

THROUGH  
UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES

*THE FIRST EXPEDITION FROM SOMALILAND  
TO LAKE LAMU*

BY

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Illustrated



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## CHAPTER VIII.

I SEND TO BERBERA FOR CLOTH AND LETTERS — A RAIDING PARTY OF OGADEN SOMALIS — WE CROSS THE RIVER — A CROCODILE GIVES US A CHILL — A PLEASANT SURPRISE — CHRISTMAS WITH PRINCE BORIS — CHARGED BY AN ORYX — I AM FORTUNATE IN BEING ABLE TO BUY RICE — LIONS ABOUT — NEW YEAR'S DAY NOTES — LIONS AND HVENAS — A HOT DESERT — AFRICAN CHILDHOOD — REPORTS OF SMALL-POX.

ON our march the next day to Finik we disturbed a rhinoceros which was asleep on the top of a very steep and stony hill. He rushed down the rocky, precipitous declivity as though he were a goat. It is a great fallacy to look upon rhinoceroses as sluggish animals, which can travel only in flat countries. They run about easily over the roughest sort of hills, seeming to prefer to cross over a mountain rather than to go around it.

We were to see no more natives now until we got into Somaliland, as they are afraid to live within twenty-five miles of the river, owing to the frequent raids of the Ogaden Somalis. Camping on December 8 on a large tug which contained pools of water at short intervals, and which was only one march distant from the Webi Shebeli, I sent Haji Idris and some of my men to the river to see if the water was high; but as they reported the Shebeli flooded, I determined to remain here for some days until the water subsided, and to give the camels a rest. There were plenty of oryx, zebras, and rhinoceroses about, and it was easy to supply the camp with food. I was

and the other seventy-five pounds. The first bullet that I had shot from my .577 had done the work, as it had passed clear through the ear of the elephant and lodged against the body of the first cervical vertebra, producing a fatal lesion in the spinal cord.

On the morning of the 8th of May I started with sixteen Amara porters and twenty Somalis for Lake Abaya. But what a time I had with these so-called porters! I had the greatest difficulty in getting them to carry loads of only twenty pounds apiece. We could not even take donkeys with us, as the Galana was flooded, and the ascent of the Konso range was reported to be very rough, so I had to content myself with carrying only the most necessary articles, such as my instruments, spirit-jars, and other boxes for collecting natural-history specimens, and a few bags of meal.

We crossed the river in the little canvas boat, and by three o'clock in the afternoon we had left the plain of the Galana and were commencing to climb the mountains. An Amara guide led the way, followed by myself and Aden Aoule, to whom I had given my .577 to carry. We were going up a very narrow, bushy, and steep pass, when suddenly, just as we were only ten yards from the top, a female rhinoceros dashed down upon us from behind a bush, where she had been waiting for us, with the rapidity of a cat. She made a great row, snorting and puffing and sending the stones clattering down the path from under her feet as she charged into my poor guide. I managed to plunge in the nick of time into a dense thorn-bush, while the guide was tossed several feet into the air. I could have touched the beast as she passed me, but her eyes were fixed on Aden Aoule, and on him she now vented her wrath. She had him flat on the ground in an instant, and proceeded to probe his back with her horn. But fortunately a rhinoceros

does not seem to be able to thrust its horn vertically downwards, but every shot glances off a man's back, and only produces a few cuts and bruises, that are not very serious, although they are very painful.

While the rhino was engaged with Aden on the ground I could have caught her by the tail; so one may well imagine that I tried to get out of that thorn-bush, in spite of torn clothes and scratched skin, as quickly as possible. As soon as I had freed myself, I rushed in a circle around to where some of my boys had congregated, so that I could snatch a rifle and help Aden; but before I could be of any use the rhino had taken to its heels and was racing up the mountain.

Boys, bags, and boxes were lying in confusion along the path. Aden and the guide lay apparently lifeless, and bleeding, where they had fallen. Hopes of reaching Lake Abaya vanished for a few moments, and all my thoughts were turned to caring for the two wounded men; but nothing so serious, after all, had happened, except that the men were cut and bruised and very much demoralized. The Amara and my Somali boys made a great ado about the affair, crying out that ill-luck would certainly come to us if we continued our journey. In fact, they were in absolute terror from fear of meeting another rhinoceros. Finally I got my Somali boys in a little better state of mind by telling them that I would march some distance in advance of them and carry my .577, and they would have little risk to run; but the Amara were not to be moved by any reasoning. I was forced to take each one by the neck, lift him from the ground, and give him a good shaking, before I could get him to shoulder his little load. One of them, who came up in a rage and tried to intimidate me, I struck with a stick a couple of times, and threatened to shoot if he did not obey me.

After a great deal of trouble I managed to get my men once more started on the way to the lake, leaving behind five boys to take care of Aden and the guide. A great deal of the meal had been spilled, and a good part of the remainder I left with the wounded fellows, so that now we should have to depend almost entirely on the game I shot.

The way was very rough, but before dark we had gained the high plateau lands, over five thousand feet above the level of the sea, or three thousand feet above the valley of the Galana. There were no paths whatever except those made by rhinos, and at times we had to pull ourselves over high rocks. During the whole march I led the way, carrying my .577; but I only saw two more rhinos far off in a valley.

I had been assured by the Amara that we should reach the lake before noon the next day; but after plodding our way for hours over marshy plateaus that reminded me much of the fjelds of Norway, across deep ravines and up and down mountain peaks, we found ourselves at eleven o'clock in the morning on an eminence from which I could see the lake far distant to the north. The porters here cast down their loads and seemed to think the journey was ended. They had imagined that I had come to see the lake only from a distant mountain-top. They told me that Prince Ruspoli had ascended a mountain on the Konso range without going nearly so far as we then were, and had been satisfied with simply taking their word for it as to the position of the lake. I was obliged now literally to shove the porters along, and hard work it was getting down the mountain side over rough loose rocks hidden in wet grass up to one's waist.

We were slipping at every turn; but finally, after a couple of hours, we reached the marshy plain, through which a small brook flowed into the lake. We camped at six in

the evening only two miles from the lake, completely tired out, and unable to go a step farther. There were many hartebeests, gazelles, rhinos, and zebras in the broad valley, so it was easy to procure food for my boys.

Indeed, the zebras and hartebeests were so numerous that they appeared to form one vast herd several miles long. By sunrise we were on the lake, and a happy man I was as I looked over the beautiful sheet of water and felt that I was the only white man who had stood on its shores. There was little time to be lost, so I started at once to measure out a base and find out the size of the lake. It was from eleven to twelve miles across, and almost rectangular, the eastern and southern sides presenting gently sloping grassy plains and low hills for a couple of miles until the mountains of the Jan Jams and the Konso range are reached.

On the north and west high mountain ranges, rising directly from the water's edge, extend far away in the distance. From a high peak on the Konso range I could make out peaks fifty or sixty miles to the north that must have been nine thousand feet high.

The Omo River was supposed by geographers to flow across this country from east to west, but it seems quite incredible to me that any river could have found a fissure deep enough to allow its waters to pass this broad and mighty mountain wall. This is the continuation of the great water-shed which we had ascended at Sheikh Husein, and which extends south and west from Abyssinia to Lake Rudolf. On the north rise the Hawash and the Blue Nile. To the south rise the Jub, or Ganana, the Omo, — which probably flows into the Jub, — the Dawa, and the Galana Amara; and to the west the Nianam, which flows into Lake Rudolf. To the south of Lake Abaya there are no inhabitants until you come to the rich and intelligent Konso tribe, thirty miles distant.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

RETURN TO CARAVAN — NIGHT ATTACK BY A RHINOCEROS — THE AMARA DISPLEASED BECAUSE I WOULD NOT JOIN THEM IN THEIR RAID — "TIME DOES NOT COUNT" — THREATENING COUNTRY AHEAD — MUCH GAME — THROUGH DENSE JUNGLES — WE FIND SOME KONSO PEOPLE — THE CAMELS SHOW SIGNS OF POISONING FROM THE GENDI FLY — ON THE TERTALA PLATEAU LANDS — FORCING THE NATIVES TO TRADE — AN ELEPHANT AMONG THE CAMELS — A BORAN GIRL JOINS THE CARAVAN — OLA FINDS CLOTHES A NUISANCE.

WE did not march back the way we had come, but took a more southerly course, camping after nine hours high up in the mountains. We passed much game, and I could have had any number of shots at forty yards; but I contented myself with shooting two zebras, three gazelles, a hartebeest, and a rhinoceros, which supplied us with abundance of food to last a couple of days. I saw many beautiful finches on this march, black-colored, with a long tail, and back of head and throat red. Two of these birds I shot, and in the evening prepared their skins, as they were new to me.

About midnight I was awakened from a sound sleep in the night by the well-known puffing of a rhinoceros. Every one was on his feet in an instant. My boys were in a wild state of excitement, as they had by no means recovered from the effects of the shock produced by the charge of the female rhinoceros that had "boned" my guide and Aden Aoule. I had just time to call loudly to my boys not to shoot into the camp, for fear of killing men

instead of beasts, when the rhinoceros dashed like a steam-engine through the zareba wall amongst us.

Arrived in the centre of the camp, the beast became blinded by the light of the fires and danced a jig for a few seconds; and then, getting his nose straightened out before him, he sped through the bushy fence on the opposite side of the camp, and away. Who is it that would prefer sleeping monotonously in his downy civilized couch to enjoying such nights as these in the jungle!

We reached the river the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon; but Haji Idris was not there with the boat to take us across, as I had hoped, and we were obliged to march back again to a little hill and camp for the night. From here I could see the caravan about six miles away on the other side of the river, so I had a big fire built, when it got dark, as a signal to Dodson to send the boat in the morning. The mosquitoes attacked us in such clouds that it was impossible to get any sleep, and I was obliged to sit over the fire in the smoke the whole night through. We were again visited by a rhinoceros, but this time the beast did not break through the zareba. I could make out the huge form of the animal tearing up the ground about twenty yards from the camp, and collecting a few of my boys together I ordered them all to fire at him simultaneously. Our visitor did not like his reception and left.

In the morning, Dodson, Haji Idris, and many of the boys from the caravan were already down at the river when we arrived there. I had been away from the caravan just a week now on one of the most delightful trips it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy, so that Dodson and I had much to tell each other. Dodson had been working hard, as was his custom, and had succeeded in collecting many rare birds. Everything was in order in the camp, but the Amara had not sent guides to take us west, as they had

promised. Dodson told me the chief of the Amara was very angry with me because I had refused to join him in making a raid upon his neighbors. The natives could not understand my reason for refusing to help them in this manner, since I should be able at the same time to get much loot myself. On May 15 I sent twenty men to the Amara to ask that they send the guides and food they had promised.

The river curves through a narrow gorge about twenty miles to the west, and the chances of my following the stream did not seem favorable; but I determined upon making the attempt, at any rate, as I thought at the time that the Galana emptied into Lake Rudolf. My messengers returned from the Amara in the afternoon and reported that it was impossible to get guides, as the natives vowed they knew nothing whatever of the way along the river; but the chief promised to come himself and bring food early the next morning. We waited all the next day, but not a native put in an appearance. I was much disappointed, as I had hoped to get a good supply of food here; but I did not care to force the old chief to do what he did not wish, especially as he had entertained me for a night so hospitably, and had provided porters for me to Lake Abaya. The loads were arranged, and everything made ready for marching; but just as we were about to leave in the morning, the chief appeared with about thirty Amara porters bearing bags of durrha meal on their backs.

The natives could not understand why I wished to hurry so. They said they had been leisurely preparing the food, as they did not believe a few days' delay would make any difference to us. We had been promised the food a week before, but I could not be angry with the old chief, as time is no object to natives. The Amara threw up their

hands when I told them I was going to follow the river. "No one ever goes that way,—you will surely be killed by elephants or rhinoceroses;" "You had better go back to the Aseba," "and from there across good country to Boyi" Lake Stephanie). But the unknown is always interesting, and I was keener than ever to go in a straight line.

Our first march took us across the plain in which Prince Ruspoli had been killed. There was no path whatever, and we kept stumbling continually in the deep holes made by elephants; but nevertheless, by working all the day, we accomplished about fifteen miles. Taking all my best men with me, I ascended a small hill near the camp to get a better view of the mountainous region we intended crossing. There was much discontent shown by my boys, and I was afraid of their breaking out in open rebellion, as I had chosen to take them again through very rough country, notwithstanding the many hardships they had already endured.

As I looked through my glasses toward the west, the mountains seemed threatening indeed. The gorge was very narrow, but upon closer inspection the valley appeared to widen a bit around the first curve of the river. Yes, there was certainly a way for some ten miles at any rate. I told my boys there might be many obstacles to encounter; that the river might have to be crossed, and boxes and bags carried over rough places on the men's shoulders, but that in a fortnight we should probably be at Rudolf, and I promised them a handsome present, in addition to their regular pay, for the excellent work they had done for me.

My head men were very much pleased at my offer, and when we got back to camp we soon had all the boys in good humor, and once more ready to encounter whatever might come. We started out in excellent spirits the next morning, and marched fast for six hours across the widest

part of the Galana valley, curving now more south and then more west, around a swamp, till we reached the water-gap.

The camels travelled well, in spite of the deep ruts and the long coarse grass. The country was almost level, and if we had attempted the journey a fortnight earlier we should have found it an impassable swamp. But the rains had ceased now, and the waters were rapidly drying up. I never saw a greater variety of game at one time than I did in this march. Burchell's zebras, Coke's hartebeests, Waller's and Thompson's gazelles, water bucks (*Cobus defassa*), *Oryx beisa*, ostriches, wart-hogs, elephants, and rhinoceroses abounded.

And as luck would have it, to swell this list, the noise of the caravan startled a lion from behind a bush, but too far away for me to get a shot. I saw a single track of a buffalo, but none of the animals themselves. The cattle disease that swept through this country five years ago spared scarcely one of these fine animals out of the herds of thousands that used to roam about, as is shown by the quantities of skulls lying about on every side. One rhinoceros attempted to charge the caravan, but I made him turn from his course by lodging a bullet somewhere in his abdomen. We camped well in the canyon, through which the river passed, in the midst of a dense forest.

Far off on the mountains to the north were many gardens belonging to the Konso people, but there were no signs of human beings ever having visited the valley. On May 19 we followed the windings of the river along rough elephant paths that were obliterated in places by bushes and tall grass. Much chopping had to be done, and at times it seemed impossible to go any farther. There were many hippos, but I did not shoot them, as I could not have recovered their bodies. The next day our difficulties

still further increased, the bushes became so dense; but in the afternoon we came to a broad valley, and found a well-trodden donkey path which led to a ford in the river, and looking across the stream we beheld a village of about one hundred inhabitants. As we had been pestered so by mosquitoes, and there was considerable danger of fever along the river, we followed the donkey path some distance as it led up the mountain, and camped on a high, grassy knoll.

The river took a bend to the northwest as it passed through a narrow opening in the mountain which seemed to me to preclude all hope of progress. I sent off one party of boys to see if it would be possible to make our way along the river, and another party up the donkey path; while a third company of ten men, with Haji Idris, I sent to the village across the river to get guides. The latter returned in the evening with some people from the Konso tribe, and also with two Boran, who said they lived high up on the mountains to the southwest, and that they belonged to the division of the Boran called Tertala. The Konso were very friendly and intelligent people, very dark in color, and much resembling the Amara.

They were clad in enormous cloaks of their own manufacture, and some of them wore turbans on their heads. Like the Amara, they have a distinct language of their own; but as they trade so much with the Boran, many of them speak Galla, so that I could converse with them through my interpreter. I managed in this way to jot down about thirty words in the Konso tongue, which appear in the appendix of this book.

We did not move camp the next day, as I wished to trade with the Konso people, and also give the camels a rest. These animals, for some unaccountable reason, had become very weak, and many of them succumbed to the lightest

loads; whether it was the result of fly bites, or the wet ground they had to lie on when camped near the Amara, I could not then tell. A Boran named Liban, of the Mataro tribe, told me his people brought nitrate of soda, which they call "megada," besides cattle, goats, and sheep, to trade with the Konso people in exchange for tobacco, coffee, and durrha. The "megada" is crushed up and mixed with tobacco to give it a spicy flavor, and is greatly prized. The boys I sent to explore the river told me it would be absolutely impossible to take the caravan along its banks, and I was also informed that the donkey path was too steep for the camels to ascend.

According to the natives, the donkey path led clear across the Tertala Mountains, and came to the river again near Lake Boyi; so I determined to try to take this road, as we had to move on anyway, and this seemed to present a few less difficulties than the river valley. There was a curious hill near the camp, rising like a pyramid from the river valley, and on the top of this was a mass of glistening white quartz. The principal stone to be found in this country is a coarse granite, and volcanic rock. We spent a whole day hard at work, getting the camels up the donkey path. The road led up the steepest and stoniest mountain passes one could possibly imagine. We succeeded in ascending fifteen hundred feet, but the camels were in a terrible condition, even those that were not loaded coming into camp almost too tired to walk. The mountains were covered with euphorbias, instead of the umbrella mimosa-trees we had been accustomed to see lately, and the underbrush was very dense, comprising different varieties of acacia, cactus, and aloe.

We camped by a small brook of clear water running towards the Galana, in which I caught a small fish resembling a chub. There was much micaceous grit on the banks



A POOL OF WATER IN THE TERTALA MOUNTAINS.



there were chickens ; so, rowing out in a boat, we collected several dozen eggs, — enough to supply us with omelets for many days, and excellent omelets, too.

I may say we lived very well on Lake Stephanie, for besides the cormorants' eggs, there were many teal and whistling ducks about the marshes, the latter being very tender, and nearly equal to canvasbacks in flavor ; and the lake also abounded in fish. Dr. Albert Günther found two species of fish new to science in the collection I made on Lake Stephanie. There were many crocodiles and hippopotami in the lake, and they would often come quite near the boat, but they never ventured to attack us. Every evening great flocks of gray starlings with yellow wattles flew north past our camp, and myriads of aquatic birds circled about the lake. The mosquitoes were frightful at night, but a strong wind blowing from the southeast every morning drove them away.

On June 1, just after starting for the caravan, the boys called to me that there was a rhinoceros near by. I hastened ahead and saw the beast walking in the tall grass by the lake only eighty yards away from my camels. It was a bad place for a charge, as there was but one way to escape, and all my five camels were blocking this opening ; but as the animal commenced to walk toward us it became necessary to shoot. I let go at his shoulder, and a loud thud told me the bullet had struck the animal, but too high to kill him instantly. He was much hurt, but did not seem to recognize the position of his enemies. He tore about snorting for a few seconds, and then dashed off in an opposite direction, twisting and turning and puffing as only a rhinoceros can, until he got wind of the camp we had just quitted, when he dashed through the zareba, and commenced to stamp about the still burning fires. We were momentarily expecting that he

sleep that night. The sun had scarcely set when we were on the alert. Yes—there were distinctly the sounds of some heavy beast approaching; was it an elephant or a rhinoceros? Steadily the footsteps came nearer, and then suddenly a huge beast ran down the bank on to the broad stretch of sand in front of the water.

It was a rhinoceros, and, as the night was so bright, I could distinctly make out that he had not very good horns. He did not come to drink, but walked up and down within twenty yards of where I was, as though he had made a rendezvous here. Four zebras were the next to appear, and several hyenas. The zebras tried to approach the water, but the rhinoceros repeatedly drove them away. Now I thought surely elephants were coming, as I heard several heavy footsteps; but it was a family group of rhinoceroses. On they came, now halting, now going forward a few steps, apparently without any object. Three were full grown, and the fourth appeared as tiny as a small donkey. It was amusing to see the little one's perfect behavior. It kept close to its mother's heels the entire time, never looking to the right or to the left, but stopping abruptly when she stopped, and advancing as many paces as she did.

The scene was most interesting. This spot, which in the daytime seemed one of the loneliest places in the world, now presented a most gay appearance. Rhinoceroses, zebras, and hyenas were scattered all over the place. The country about was very bushy, and I believe this large open space answered the purpose of one of our parks. The animals were there not only to drink but to see their friends. This sort of thing kept up all night; as soon as one lot of beasts had disappeared, another came to take its place. I was so absorbed in watching the love-making and fights of the animals that I did little shooting. Only two of them drank any water, which I considered

rather strange. My boys were constantly telling me to shoot, but I would not do so for a long time, knowing that I had plenty of shooting before me, and there was little sport in shooting at night. About midnight a rhinoceros appeared that seemed to have better horns than usual. He stood for some time directly in front of me, and I succumbed to that desire for killing that does take possession of one at times. I put up my .577 express and fired. Up went the sand in all directions, and there was such a snorting and puffing as only a rhinoceros can make.

The huge beast was as active as a thin pig, and, after turning in many circles, made his way up the opposite bank into the bushes. Here there was a crash, a few snorts, and we could hear that all was over with him. I went out with my boys, and found my rhinoceros as dead as a stone. The animal had, as I had judged, a fine pair of horns.

The next beast I shot was a zebra. He had had a rendezvous here with his mate. The female first appeared, trotting straight up to the pool of water. She stopped, put up her ears, and waited like a statue for some minutes. Then there was a sound like a mule's bray, only more shrill, and out galloped a splendid stallion from the opposite direction. When his mate trotted off, he stooped down to take a long drink. We needed meat, and here was the beast to take. I put a ball into his vertebra that settled his career on the spot.

I did not shoot for some time after this, but toward morning there came such a splendid pair of rhinoceros horns in front of my zareba that I let the owner have it in the neck. Off he dashed up the opposite hill, turned, ran amuck among the bushes, and finally fell down a bank, twenty feet high, into the river-bed. This tremendous shock was not enough, however. He disap-

peared around a curve on a run, and I was afraid I had lost him. The day broke, and I had not had a wink of sleep. Except for a short time after my shots, there had not been an instant but what some beast could be seen from my zareba. I went out with my boys to track the rhinoceros I had wounded, and found him dead, half a mile off. His front horn measured twenty-four inches around the curve. But the fun was not yet finished, for on our way back to camp we started a rhinoceros out of the bushes close to us. I fired quickly, and hit him too far back. With but a second's hesitation, he charged us like a steam-engine, and we had just time to dodge behind bushes. He kept on in a straight line for fifty yards and stopped, when I put a bullet into him which put an end to his sufferings.

#### CHARGED BY AN ELEPHANT.

After tramping about one afternoon in search of elephants, Dodson and I noticed one of the huge beasts walking leisurely across a broad grassy plain, and started on a run through the bushes to head him off. We had made a proper estimate of the time it would take for the elephant to reach the bushes on the other side of the opening, so that the beast and ourselves came together at the same time. As I fired at the elephant's temple, I felt sure that the animal was mine; but, although he dropped on his knees, the next second he was on his feet, and off again at a quick pace through the bushes. We followed his trail for some time along a narrow path, but we did not have much apprehension of his charging us on sight, as he had appeared so timid when first shot at. But no one ever knows just how an elephant will act.

The longer one hunts these dangerous beasts, the more respect will one have for them, the keener will be the

sixty grains in one day — put an end to the febrile attacks.

While crossing the river, poor Yusif was very nearly dragged away by a crocodile. He and many others of my boys were in the middle of the stream, carrying over the sheep and goats, when a crocodile seized his left arm, and tried to pull him under the water. Yusif's companions pluckily came to his aid, and managed to drive the crocodile away, but not before the poor fellow's arm was nearly torn from him. I was obliged to amputate the arm close to the shoulder.

While I was engaged in operating on Yusif's arm, a herd of elephants passed near the camp, but I did not go after them.

For eight days we remained about the banks of the Guaso Nyiro. Dodson tried several times for elephants and rhinoceroses, and succeeded in shooting one rhinoceros which charged him at close quarters. He gave me an exciting account of how he and three boys who were with him had been very nearly run down by the beast in a narrow alley among the bushes. At another time Dodson found himself almost under the head of an elephant, which was coming toward him, but fortunately the animal turned tail on seeing his mortal enemies. Much to the delight of poor Yusif, I succeeded in killing three large crocodiles directly in front of our camp.

On the 1st of October we struck camp and made a long march southward toward the Tana River. Nothing whatever had been previously known of the country lying between the Guaso Nyiro, at this point, and the Tana. My Rendile guide, who now left us to return to Marsabit, could give us no information on the subject. We could only carry enough water to last three days, and in order to do this I was obliged to throw five thousand Snyder cart-

ridges into the Guaso Nyiro to lighten the camels. There was a distance of one hundred and twenty miles in a straight line to cover, and no one could tell when we should reach water. So it was with no little concern that we ventured on our last plunge into the unknown.

For the first four miles after leaving the Guaso Nyiro, the country was covered with luxuriant green bushes among which roamed many rhinoceroses. These rhinoceroses struck me at once as belonging to a different species from any we had met with before. They were quite as large as the white rhinoceroses of the South, and their upper lip was not as pointed and overlapping as in the case of the ordinary black variety. Their power of resistance was quite proportional to their enormous size, as it took twice the number of shots to bring one of these beasts to the ground that it did to kill the black rhinoceroses. We had hardly marched ten minutes before one of these huge animals made its appearance directly ahead of us. As Dodson wished to have the excitement of killing the brute, I handed him my .577, while I remained behind with the eight-bore.

While the rhinoceros came charging down on us, Dodson waited until he got quite close, and then, with his first shot, broke one of his fore-legs. As the rhinoceros was now at our mercy, I tried several experimental shots with a 45-90 Winchester at different parts of his head and body with as little effect as though I had been shooting with a pop-gun. After Dodson had finished his rhinoceros with another shot from the .577 in the neck, and we had marched on about a mile, a female rhinoceros, with a young one following close at her heels, darted out viciously from behind a bush, and charged at the leading camel. I dropped her on her knees with the first shot, but as she rose again the bullet from the left barrel of my express felled her a