

CHAPTER XIII

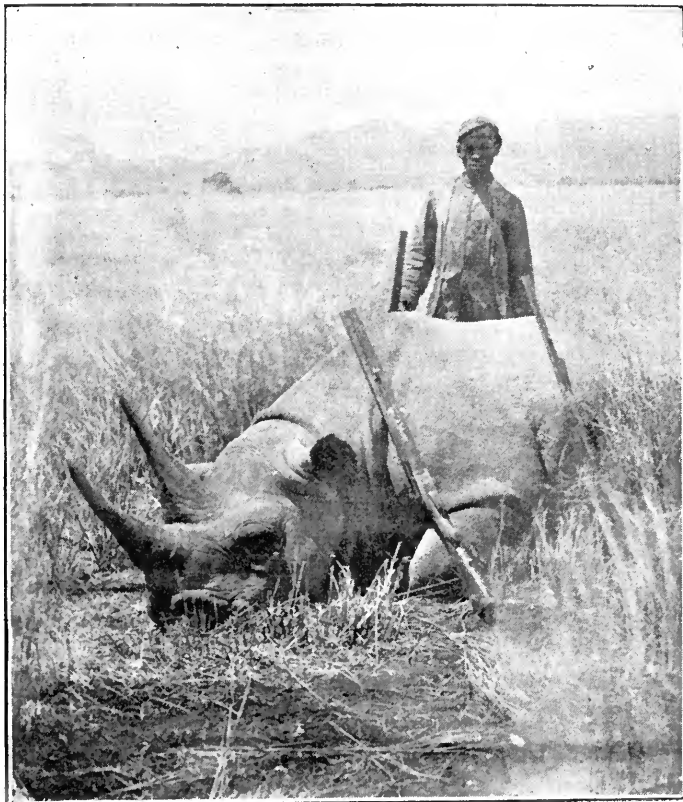
THE RHINOCEROS

BY F. J. JACKSON

MR. F. C. SELOUS has proved beyond a doubt that there is only one species of the so-called black rhinoceros (*R. bicornis*) in South Africa, and his arguments apply equally to the East African beast. There can be no doubt that the range of this beast extends from the Soudan to South Africa, and that there is only one distinct species of prehensile-lipped rhinoceros known throughout Africa. If the classification of the black rhinoceros depended on the comparative size of the horns (and this appears to have been the principal basis of former arguments), then there would certainly be no difficulty in making two or even more species. Adult rhinoceroses are to be found in East Africa (and perhaps there is no place where they exist in greater numbers at the present day), varying in size, temperament, and in the length and shape of their horns. I have myself shot them with almost every variety of horns, from a beast with front horn 27 ins. and second horn only 9 ins. in length, to one with front horn 21 ins. and the other horn 22 ins. in length. The latter specimen, together with the one in the illustration, answers to the so-called species *R. Keitloa*.

Few beasts, if any, vary so much in temperament as rhinoceroses, and no rule can be laid down as to their general behaviour, though in most cases they will retreat before the presence of man. Personally, I consider the 'kifaru' (Swahili

for rhinoceros) to be by nature an extremely stupid beast, and were it not for the birds (*Buphaga erythrorhyncha*) which nearly always accompany it, and act as sentinels for it, the rhino-



Dead rhinoceros and gun-bearer

ceros would be quite the easiest of all game to stalk, and would, in consequence, be far less plentiful than it is. If not accompanied by these birds, there would be no difficulty in approaching sleeping rhinoceroses to within a few yards; in fact,

if so inclined, I believe one might kick them up. I have often got to within 30 or 40 yards of one, have then failed to rouse it by whistling and shouting, and have had to throw sticks, stones, or bits of earth at it before it would get up. Should the birds detect the stalker, however, they will fly up in the air and give vent to a curious and prolonged shrill hissing note, not unlike the call of our missel-thrush, and away the rhinoceros will go before the stalker can get within range. These birds follow the rhinoceroses for the sake of the ticks which are always plentiful on them.

When alarmed, the rhinoceros becomes easily flurried, appears to do things on impulse which other animals endowed with more sagacity would not do, and is by no means the vicious and vindictive brute which some writers have found him to be in South Africa and the Soudan. In the majority of cases, where a rhinoceros is said, by men who perhaps have not been very well acquainted with his peculiarities, to have charged in a most determined and vicious manner, I believe this so-called charge to have been nothing more than the first headlong and impetuous rush of the beast in a semi-dazed state, endeavouring to avoid an encounter rather than court one.

In spite of the fact that buffaloes are generally considered the most dangerous of all big game, rhinoceroses will test the nerve of a beginner more perhaps than any other big beast. In the first place, 'rhinos' are generally found standing or lying down quite out in the open plain, often under the shade of a small thorn tree, where there is very little covert of any kind, except, perhaps, a few scanty bushes and low ant-heaps (the majority of which would afford little or no protection in the event of a charge), and grass from 12 to 18 inches in height. Again, there is no knowing what 'rhinos' will do when shot at and wounded, and their behaviour is sometimes decidedly embarrassing, as they will often spin round and round, and these gyrations, accompanied by violent snorting, are rather alarming until one gets

used to them. Rhinoceroses, when at rest, almost invariably stand and lie with their sterns to the wind—i.e. the beasts face more or less in the direction from which the stalker approaches them.

They also nearly always retreat up wind when alarmed, as, being gifted with very poor sight, they depend almost entirely on their extraordinary sense of smell for any warning of the presence of danger.

I have on several occasions passed to leeward within 100 yards of one, even in the open, and, though followed by several men, it was evidently quite unable to make us out, though it saw us, and showed no signs of fear by running away or of curiosity by advancing towards us for a closer inspection, the latter a common feature in the behaviour of some game. On one occasion, however, I walked close past to leeward of a rhino which haunted a certain plain in the Arusha-wa-chini district, and which I knew well by sight, as he had a very short stumpy horn. I was after a herd of buffaloes at the time I passed him ; on my return I saw him standing in almost the same position, and, wishing to see what he would do on getting my wind, I walked past to windward of him within 300 yards.

As I had only a double .360 Express in my hand, with no gun-bearer nearer than 100 yards, every man being engaged in carrying the meat of a buffalo I had shot, I was not quite prepared for the change in his demeanour as he came straight for me. When about 80 yards off, a shot at his head only had the effect of increasing his pace, and when within 20 yards the second barrel failed to turn him, as I had hoped. I was forced to make a bolt for it, but he never attempted to follow me. After this experience I did not try any more experiments on the different temperaments of rhinoceroses under varying circumstances, nor would I recommend others to try any, unless they have an 8-bore rifle in their hands and a trustworthy gun-bearer at their heels.

This habit of retreating up wind is one of the reasons, if not the principal one, that rhinoceroses have gained for

themselves the reputation for charging more often than other beasts, not only from the natives, but from many European sportsmen. To begin with, a rhinoceros rarely drops on the spot to the shoulder-shot, even when hit with a 4-bore bullet, but will dash forward whichever way his head may be pointing in at the time of being fired at, which, as I have said before, may be in the direction of the sportsman. If they should spin round and round, which they very often do, particularly when shot through the lungs, they will rush off in the direction their heads are in when they cease their gyrations. Should they, however, start off down wind in their first rush, they will very quickly turn up into the wind, and either in so doing, or in rushing straight forward, they are quite as likely as not to come in the sportsman's direction, who, as he will probably be within 80 to 90 yards of the beast before firing, might be led to mistake this headlong rush for a charge.

I have many times experienced this myself, and have had a rhinoceros come tearing along, snorting like a steam-engine, to within 10 or 15 yards of me ; but with three exceptions, when I was unable for want of covert to keep out of sight, they always turned off to the right or left of me, and did not charge.

Although I do not consider rhinoceroses very dangerous beasts, I have always had a certain amount of respect for them, and have been careful to use heavy rifles ; still I have had more really exciting encounters with these beasts than with any other of the larger game, and have three times been charged in a determined manner. I account for two of these charges by the fact that I was very close up before firing, failed to knock the beasts down, and was unable to keep out of sight. The third charge, which is the only one worth recording here, occurred in Turkwel on January 25, 1890. I had shot three antelopes on the march, some distance from the footpath, and as there were a great number of vultures about I left a gun-bearer with each beast to keep them off. The last one—a *G. Grantii*—had given me a long run, so I left my Winchester carbine with the gun-bearer in charge, as the natives were a treacherous lot and

had caused us much trouble. When I was returning to the caravan track to call men to carry the meat, having only a 12-bore shot-gun in my hand, loaded with No. 8 shot, there being a good many sand-grouse about, out floundered a cow rhino and calf from behind a bush 25 yards off. To slip behind two small mimosa saplings, within a few feet of me, was the work of a second, but I was not quick enough to prevent the rhino catching sight of me, when she came straight at me with her head down. When within 15 yards, which I thought quite close enough, I fired at her head with splendid effect, as she lunged forward and stumbled on to her knees, ploughing up the ground with her chin ; but quickly recovering herself swung round on her hind legs and bolted, followed by the calf. Stopping a charging rhino with No. 8 shot is perhaps unique.

Rhinoceroses will often charge through a caravan without any apparent provocation, but in most cases, if not in all, I believe the cause to be stupidity rather than viciousness, and also their almost invariable habit of retreating up wind. I have never known of a case in which a rhinoceros has charged a caravan down the wind, except once, when the beast was in such close proximity to the footpath that, being suddenly aroused from sleep by the noise of the men, and seeing them, it charged in self-defence. I know, however, of several cases of a rhinoceros charging through caravans from a considerable distance, but always up wind, and, from what I observed, can only account for it in one way. The rhinoceros is generally lying asleep, perhaps several yards off, when the caravan passes to windward of it, and as the countries where these beasts are found are for the most part uninhabited, the caravans on the march are often of considerable length, as the men straggle along much more when there is little fear of trouble from natives.

The beast on being aroused will start up, stare about, sniff the wind with head raised, and trot off to the right or left, by which time the caravan, moving on, is extended in a long line well across the wind, and the rhinoceros, finding that whichever way he turns he is unable to get clear of the men's scent,

and possibly imagining himself surrounded, becomes more and more confused, and rushes up wind rather than down. Should the beast, however, happen to get clear of the scent of the foremost men in the caravan as it first starts off on being disturbed, it will circle round in front of them and make off with tail erect in its usual grotesque manner rather than go out of its way to charge.

It is a curious fact that natives are, as a rule, more afraid of a rhinoceros than of either an elephant or buffalo. They also find him more difficult to kill, but this is entirely owing to his tough hide, and the primitive nature of their weapons. The people of Turkwel, in the Suk country, who live by hunting, and who kill large quantities of game, including elephants, all of which they kill at close quarters with spears, told me that they feared a rhinoceros more than anything else, and rarely cared to attack him. This I can understand, as he is a much more active beast, and, owing to his tougher hide, is more difficult to kill than a buffalo. I may mention that these people first of all snare all their game in the manner described by Sir Samuel Baker in his 'Wild Beasts and their Ways,' vol. ii. p. 94 ; otherwise, having only the most primitive of spears (made out of iron found in or near their country, and not out of trade iron wire), they could not hope to kill anything, as they use neither pitfalls nor bows and arrows. With the exception of the elephant, the rhinoceros has fewer enemies, except man, than any other game, as it is very doubtful whether lions, were they to attack him, could do any harm beyond giving him a severe clawing, and I think they can scarcely be counted as enemies.

The facts that he is generally found in the open, that he stands stern to the wind when at rest, and that he is usually attended by bird sentinels, obviously prevent him from being taken at a disadvantage. This security from surprise, together with his immunity from enemies (the natives rarely attacking him in the open), may account to a certain extent for his indolent and sleepy nature.

Rhinoceroses (*R. bicornis*) are exclusively bush-feeders. The various species of mimosa form their favourite and principal food. During the day, from about 9 A.M. till about 5 P.M., they rest and sleep, and are then generally found in the open, though I have come across them quite unexpectedly in thick bush, enjoying their midday siesta, even though an open plain was close by. About 5 P.M. they begin to wend their way in the direction of their drinking place, feeding here and there as they go on any tempting-looking mimosa bush, but they do not drink until after sundown. They then make for their feeding grounds, browse throughout the night, drink again just before sunrise, often have a roll in a mud-hole, and then make their way to the place where they intend to lie up for the day. It is when on their way to or on their arrival at their quarters for the day that the sportsman will generally see them.

Should a rhinoceros be found standing in open country where there is but little covert, and should it be accompanied by birds, which are easily seen with the aid of binoculars, the sportsman should wait at a distance until it lies down before beginning to crawl in. He will then have to stalk the birds rather than the rhinoceros. This reminds me of an incident which occurred to me before I had had much experience with these beasts, when I stalked a rhino unattended by birds, and got up to it rather closer than I should otherwise have done, but was betrayed at the last moment by the sudden appearance of birds. This happened in December 1886, when encamped on the river Lumi, one march above Taveta to the east of Kilimanjaro, in a delightful spot, which is now known as 'Kampi ya Simba' (lion camp) from my having shot two lions there. On the 29th I went out, and was making for the foot of the mountain when I saw two rhinos under a tree about a mile and a half off. I was on my way to circumvent them when another one, which I had not seen, appeared from the left, and walked across my front, about 300 yards off. By the length and thinness of its front horn I knew



THE RHINO RAISED HERSELF . . . LIKE A HUGE FIG

it to be a cow, so I sat down in the grass, as there was no other covert, and waited until she walked under a small thorn-tree about half a mile off. Under the shade of this tree the grass was considerably longer; she soon lay down, and I walked straight up to within about 200 yards, when she got up, obliging me and my gun-bearer to drop down into the grass and lie still till she again lay down.

Although she had no birds on her back, she appeared restless, and kept raising her head, which I attributed to the fact that she was dead to leeward of the other two rhinos, some quarter of a mile off, and as she was almost facing us, we lay still to give her time to settle down and go to sleep. I was particularly anxious to make sure of her, as she had the best horn I had seen up to that time. As the grass was some 18 ins. long, though there was not a particle of other covert, we crawled forward on hands and knees and had little difficulty in getting within 100 yards of her, when we took a short rest, as grovelling through the grass was hot work. We then crawled on, flat on our stomachs, and when within about 50 yards I raised my head, saw that some 20 yards further on there was a tuft of slightly longer grass, and determined to get up to this before firing. However, just before we reached it, some half-dozen birds came from the direction of the other two rhinos, and settled on our cow's back, but we eventually succeeded in reaching the tuft. The difficulty now was to get into a sitting position and ready to shoot without being seen by the birds. To do this I worked my legs towards the rhino as I lay on my side, and gradually raised myself into a sitting position, but at that instant the birds saw me, and flew up with their usual cry of alarm. At the same moment the rhino raised herself on her forelegs like a huge pig, and I then realised that I was nearer than I intended to get, only about 20 yards separating us, but she did not appear to see me. As she remained sitting in this position, without moving my body, which I knew might attract attention, I stretched out my arm behind me for the 4-bore, but did not feel it at first, and thought that for once my faithful

Ramazan had received rather a shock to his nerves on finding himself at such close quarters. However, he put it into my hand at last, after a delay of perhaps two seconds, which appeared to me much longer, and I quickly planted a bullet on the point of her left shoulder which knocked her over. Reloading before I moved, I saw she was still down, but making desperate efforts to get up; but as she was lying on her left side with her broken shoulder under her, she was unable to do so, and I ran up and despatched her with a shot in the neck. This was the only time I ever knocked a rhino down on the spot with the shoulder shot, but I took it here because she was too much end on for the neck shot, which I always prefer for these beasts when within a range of 35 yards, as when struck in the right spot they drop dead, and the chances of a charge are removed.

A rhinoceros when once started is a difficult beast to stop, though a shot from a heavy rifle will generally turn it. Their most determined charge is less to be feared than that of a buffalo or elephant, as they rarely if ever hunt a man, but rush straight on, whether they miss him or knock him down. The only instance I have ever heard of in which a rhinoceros renewed the attack under any circumstances (i.e. wounded or unwounded) after it had dispersed or knocked down its enemy, happened to Captain Pringle, R.E., when returning from Uganda in 1892. This occurred between Machako's and Kibwezi, in Ukambani. The beast—which, by the way, was not wounded—repeatedly charged the men, who were, however, too nimble for it, and it finally amused itself by tossing Pringle's load of bedding about, ventilating it in some half-dozen places with its horn before being driven off.

When within range, which may be any distance between 80 and 30 yards, unless safely ensconced behind a small tree or ant-heap, the stalker should cast a look round immediately to leeward of his position, to see that there is no wart-hog hole or other obstruction, in which he might come to grief, should it be necessary to dodge in case of a charge. The stalker should always endeavour to get within a range of 80 yards, to ensure

a vital shot at the shoulder. If the country is favourable and the beast can be approached within 35 yards or less, a shot in the neck, a trifle below and a few inches behind the base of the ear, would be instantly fatal. Although the object of this shot is to break the vertebræ of the neck, it is better to aim rather low than too high, as there is always a chance of the bullet severing the main arteries of the neck or jugular vein should the vertebræ be missed, whereas a shot above the vertebræ might go clean through the neck and the beast be none the worse.

Every sportsman will probably have his own ideas as to shooting positions, and as most shooting (except elephant shooting) in East Africa is done in fairly open country, he can please himself, and will in most cases be able to adopt the position most convenient, whether it be standing, kneeling, sitting, or lying. Personally I prefer to sit down, and always fire even a 4- or 8-bore in this position, provided the grass is not too high to obscure my view of the beast. The recoil of such rifles—a push, rather than a kick—is too much for any man, except a Hercules, in this position, and always pushes me back and causes my legs to go up in the air, if it does not send me actually on to my back. When 80 yards from a beast I do not mind it, but when within 40 yards or less it is better not to have one's equilibrium upset in this manner, and I therefore make my gun-bearer sit behind me with his hands within an inch or so of my back to hold me up. This is a capital plan, but on no account must the gun-bearer touch the sportsman's back, as he might give a slight push just as the trigger is being pressed. I remember once coming rather to grief, and being in a ludicrous though not critical position, owing to my gun-bearer being unable to get behind me. I was out shooting with Dr. Mackinnon at Machako's on March 30, 1889, and as he had not then killed a rhino and was anxious to do so, we kept together and came across two of them in a capital position. Followed by our gun-bearers we got up to a bush within 60 yards of them, when the Doctor gave the larger one, a cow, a

good shot behind the shoulder and another one as she ran away. The second rhino I missed clean with both barrels. After running about a quarter of a mile, they both pulled up close to a bush, and, swaying about two or three times, the wounded one sat down and subsided, looking just as if she was asleep, while the other one stood close by her. Within about 20 yards of them there was a large ant-heap with very steep sides, and as the wind was fair I went round and got up to this heap without the least trouble. After crawling up and peeping over the top, I could only see the nose and front horn



' I was knocked over '

of the one standing, to the left of the bush, but I saw that the other one was quite dead. As I did not wish to risk a shot through the bush, I crept round to the left side of the ant-heap, and could then see the head and quite enough neck to afford a good shot ; but the difficulty was to get into a steady shooting position, as I could neither stand up nor sit down. I at last managed to squat down on my right heel, with my left leg also tucked up under me, and in this awkward position fired at the beast's neck. The result was rather more startling than I expected with regard to myself, as I was knocked over by the recoil of the rifle, and sent flying back-

wards to the bottom of the ant-heap, where I nearly turned a complete somersault, but quickly recovering myself I had the satisfaction of seeing that the rhino was still more completely knocked over than myself.

Among many and varied experiences with East African big game, two rhinoceros fights, of which I was a witness, were perhaps not the least interesting. The first I saw on a short trip from Taveta, with my friend Sir Robert Harvey, to the Rombo and Useri plains early in January 1887. On New Year's Day we were changing camps from Kampi ya Simba to Rombo, both on the Lumi river, and we each took different beats, Harvey keeping to the plains on the right bank, whilst I took the left bank. Shortly after separating, I managed by great good luck, rather than by good management, to get within about 70 yards of three ostriches, all of which I succeeded in bagging. After skinning them and taking their thighs, the only meat there is on an ostrich, I went on keeping close to the river, and came across a rhino standing in the open ; but the ground was so devoid of covert that I could not get nearer than 100 yards, and a shot with the 4-bore struck her too low, as I foolishly forgot to raise the back sight, and only wounded her high up in the forelegs, which, however, soon caused her to settle down into a walk. As she headed for a patch of grass that had not been burnt, with several bushes and ant-heaps dotted about, I kept within 150 yards of her, intending to get nearer when she entered this covert. After she had entered it, I took advantage of a bush and drew up to within 100 yards of her, when another rhino jumped out of the grass where it had been lying to leeward of her, and made straight for her. She, however, heard him (for it was a bull), and whipped round to face him ; and so they stood about three yards apart, giving vent to a succession of squeals and low guttural roars, the latter not unlike the roars of a lion. For quite twenty minutes I watched them, and a most interesting sight it was. At first they did not close, but alternately rushed at each other ; as each in turn charged, the other backed

away, and I observed that neither of them ever raised its head, but held its snout close to the ground, keeping up a continuous roar and squealing the whole time. At last they closed ; but not for long, for after a few most violent and vicious digs at each other, they separated and again stood facing. As this sort of thing went on for about a quarter of an hour, their bouts becoming more and more vicious and prolonged, and as they were entirely engrossed in themselves, I exchanged my Express for the 8-bore, and, followed by Ramazan with the 4-bore, crept up to a large ant-heap within 40 yards of them, and lay watching them for another five minutes. How long they would have kept up this fight there is no knowing, but, as it was becoming somewhat monotonous, I whispered to Ramazan that I was going to shoot, and, following his advice, fired at the wounded one, planting a bullet behind her shoulder. The result was rather curious : she dashed at her opponent and attacked him with great fury, this being quite their best 'round,' lasting more than a minute, until my shot began to take effect on her, and she had to give way to the now superior strength of the bull. As the cow stood this time with her head held high, snorting blood from her nostrils, she swayed from side to side and then dropped over dead.

The bull went up and stood over her, prodding her in the stomach with his horn, offering me a good broadside shot, which I took, placing a bullet in his shoulder. From his subsequent behaviour one might have imagined that he thought that the defunct cow was the cause of his discomfort, for nothing could have exceeded the furious way in which he attacked her. He dashed at her as she lay on her side, and dug with extraordinary rapidity at her between the forelegs, when I put an end to his ferocity with a bullet in his neck, which dropped him. On going up I found him lying with his head under the uppermost foreleg of the cow, but with the exception of a small jagged wound in her armpit, neither of them bore traces of their combat, beyond innumerable white-looking surface scratches on

their heads, the sides of their necks, and front of their shoulders. It is quite evident that they held their heads low throughout the encounter on purpose to protect their throats, the softest, and perhaps most vulnerable, parts of their bodies. In this case, as also in the other fight I witnessed, one beast was wounded, and was attacked by an unwounded one.

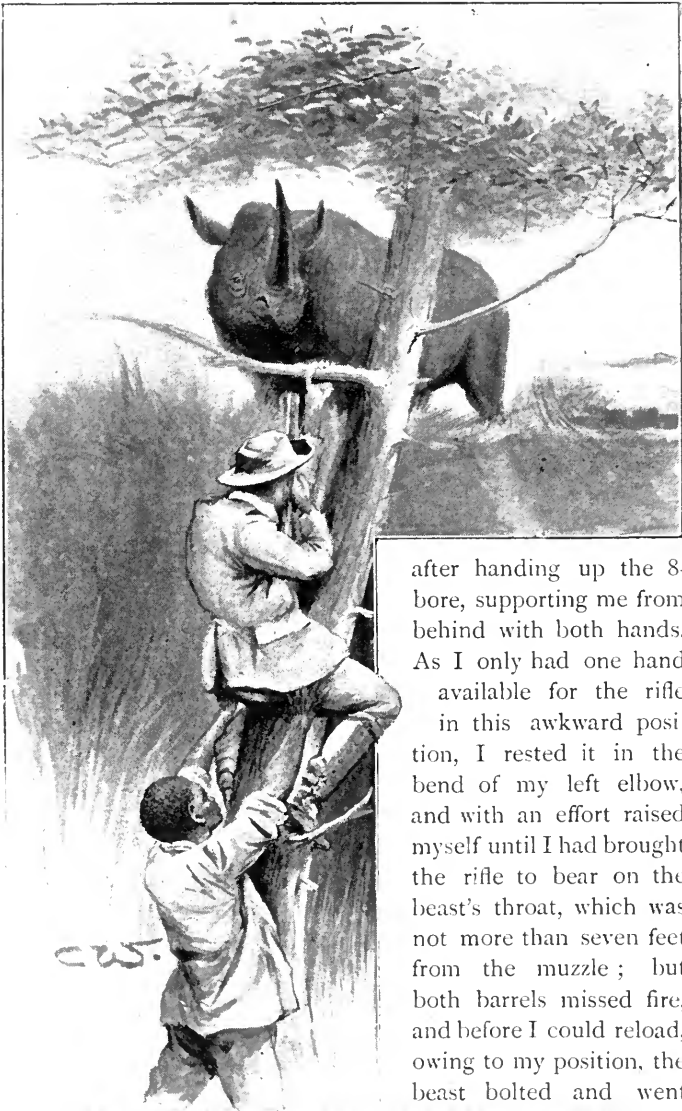
I think there can be little doubt that when rhinoceroses do fight, it is in a most determined and dogged manner, though it is highly improbable that they ever kill each other. I once shot a rhino which was terribly scored about the face and neck, with several of the abrasions still bleeding. As the grass had been quite lately burnt I followed back on its spoor, which was very distinct, and came to the spot where it had fought with another rhino. The ground for a space of 30 yards showed unmistakable signs of the severe and evidently prolonged combat. It was cut up, and loose stones a foot or more in diameter displaced and scattered in all directions. One large boulder, some $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, near which the encounter seemed to have been most severe, was smeared and splashed with blood. Two or three times I have shot rhinoceroses with only one ear, the other one most probably having been bitten off in a fight.

The following experience with a rhinoceros has the merit of being a curious one, though attended by absolutely no danger to myself.

Having successfully stalked three rhinoceroses—a bull, a cow, and a three-parts-grown calf—all standing together, I gave the bull a shot behind the shoulder, which knocked him down. I was so certain he was shot through the lungs, and would not go far, that I did not fire again when he picked himself up and galloped off. In this I was mistaken, as he went away across the open plain apparently unhurt, the other two going off in another direction. As I sat down on an ant-heap, feeling by no means pleased with myself, I watched the bull for a long time, and saw him pull up about two miles off and walk under the shade of what I took at the distance to be a low bush,

close to the bank of a dry watercourse. On following him up, keeping along the watercourse, I got within about 500 yards of him, and made out that he was in reality standing in the shade cast by a table-topped mimosa-tree which was growing in the bed of the watercourse, and that he was within a few feet of the edge of the bank, which was quite precipitous and some ten feet high.

I immediately saw from the open nature of the ground that my only chance of getting near him was to cross the watercourse where I stood, and make a *détour* on the opposite bank until I got the top of the mimosa-tree between myself and the rhino. On arriving back at the edge of the bank, and being now immediately opposite the beast, which was quite hidden by the top of the tree, I found that the watercourse, which was just here very wide—as the banks had given way when the stream was in flood—was full of tall dry cane-grass. Climbing down into this grass, which was about eight feet high, I crept along very slowly, and as noiselessly as I could, the grass being very brittle, until I came to a narrow strip of sand, the actual watercourse ; but on raising myself I found that I had come too near, and was unable to see the rhino, as he was standing a little back from the edge of the bank. Retracing my steps a short way, I was still unable to see him, this time on account of the tall grass ; but being determined, if possible, not to be done, I again went forward and got up to the foot of the tree, which stood within four feet of the precipitous bank. At that moment the beast must have heard me, as I could hear him give two or three snorts, and stamps with his feet, which sounded unpleasantly near. Feeling, however, that I was perfectly safe, I very quietly swarmed a few feet up the tree, and saw the rhino was standing facing me, with head up, about eight feet from the edge of the bank. At the same moment he saw me and came forward to the extreme edge. Slipping down the tree, I gave Ramazan, my gun-bearer, to understand by signs what to do, and again swarmed up the tree, caught hold of a small branch with my left hand, and hung on to the trunk with my legs ; Ramazan,



after handing up the 8-bore, supporting me from behind with both hands. As I only had one hand available for the rifle in this awkward position, I rested it in the bend of my left elbow, and with an effort raised myself until I had brought the rifle to bear on the beast's throat, which was not more than seven feet from the muzzle; but both barrels missed fire, and before I could reload, owing to my position, the beast bolted and went

In this awkward position

clean away. Although disappointed ¹ at the result after all my trouble and excitement, it was perhaps as well for me—as likewise for the rhinoceros—that the rifle did not go off, as the heavy recoil might have had very unpleasant results to myself.

¹ This was one of many disappointments from the same cause, as at the time I was using a consignment of cartridges lately received from England, out of which 45 per cent. missed fire; and after I had had rather a disagreeable encounter with an old bull-buffalo, and had twice failed to stop a charging rhinoceros, my nerve was so shaken that I gave up using the 8-bore until I had sent to the coast for and received another lot (Messrs. Eley's) which I had left behind, and which never once failed me, although they had been in the country, and in a moist atmosphere, over two years.