

ELEPHANT-HUNTING
IN
EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THREE YEARS' IVORY-HUNTING
UNDER MOUNT KENIA AND AMONG THE NDOROBO
SAVAGES OF THE LOROGI MOUNTAINS, IN-
CLUDING A TRIP TO THE NORTH
END OF LAKE RUDOLPH

BY
ARTHUR H. NEUMANN

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
By J. G. MILLAIS, E. CALDWELL, AND G. E. LODGE
COLOURED PLATE AND MAP

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stances might seem to make desirable. I ventured to disregard advice to take the Tana River route—involving a sea voyage, a fresh organisation, and a journey through difficult and unhealthy “fly”-infested bush all the way, with little useful help from canoes (which could not take animals) against the stream—and elected for the overland one through Northern Ukambani. But I made the mistake of going round by Kibwezi on the Uganda road, instead of following the more direct and convenient path used by Swahili traders and Wakamba visiting the coast. At the little German mission station of Ikutha, where one enters Ukambani, I passed the last outpost of civilisation in this direction. I have reason to feel the greatest gratitude to its hospitable head (Mr. Sauberlich) for many kindnesses and ready assistance in various ways. Shortly after leaving there I met Mr. Chanler returning to the coast. I had already had the advantage of some talks with Lieutenant Von Hohnel (previously Count Teleki’s companion) in Mombasa, who had been hurt by a rhinoceros while travelling in his company, and from both these gentlemen I received much useful information. I had long previously, though, heard of Laiju and the Ndorobo country beyond from Swahili traders as a good one for elephants, and resolved to make that direction my aim, and as much farther as I could attain. It had the special attraction for me that the country that way was least known, and I was not likely to be hampered by rival travellers, official or otherwise, there. Chanler gave me a little half-bred terrier, named “Frolic,” which proved a charming little companion, and continued so until her sad death on another expedition.

There is nothing worth recording in the way of sport during all this part of the journey. The uninhabited (principally desert) country traversed previous to entering Ukambani has but little game, though here and there an odd head may be picked up,—a Coke’s hartbeeste, impala or zebra,—and a few guinea-fowl sometimes help the pot.

is about the limit of the species ; there are none south of the Tana nor farther up the river on this side.

The men (I had about a dozen with me) soon piled all the meat on to the loads they were already carrying, and we went on to the stream. This one, just at the part where we struck it, flows through lovely open meadows of soft green grass with only scattered trees. The formation here is limestone, generally close to the surface, and where it is so the grass grows short and soft ; and there having been plenty of rain that season it was then beautifully green. As we came out of the bush to the edge of the open a herd of oryx were standing in the meadow ; and as I had no meat for myself (besides which I wanted oryx heads) I shot one, which proved a nice fat heifer. We camped close by on the stream, within a hundred yards or so of the antelope. A delightful and most picturesque spot it was, with the delicious brook of clear, cold water—so especially precious in Equatorial Africa—rushing past. My tent was pitched under a spreading tree on its banks and but little above its surface, for it had hardly any bed and the gently sloping lawn came right down to the water. The men caught quantities of fish, and one kind—a sort of small perch—proved a very sweet little fellow when fried fresh out of the water. On some of these streams grows a plant which I take to be a kind of lily, of which the root when thoroughly boiled is a very good vegetable and a welcome addition to one's menu in the bush.

Next morning we started to move on to the next stream, where I knew there was abundance of game ; and as the "boma" at Laiju could from there be reached in one good day, it would be a suitable locality in which to shoot meat for the purpose of being carried in. But on the way, while it was yet early, as we were traversing the comparatively open bush that covers most of this particular part (though in places are dense thickets of considerable extent) of the nearly level country, we came suddenly in sight of a rhinoceros standing a

short way off. Being bent on "biltong" for exchanging with the natives for meal, etc., I thought it a pity to lose this chance; so I exchanged my single Metford, which it was then my custom always to carry myself, for the double .577 with my gunbearer behind me and ran up to a little bush quite near the rhino.

Although very bad-sighted, these animals often seem to get some inkling of one's proximity even when the wind is right, either from the tick birds which generally accompany them or, in their absence, by some other means—perhaps hearing. This one knew I was there and began to shift about uneasily; but as soon as I got up to the bush which screened my approach I took the first chance he gave me of a side shot and before he had made up his mind to decamp. He immediately executed what I call the rhino's death-waltz—a performance they very commonly go through on getting a fatal shot. It is a curious habit, this dying dance, and consists in spinning round and round like a top in one place with a rocking-horse motion before starting off at a gallop, which generally is only a short one, to be arrested after a hundred yards or so by death. I imagine the cause of this strange evolution is the animal's endeavour to find out the cause of the sudden wound it has received—much on the same principle as a dog chases his tail when anything irritates that organ. Mine passed close to me after his dance, but I felt so sure he was done that I refrained from giving him the second barrel.

On another occasion, however, I lost a rhino through placing faith in the "waltz" being a sign of immediately impending death. I had given him a shot in about the right place; but as he was somewhat inclined diagonally towards me, the bullet must have gone too far back. He waltzed round several times with only an ant-heap, about as tall as a man and not much broader, between me and him, he being on one side of it while I dodged him, as his dance sometimes

brought him half round it, on the other. On that occasion, however, my rhino galloped so far that I lost him through not putting in the second barrel as he passed.

Well, my victim of this morning (to return to him) galloped off and I followed him with confidence. But no sooner had I started in pursuit than I saw him—as I supposed—standing a couple of hundred yards on. I made towards this one; but on the way passed *my* rhino already dead. Getting quite close up behind another small bush I shot this second one in the point of the shoulder, breaking it, though I did not feel certain at the time that the bullet had penetrated to his vitals. He plunged about, and on my tiny dog "Frolic" running in and barking, charged savagely at her, ploughing up the ground and carrying some of the soil between his horns. The charge brought him towards me, so I gave him my second barrel in front of the shoulder; and after trying to stand on his head, squealing like a gigantic pig,—as he is in appearance too,—he subsided into a lying position on his stomach, and though his ears flapped and his little eyes blinked still, was dead. It turned out afterwards that the second was superfluous, as both bullets had gone through his heart.

Thus we had two rhinos dead, only about a hundred yards apart. There had been rain the night before, and pools of water stood in depressions in patches of bare red ground such as occur here and there in this bush; so we camped by one of these which we found a short way off, for the convenience of cutting up and carrying the meat.

We remained here two days, the men cutting up and hanging the meat in festoons. As they had as much as they could deal with I did not attempt to shoot anything more there, though there were giraffe as well as other game about. Waller's gazelle are particularly fond of bush of this character, where there are these bare patches of hard red ground. I made the acquaintance of this queer-looking gazelle for the first time now, with its extraordinarily long neck giving it the appearance of a little

I did not hunt much more here as we had already a large quantity of meat drying, and I wanted to get back to Laiju and lay my plans for a trip in another direction in quest of elephants. I shot one or two oryx, being anxious to get a finer specimen of this handsome, long-horned antelope, and a few of the smaller kinds. One oryx which I had hit rather low ran some distance, and when we finally came up with him after following the spoor showed fight, so that though already done it was necessary to use another cartridge to finish him. It is, of course, well known that it is very dangerous to lay hold of a wounded oryx or go within reach of its sharp, sweeping horns, and I have before experienced its dexterity with these formidable weapons; but I do not remember to have noticed its angry voice under such circumstances: this one fairly growled when we went near it.

The neighbourhood of which I have been writing is quite an ideal game country, and very pleasant to camp and to shoot in. The drawback is the difficulty of getting there; otherwise a very delightful time might be spent by a small party in the district. My camp there was by a little lakelet formed by the stream—a charming spot—my tent pitched under a spreading tree on the very water's edge. One day I shot a huge barber (as they are called in South Africa) in this pool with my rook rifle. I was sitting having my meal under the shade of the tree outside the tent door, and it came feeling about after scraps I threw in on the surface of the water close to the bank above which I sat, and I put the little bullet right through the centre of its nose—or rather where the nose ought to be in its wide ugly head—killing it instantly, to the delight of my Swahili retainers (to whom fish never comes amiss).

The varieties of game to be found in this district, not of course all in precisely the same locality, but in the neighbourhood round about, are:—rhinoceros, giraffe, oryx, waterbuck, lesser koodoo, Grant's gazelle, Waller's gazelle, impala, a few Coke's hartebeeste and the tiny "paa" (Kirkii); zebra of two kinds,

noon and got a shot at a rhino, half facing me, through a bush; but he made off, and though I followed the blood spoor a long way I had to give it up and return empty-handed, having seen no other game. I have found the truth of Selous' rule, that when once a wounded rhino goes any considerable distance the chance of ever getting him is very small. I only remember to have once bagged one under such circumstances. In that instance the rhino was shot through the shoulder, but the bone did not break till it had galloped a mile or more, and I came upon him again accidentally, unable to go farther.

I was able to dry my things here, and made ready for an early start the next day in the direction of Mthara¹ (the next district to the westward, along the foot of the range) to look for elephant spoor. There was thunder and rain again in the night. The next morning I made an early start, leaving my little caravan encamped and taking five men besides my gun-bearer and a guide with me. On the way down to the flats I saw two pairs of bush buck, and had a good look at one, a fine handsome male, very red in colour. I did not interfere with them, but was afterwards rather sorry I had not shot this one as a specimen of the bush bucks of this part of Africa. They are very far from common, and I think I only saw one other (a female) on the whole trip. The country here, at the northern base of the range, is very different from that on the other side, no doubt owing to less rain falling. The grass is comparatively short, it is much healthier for stock, and more open and easier and pleasanter to get about in.

After walking for some distance through open grassy flats, sprinkled with thorn trees and studded here and there with koppies, many of which were clearly small craters, keeping parallel with the range, I saw a pair of rhino ahead, in very

¹ This name has been written Msara by German travellers, who cannot pronounce the "th," but the natives themselves sound those letters quite distinctly, just as we do in the words "that," "there," etc. In the same way the name of the river is really Thana, not Tana.

open ground, standing close to a rather bushy little low tree. As I wanted meat for my men I went after them. The wind being right I got the tree between me and them and approached. But I could see through the tree that they were disturbed (probably by the tick birds which are nearly always with rhinos and give them warning of approaching danger), so scuttled up to a tiny little bush, only about three feet high, growing some thirty or forty yards from where they stood, and sat down, meaning to wait till one should show itself from behind the tree and be ready for a steady shot. But just as I did so one came half out on one side, offering a perfect side-shot. Though I could see that it was but a smallish one and thought from what I could make out through the tree that the other was much larger, as I knew they would be off immediately I thought it a pity to lose so tempting a chance, so gave her (it was a female) a bullet from my .577 just in the right spot behind the shoulder. Instantly the male came out straight for me. I had no time for a careful aim; he was almost on me before I fired as it was, and sitting on the ground is not the most desirable position in which to receive the charge of a rhinoceros. He was not more than six paces from me when he turned off and bespattered me and my gun with spots of mud from the wet ground. So sudden was it all that I could not say whether it was the second *before* my shot that he lowered his nose (as for a charge) or the second after (as it might be stumbling to the shock of the bullet); but I know he did so just before swerving off. He then galloped away, passing his dead mate (for she was already down not more than fifty yards from where she had stood) on his way. I did not follow him, but sent two men back to camp to call more to carry in the meat, leaving one at the carcass, and went on with the other two, together with my gun-bearer and the native.

We crossed a small stream where was a reedy swamp into which led the spoor of a single buffalo—the first I

I have perhaps described with tiresome minuteness every detail of this day's hunting ; but it was one of such exceptional opportunities that it seems worth while to give full particulars of all its incidents. I may add that, some time after, some natives found the large elephant which I had wounded, dead, and I eventually recovered the tusks (though not, unfortunately,



NATIVE GIRLS AND WOMEN OF TRIBES NEAR THE FOOT OF MOUNT KENIA.

(From a Photograph by Dr. KOLB.)

without rather serious trouble with them), which weighed between 80 and 90 lbs. apiece.

Next day I moved my camp to near the patch of forest where I had been so lucky, for the convenience of getting out the ivory (which my boys took two days to do), and afterwards to a stream close to the extreme base of Mount Kenia, in order to hunt in the extensive forest on its lower slopes. I was fortunate enough to shoot a giraffe at the stream, just at the place where I wanted to camp—one of the three which I found there on arriving ahead of my men, and stalked successfully

—thus obtaining without trouble a fresh supply of good meat. With the exception of rhinoceros, of which there is a good sprinkling, there is hardly any game (besides elephants) in all the neighbourhood.

During the next fortnight I hunted perseveringly from this camp without any success. Though I toiled hard almost every day, frequently from daylight to dark—having my breakfast before it was light and my dinner often late in the evening, with nothing between but a bit of biscuit and a drink of water or perhaps a banana—only once did I sight elephants, and in that case I bungled abominably a chance at two bulls, both getting away wounded, I regret to say. I followed the spoor almost daily, but owing to the densely matted nature of the tall dark jungle in which the elephants here live, except during their nocturnal rambles, it is next to impossible, unless by a stroke of exceptional luck, to get a shot at them. The labour is most arduous. There are no open paths in this jungle; the growth is so elastic that the passage of elephants leaves scarcely any opening, and one has to struggle, stoop, and crawl continually to get through at all. The work is very exhausting; and, to add to the drain on one's strength, poisonous caterpillar hairs and an irritating dust from the vegetation, through which one has to be always forcing one's way, cause a most annoying eruption on the body, the itching of which is a constant worry by day and prevents the refreshing sleep at night needed to recruit the strength daily expended. A caterpillar down one's neck, for instance, causes intense itching, tingling, smarting, perhaps for days. All such discomforts would, however, be lightly regarded by the elephant-hunter if he were rewarded by success in the pursuit of his quarry. But such is the density of this Kenia jungle that though you may get within a few yards of your elephants it is impossible to see them, and they either scent or hear you; and all the satisfaction you get, after hours of hard work, is to hear them crashing off. So tall, too, is this cover and so leafy, that even from a tree (where there are any)

CHAPTER VI

RETURN TO MOMBASA

My new Lee-Metford—Advantage of solid bullet—Observations on rhinos—A white companion—Bag a “Roi rhébok”—A punitive expedition—A land of plenty—Our Christmas camp—Tribes round Mount Kenia—A playful escapade—Stung by hornets—A tribe on the war-path—A solitary wanderer—Sport and science—Return to Mombasa—A pleasant change—Organise a new caravan—An earthquake shock.

A few days' rest in a cool and rain-proof shed, with such luxuries as fresh vegetables and baked bananas, was enjoyable. The surroundings, too, were pleasanter than formerly, the young grass being now short and green. Flowers—among them many pretty ground orchids—were not yet choked in rank herbage, and my boy could always procure a handsome variety to adorn my humble table.

My messengers were back from Mombasa with mails, etc., and what was of even more interest to me—a new rifle. This was an ordinary service Lee-Metford (mark IV.). I shall have more to say about this weapon later on. At first I could not make very good shooting with it; for, besides having to become accustomed to its unfamiliar handling, it needed an emphatically “long pull and a strong pull” to fire it; so long indeed, that I had sometimes, after feeling the trigger come an appreciable way, to start afresh before it would go off.¹ Moreover, it was awkward in the bush, as the least touch of a branch against

¹ On my return to Mombasa, before starting on my next expedition, I was able, through the kindness of a naval officer, to get this defect remedied.

the prominent bolt was sufficient to make the breech fly open. Nevertheless, I soon found that its shooting powers were marvellous, and I was, from the first, particularly successful with it against rhinoceroses, of which I killed several—mostly with a single bullet each—during the remainder of this trip, none of which ran more than a couple of hundred yards after receiving the shot.

Up to this time all my elephant and rhino shooting had been done with my double .577. I had been laughed at by many for starting on such a hunting trip with no larger rifle, but I always was an advocate of small bores, and I am bound to say that I believe I used fewer cartridges for the number of elephants killed with this weapon than any other I have ever tried. Since I got that rifle (a good many years ago) many changes and improvements have been made, both in firearms and ammunition; I may say, however,—without presuming to lay down any rule for others,—that my experience, with regard to bullets, is decidedly in favour of solid, as compared with any (what I should call) fancy projectiles. Steel cores or points are unsatisfactory: the lead invariably strips in passing through any bone—even a rib,—leaving the light steel with little remaining momentum. Of course you can kill game with almost anything, when you get a favourable chance and make the most of it. I remember a native in South Africa showing me a rough, cylindrical piece of iron, of his own forging, with which he had killed several head of game, including buffalo. It fitted loosely into his gun—an old musket.

In view of the conflicting opinions one meets with on the subject of rhinos, perhaps the result of my observations may be worth adding here, towards their explanation. I believe that, as a general rule, the rhinoceros, like all wild animals, runs away from man when he can. Here and there an individual may be met with, which, under certain circumstances, will charge (and I think the circumstances have more to do with it than the individual), apparently without cause. When

these animals are numerous, the chances of coming across a cantankerous specimen are of course increased in proportion; and a large caravan is, I think, far more likely to give rise to the aggravating conditions than a few people passing would be. I imagine that, when a rhino is anxious to escape, a long string of porters is apt to give it the idea of being surrounded; but there is no doubt that, apart from this, one is occasionally liable to be charged. I have myself nowhere met with them in large numbers; four is the most I have ever seen in one party, and about ten during a long day's hunt would be the limit seen in any one day, and that rarely. Generally speaking, this kind of game is scattered thinly, in parties of two or three or singly, over the country; but under certain conditions, such as scarcity of water, they may be collected in particular localities.

I have taken particular notice of their behaviour in every instance among the many opportunities I have had, and I have come to the conclusion that they never charge from scent, but only from sight. My experience is that a rhino invariably runs away on winding human beings (as, I believe, generally speaking, do all animals). I have very many times passed close to these creatures, and sometimes had to shout at them to make them get out of the way. That they are excessively stupid there can be no doubt; and I think it is partly their very stupidity that sometimes leads them to make an attack, through not realising what the intruder really is; for they will on occasion go for any strange object that may approach them,—as, for instance, I have seen a large stone charged, which one of my men had thrown at a rhino that would not get out of our way. A cow with a calf is, as might be expected, more likely to prove vicious than another. I do not believe that they differ in disposition in different localities, nor do I believe that there is more than one species of (so-called) black rhinoceros in Africa.

As Mr. Selous demonstrated long ago, all the different patterns of horns may be found in the same district, and

I have myself shot a pair of which the female had the second horn much longer than the front one, while her mate carried the ordinary kind. I do not say that the animals may not vary slightly in size or shade of colour of the skin according to the country they inhabit, just as some species of antelopes (such as the bushbuck and, to a less extent, the duiker) have types agreeing with the character of their surroundings; but length of horn is no more a distinction than long or short hair among ourselves. I merely record the conclusions I have arrived at as the result of my own personal experience, and as perhaps helping to explain the different opinions expressed by other travellers; my own being that, take him all in all, there is no occasion to stand in much awe of "the armed rhinoceros."

There is one other observation that may be worth noting; namely, as to the voice of this curious, old-fashioned-looking creature, as I have not seen it alluded to. As far as I know, there are three sounds which a rhino can make. When disturbed, he makes a snorting like a steam-engine as he runs. Sometimes a mortally wounded rhino cries, when dying; the cry is in a high key, but hardly shrill enough to be called a squeal. The third is the natural call, used, I suppose, to its mate. This I have heard only at night, when all was still in camp. It seems to me most to resemble the bubbling of a camel, only in a lower key; it also sometimes reminds one somewhat of the amorous grunting of impala rams. At one of my hunting-camps, which was in the midst of thick bush where rhinos were numerous, I heard it frequently. Rhinos are also found in very open country in Central Africa, and may often be seen apparently grazing; though closer observation shows that it is not the grass itself, but certain plants among it, which they eat.

Among other news that awaited me on my return to Laiju I learned that a German gentleman (Dr. Kolb) was at the Tana unable to proceed owing to difficulties with his caravan, and the

and action, never ready, and can seldom do anything in the nick of time. Their intelligence is of a low order; but one has to make the best of them and be patient. But though our progress was slow, I was pleased that I had at length made a success of my canoe.

The next day we got on much better, the men being quicker and wasting less time, and we got all the remaining loads across, with the exception of my tent and personal effects. I then went over myself and piled the loads properly, and prepared camping-ground ready for pitching my tent the following day. The only thing that bothered me now was how we were going to get the donkeys across; but fortunately the river was falling again, and was altogether about 2 feet lower than when we first arrived.

The following morning I struck my tent, and sent it and my kit across; but, with the incomprehensible stupidity peculiar to the negro, the men this time allowed the canoe to be carried down and nearly wrecked on a rocky promontory where the stream was very rapid. However, after much annoying delay they got back and took the boys across, I afterwards crossing myself, and finally the other men were fetched. Owing to the unnecessary delay caused by the careless apathy at the first voyage, it was noon by the time I got over. Then, after pitching my tent and putting things in order, I went to the drift, which was some distance up stream, at the far end of the islands, to see if it would be possible to cross the donkeys there. Juma, my second gun-bearer, being a good swimmer, made the attempt first, and got on to the island all right without getting out of his depth, though the water in the first narrow channel was very strong. I found we could get over to the island, and that it would be possible to pull the donkeys through the big channel (as we had done on my previous journey) with the rope. Besides, the river was now falling every day, and, though this troublesome and ticklish business was yet to come, I felt greatly relieved that our goods and chattels

were now all safely ferried over, for it was anxious work watching each boat-load being paddled hard through the rough and rushing water. Some of our meal got wet, for the water used to come in over the weather-side as the men plied their paddles with all their might, but nothing was seriously damaged. In the afternoon I saw a rhinoceros drinking on the opposite bank.

On the morrow, having sent word to Abdulla to send the caravan on and follow the day after with the donkeys, I went out to look for elephant spoor, starting early and following the river down. But though we went farther than we had ever reached in our hunts on the other bank, we found no fresh and very little old spoor. This was probably owing to the bush being generally more open on this side in that direction, and for the same reason there was more game of other kinds here, namely a good many waterbuck, some walleri, and a few lesser koodoo. I also saw a pair of the larger and handsomer kind of jackal. Hippos were numerous, of course, and I shot one which I came upon lying in shallow water at the mouth of a small tributary. Though I had not molested any of the other game we saw, I did not let this chance slip, because it was in such an easy position to get at, and, as I succeeded in shooting it in the brain with my Lee-Metford, it remained where it was. Unfortunately it proved to be in very low condition, so that it was not of much use. I also saw the carcass of one, which I had shot before but failed to find, close to the bank on the other side, being eaten by crocodiles. Some were tugging at it in the water, while many of the hideous and repulsive brutes lay basking, open-mouthed, on banks or snags near by. At some points on the banks, in this part of the Tana, are little patches of dense leafy thicket growing by the water's edge. I looked wistfully at these shady retreats, which seemed so enticing, in the burning heat, to one suffering from fever (as I was then); and I sometimes felt as if I should like to take up my abode in one of them, within arm's reach

so we passed on, after getting out of the gorge (not without considerable trouble with the pack-animals, owing to steep paths and thick bush), towards my favourite preserve under the Lorogis.

We found the country less dry than usual this year, owing to the rains having been exceptionally heavy. This is, of course, an advantage, in that the water difficulty becomes somewhat abated ; but the rank growth of grass induced by a copious rainfall makes walking very much harder work, particularly for those in front, and thus renders travelling in a pathless country—as this region is, practically, from Laiju northward to Reshiat—much more tedious. Game is by no means plentiful everywhere, in this part of Africa. It is generally much scattered, and sometimes long stretches hold hardly any. But here and there one comes on a patch where it is abundant, being attracted by young grass or some such favourable conditions. Thus in one place, where there was young green grass, we passed through thousands of zebra, chiefly Grevy's, and also saw a herd of giraffes and a few elands, as well as one or two rhinos, in the same neighbourhood, and heard the zebra crying all night. I had at this time a fit of bad shooting, such as sometimes attacks me. It is very much a matter of health, as affecting one's nerves, I think ; and the cause of the bad shots is generally a tendency to flinch. In this way, I am ashamed to say, I lost several wounded animals at this time, among them a rhino, entirely through bad shooting.

One day, while on the march, one of these blustering beasts came unpleasantly near me while I was, for once, unarmed—my boy at the time carrying my rifle. It charged up to within two or three yards of me, but stood then,—I stooping the while behind a bit of a shrub, ready to dodge,—and Shebane (my boy), who was some distance behind, chucked down everything, including my magazine rifle, and bolted. The rhino, however, after pausing a moment on the other side

of my tuft of bush, turned off, much to my relief; for a butterfly-net is not an altogether satisfactory weapon with which to receive the onslaught of an evil-tempered rhinoceros. Luckily my rifle was not hurt, but a piece was knocked out of the stock of Shebane's own carbine. After this I broke the spell by killing, with a long shot, a Grant's gazelle, after a difficult stalk, which was especially satisfactory as I was feeling tired and unwell at the time. I thus regained my confidence, which is everything.

As on my former journey, the country got greener and the climate more humid as we neared the Lorogi Mountains. We found the little river Seya flowing strongly with muddy water; and a thunder-shower, on the afternoon of the day we crossed it, showed that the weather we had experienced the year before near the range was no exception, but that the climate is really damper there than elsewhere. A short march from the Seya took us to my old hunting-camp at the little stream of El Bogoi. On the way we were delayed about an hour by a stroke of luck. While marching, in the early morning, through cactus tree bush,—the thick grass still laden with moisture, and the dewdrops shining in the newly-risen sun,—we came suddenly right upon a pair of rhinos. The breeze was in our faces, so they had not scented us, while the low sun, being on our backs, prevented such purblind creatures from seeing us. I had previously warned the men to be quiet, on the chance of seeing game (though it was giraffe I had in my mind), as I was particularly anxious to get meat for them at the end of this stage of our journey. So, being meat hungry, they had made no noise, and the rhinos, still intent on feeding, did not hear our approach. I had only got a glimpse of them, round the corner of a clump of bush, before I drew back and held up my hand for the porters (who understood the meaning of the gesture) to stand still, while I seized my Lee-Metford and sneaked forward. I shot one, knocking him down on the spot; but I gave him two more bullets to make sure, being anxious,

of my tuft of bush, turned off, much to my relief; for a butterfly-net is not an altogether satisfactory weapon with which to receive the onslaught of an evil-tempered rhinoceros. Luckily my rifle was not hurt, but a piece was knocked out of the stock of Shebane's own carbine. After this I broke the spell by killing, with a long shot, a Grant's gazelle, after a difficult stalk, which was especially satisfactory as I was feeling tired and unwell at the time. I thus regained my confidence, which is everything.

As on my former journey, the country got greener and the climate more humid as we neared the Lorigi Mountains. We found the little river Seya flowing strongly with muddy water; and a thunder-shower, on the afternoon of the day we crossed it, showed that the weather we had experienced the year before near the range was no exception, but that the climate is really damper there than elsewhere. A short march from the Seya took us to my old hunting-camp at the little stream of El Bogoi. On the way we were delayed about an hour by a stroke of luck. While marching, in the early morning, through cactus tree bush,—the thick grass still laden with moisture, and the dewdrops shining in the newly-risen sun,—we came suddenly right upon a pair of rhinos. The breeze was in our faces, so they had not scented us, while the low sun, being on our backs, prevented such purblind creatures from seeing us. I had previously warned the men to be quiet, on the chance of seeing game (though it was giraffe I had in my mind), as I was particularly anxious to get meat for them at the end of this stage of our journey. So, being meat hungry, they had made no noise, and the rhinos, still intent on feeding, did not hear our approach. I had only got a glimpse of them, round the corner of a clump of bush, before I drew back and held up my hand for the porters (who understood the meaning of the gesture) to stand still, while I seized my Lee-Metford and sneaked forward. I shot one, knocking him down on the spot; but I gave him two more bullets to make sure, being anxious,

starting early as usual, and met Lesiat, by appointment, at the foot of a koppie where we had parted yesterday. We had crossed the spoor of a single elephant not far from camp, but not fresh; and farther on had seen what we took to be the fresh spoor of two or three others, in the dewy grass. We went back to inspect the latter, but only to find that it was rhino spoor. We then went on again, striking straight through the dense bush which stretches for miles and miles along the foot of the mountains, and covers all the flat country towards the Seya. After a time we struck the last night's spoor of a few travelling elephants. We followed it a long way, but, as they showed no signs of feeding, I at last turned campwards—for I was feeling very unwell and hardly able to drag one leg after another,—telling Lesiat to send me news the next day.

This sort of thing went on for two or three days more. I hunted assiduously, but the only spoor we could find was that of travelling stragglers, the following of which resulted in nothing but profitless fatigue, for they never fed nor halted. So I became convinced that there was no herd near now; the elephants had evidently been thoroughly scared and had left the neighbourhood, and it seemed folly to go on toiling about, tearing ourselves to pieces every day and all for nothing. For I had never even been near an elephant yet. As the promised news from Barasaloi had never come, I sent Squareface and Smiler to another Ndorobo camp I knew of, at the foot of the Murkeben hill, which is in the same direction, to make inquiries there; for I was determined to move somewhere, since I was merely wasting my time where I was. They reported that they had found only an old man in the kraal, all the rest of the community being away in the bush, where they had just killed two giraffe. My men heard, though, that there were two young fellows there who had been sent by Baithai to get me news, and who were coming on to my camp the following day. I hardly believed that they would be able to tear themselves

away while any of the giraffe meat remained; but, true enough, they turned up as promised. They told me that there were lots of elephants on the Barasaloi, and down the Seya towards El Gereh. This sounded hopeful; besides, I wanted to go and see the country in that direction, so I at once returned to my head camp and set about making preparations for an excursion of some length, being only too glad to get away from where I had wasted so much time fruitlessly.

I may mention, in passing, that one night before I returned to my main camp, about 2 A.M., a rhinoceros (probably there were a pair) was making the most curious noises near us, which I described in my diary as "just such exaggerated gruntings and bass squeakings as one might expect from a magnified pig." I had heard bubbling noises before, but not in combination with the other piggish sounds. I suppose this rhino must have been love-making.

That these blank days have been uninteresting to my reader I make no doubt. I can only say, so were they to me: but, as my object is to give a true account of elephant-hunting, the many weary days of disappointment cannot be altogether left out. But I was soon to have compensation for this bad luck.

After spending more than a fortnight, since my arrival at El Bogoi, as described, without any success, I started again from my camp there on 27th August 1895, taking my usual hunting outfit and two donkeys carrying food for my men, two or three young Ndorobo natives accompanying us as guides. Our direction was now east-north-east. We camped that day at a good-sized "kurunga" or rock pool, in high open country, having emerged, after several hours' tramp, from the thick bush. We did not see much game, but a good deal of spoor of rhinoceros, zebra, etc. The next morning we soon came to the edge of a pretty deep valley, through which we could see the little river Seya winding with patches of green jungle and

(with which title I dignified a cigar-box which contained the few simple drugs I carried with me in my expeditions), as I had no more quinine with me. Notwithstanding this, however, I went out to look for elephants down stream. We found spoor of the night before at the junction of the valleys, and, seeing no more lower down, returned and followed it up the Barasaloi. There was only a small lot (probably a portion of the big herd), consisting of small cows and calves, and they appeared to be travelling; so I did not follow very far—indeed, I was quite unequal to a long tramp—but returned to camp about mid-day.

The heat in this confined valley was exceedingly sultry now, and trying to one when weak and out of health; moreover, I could not tackle the coarse fare of elephant and insipid porridge, so that I was not able to throw off the attack so quickly as I usually did a bout of familiar fever. Juma, too, was away longer than I had expected; but I got so far better, even without the medicine, and so tired of two or three days about camp, that I determined to move on down the valley whether he came or not. Luckily, he turned up the evening before I had arranged to start, so that I was able to take my tent, which otherwise we should have been unable to carry. He explained that the cause of his delay was, that, the night he got to El Bogoi, a rhinoceros had charged the donkey kraal, and he had waited to help hunt up and collect the scattered animals. During his absence we had got out the teeth of the five elephants I had killed the first day, near where my camp was, and buried them.

Then we moved on down the main valley. We travelled on, following the river as much as possible, during the morning, but our progress was but slow. The hills closed in more, and got more rugged as we proceeded; indeed the valley was now, practically, a gorge in the Mathews range, and the tops of the mountains towered up to a height of probably 3000 feet above the river. But the floor of the valley was still flat and

of some width, and was covered, for the most part, with dense, low scrub of a kind peculiar to salt swampy ground. It is composed of a very green, small-leaved shrub, which forms the densest thickets, utterly impenetrable for anything but an elephant, its branches, though thornless, being intertwined and matted together, and presenting a compact, green, wall-like barrier. Even the elephant paths are passable only with difficulty; for they are often mere tunnels, and everywhere stiff, springy branches stick out across them and encumber the ground, tripping one up and making locomotion most arduous and uncomfortable. Elephants do not appear to feed on this kind of bush, and only use these jungles as a retreat when alarmed. We found no fresh spoor, nor even much old; nor was there any bush of the kind likely to harbour elephants under ordinary circumstances. Indeed the country seemed so unpromising, that about noon, feeling fatigued even with this short march, I decided to camp and send Squareface on ahead to spy out the land before going farther myself; for it seemed useless to push on, with no prospect of finding elephants, while we were, perhaps, leaving them behind us. I was so much out of health that I could not shoot a bit, and had missed two Waller's gazelle during the morning. A few of these were all the game we had seen, besides "paa" (Kirk's antelope), which were plentiful.

As the heat was excessive, I was anxious to find a shady spot to camp in, and, noticing a thick clump of trees and bushes close above the river-bank, I crept in, with my Ndorobo guide, to examine it, with a view to camping inside. While we stood surveying this nice cool retreat, my companion spied a rhino lying asleep close by—it having chosen the same pleasant shade to rest in that had attracted us. As the meat would be most useful to us and enable us to economise our small supply of meal, and as the beast was, as it were, delivered into our hands, so opportunely, on the very spot where we intended pitching our camp, I shot it at once, giving it two solid bullets

in the head from my Metford .450 which I was carrying. And, as it floundered about still, and I was determined not to let it move from the spot, if possible to prevent it, I finished up with a couple of shots in the lungs. It was a very big old bull, in poor condition.¹ Its measurements were: total length over back from tip of upper lip to root of tail, 11 feet; total length in straight line opposite side, 10 feet; total length over back from tip of upper lip to end of tail, 13 feet 4 inches; perpendicular height in straight line at shoulder, 5 feet 3 inches. These were carefully taken just after it was shot, and entered accurately at once in my notebook. I sent on Squareface and the Ndorobo at once, to prospect the country ahead, while we formed a snug camp in the spinney (where there was but little undergrowth that needed cutting away to make room for my tent), within a few steps of the carcass, so that the men could conveniently cut up the meat.

On his return in the evening, Squareface reported that, though they had gone a long way down the valley, they found no spoor nor any sign of elephants whatever, nor even suitable bush. So, seeing no chance of doing any good by going farther in this direction, I retraced my steps the following morning (8th September) to the camp I had started from the day before. I had hoped to reach the end of the Seya River: but there can be no doubt whatever that its water does not reach beyond the Mathews Mountains; for not only did all the natives I questioned assure me that farther there was no water, but Swahili traders who had travelled by a route to the eastward of those mountains told me they crossed no such river there. This is not surprising in Africa, where the evaporation is so enormous and the soil so porous, while the rainfall is very fickle, for, on my return journey, I found the Seya with no running water in its bed, even much nearer the Lorogi Mountains, in which its sources lie.

¹ This was a large rhinoceros for Equatorial Africa. In Southern Africa they may possibly run larger. On Lake Rudolph they are much smaller.

position for a shot at another a little farther off, which appeared the biggest, standing diagonally, head away, rather more than three-parts turned from me. She was standing under a kind of euphorbia or cactus tree and had a piece of a branch she had broken from it in her mouth, off which she was chewing the bark, the bare white end protruding on one side. The thick milky juice of this tree is excessively pungent, the least spurt of it in the eyes causing intense irritation. I should imagine the effect of swallowing any on the human stomach would be very serious; but an elephant's mucous membrane must be less sensitive.

I waited a little; but as they did not seem inclined to move at all, and fearing the two cows next me (which were very close) might get my wind if I delayed longer, I took a steady shot at the ribs of the big cow, calculating my aim so that the bullet, driving forward, would get her heart, and fired. She gave a tremendous grunting cry as she received the ball. As they began to stampede I got a snap at one of the others with the second barrel. Immediately after, the first appeared again for a second standing close by, after the rest had passed, and, with a scream, fell over. Looking round in hopes of discovering the second, I saw a rhinoceros standing close by, which, as it afterwards appeared, some of my men, who had been just behind and now came up, thought was a fallen elephant.

Not wishing to waste more time, I followed up the spoor of the rest, and very soon came to where they had stood again. Possibly, if I had come on immediately after the collapse of the first, I might have got another chance here. Going on, we heard them rumbling, and soon sighted two, standing in a comparatively open space (as bush goes here). To be able to see elephants at all means that you are already pretty near, and a few quick, but stealthy, steps brought me quite close up to these. But, before I could get a chance to shoot, one came walking straight for me; and as I could not well get out of

him to defer all our business till I got back to my main camp, whither I meant to return in a day or two.

In the meantime I visited his kraal and paid my respects to Mrs. Lesiat (that is, the principal Mrs. Lesiat, for there were two) in her own hut. Though mere shelters of the most primitive kind, and not even weather-proof, unless where a skin may have been thrown over the roof, these huts are not dirty inside, nor do they seem to harbour noxious insects. The people themselves, too, appear to be clean in this respect, and do not, like most of the South African races (the Swazies, for example), improve every spare shining moment in examining each other's heads. They also compare favourably in other ways—in appearance, manners, and liberality—with those greedy, stingy, untaking people. Indeed they are the pleasantest natives I have come across, and far less grasping and objectionable than most Africans. They are also healthy, clean-skinned, and free from loathsome diseases, and, though a small race as a rule, are wiry, active, and enduring. Their children always look sleek and well fed, showing what a wholesome food honey, which may be called their staff of life, is, and I saw none with skin diseases or pot bellies such as disfigure the children of the agricultural tribes.

The Ndorobos live on what they can pick up. To call them a race of hunters is hardly correct; for though they, or rather a few individuals among them, slay an elephant or two and an odd rhinoceros now and then, with poisoned harpoons either thrown by hand or suspended in heavy shafts as traps over paths, they kill but little other game. Their mainstay is honey. This is a great country for flowers, and bees are very plentiful; and, besides constantly hunting for the wild nests, like some other tribes they put up tubs made of hollowed logs in the trees for the wild bees to hive in, and when the season is favourable the land flows with honey. But they are as often as not in a state of semi-starvation, supporting life on roots, berries, and old hoarded pieces of dry rhinoceros hide. In

times of famine the aged and weakly succumb, and this doubtless tends to preserve the stamina of the race. The price of a wife among them is ten bee-tubs, as going concerns; but Lesiat explained, when asked why, since he was so anxious for more progeny, he did not marry another (for they are not restricted in the number they may wed), that the girls can choose their own husbands and only marry young men.

The Ndorobos of the present day are a mixed race. You see quite different types among them. Some are black, with negro characteristics, others comparatively light-coloured and have the better features and hair of the Masai. This is explained by information I got in the course of interesting conversations I had with Lesiat and others of themselves.

Originally there were small, cattle-owning tribes in this country, akin to the Wakwavi and Masai, but weak and disunited. The sites of some of their former kraals have been pointed out to me and are still discernible. The Wakwavi, who then frequented the pasture land west of the Lorogis (which are, in fact, the north-eastern extremity of the region commonly called Leikipia), where their former cattle-tracks can be even now plainly made out, raided all their cattle, and were subsequently themselves driven out by invading Masai. Row-row's people—now living under the eastern side of Kenia—are the remnants of the former, while the nearest Masai are to-day at the western base of that mountain. But the survivors of the petty tribes of this district, who had lost their live stock, joined the original Ndorobos, who from time immemorial had lived as these do to-day, and took to their mode of life. One old man (of genuine woolly-headed, negroid type) was pointed out to me as a specimen of the pure old Ndorobo stock.

Since Abdulla and his men had left on their second trip to Mthara, ill luck had invariably attended me, with the result that either through unfavourable conditions or my own clumsiness, or a combination of both, I had not killed a single elephant. We had, indeed, picked up, during my week in the Lorogis, one

passable pair of teeth and one or two very small ones ; but these were a poor reward for all our efforts. I may in passing—apropos of the finding of tusks in the forest—take the opportunity of pointing out that the statements sometimes met with in books, to the effect that there is some mystery about what becomes of the remains of elephants that die in the forests, are erroneous. I have often and often met with their skulls and bones in the course of my hunting, and, if they are not more commonly seen, it is because travellers do not generally spend their time, as I did, in traversing these in all directions. That the tusks are not so often found is obviously because they have already, at some previous time, been appropriated by natives ; but I have, in the course of my experience in Central Africa, come across a good many, at one time and another.

I now began to get very impatient for the return of my caravan ; for I was eager to be off northward into new hunting-grounds, where I hoped to find the odds not quite so long against the hunter as they are in this impracticable dense scrub. The elephants seemed to have left our neighbourhood, too, now, and I did not care to make any more lengthy excursions, so I occupied myself with adjusting loads and completing, as far as possible, my preparations for continuing my journey. I had a large pit dug, in a suitable spot among some trees hard by, and buried all my ivory, taking care to injure the creeping plants which covered the ground as little as possible, so that after a shower or two of rain all traces of the ground having been disturbed would soon be obliterated. I, however, showed Lesiat and Baithai the spot, so that, on my return, should it have been tampered with, they might not be able to disclaim responsibility.

They often visited me, and kept me well supplied with honey. I sometimes gave Lesiat as many beans as his wife could carry away ; but he did not now seem to care much for any food I gave him except meat, which is always welcome to an Ndorobo. The fact was, honey was very

abundant at this time—"like water," as Lesiat himself expressed it,—and when that is the case they will not trouble about anything else. The bush was white with the blossoms of a black-barked tree with hooked thorns, common in this part, and the air fragrant with their scent, giving the bees an ample harvest; and Lesiat assured me that they could tap their bee-tubs twice a month.

By the end of October Abdulla had still not returned, though he had now been away thirty days instead of the twenty we had agreed upon. I therefore determined, though rather reluctantly, to go on ahead as far as Mount Nyiro and wait for him there. I hoped I might find elephants in that district now, and, at all events, it would be less monotonous than waiting longer at El Bogoi, where it was troublesome even to procure meat. So on the 30th, as there was still no news of the caravan, I started, taking all but two men, whom I left in charge, with my own personal baggage and a couple of donkeys carrying food, leaving orders that Abdulla was to follow with the whole outfit as soon as he arrived.

Owing to there having been much rain in these parts during the past wet season, there was more grass and tangled weeds than when I went through the year before, making our progress slow and arduous, so that it was noon on the second day when we got near the Barasaloi. But what a difference on coming within sight of it! Instead of dry burning sand, a welcome silver stream was visible through the green mimosas as we approached; a sight which made me thank God fervently. On the march I had shot a Grant's gazelle for meat, picking out the ram, for the sake of my men, on account of its much larger size; although, when shooting purely for my own larder, I generally chose the tenderer venison of the doe—nor do I see that there is anything unsportsmanlike in making such a selection in a wild country where one has to live by one's rifle, and where mine was the only one that ever took toll of the game. Not but that I wanted meat myself, too, now; but my plodding

porters were always my first consideration when travelling, and I was well satisfied to take a bit of whatever I found it most advantageous to shoot for their benefit.

Strolling through the green bush bordering the stream in the afternoon, accompanied only by Pice, a short way only from camp, I saw a rhinoceros cow with a calf. But as, with the few men I had, we could not carry more meat, I left her alone. When on my way back, Pice, as was his wont, ran under a shady tree just ahead; and before I knew anything about it, out charged the rhino with the calf after him. The dog made straight for me (I was only a few yards off), pursued by the irate cow whose siesta he had disturbed, and I had to bang off my rifle hurriedly in her face to turn her, which it fortunately did. Lions roared during the night, and mosquitoes made almost as much, and a more disagreeable, noise.

In the morning we had but a short march to the other branch of the Barasaloi, called the Suya; and it is remarkable that whereas on my previous journey, the year before, the Barasaloi was dry—not a sign of moisture to be found even by digging,—while this spruit had plenty of water, now the former was running strong all over its sandy bed, but here there was much less water than there had been then, and in the afternoon it almost ceased to flow. This is an illustration of how very partial and uncertain the rains are in this country, and shows how dangerous it is to calculate on finding water even a short way ahead (though you may have got plenty there formerly) because there happens to be no scarcity in one part.

I stayed over another day here in order to have a look down the valley in case there might be any elephants about, and took advantage of the delay to send a couple of men ahead to hide a bucket of water some four hours' march along the route we should have to pass (the next being a very long stage), so that the men might have a good drink, in addition to what they could carry themselves, on our road to Ongata Barta. I found nothing but old spoor, proving there were no elephants

near now, so took a round over the hills, and shot a couple of Grant's gazelle for meat.

Ongata Ndamez, as this locality is called by the Ndorobos of the adjoining districts, has the appearance of being a very sporting country. It looked much drier now than when I was here before, but the numerous well-worn paths leading to the water, all freshly trampled with rhinoceros and other footprints, suggested abundance of game, though it seemed to range far afield in search of more succulent food than the withered herbage (resembling scraggy heather covered with fine sharp thorns) afforded. The rhinoceros "scrapes" were numerous and full. What I mean by a "scrape" is a wide saucer-shaped hole, which it is the peculiar habit of the black rhinoceros to scoop out in the ground before depositing its droppings. The same holes are used regularly, and other animals, such as zebras and gazelles, often add their contributions, so that accumulations of manure are formed. They made me think of "the old man with the muck rake"—as in my childhood we used to call the ancient rustic who, with barrow and shovel, collected in the village road fertilising material for his allotment. Here he might fill not only his barrow but a cart, often, at a single "scrape." The thoughts of the potatoes and cabbages that old fellow's garden would produce made one long for something more than the dinner of bitter herbs that is one's contentment here! In connection with these same "scrapes" I may point out that the furrows it is this animal's habit to draw, sometimes for several yards along the ground, from the spot where this natural process has been gone through, are not made, as is sometimes supposed, with its horn, but with its feet.

The plateau between the Lorogi and Mathews ranges has been much cut up by the valleys of the Seya and its tributaries, of which the Barasaloi and the Suya are the principal. Their main valleys are worn to a considerable depth and bordered by much denuded hilly ground with a gravelly soil, from which many conspicuous white quartz reefs crop up in parts. The

drought must have caused all the water in the surrounding country, far back in every direction, to dry up, thus forcing all the elephants to resort to the lake shores. This is also shown by the obvious proofs I have noticed of the lake having filled up very much of recent years. I could see no signs whatever of elephants having frequented the neighbourhood for a long time back, the only evidence of their ever having done so being, besides the ancient tusks above mentioned, an old skull and a few very much decayed bones.

Though I had kept a careful look-out for rhinoceros all along the coast, and occasionally noticed their tracks, it was not till 21st December that I met with the animal itself. On that morning, a couple of hours after starting, I saw one ahead. As already explained, I was particularly anxious to get one here to examine, and obtain a specimen of the supposed small variety said to be peculiar to this region. At the same time an abundant supply of meat for my men would be most acceptable; so I halted the caravan, took my Lee-Metford magazine rifle, and went after it. The wind was not unfavourable, blowing from our right, while the rhino was advancing slowly towards us but diagonally across our line of march. The ground was perfectly open, not a stick or tuft a foot high anywhere; and as I went forward towards the left, in the endeavour to cut it off, it seemed to see me. But when it looked in my direction I kept still, and it appeared reassured and fed as it went, for on raising its head again from the ground I could see it was chewing. Pice was at my heels; and on my giving him a caution in a hoarse stage whisper, the rhino looked up towards us. But it came on again, and I got right in front of it. Its attendant birds alarmed it a little by flying off, but it still came unconcernedly on. I had sat down—my favourite position for a steady shot,—and when our friend got within thirty yards and still continued to advance straight for me, with nothing but a little rough grass between us, I thought it time to try to make him halt, my attitude not

being an altogether dignified one in which to receive, at close quarters, so august a visitor ; so I gave a slight whistle between my teeth. He stood still, and held his head well up with his ears cocked, looking hard towards me and exposing his breast. I at once, being in readiness, gave him a bullet in the throat, just above the chest (the chest itself is too low to aim for a front shot), and, as he swung round and started off, another in the ribs. He galloped about fifty yards, just managed to get through a little gully, though his action was getting laboured, and on to the stony farther bank, where he stood for a second, half turned round, and toppled over on to his side ; then kicked his legs into the air a couple of times, and, after a squeal, lay still. Pice was soon smelling at his nose, and, on my getting up to him, though his little eye still blinked, he breathed no more. Even half a minute or so later, on putting my finger to it the eyelid winked again ; but it was only the muscles working automatically, for he was dead. Cutting him up delayed us an hour and a half ; but it was well worth it. He was fat, and the men loaded themselves in great glee with the meat (much beloved of Swahili) on top of their burdens—one would have thought to the breaking point, and so they would have said, had it not been to fill, first their pots, and then their own stomachs.

Before allowing him to be touched I had examined him critically, and carefully measured him with my tape-line, and, though I could detect no structural difference whatever, he certainly was, although evidently a fully mature bull, so much smaller than the average "faro" of farther south that on comparing his measurements with those of my large El Gereh specimen he seemed quite a pygmy.¹ I hid his whole head under a heap of stones. The horns were not long. Fortunately it was rather cloudy with a nice breeze, so that we did not feel the heat as usual, and in spite of this delay and

¹ These measurements, together with others, will be found in the table given on page 425.

another halt to let the men drink, we were able, by keeping at it later, to do about our accustomed distance.

While waiting for the men to drink, I was interested in watching, through my glasses, a party of spoonbills feeding in the shallows. They reminded me forcibly of mowers moving slowly in a row, some fifteen or twenty abreast, in open order with measured steps, their heads down and the points of their long bills under water swinging regularly with a sweeping action from right to left. This was evidently their method of feeling for food on the muddy bottom. Some white herons and egrets of various sizes accompanied the spoonbills. There was also a clump of stately pelicans on a low island near, and beyond a large flock of gulls resting on a mud-bank, besides the usual assortment of storks, herons, etc., etc. I wished I could get near enough to photograph the scene, but all my attempts to take snap-shots at the lake birds have resulted in failure.

We found a nice spot for our camp again to-day, with shady thorn-trees, near two more fishermen's villages on low islands. There was also a high island opposite, far out, not marked on the map I had with me. The lake here is ugly but still interesting—as how could it fail to be with its abounding bird life? Game too was plentiful, and a hare would now and then get up under one's feet and scuttle away (an animal which, though I have not mentioned it before, is occasionally met with all along the lake). There are also great numbers of small black crows all along here. They may be seen among the huts on the little islands occupied by the El Molo, picking up the fish refuse; in this way no doubt useful to the islanders, who do not molest them. Hence they become very tame and sometimes a nuisance; there were flocks always about our camp, and they would venture right in among us and were constantly trying to steal the strips of meat spread about to dry.

Once more we had, on the 22nd, a series of stony volcanic

I imagine it gets more flights in this way at game put up by its bearer, which also affords it a point of vantage whence to sight and pursue its prey in a country where suitable sticks to perch on are few.

During this day's march I came upon the carcase of a Grevy's zebra foal which had been freshly killed by a leopard, but the latter had slunk away, no doubt warned by the men's voices. Later I happened upon a walleri fawn only just born and not yet dry, and moved it out of the path of the caravan lest any of the men should hurt it. In one place I noticed no less than five old bleached rhino skulls within a short distance of each other, though there seemed but little fresh spoor about, and I wondered what could have killed them, as there are now no hunting natives anywhere near. Possibly they may have been shot by Count Teleki when he passed this way some eight years previously. Jackals are common all along here, and—as might be expected where game is plentiful—hyenas and vultures are numerous; for though I met with no lions, they are sure to be there to provide pickings for these scavengers.

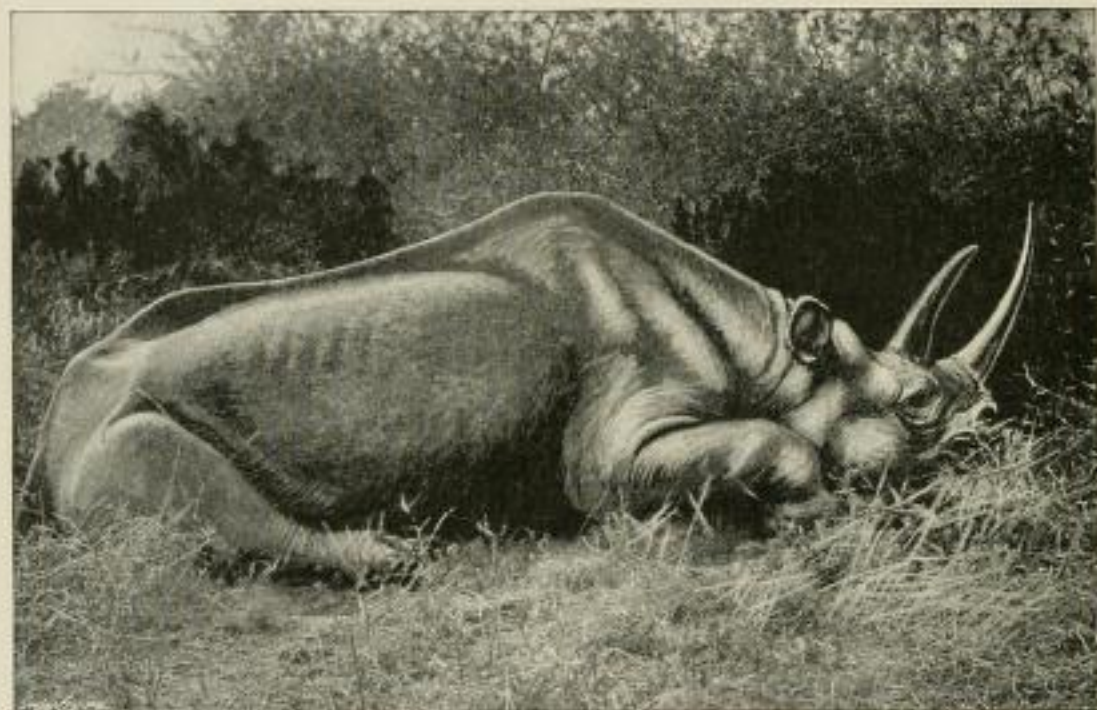
Another frequent and disagreeable accompaniment of abundant game was a fly, two specimens of which I caught, that I have always taken for the female of the "tetse," though in this I may be in error. It is larger than the typical one and of a uniform brownish colour with no markings, but in other respects exactly similar both as to appearance and habits, and I have always before noticed it associated with the smaller striped variety, though I saw none of the latter kind here. Whether this kind is poisonous or not I am not sure. My donkeys never suffered from having passed here; but then they can stand a *few* "fly," though where the "tetse" is numerous they soon succumb. It was here that I was at last cheered, for the first time since reaching the lake, with signs of elephants having been about not long since, leading me to hope that our perseverance would soon be rewarded.

I have had occasion to mention before that the liver of the

rhinoceros is esteemed a delicacy by Swahilis. For my own part I never thought much of it, and the only part of this animal I usually ate was the tongue, though rhino tail is very good stewed (it takes about twelve hours' boiling to render either tender); but my cook on this occasion concocted a dish which converted me and which I can recommend as an entrée. He made me some rissoles of pounded liver and tongue (both previously boiled), flavoured with the herb of my own discovery to which I have previously alluded. These, nicely fried, are first-rate. Feruzi called these triumphs of his skill "cartrets," and I eventually came to the conclusion that he was trying to say *cutlets* (though of course that was the wrong term for them), but I would suggest that the dish may be called "paté de faro" on the menu.

On 24th December I bagged another rhino. We had just had our usual short rest in the middle of the march, and I had already shouted the order to "bandika," when, as the men were beginning to take up their loads, I heard "Fau, fau!" (an abbreviation of "faro," the Swahili for rhinoceros), and looking up saw a small and very thin rhino with long horns sauntering very slowly across to windward of us. It had evidently not heard us, though quite near, thanks to a stiff breeze that was blowing. Telling the men to sit down again and keep quiet, I took my .303 and went towards it, followed by Pice. I saw it was hardly worth shooting for meat; but as it had a fine pair of horns and looked very small I was anxious to get its head as a specimen of the Bassu variety. With a high and favourable wind and stunted bushes between, I easily got close. Then it, I suppose, heard me, for it turned, and I at once gave it a shot. On receiving the bullet it waltzed round and round once or twice, and as it was moving away I put in a second by way of making doubly sure. It then got behind some scrub, and I set Pice on. His bark and its snorts showed me it was close by, and I got up just in time to see it totter and fall into a lying-down position, from which it never moved. I then

photographed it and measured it carefully. It was a cow, considerably smaller than the bull of the other day and the thinnest I had ever shot, though its horns did not seem as if it were extraordinarily old. Its front horn only measured $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches, though, owing no doubt to the very small size of the animal itself, it looked much longer. The porters took meat in spite of its emaciation, while I cut off the horns and buried the skull, having avoided chopping the bone at all.



DEAD RHINOCEROS COW OF THE SMALL VARIETY (*Rhinoceros bicornis*).

(From a Photograph by the AUTHOR.)

There was here much stunted bush, though not thick; the country was very flat and the soil like dried mud, which it undoubtedly is, namely, lacustrine deposit; and all along this part were many tall chimney-like ant-heaps. The usual kinds of game were observed, with more Waller's gazelle than I had seen anywhere. For a day or two past I had noticed that the lake water was getting fresher and at the same time less clear, and now it had lost its salt taste altogether and become muddy, looking quite red out to sea. This was of course caused by

the large river running in from the north, now only a short way ahead, for Mnyamiri assured me we should reach the first kraals of Reshiat early the day but one after. Fringing the lake margin were beds of tall, dark-green rushes, contrasting picturesquely with the numerous white herons and egrets.

I went out in the afternoon to try to shoot a granti for my own larder; but the sun and wind were together—that is to say, the sun getting low and the wind also in the west, a most unfavourable combination—and I could not get near them, though numerous. The most favourable conditions for approaching game are a low sun on your back and the wind in your face. Then the hunter is in shadow, the game conspicuous, and the wind from the latter to the former; reverse these conditions and the chances are all against him.

The next day I had the opportunity of examining through my glasses some waterbuck (the second lot I had seen), and made out that they were not the ringed sort, but a variety (probably "defassus") with white patches on the stern in place of the elliptical mark characteristic of the common east-coast waterbuck. This is the only part of the lake where any are seen. Here the shore was fringed with "suaki" jungle, with bushes in the water too, which was now very muddy but quite sweet. We camped close by a very big old elephant skull—perhaps a victim of Count Teleki's.

Bethinking me that this was Christmas Day, I got out my rook rifle and shot a goose, deeming that as suitable a dish for the occasion as I could command; for I had no fresh meat, and it seemed a shame to have dry biltong for my dinner. Luckily it proved a fat one, and, though so freshly killed, was a success on the table. I had no delicacy to bring out as a treat in honour of the festival; no "medical comforts" whatever, my one grub box containing nothing but tea, salt, soap, matches, a little coffee, and a few candles (the latter kept as a stand-by in case of sickness), besides some cartridges to make up the weight. Nevertheless I enjoyed my dinner, though the

shot, from any point I could reach without either giving them our wind or going right up to them. The latter alternative I was determined not to adopt again to-day; my nerves were not in the form for that now, nor do I think it would have been anything but foolhardiness, in my then state, to tempt the fates by any further attack on so difficult a position.

Crestfallen, and not a little ashamed of my discomfiture, I retraced my steps to where I had left the caravan. After making a stupid hash, one is apt to try and console oneself with excuses. Was not allowance to be made, I asked myself, for the failure of my first attempt since rising, but the other day, from a sick-bed, where for three solid months I had been suffering from the wounds inflicted by one of these beasts? This was the hardest morning's work I had yet attempted, and I was of course somewhat exhausted by the time (not far short of noon) I had established myself under a "suaki" bush—swarming as usual with little black pesty ants, but a welcome screen from the hot sun. A hot swill down and some food did more than any attempts at self-justification to put me in a better frame of mind, and the fact that I felt no ill effects and was able to enjoy a hearty dinner of hippo heart in the evening went far to restore confidence in my powers of endurance.

On the following day I made only a short march, and camped close to where I had buried the skull of the rhino cow on our way up. It was untouched, and now quite clean. It was too heavy for us to carry, so I had it tied in a tree to be brought on by the main caravan. I was determined to take it to the coast, no matter at what cost, thinking that it might be of interest to the natural history authorities in England, owing to what Von Hohnel had said about this small variety; and I took considerable trouble to get it transported. Those only who know the difficulties of carriage in Central Africa, where no wheeled vehicles can be used, can appreciate the

difficulties of carrying such heavy and clumsy specimens so far, especially through foodless country. It rode on top of one of the pack-donkeys between its two loads of meal, where it was carefully tied every morning, all the way to Mombasa, and eventually reached this country safely. As, however, it was not thought of any particular interest in London, while I myself rather valued it, I did not think it worth while presenting it to the British Museum. As already pointed out, I am convinced that this rhinoceros is merely a small local variety; and, more than this, I am as positive as an unscientific observer can be—who has merely studied animals in an amateurish way in their native lands and is not qualified to critically examine the portions of their tissues to be found in museums—that there is only *one* species of rhinoceros in all East Equatorial Africa. The skull of the particular individual above alluded to is figured in conjunction with others. The photograph also illustrates strikingly the various angles at which the horns slope in different specimens.

It naturally occurs to one to inquire why the rhinoceros of these parts should be, as it certainly is, so much smaller than those of the same species farther south? At first I was inclined to attribute the difference to the greater sterility of this arid region affording less nutritious food. But why, then, should it nourish such enormous elephants? *They* are not an under-sized race; on the contrary, I believe them to be among the largest, both in bulk of body and weight of tusks, of their kind to be found in Africa. Thus it would almost appear as if the conditions affected these two animals in inverse proportion. For, judging by the dimensions given by that reliable observer and renowned hunter, Mr. Selous, the rhinoceros of South Africa (I refer, of course, only to *Rhinoceros bicornis*) attains a greater size than even the largest of the equatorial representatives of the species, while (on the same authority) the elephants of the south are undoubtedly of smaller average stature. Here is a problem which our scientific authorities,

through their knowledge of the structure of bones, may be in a position to kindly elucidate for us.

Half an hour after starting the next morning, and a little before sunrise, two elephants were seen by some of the men behind, at the edge of the lake. We in front had not noticed them; perhaps they moved so as to become visible only after we had passed the spot whence they could be seen; at all



RHINOCEROS SKULLS AND HORNS.

The longest horn of the three measures 40 inches on front curve.

events, we had unluckily already reached a point from where the wind blew dead towards them. I sent the "safari" back a little way, and went towards them with my two gun-bearers. The elephants—two big bulls—had by this time come up from the water, and by the quick step they went off at along the shore, in the direction we were going, I could tell that they had got our wind and were in full retreat. We had some distance to go, and long before we cut their spoor they had

tusks, and able to carry them with ease for hours at a stretch, and with less fatigue than some of the porters carrying lighter loads. There was no running water in the Suya now, and the quantity of fresh spoor on the numerous game-tracks leading to the pools showed that there was none at all away from the river. At the Barasaloi plenty was still to be had, a little below the surface, by digging in the sand, and that deliciously cool and much better than at the last stream, no doubt because this one rises in the high "subugo" forests of the Lorogi Mountains.

On nearing El Bogoi we almost felt as if the worst of our journey was over, although it is really only about half-way to the coast; but the rest of the distance to the coast was through comparatively familiar ground, and even the El Bogoi camp seemed quite homelike now. Before getting in, a couple of Ndorobo youths belonging to Lesiat's clan overtook us as we were threading our way through the bush in the early morning. They had been lying in wait by one of the game-paths traversing the jungle, in the hopes of getting a chance at a rhinoceros, which they had noticed was in the habit of using it on his way to or from the water, and had their harpoons with them. Rhinoceroses are scarce here, as a consequence, no doubt, of the vicinity of this community, and the chances of getting one by these means must be infinitesimal; indeed, how rarely these hunters meet with success was illustrated at the time by the fact that the principal item of news they had to give us, in reply to our inquiries, was that one of these animals had been killed during our absence (about seven months), and another wounded, but lost.

It was cheering to be greeted with friendly smiles and handshakes, indicative of genuine pleasure at meeting us, by these careless children of the forest. They accompanied us for some distance, asking many questions about our experiences, and looking with admiration at our fine show of ivory. On hearing of my accident they showed much interest and concern,

the illustration on page 97, he has succeeded most faithfully in showing this peculiarity. I mean the shape of the upper part of the ear. It will be seen that this curls over backwards in a curve or arch at the top, and hangs behind as a loose flap. Now the elephant in the Zoo (which, I am told, came from North Africa)—and it is, I fancy, from this or former occupants of those stables that most of the illustrations in books are modelled—I say, this familiar representative of elephantine Africa has ears lying on the top of its neck, with a small, flat crease turned over *outwards*, as if ironed like a collar, on to the front or inside surface. I have never shot an elephant with ears like that; and I was so much impressed with the difference that I asked the keeper (to whom I am indebted for much interesting information about the animals in his care) whether anything was done to these, but he replied in the negative. The following dimensions of the ear of one of the bulls I shot will exemplify what I have been saying:—

Depth of ear from tip to top of curl	4 ft. 6 in.
Depth of ear from tip to extreme end of flap	5 ft. 3½ in.

It will be seen from this measurement that there are 9½ inches of flap hanging over behind, from the top of the curl. This never lies on the neck as in the Zoo specimen, but hangs loosely between the back of the ear and the neck.

While on the subject of measurements, I will give those I made of rhinoceroses and zebras. The dimensions given of the former animals illustrate the smaller size of the local variety found on the east of Rudolph, while those of the zebras show the great contrast between *E. grevyi* and the form of *Burchelli* (perhaps *Granti*) found in the same region. It will also be noticed that the difference in size between the male and female rhinoceros is much more marked in length than in height, the male being longer in proportion to his height than the female in both varieties. These measurements were all carefully taken, and entered on the spot in my notebook.

<i>Rhinoceros bicornis.</i>		Total Length without Tail, in Straight Line.	Height at Shoulder, in Straight Line.
Common kind.	Bull shot at El Gereh (Lower Seya), under Mathews Range (7th Sept. 1895)	10 ft.	5 ft. 3 in.
	Cow shot under Mount Nyiro (26th May 1896)	8 ft. 8 in.	4 ft. 10 in.
Small variety.	Bull shot on eastern shore of Bassu (Lake Rudolph), near northern end (21st Dec. 1895)	9 ft.	4 ft. 9 in.
	Cow shot in same locality as above (24th Dec. 1895)	8 ft. 3 in.	4 ft. 7 in.

All the above were old animals.

Zebra.		Height at Withers, in Straight Line.	Length from between Ears to Root of Tail, in Straight Line.	Girth behind Shoulder.
Grevyi.	Stallion shot near R. Seya (7th August 1894)	4 ft. 11 in. (full).	6 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 9½ in.
	Stallion shot near Mount Nyiro (17th Nov. 1895)	4 ft. 10 in.
	Stallion shot near R. Seya (27th July 1896)	4 ft. 9½ in.	...	5 ft. 6 in.
	Mare shot near R. Seya (26th July 1896)	4 ft. 5 in.
Granti (?) = local form of Burchelli.	Stallion shot near R. Seya (26th July 1896)	3 ft. 11 in.
	Stallion shot at western foot of Lorigi Mountains (16th Oct. 1896)	3 ft. 11 in.	5 ft. 7 in.	4 ft. 10 in.

All these were adult animals.