

WITH FLASHLIGHT AND RIFLE

A RECORD OF HUNTING ADVENTURES
AND OF STUDIES IN WILD LIFE IN
EQUATORIAL EAST AFRICA BY

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TRANSLATED BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH 302 OF THE AUTHOR'S "UNTOUCHED"
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY DAY AND NIGHT

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VIEW ON THE NJIRI SWAMPS DURING THE INUNDATIONS

XI

Rhinoceroses

WHEN you have spent a year travelling over Masai-Nyika, and have thus seen for yourself the number of rhinoceroses still existing in that region, you are able to form some notion of the extent to which elephants must have flourished on its plains and in its forests before the days when they began to be hunted systematically by traders. Rhinoceroses did not offer the traders an adequate equivalent in their horns for the trouble and danger of hunting them, so they were not much troubled about until recently, when the supply of elephants began to run short. It is only during the last few years that their numbers have been decimated.

In the course of the year I spent there I saw about six hundred rhinoceroses with my own eyes, and found the tracks of thousands. It is astonishing how numerous they are in this region. Travellers who merely pass through the country by the caravan-routes would marvel if in the dry weather they found themselves on the top of a hill 7,000 feet high, and could see the huge crowds



C. G. Schillings, phot.

AS THE WIND WAS COMING FROM THE HILL, AND I'KNEW I COULD COUNT UPON ITS NOT CHANGING AT THAT HOUR OF THE DAY, I WAS ABLE TO GET WITHIN FIFTEEN PACES OF THE RHINOCEROSES



C. G. Schilling's, photo.

I HAD A FINE VIEW OF THE TWO GREAT BEASTS HAVING THEIR BATH. THE COW HAD BROKEN OFF HER FRONT HORN

of these animals in their special haunts. An idea of their numbers can best be got from the records of certain well-known travellers.

In the course of the famous exploring expedition of Count Teleki and Herr von Höhnel, which led to the discovery of Lake Rudolph and Lake Stephanie, these sportsmen killed 99 rhinoceroses, the flesh of which had to serve exclusively as food for their men.

According to trustworthy accounts Dr. Kolb killed 150 rhinoceroses before a "faru" got at him and killed him. Herr von Bastineller, who accompanied him for a long time, killed 140. Herr von Eltz, the first commandant of the Moshi fort, killed about 60 in the region lying between Moshi and Kahe. In recent years I have been told by colonial police officers of records which have beaten these. A number of English sportsmen have also brought down great numbers. These striking figures are more eloquent than long disquisitions. They give some notion of the immense numbers of rhinoceroses there are in German East Africa, and forbid any attempt at prophecy as to when the species will be exterminated.

It is a curious thing about rhinoceroses that they often break into the midst of passing caravans, causing much alarm and practically inciting the travellers to shoot them down. What with the perfection of our modern rifles, and the ample target provided by their own huge bodies, they are apt in these cases to rush to their own destruction. Without venturing upon a more precise forecast we may perhaps conclude that, if the white rhinoceros was wiped

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out in South Africa in the course of a few decades by comparatively primitive weapons, we ought certainly to see the extinction of the black rhinoceros in a much shorter time with the help of the small-calibre long-range rifle of to-day.

Hunting the rhinoceros, as I understand it, when it is carried out by the sportsman alone and in a sportsman-like manner, must always be one of the most dangerous sports possible. It is difficult to decide whether it is most dangerous to hunt the lion, leopard, buffalo, elephant, or rhinoceros. Everything depends on the circumstances and surroundings in which these animals are encountered. Even when armed with the most trustworthy weapons, stalking the African rhinoceros must always be an extremely dangerous undertaking, if it is done, as in my case, alone and unaccompanied by other "guns." The English traveller Thomson very graphically describes the feelings of a hunter when he comes upon rhinoceroses in the grass, and knows that his life depends entirely on his skill. It is a puzzle to me how any one can assert that he has jumped calmly to one side when charged by a rhinoceros, and that he has then given it the well-known death-shot through the shoulder. I can say with confidence, from my own experience, that this is absolutely impossible. A rhinoceros that was really charging down on a man would get at his opponent under any circumstances and spit him on his horns.

If this does not happen, either the animal has been killed just at the last moment, or the hunter has managed to climb a tree, a white-ant hill, or a rock, or else the

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animal had not really intended to charge but only to run away, and had unintentionally come in the direction of the hunter!

In the great expedition which I joined in 1896, not a single Askari or armed native ever accompanied the hunt. In this particular the natives were under strict supervision. I treated my own people in 1899-1900



REMAINS OF A RHINOCEROS

without exception in a similar manner ; only my European taxidermist occasionally brought down a waterbuck or other antelope. But I have never been protected by “guns” on a dangerous hunting expedition. “Rely on yourself” is, in my opinion, the right motto in this case.

I have heard many strange tales from Askaris who have carried guns on other occasions, and, wonderful to relate, it was always the white lord, the “bwana kubwa,”

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who delivered the fatal shot and brought down the game. It is a very different matter, and far more dignified, to go on a hunting expedition unassisted.

It frequently happens that a rhinoceros scents the position of several of the armed natives; fire is opened on him, and at the last moment the animal, already mortally wounded, finds he is incapable of attacking any of the marksmen, and so rushes snorting past them, to be finished off sooner or later. Such situations give rise to the fairy tales of those wonderful sidewise leaps—a feat of which I could well imagine a toreador to be capable on the flat sanded ground of the arena, even when attacked by a rhinoceros, but which I shall never see performed by a European unless he has been practised in bullfights.

I have often heard of men being gored and tossed into the air by these animals. The list of deaths under such circumstances is a long one, and quite a number of Europeans in the districts traversed by me lost their lives in this manner.

A few years ago I met an English medical officer who had been hastily called to a case of serious illness. Shortly before our meeting one of his Askari, a Sudanese, had been gored and tossed by a rhinoceros (which had been shot at by the whole of the little caravan). The animal's horn had penetrated deep into the unfortunate man's abdomen. The wound was terrible, and the state of the patient seemed as hopeless to the doctor as it did to a mere layman like myself. As I intended to encamp for some time near by, the doctor earnestly entreated me

to take the wounded man into my camp for three days, as he could not arrange for his transport farther.

So, whether I liked it or not, I had to undertake the care of him, with the certainty that a speedy death would release the man from his agony. To my surprise, he was still alive the next day, but towards evening his agony became so great that his sobs and groans were almost unbearable. He begged, he entreated, for help; and so, although at that time I was only provided with absolute necessaries, I gave him my whole store of opium, assuming that he would by this means find relief and never wake again.

But there is no reckoning on the constitution of a black man. After another twenty-four hours he was still alive; and now the effects of my dose of opium began to show themselves in an alarming manner. Again he besought me to help him. But I was altogether at a loss. My small stock of medicines, that I might have employed to counteract the opium, had been used up long ago. At last it occurred to me to administer a bottle of salad oil that was still in my possession. I was successful. The next day the man was taken away, and, as I heard later, recovered from the terrible injury, contrary to all expectations.

Similar cases do not always turn out so fortunately, and frequently end in the death of the person in question. Sometimes the rhinoceros only tosses his victim once in the air, at the same time piercing him with his horns. At other times he returns to his enemy and renews the attack. I myself have been pressed to the last extremity

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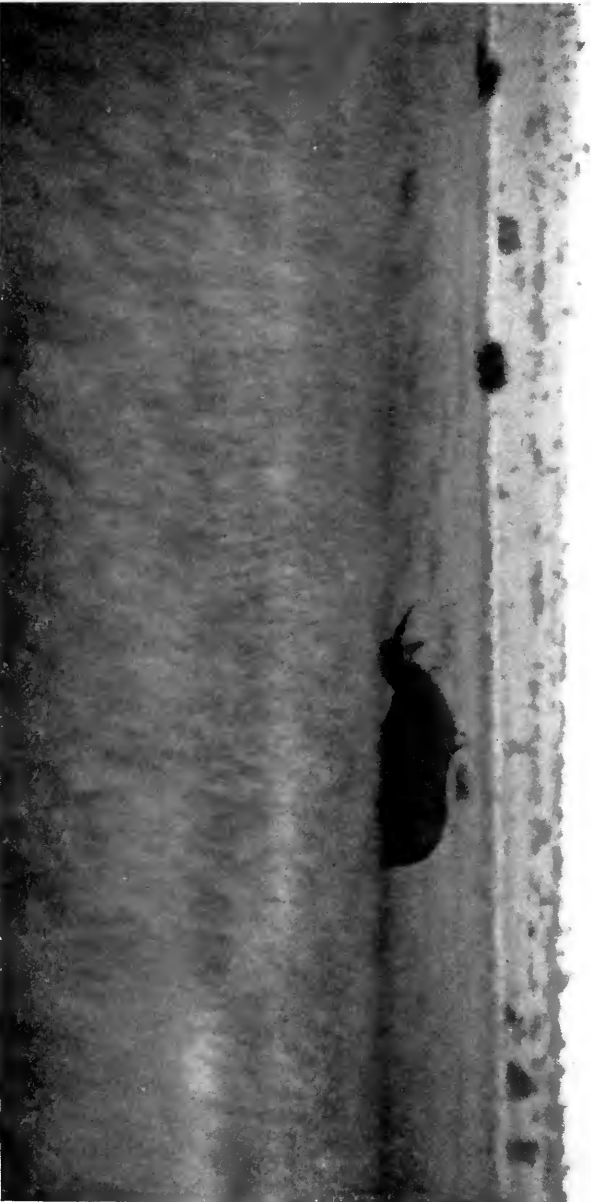
by rhinoceroses, and even when not at such close quarters an encounter with them is often dangerous and exciting.

My first encounter with the "e'muny" of the Masai happened towards evening, in the middle of a charred and blackened plain, that had been on fire that very day.

Never shall I forget the impression made on me by this uncouth animal mass, standing in its rugged clumsiness in the midst of that gloomy landscape, illuminated by the slanting and uncertain rays of the setting sun. With its head high in the air (the monster had already become aware of our approach), its mighty horns pointing upwards, and its gigantic outline showing against the red of the evening sky, it seemed to be merged in the black ground on which it stood.

My heart beat frantically, and my hand was not steady as, partially screened by a thorn-bush, half of which had been spared by the fire, I let off my elephant-gun from a distance of a hundred paces. At my shot the "Faru" came snorting towards me, and it was only at my second shot, when he was very close indeed, that he turned to the left, and, snorting loudly, took to flight across the plain. My servants seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

The scene was enacted in such a short space of time, and made such a powerful impression on me—the apparent uselessness of my weapon against the great animal was so crushing, the swiftness and agility that he had displayed at the last so astonishing—that from that moment the picture I had had in my mind of this animal for so many years was totally changed.



C. G. Schillings, phot.

RHINOCEROS PHOTOGRAPHED AT A DISTANCE OF 120 PACES. IT WAS NO EASY MATTER TO HOLD THE CAMERA STEADY, AS I LAY HIDDEN IN THE GRASS, WHICH WAS ABOUT A FOOT HIGH. RHINOCEROS-BIRDS WERE STILL ON THE ANIMAL, NOT HAVING DETECTED ME

While all this was happening, we had lying in the camp a man who had twice been thrown into the air by a rhinoceros the day before, and who was only by a miracle recovering from his injuries.

Many notions acquired by us at school are soon dissipated when we find ourselves in Africa. On this occasion it was brought home to me very effectively that I had to do with an extraordinarily active and agile brute, very different from the unwieldy and slow-moving degenerate rhinoceros one was accustomed to seeing in the Zoological Gardens. This was to be borne in upon me by other glimpses of the animals in the distance, and to be driven in still more by my next encounter with one.

With my fowling-piece in my hand—dismounting from my donkey, which had not yet fallen a victim to the tsetse fly—I hasten into a gorge thick with tall grass, in the midst of which I had seen guinea-fowl alight.

As usual, they have run away from the spot where they went in. I follow them quickly, hoping to make them break cover. Suddenly a brownish-black mass arises right in my path and takes up a sitting position for a second, and my still somewhat unaccustomed eyes recognise the huge proportions of a rhinoceros.

The brain has to work quickly in such moments. I lie down flat upon the ground. Grunting and snorting the rhinoceros rushes past me a foot away, raising clouds of dust as he goes, towards the caravan, and right past my friend, Alfred Kaiser.

Kaiser, who had twice been spitted by a rhinoceros, and had made miraculous recoveries on both occasions

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after months upon his back, seems to have exercised a wonderful fascination for the species. Wherever he went, there rhinoceroses were sure to spring up! But in the course of his long sojourn among the Bedouins of Sinai, he had acquired a stoical habit of calm, and now he lets the brute dash through the caravan and bluster away into the distance. All he did was to send after it an indescribably strong Arabic oath as it disappeared in a storm of dust. I had to congratulate myself upon "a narrow escape"—illustrating that English expression once again.

On the same day I saw four other rhinoceroses, among them a mother with her young. Soon afterwards a deeply trodden track leading to a rocky pool in the driest part of the velt tempted me to go in for a night's shooting. In these regions the nights get very cold. Accompanied by some of my men, and provided with a few woollen coverings, lanterns, etc., I decided to take my stand by the edge of the gorge. However, we had not taken into account sufficiently the suddenness with which the sun sets in these parts. We got belated *en route*, lost our way, and soon found ourselves plunged in absolute darkness, with some hours to wait before the appearance of the moon. Scattered rocks and troublesome long grass made it difficult for us to make any progress, so there seemed to be nothing for it but to turn back to our camp. That also proved impossible, so I decided to wait where we were until the moon should appear, at nine o'clock, and enable us to retrace our steps. There we stayed, therefore, among the bits of rock which had cut our knees and the sharp briars and dense tough grass, prisoners



IT WAS QUITE A LONG TIME BEFORE THE RHINOCEROS SETTLED DOWN



AS SOON AS IT DID SO—ITS IMMENSE HORN, A YARD LONG, WAVING ABOUT IN THE AIR LIKE A BRANCH OF A TREE—THE RHINOCEROS-BIRDS ALIGHTED AGAIN ON ITS BACK

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for the night. Our eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, we were able presently to discern the whitish trunks and branches of acacia-bushes.

After a long wait, suddenly we heard a quick snort. My men threw to the ground everything they had in their hands and climbed up two rather tall trees hard by with indescribable agility. Only my rifle-bearer, who carried my heavy elephant-rifle, waited a moment to give me the warning, "Faru, bwana"—"A rhinoceros, master!" My hair stood up on my head, but I had my heavy rifle ready in my hand. Now gradually my eyes made out the shapeless mass of the rhinoceros in the uncertain radiance cast down from the stars. A few yards behind me gaped a deep gorge. Escape in any direction was made impossible by the rocks and thorn-bushes and grass. Up on the trees my men remained hidden, holding their breath. A few yards off the rhinoceros moved about snorting. I waited until I could see his horn silhouetted against the starry sky, advanced towards the great black bulk, and fired. The report rang out violently over the rocky gorge and broke into reverberating echoes. The kick of the great rifle had sent me back a pace, and I had sunk upon one knee. Quickly I cocked the left second trigger—with guns of such calibre you must not have both cocked at once, for fear both barrels should go off together—and awaited the animal's coming. But, snorting and stamping, off he went down the hill in the darkness. A deep silence fell over the scene again, and we all waited, motionless, breathless. After a while we started upon our march back to the camp, my men

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shouting and singing so as to prevent any such encounter happening to us again.

The following morning we found the rhinoceros—a big, powerful bull—lying dead sixty paces or so from the spot where I had shot him. The lead-tipped steel bullet had penetrated his shoulder, and was to be found on the other side under the skin.

Nocturnal meetings with rhinoceroses are not always



THE RHINOCEROSSES GOT UP AND CAME FOR ME FULL TILT

so fortunate in their results—sometimes they are most dangerous in these circumstances. As a general rule, however, when a rhinoceros gets to know of the vicinity of a man at night time he gives him a wide berth. This was to be my own experience on other occasions.

In the upper regions of the watershed between the Masai country and Victoria Nyanza I had numerous

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opportunities of observing the rhinoceroses, not only in the wooded parts of this plateau, but also out on the open plains, where they were to be seen both singly and in herds. About this time my repeating rifle began to get out of order. Nothing is more calculated to make a man lose his nerve than his weapon's becoming useless at a critical moment, when his very life depends upon it. I was therefore much excited one day when I sighted a pair of sleeping rhinoceroses out on the bare open velt. In this instance I was lucky enough to kill one of the animals at the distance of a hundred yards after an hour's approach to it on all fours in the broiling sun. The second took to flight. Becoming gradually used to their ways, I was fortunate also in subsequent encounters with them.

I may here relate a few episodes from my own experience illustrating the habits of the rhinoceros. They will serve to give the reader a true picture of his character. I shall never forget the day I brought down a very old bull rhinoceros in British East Africa, not far from Kibwezi. It was a very windy morning, and I had just killed a male Grant's gazelle with only one large horn—I had missed it with my first shot. Just as I had done for it I happened to look over the plain to the left, and observed a great black mass about two hundred yards away. I thought at first it was the stump of a tree, but looking again a few minutes later I found that it had vanished. My field-glasses brought home to me the fact that it was a rhinoceros, for there he was sitting in the animal's favourite position, but now farther away. The very strong wind

that was blowing enabled me to approach within fifteen yards of him, where a small thorn-bush served as cover for me. I aimed carefully at his ear, but with a mighty jerk he wheeled round on his hind-legs, thus affording me a better aim. My second bullet, discharged at so short a distance from behind, brought him down. He was killed on the spot. The appearance of this earth-coloured monster, so deceptively like a tree-stump sticking out of the storm-swept velt, often comes back to my memory, especially when I am seized with a fresh longing for the Masai-Nyika life and the velt calls to me again.

Some years later, when I had made it a rule to shoot only big specimens, I brought down an extraordinarily large old bull rhinoceros, which had taken to flight on receiving an ineffective shot on the shoulder, but which made for me on getting a second shot—as rhinoceroses often do—and fell dead only some ten paces from where I stood. There was a cow rhinoceros quite near the bull when I first hit the latter, and both animals charged at each other head-down, the bull imagining that it was the cow that had damaged him. The agility and quickness with which the huge beast moved I shall never forget.

In the hunting of big game, as in all other dangerous occupations, confidence grows steadily in proportion to the perils one has already coped with successfully. Sooner or later, however, a mishap is certain to be encountered, and the more experience one has in pursuing lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinoceroses the more careful one becomes.

While stalking kudu once on the shores of the Jipe Lake I was startled by the sudden appearance of a

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rhinoceros, which emerged from a mud-bath on its way through a thicket and stood all covered by the reddish mire in the slanting rays of the setting sun. I felt instinctively that the animal would go for me, and go for me he did almost at once, after swaying his great head about two or three times, sniffing out my exact position. At this critical moment my rifle went off before I intended. The bullet went too high, but fortunately was well enough placed to make the rhinoceros turn aside just as he had got to me. Springing into a thick thorn-bush I just managed to save myself. Quick as lightning it chased one of my men twice round an acacia-bush hard by, and then disappeared among the thorns. As my men had taken refuge behind trees and bushes to left and right—I was accompanied by about ten of the men—I could not attempt another shot at him, so he escaped.

Next morning I found myself down with a sharp touch of fever, which kept me in bed for two days, so I was not able to pursue the animal.

In rhinoceros-hunting it is all important to keep note carefully of the wind. You can do this very well by lighting a match. Failing that, the dropping of some sand will answer the purpose, or holding up a moistened finger. In addition to noting the direction of the wind, you have to look carefully to see whether the rhinoceros has his feathered satellites, the rhinoceros-birds (*Buphaga erythrorhyncha*) on him or not. When resting, he often resigns himself to the care of these small feathered friends of his, which not merely free him

C. G. Schillings, phot.

THE TWO RHINOCEROSES AS THEY LAY DEAD



● Rhinoceroses

from parasites, but which, by a sudden outburst of twittering and a clattering of their wings, warn him of impending danger. Thus put on the alert, he rises up quickly or assumes his well-known sitting position, ready to take to flight if need be, but lying down again if there seems to him to be no enemy near.

If the hunter is favoured by the wind and able to conceal himself after this first alarm, and the rhinoceros lies down again, the birds—varying in number from a very few to a couple of dozen—settle down again upon his hospitable body. But the moment they become aware of your near approach, they leave it again, arousing the animal once more. It is a case of a partnership between an animal with a very keen sense of smell and birds with very keen eyes.

To what extent these birds are responsible for a small wound of about the size of a five-shilling piece, which I have found on almost all the rhinoceroses I have shot, I am uncertain. The natives declare that it is caused by the birds. I have brought home specimens of skins with these wounds on them, so that they may be investigated. They are generally on the left side of the paunch. In any case, I have found only one rhinoceros without this “dundo,” to use the native word. In this respect rhinoceroses are different from elephants, of which the skins are smooth and uninjured.

In spite of the activity of these rhinoceros-birds, which are sometimes helped by ravens, we find the black rhinoceros infested by great numbers of ticks (some of them extraordinarily big), especially in the region of the

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belly, which the birds cannot get at easily. I have found various species of these parasites upon them, and, among others, *Amblyoma aurcum*, *Ambl. hebræum*, *Ambl. devium*, and, in very considerable numbers, *Dermacentor rhinocerotis*.

Very probably the rhinoceros is infested also by another kind of tick, unknown until discovered by myself. Of all these that I have named, however, the *Dermacentor rhinocerotis* is the only one that is peculiar to the rhinoceros.

I have never actually encountered more than four rhinoceroses at a time, though I have often seen as many as eight together. The manner in which they find their way to their drinking-places, often involving a journey of several hours, is wonderful. They select several spots on which to drop their dung, which they then scatter about with their hind-legs. In this fashion it is they set about making their wide pathways over the velt. Doubtless these heaps of dung serve as marks, which help them to find their way back in the direction from which they have come.

The shape of rhinoceros-horns varies greatly. The horns of the cows are long, and always thinner than those of the bulls. Sometimes the horns are flat, like swords. You find this sometimes even in those regions in which round-shaped horns are the general rule. Now and again the horns of very old cow rhinoceroses grow to the length of nearly five feet.

In a very few rare cases more than two, sometimes as many as five, horns are to be found on the African

➤ Rhinoceroses

rhinoceros. On the other hand, sometimes rhinoceroses lose their horns, and are to be found without any. The very old ones do not renew their horns, I believe, when lost. I am led to this opinion by the case of a very old hornless specimen which I shot, as well as by what I have heard from native hunters, though their statements are always to be taken with caution.

The size to which rhinoceros-horns sometimes develop



WHEN MY BULLET HIT IT, THE RHINOCEROS THREW UP ITS HEAD
SEVERAL TIMES

may be gauged by the following measurements of some of the longest and most fully developed that are known :

BLACK RHINOCEROS (*R. bicornis*).

Owner.	Locality.	Length.
Dr. C. H. Orman	East Africa	53½ in.
S. L. Hinde	" "	47 "
Imperial Museum, Vienna	—	44½ "

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The white rhinoceros, practically exterminated from South Africa in recent years, and now almost extinct—it still exists near Lado—had still longer horns. Here are two measurements taken, like the foregoing, from Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*:

WHITE RHINOCEROS (*R. simus*).

Owner.	Locality.	Length.
Col. W. Gordon Cumming .	South Africa	62½ in.
British Museum	” ”	56½ ”

The white rhinoceros is the largest mammal after the elephant to be found on any part of the earth. Scarce half a century ago the species was still so numerous that Anderson, the English sportsman, was able to kill about sixty of them in the course of a few months in the neighbourhood of the Orange River and the Zambesi.

I myself secured one rhinoceros-horn in Zanzibar which is about fifty-four inches long, and the horns of four rhinoceroses which I shot measure 86, 76, 72, 62½ centimetres; the others are much shorter.

The rhinoceros is particularly dangerous in dense brushwood, whether on the velt among the suedabushes, which grow so thickly, or on the high plateaux amidst the most impenetrable vegetation, which grows up in the clearings and ridges, in between the long, lichen-grown trunks of the trees in the woods.

The animal is in the habit of making any number of homes for itself, used alternately, upon the smaller hills of about 6,000 feet high, in the dense thickets. He chooses generally those formed by the shrubs, into which



C. G. Schilling, phot.

A COW RHINOCEROS WITH ITS YOUNG, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASHLIGHT A FEW YARDS FROM MY CAMERA

it is most difficult for men to make their way, such as jessamine, smilax, pterolobium, toddalia, and blackberry bushes. In dry weather these regions provide for all the wants of both the elephant and the rhinoceros, and they keep to them for the most part. They render all incursion into these strongholds of theirs a very perilous undertaking.

However, if the wind tells them of our approach, or if we make the slightest noise, they generally either clatter away from us down-hill, or else they remain absolutely still and motionless in their basin-like haunts, which we come upon every hundred yards or so. If the wind be favourable, we may reckon upon encountering them at short range and under risky conditions, especially if we meet several of them together. Even the Wandorobo and Wakamba are not keen about venturing into these rhinoceros-strongholds, and I must admit that, after several exciting experiences in such regions, I have no great desire to make my way into them again. This is not, indeed, the place for the hunter who relies entirely upon his own gun, as I always did, and who has not a body-guard of natives around him ready to blaze away when necessary. In these circumstances, too, you have to shoot anything in the shape of a rhinoceros you see, old or young, male or female, if you care about your own safety. And this is not a pleasant kind of sport. But even when you allow your men to shoot in these pathless thickets—in which you have to grope forward one by one, unable to see where you are going—there is apt to be great danger of their shooting each other.

With Flashlight, and Rifle ▲



THE TWO RHINOCEROSSES SETTLED DOWN UNDER A TREE



THE COW SUDDENLY GOT UP

Fortunately, these hillsides will remain available for their inmates for many years to come. They will only



THE BULL GOT UP IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS



AND, THE WIND SHIFTING A LITTLE, THEY BOTH TURNED IN MY
DIRECTION

cease to be a refuge when European traders in their greediness begin to make the natives invade them.

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Governor Count Götzen has provisionally interdicted any such enterprise—a very praiseworthy action on his part.

Though put into so many tight corners in my rhinoceros-hunts—tight corners out of which I often got by sheer luck—I never deliberately took the worst risks except when I set about taking photographs.

It was not the easiest of tasks. Like so many other wild beasts, the rhinoceros is most active when the sky is overclouded—just when the camera is no good. The photographer has the animal in a certain position, well lit by the sun, and not too far off—conditions that it is extremely difficult to bring about. Then he must have complete control over his nerves. His hands must not shake, or the picture will be spoilt. Malaria and the imbibing of quinine are not things to fit you for such work!

When once you have experimented in this kind of photography, without a bodyguard of armed Askaris to protect you, you are not disposed to make light of its dangers and difficulties.

However, in spite of all obstacles, I had some success; and how delighted I used to be of a night, as I busied myself with the development of my negatives and saw gradually come into being the pictures made for me by that magician, the sun! For magical and nothing less, they seemed to my men—these minute pictures of which their master makes his records of the day's events. There is no end to the head-shaking that goes on over them. "Daua!"—"Magic!"—is their word for everything that passes their comprehension.

➤ Rhinoceroses

In common with the best-known English authorities, Mr. F. C. Selous, Mr. F. G. Jackson, and others, I have found the rhinoceros always nervous, easily excited, and very capricious in his ways and hard to reckon on. He is particularly nervous when alone. In a rhinoceros-hunt, you never know what will happen next. As an illustration of this, I may describe my experiences one day in



THE COW RHINOCEROS. ITS HORN WAS MORE THAN A YARD IN LENGTH

November 1903, on my fourth and last expedition, when I succeeded in taking an excellent photograph of two rhinoceroses.

I had been trying all the morning to get a photograph of a herd of giraffes, but they were so shy I had had no luck. Tired and parched, I was making my way back to the camp, which was still about four hours' march away, when the two rhinoceroses came in sight, to my surprise

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rather, for it was a hot day for them to be out on the velt. They were about 1,000 yards away. There was unusually little wind, but that little was unfavourable, so I made a wide *détour* and had the satisfaction, after about half an hour, of seeing the animals settle down together under a tree. Accompanied now by only two of my bearers and two Masai, I succeeded in approaching warily within 120 yards of them—it happened, contrary to the general rule, that they had no rhinoceros-birds on them—taking up my position finally behind a fairly thick brier-bush growing out of a low ant-hill.

I had taken several pictures successfully with my telephoto-lens, when suddenly for some reason the animals stood up quickly, both together as is their wont. Almost simultaneously, the farther of the two, an old cow, began moving the front part of her body to and fro, and then, followed by the bull with head high in the air, came straight for me full gallop. I had instinctively felt what would happen, and in a moment my rifle was in my hands and my camera passed to my bearers. I fired six shots and succeeded in bringing down both animals twice as they rushed towards me—great furrows in the sand of the velt showed where they fell.

My final shot I fired in the absolute certainty that my last hour had come. It hit the cow on the nape of the neck and at the same moment I sprang to the right, to the other side of the brier-bush. My two men had taken to flight by this time, but one of the Masai ran across my path at this critical moment and sprang right into the bush. He had evidently waited in the expectation

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of seeing the rhinoceros fall dead at the last moment, as he had so often seen happen before.

With astounding agility the rhinoceroses followed me, and half way round the bush I found myself between the two animals. It seems incredible now that I tell the tale in cold blood, but in that same instant



THE BULL RHINOCEROS. ITS SKIN IS NOW IN THE IMPERIAL NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AT BERLIN. (I AM SCARCELY RECOGNISABLE WITH MY BEARD !)

my shots took effect mortally, and both rhinoceroses collapsed.

I had made away from the bush about twenty paces when a frantic cry coming simultaneously from my men in the distance and the Masai in the bush made me turn round. A very singular sight greeted my eyes. There was the Masai, trembling all over, his face distorted with terror, backing for all he was worth inside the bush, while

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the cow rhinoceros, streaming with blood, stood literally leaning up against it, and the bull, almost touching, lay dying on the ground, its mighty head beating repeatedly in its death-agony against the hard red soil of the velt.

The cry the men gave out, as is the case always with these natives, was pitched in a soprano key curiously incongruous with the aspect of these warriors.

As quickly as possible I reloaded, and with three final shots made an end of both animals. In spite of my well-placed bullets and loss of blood they had all but done for me.

It was indeed a very narrow escape. It left an impression on my mind which will not be easily erased. Even now in fancy I sometimes live those moments over again.

It was interesting to note the complete calm and placidity displayed by my men a few minutes after it was all over, though at the time they had been absolutely panic-stricken, above all the Masai imprisoned in the bush. Their whole attention was now absorbed in the cutting up of the bodies and in the picking out of the best pieces of the flesh, quarrelling among themselves in their usual way over the specially relished *bonnes bouches*.

I had many other experiences similar to this one, if not quite so exciting. I may tell, perhaps, of two adventures which I had with rhinoceroses at night time—adventures in the full sense of the word, and of a kind met with by other well-known travellers. In remarkable

• Rhinoceroses

contrast to their usual timidity and cautiousness is the way in which at night they seem to put off all fear of men. I had been obliged to encamp in a hollow thickly grown with thorn-bushes, and my men, being tired out, had sunk to sleep after their evening meal. Suddenly during the night I was awakened by one of my boys with the warning: "Bwana, tembo!" whispered excitedly in my ear, while at the same moment several of my men rushed into my tent to tell me the same thing—that an elephant was somewhere about. I sprang up,



ACACIA VELT

seized one of my rifles, and made ready for the supposed elephant, when in came a number of other carriers, wild with excitement, and pointing frantically out of the tent towards a great dark object about forty paces away. In the motionless mass standing there like a great shapeless rock I at once recognised a rhinoceros. There he stood among the small tents of my men, clearly astounded at finding his wonted feeding-place full of men. Within a few seconds almost all my carriers had sought shelter behind me, and I could not help feeling pleased at the wonderful

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discipline evinced—my strict orders that not a shot should be fired by any of them at night time under such critical conditions being strictly obeyed. There was a brief pause, the rhinoceros still keeping absolutely quiet. At the moment I decided that I had better act first, and I aimed a bullet at his shoulder. As the shot rang out the animal whisked round with an angry snort and disappeared among the thorn-bushes, stamping and spluttering as he made his way into the open. Next morning we attempted his pursuit, but this proved quite impossible in the dense jungle.

I had a very similar experience on the banks of the Rufu River. A rhinoceros made his appearance in the middle of the camp, and the watch did not venture to fire at him. And on my first African expedition, before I knew much about the rhinoceros, there had been an episode of the same kind. But in this case the two animals I had to encounter did not come right into the camp in the dark; they appeared only in the immediate neighbourhood, and the moon at the time was shining brightly. It was a bitterly cold night; there was no getting warm, even with layers of woollen coverings on one. I was awakened, and sprang from my camp-bed, clad only in my shirt and a pair of spectacles, to get a look at our visitors and see whether I could shoot them. But in the meantime they had sauntered away, and in my scanty garb I followed them, with the man on watch, for about two hundred paces, to no purpose.

Many other encounters with rhinoceroses went off

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all right for me, but there were other occasions on which I narrowly escaped with my life.

These great regions of the velt still support hundreds of thousands of rhinoceroses. None can say how soon it will be before the last "faru" shall be slain by man; but that that day is not far distant, that it will come within a few decades, seems to me certain.



IN STORMY WEATHER THE NYIKA COUNTRY OFTEN REMINDED ME OF WILD
REGIONS IN NORTH GERMANY

XII

Catching a Young Rhinoceros

“**T**HEN some one will succeed, it is to be hoped, in bringing back alive a young rhinoceros from German East Africa. That will be a red-letter day for our Zoological Gardens”—thus wrote my friend Dr. L. Heck in 1896, in his book *The Animal Kingdom*.

In the same year I trod African soil for the first time. Many illusions, derived from the too optimistic tone of our colonial literature, were soon to be dispelled there, not the least of them being notions about the practicability of getting hold of living specimens of the wild life of the region.

Many efforts have been made, both in German and British East Africa, to bring back alive to Europe either a young rhinoceros or a young elephant. While no one has yet succeeded in the latter enterprise, I succeeded in the former, but only on my fourth expedition—the third



G. G. Schillings, phot.
A YOUNG RHINOCEROS DRINKING IN A SWAMP. A FLASHLIGHT PHOTO AT NIGHT

• Catching a Young Rhinoceros

on which I had gone into the interior with my own caravan. I am reliably informed that the so-called Ostrich Farming Company at Kilimanjaro has lost fourteen young rhinos through not knowing how to bring them up. The Uganda railway now affords facilities for the transport of heavy animals to the coast, but so far has not been the means of enriching our Zoological Gardens.

Clearly there must be some good reason for this state of things. The explanation lies in the great difficulty, first of all, in catching the young rhinoceros, and secondly, in the difficulty of providing milk for him, owing to the lack of horned cattle, when he has to be transported from one spot to another. Partly from the same cause it has not been possible to bring home alive to Europe a number of other splendid animals met with in East Africa. No elephant, no giraffe, no eland or oryx or roan antelope, no specimen of the beautiful Grant's gazelle, or impalla, or waterbuck, or hartebeest, or kudu—not to mention many other of the smaller inhabitants of the country—has yet been conveyed home to any of the German Zoological Gardens.

This is due to the unfavourable conditions, climatic and otherwise, under which one has to work.

No systematic importation of living animals to Europe has yet been managed from either German East Africa or German South or West Africa. This has been carried out in the case of Somaliland—a country unmatched for its salubrity, where camels and horses thrive—through the initiative of the well-known dealer, Menges, but in these colonies of ours it has never been set about properly.

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Under competent and trustworthy management and with adequate capital to draw upon, it could undoubtedly be carried out most advantageously ; and if the interests of science were kept in mind, such an enterprise would be in the national interest and worthy of universal support.

In May 1903, while staying on the west side of Kilimanjaro, I decided to make a fresh attempt to get hold of a young rhinoceros. This involved acquiring a herd of cows and keeping a look-out for a cow rhinoceros with a young one of suitable age.

In the middle of a dense thicket, more impenetrable than ever owing to the rank vegetation following the rainy season, I at last saw what I wanted, after looking about me for a long time in vain. The old cow rhinoceros had already got wind of me, and any moment might see her disappear into the jungle, so I was obliged to shoot at her. She turned round as quick as lightning, and, followed by her young one, went crashing and clattering into the brushwood. My bullet had not been well placed ; the slight extent to which she had bled showed that.

Now follows an exciting and indescribably wearying pursuit, my men and I winding our way in among the thorn-bushes as best we can. Soon my clothes are in shreds and my face and hands all torn and bleeding. Every moment I expect to run up against the wounded and infuriated animal. My men have crept up an ant-hill in order to see what lies ahead. Suddenly—what's that ? One of them seems to have espied our quarry !

Quickly I clamber up the ant-hill myself, only to discover that it is a different rhinoceros—a bull, judging by

➤ Catching a Young Rhinoceros

its short, thick horn. He must not tempt us away. Luckily he scents us and takes to flight. Breathless and perspiring, we return to the tracks of the cow, which often intermingle with those of other rhinoceroses that must have passed this way in the night, and which are therefore by no means easy to follow.

The suspense grows with every moment. The vegetation would afford us no protection against the onrush



ONE OF THE BULL RHINOCEROSES

of a rhinoceros, nor would it impede him in any way—the branches would break before him like matchwood.

Now it is midday and the heat has reached its worst, and still we keep up our chase, making all the pace we can. Taught by experience, my hands grasp my rifle—ready to shoot at any moment. Hour after hour goes by without a break in our advance.

Little hope remains of catching up with our coveted prey, when we come to a pool of rain-water, in which clearly she must have just been wallowing and freshening

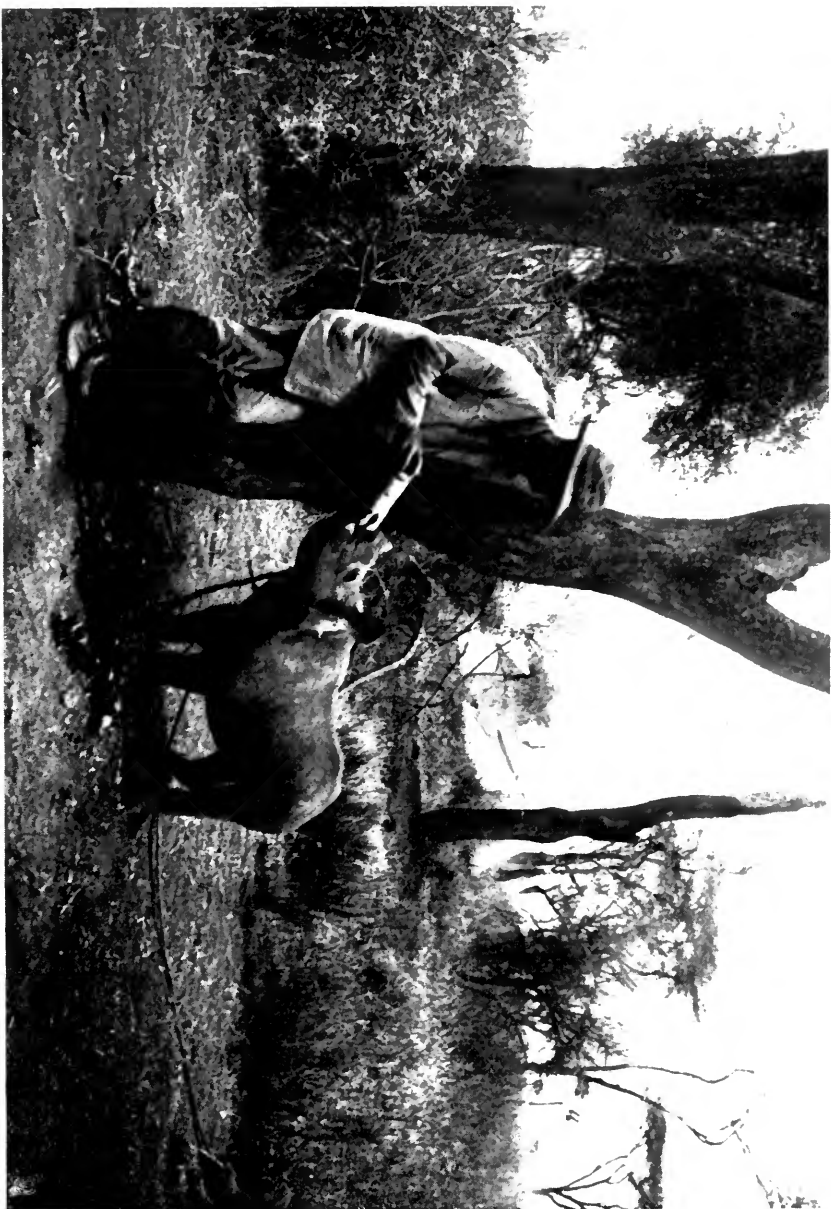
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herself up with her young one. The water—dark, loamy, evil-smelling though it be—revives us also. And now we are able to take our bearings, and we realise that the rhinoceros must have made a wide circuit and doubled back towards the camp. The finding of this water enables me to keep up the pursuit until nightfall. There is not much joy in the prospect of a night out on the velt with so many rhinoceroses roaming about.

At last, in a small clump of acacias I spot the motionless form of the old cow straight in front of me, and before she can stir from where she stands a bullet in the ear brings her dying to the ground. The young one gives out a piercing cry, comes some paces towards me, then takes to flight. The old animal now rolls about in her death-agony. I give her two more shots, calling out at the same time to my men to throw themselves upon the young one.

The young one, however, takes the initiative and makes straight for us with a snort. Next moment my arms are round him and he and I are rolling together on the ground, and my men, each of whom is provided with a rope, have made fast his legs. At first he follows me willingly as I hold out a piece of his mother's skin in front of him, but by-and-by he begins to squeak and refuses to move. I decide quickly to leave four men with him and send post-haste to the camp for others. Late in the evening he is brought in triumph to the camp.

Now begin the most serious difficulties of my undertaking. For one thing I must get hold of a number of cows. However, he gets used to a goat, and I myself see



C. G. Schilling, photo.

MY YOUNG RHINOCEROS TAKES HIS MILK . . . AT FIRST I MYSELF HAD TO BE HIS NURSE, AFTERWARDS I TAUGHT
SOME OF MY MEN TO ENACT THIS RÔLE

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so thoroughly to his nourishment and general well-being that he thrives splendidly, and eventually reaches the goal—the Zoological Gardens in Berlin. There he continues to flourish, still in company with his friend the goat.

When I had fed up my captive and got him into good condition, Sergeant A. D. Merkel, now a colonist at Kilimanjaro, rendered me the great service of allowing my men into one of his cattle-kraals with the little animal, while I myself proceeded to the velt.

His transport to the coast, too, which had to be effected on foot, was attended with difficulties. At the period of the greatest heat I was obliged often to march beside him during the night, and I owe a bad attack of fever to spending one night in this way upon a very unhealthy section of the caravan route without any mosquito-net.

Naples we reached all right. Dr. Heck was there to meet us, and had engaged a special waggon from Chiasso. He was highly delighted to welcome the long-desired stranger in so thriving a condition. The officials at the Zoological Gardens at Naples, who were brought to see him by Professor Dohrn, were also very keenly interested.

After careful consideration we decided to go on to Germany by sea. The overland journey seemed to us undesirable in January, on account of the climatic conditions chiefly, although the Italian authorities, whose good offices had been bespoken for us by Count Lanza, the Italian Ambassador at Berlin, were most friendly and obliging. The passage went off all right, in spite of our going through a mistral, which provided us with the

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experience of a hurricane on the high seas which lasted nearly two days. "Force of wind" and "Ship pitched heavily" were recorded in the ship's log: the 6,000-ton vessel leant over to the side at an angle of 45°.

However, the young animal stood the voyage well in spite of everything, and at Hamburg Herr Hagenbeck had, in the most friendly way, done everything to ensure our speedy transit to Berlin—a service for which I am most grateful.

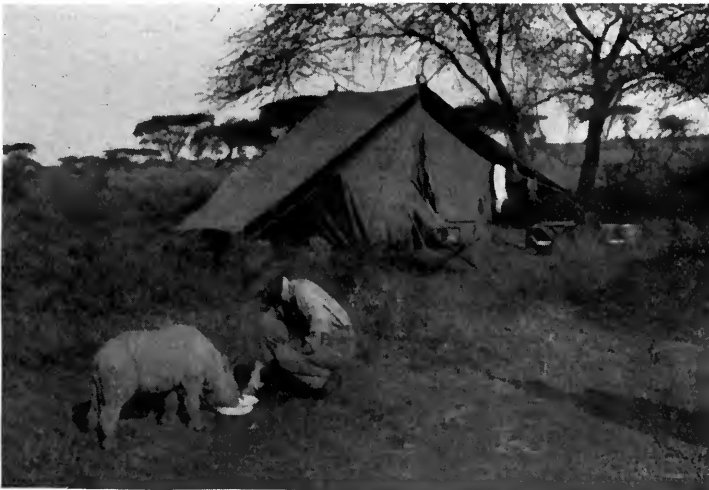
So at last we are able to study this very interesting animal in captivity, and to note its growth and development. It differs from its clumsy-looking Indian cousin in its activity, in the length of its two horns, and also in its relative good looks!

I got hold of two other young rhinoceroses later, but I was not so successful in rearing them as I was in this instance.

In one case I found the tracks of a cow rhinoceros and her young at a drinking-place. Accompanied for once by my taxidermist, Orgeich, I undertook their pursuit, which was to prove very long and very difficult, over stony and hilly ground. As I got near her, she took to flight, given the alarm by rhinoceros-birds. From the hill on which I was I could see her and her young one making off over the velt. On we went again, and presently we espied her once more, in the middle of a large meadow of grass with a few trees on it here and there. She was standing still under an acacia, evidently disquieted by our pursuit. I shot at her from a distance of about one hundred paces. My bullet passed through a thick branch

● Catching a Young Rhinoceros

of the tree, but nevertheless hit her, killing her on the spot. I waited until my men (about fifty in all), who were creeping up towards me cautiously, had come near enough, and then sent them ahead to right and left to secure the young animal. However, it was no good. The calf broke through the ranks of the hunters and disappeared over the velt. A five-hours' march took



AT FIRST THE YOUNG RHINO'S DIET CONSISTED ENTIRELY OF MILK

us back to camp. Next day we returned to where the dead rhinoceros was lying.

The following morning the young animal had come back to its mother; but although I had a hundred men with me the same thing happened as before. So this attempted capture was a failure.

In another case, after a seven-hours' continuous pursuit of a cow rhinoceros with her young, we at last

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sighted her a considerable distance from us out on the thorn-desert.

She was hit by my first shot, but made off. I ran after her; however, for some time, and at last brought her down with a second. Immediately we all rushed forward to capture the young one, which was of a fairly large size. We had no luck, however. I myself waited by the body of the old one, on the chance of the young one returning to it. My men, stirred into eagerness by the promise of reward, continued their chase. It was already dusk when they came back to me. Dispirited by our failure we made our way to the camp. Nothing could be more depressing than the thought that we had got so near our goal only to fail at last, and that we had killed the mother uselessly. Once again a whole day's wearing work had come to nothing.

Next morning, followed by all my men except the few I left on guard, I returned a second time to the same spot, in the same hope. But now hundreds of vultures and some marabouts had flocked thither, drawn by the carcass. So I ordered my men to take out the horns and bring to camp the parts of the flesh that could be eaten.

With three carriers I made my way on to a deep gorge, where I had noticed some rare birds on the previous evening. Just as we got there out rushed the young rhinoceros, almost from under my feet. Covered as he was by the red mire of the velt, neither I nor my men had distinguished him from his surroundings until that moment.

☛ Catching a Young Rhinoceros

Cut off from flight by the gorge, the young animal, with a tremendous snort, made a rush at me, lowering his head. I managed to grip hold of him, however, by the neck, saving myself from his small horn, and clinging on to it. He and I rolled over on the ground, I getting some bad bruises in the process.

Now my three men threw themselves upon the animal,



WHILE THE YOUNG RHINO WAS WITH ME, I MADE A POINT OF MARCHING BY MOONLIGHT DURING THE HOT WEATHER. BY DAY IT WAS ABLE TO SLEEP QUIETLY IN THE CAMP IN COMPANY WITH MY GOATS AND MY MBEGA MONKEY

and a great tussle took place. A few moments later all the others rushed up from where I had left them just in time to tie up his legs, and on an improvised stretcher he was carried into camp.

He throve all right for several days. Then, however, a tumour made its appearance on his lower jaw, and

With Flashlight and Rifle •

gradually got worse. He died a few days later. It was bad luck to lose him, especially when all promised so well at first.

On yet another occasion fortune seemed to smile on me when I succeeded in shooting a cow rhinoceros with her young one beside her; but in this case we did not even get hold of the young one. The spot where we encountered them was a long way from the camp, and we had to go back to it at nightfall, returning in the morning.

On approaching the body of the old one I looked round carefully with my field-glasses, but the young animal was nowhere to be seen. Presently the sharp eye of one of my natives detects a movement in the bushes some distance away. With the help of my glasses I discover that it is the young rhinoceros, who has got up on his feet, and is standing there motionless on the alert. After a time he lies down again, and is completely hidden by the bush.

Favoured by the wind, we are able to approach within a few steps of him, when suddenly, with a snort, out he plunges. To my joy he comes straight in my direction, and I quite count upon bringing off once again my now practised neck-grip, when off he slips to my left. The men nearest whom he passes dare not catch hold of him, and a wild chase, in which my whole following takes part, ensues over the velt. A swift-footed carrier, a Uganda man, almost overtakes him, and makes a grasp at his uplifted tail. Then hunted and hunters disappear from my sight among the thorn-bushes of the Pori. Two

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hours later my men come back empty-handed, parched, and worn out.

This kind of thing is, of course, a frequent experience in such regions, where the sportsman is handicapped by having no horse to ride. Under such conditions a hunt of this kind may very well have a tragic outcome.

When at a height of about 6,000 feet up a hill



WHEN I HAD SHOT THE MOTHER, THE YOUNG RHINO ASSUMED SO THREATENING A Demeanour THAT MY MEN TOOK TO THEIR HEELS INSTEAD OF ATTEMPTING TO CAPTURE HIM!

in the Masai-Nyika country, I saw in the rays of the setting sun a cow rhinoceros half hidden by bushes, with a young one, apparently of suitable size for capture. I had to give the old one several shots, as she caught sight of me and made for me fiercely.

The young one took to flight. Some of my men followed him stupidly with loud cries, one man especially

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distinguishing himself in this way, his sudden display of valour being in quaint contrast with his usual peaceful avocation—that of looking after the donkeys! I had unfortunately not noticed in time that the young animal was of considerable size, and provided with correspondingly large horns. Suddenly it turned round. The pursuers became the pursued! With screams and yells they took to flight.

It looks as though Hamis, the donkey-boy, must be horned by “ol munj” in another second—he gives out a piercing shriek for help. He is now nearing me. With a shot on the nape of the neck I am just in time to kill the infuriated young animal—not in time to prevent it from crashing down upon the native. Fortunately, however, he escapes without any serious injury.

From all the foregoing narratives it will have been gathered that one must be favoured by circumstances in many particulars if one is to catch and rear a young rhinoceros. It is to be hoped that in the next few years these favourable conditions will be met with and that some other specimens may be brought home alive to Europe.

On about forty other occasions I came upon rhinoceroses with young; but either the young ones were too strong to permit of capture or I was too far away from camp, or there were other hindrances, so of course I did not shoot.

Generally speaking, rhinoceroses keep under dense cover when their young ones are quite small, so that the capture of these is very difficult and dangerous.