so I was unable to take the desired observations, and we retraced our steps down the mountain. The men loaded themselves with the flesh of the rhinoceros, and at four o'clock we were back in camp, where we had long been impatiently expected.

It had been a very hot and tiring day, and I was so tired that I should have been glad of a rest myself. I decided to try and return by the river-path, and so avoid all the circuitous climbing. If this path were practicable, we should do the march back in two or two and a half hours, and I could get a rest that same day. So we started the next morning, hoping to carry out this programme. All went well at first; the morning was cool and fresh, the sun not penetrating into the valley with its lofty protecting walls till later in the day, and walking over the soft grass at the edge of the water under the shade of mighty sycamores and acacias in full leaf was simply delightful. On our left tumbled the loam-coloured waters of the Guaso Nyiro, now in rapids, now in waterfalls and cascades, the foam dashing up far above our heads. But soon the valley grew narrower and more winding, whilst the sides became steeper and more densely covered with thorny euphorbias, aloes, acacias, and parasites. The beautiful trees which had lined the banks disappeared; perpendicular walls and

huge isolated blocks of rock were of more and more frequent occurrence, and the river raged even more wildly in its encumbered bed, the spray from the foaming flood often dashing over our heads.

Ever hoping each obstacle to be the last, we patiently shoved and dragged the loads over the rocks, crept on all fours, squeezed ourselves through cracks, cut paths in the bush, or scaled some steep ridge to avoid absolutely insuperable obstructions, till we were all simply exhausted. To advance or to go back were equally impossible, and we envied Schaongwe and another man, who had gone round by the mountains with the donkey, which had been in no fit state for the route we had taken.

We halted to take breath, and tried to put new heart into our men, then struggled on again, arriving at last, after eleven hours of strenuous effort, at the longed-for camp just as the sun was setting. As each man went in he flung himself down and slept till far on in the next day. Not one of us thought of eating, though nothing had passed our lips since we started in the morning.

With me the over-fatigue brought on an eruption accompanied by fever, and for a long time I could not sleep, one incident or another of the terrible march haunting me. At last I fell into a death-like slumber, from which I did not wake till the afternoon of the next day. Perfect stillness reigned in camp; most of the men were still asleep. I was scarcely able to take any food even now, and the next morning I was still anything but fit for travelling. I decided to ride, and ordered the donkey to be brought for me, only to find that another man needed it worse than I did, so I crept along on foot with my caravan to the mouth of the Guaso N'arok, where we camped again. On the march symptoms of a return of my old complaint, dysentery, showed themselves, so I went straight to

bed, and made up my mind to rest the next day. I knew we could reach Lare lol Morio in three marches, and thought we had food enough for them, so that I could well spare the time to recruit. But I was reckoning without my host, for Schaongwe presently came to tell me that my men had not so much as a bean amongst them. There remained intact but one day's reserve provisions. Already uneasy at the return of my illness, I now became really anxious, and sent the men down to the river to fish. They caught nothing, but I had meanwhile become a little better, so I gave orders for a start the next morning.

Led by two Masai moran, who had fortunately turned up in the nick of time on their way to put the screw on some Wandorobbo who were in their debt, we went along the Guaso Narok to their kraal, near to which we camped. The district was well inhabited, but few natives visited us.

With no suitable food, for milk was all I could take when my troubles were upon me, I soon retired to bed, whilst the men tried to still the pangs of hunger with some tiny fish they managed to catch, using their turbans and shirts as nets. I fortunately managed to shoot a little green marmoset from my bed, which gave them something rather more substantial to eat. Juma Mussa bestirred himself to try and get me some milk, and actually succeeded, how goodness only knows, in persuading a moruo to bring me a big bowl of the precious fluid, and I was ready enough to oblige the donor, who was afraid I might boil it, by drinking it off in his presence.

Juma Mussa managed to secure a guide as well as the milk, and the next day we were off again, leaving the stream on one side and pressing on first round a chain of rugged gneiss hills, and then across the undulating volcanic plateau in a south-westerly direction by a fairly good path leading to the Guaso Narok, which we reached again at noon.

I halted a little before the end of this march to take our

bearings quietly, and what was my surprise at two stragglers coming up presently driving a cow before them. To my astonished question '*Mepatta wapi?*' ('Wherever did you get her?') they shouted back '*Mambo kwa Muungu*' ('The Lord sent her'). It turned out that the animal really was a runaway, and as it had now begun to rain fast and no one was likely to appear to claim her, I allowed her to be killed, duly paying for her later, however.



'MAMBO KWA MUUNGU, BWANA.'

There was still a hot march between us and the Lare lol Morio camp. We had long had the Marmanett range in sight, and eagerly longed for the cosy little palisade-protected camp at the base of one of its spurs, but we did not reach it till five o'clock in the afternoon. Jumbe Kimemeta, Qualla, and the rest of our men came out some little distance to meet us, and I heartily wrung their outstretched hands, but I still had a