

whose horns (measured by Rowland Ward) taped 64in. over the curve, I shot in 1880 near the site of the present township of Gatooma, in Southern Rhodesia. I believe that this is the longest measurement that has yet been taken by Rowland Ward for kudu horns over the curve, and the head in question is doubtless a very beautiful, as it is also a perfectly symmetrical, specimen. But the kudu head, which I look upon as the handsomest of all those it was ever my good fortune to secure, is one of a very fine bull which I shot on the Macloutsie River in the Valley of the Limpopo, in 1890. This head was wrongly described in Mr. Frank Wallace's article, June 27th, as having been killed in 1880 near the Umfuli River in Mashonaland, and also as being the record head. Both these statements require correction. In the Macloutsie River specimen the horns are absolutely symmetrical, and in size and elegance of shape leave nothing to be desired. Their measurements (taken by Rowland Ward) are as follows: In a straight line from base to tip, 45½in.; round curve of horn, 60½in.; spread between tips, 33in.; circumference at base, 11½in. This kudu head is now on exhibition among the collection of African Game Trophies which has been got together by the enterprise of COUNTRY LIFE, and is now to be seen at the Royal Water Colour Society's Gallery at 5A, Pall Mall East. It was obtained under the following circumstances: During May, 1890, I was engaged in cutting the first section of the Pioneer Road from the Macloutsie River in Khama's country to Mount Hampden, in Mashonaland, and towards the end of the month I had occasion to visit the camp of the Bechuanaland Border Police Force, then stationed some twenty miles higher up the river than the spot where my own waggon was standing, waiting for Mr. Rhodes' pioneer column, which had not yet arrived at the Macloutsie. I left the police camp late in the afternoon, and had ridden about ten miles down the river along the waggon track which I myself had lately made, when I suddenly saw the heads and ears of several kudu cows, which were standing looking at me from among some scrubby bush, about two hundred yards to my left. Kudus were then very common in that part of South Africa, and I should scarcely have glanced at them a second time had not my attention been arrested by the dim outline of a bull standing to one side of, and a little beyond, the cows. His horns, showing up well above the bush, looked very large, and the sight of them retransformed me at once from an anxious pioneer road-maker back again into an eager big-game hunter. I had already put up the 200yds. back sight as I was dismounting, and when I fired I heard my bullet tell quite distinctly. Quickly remounting and riding down to where the kudu had been standing when I fired, I saw that it had gone off towards the river at a gallop, for its splayed-out hoofs had cut deeply into the ground. There was not, however, enough light left to enable me to see if there was any blood along the tracks. After having followed the hoof marks for a short distance, they brought me to the edge of a steep, thickly wooded donga, into which I not unnaturally thought that the wounded beast had plunged. However, it was now growing darker every instant, and I could no longer distinguish the tracks, and so, for the time being, was obliged to give up the pursuit and continue my journey to my camp further down the river, which I presently reached, after an hour and a half's ride in the dark. I then told my boys what had happened, and gave orders to have everything ready for an early start the next morning to search for the wounded kudu. Before daybreak I had my horse fed, and as soon as it was light I was in the saddle, and the sun was not very high when I reached the place on the road from which I had fired at the kudu the previous evening. Directly after we struck its tracks we saw there was a great deal of blood on the trail. On reaching the edge of the donga, however, we found that the wounded animal had not plunged into it, but had turned sharply to the left and rushed into a patch of thick bush, and there we found it lying dead, shot through the heart, and not twenty yards from where I had stood in the dusk of the preceding evening. My joy may be imagined when I realised that in the size and symmetry of its horns the dead beast fully came up to my expectations. Up to this time, for eighteen years, I had been travelling and hunting almost constantly all over the vast territories lying between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, and during that time had seen a great number of fine kudu bulls; but either because I was after more valuable game at the time, or circumstances would have made it impossible for me to carry away their heads if I had shot them, I had merely walked past all those which carried exceptionally beautiful heads, without ever having fired a shot at them. But at last, by pure accident, I had come upon a kudu bull carrying a magnificent pair of

horns and shot him close to my waggon, and his head, which I was able to preserve and send safely home to England, is, perhaps, the gem among all my African trophies.

## MY WHITE RHINOCEROS.

By MAJOR P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON.

I T was on April 19th, 1905, that I secured No. 220 in the exhibition, the best bull of my bag, with a horn 28½in. long. Lions had been roaring close to the camp during the night, and in the morning, after an unsuccessful cast round in the hope of striking their track, we surprised a rhino stretched at its ease and partly hidden in the grass. A number of birds running over the animal would quickly have given the alarm if disturbed, so from a distance of about ninety yards I fired for the heart, and fired two more shots as the rhino bolted. There was no blood track, but a three hours' pursuit brought us up to the beast as he stood on the watch under a thorn. A shot behind the shoulder and another as he was moving away made him circle round the bush at a run, halt a moment, catch a glimpse of us and deliberately charge down wind. With an empty .400 in my hand I was not seeking explanations, but made off in my turn, slipping in a cartridge as I went; then, with a quick turn, I placed a solid nickel-clad bullet between nostril and horn. At this the beast swerved slightly and thundered heavily past us out of sight, to fall dead a few hundred yards away. The sun had set before the skinning was completed, and porters had arrived from camp, so I decided to leave them to bivouac by the carcass, while I set out for my tent in drizzling rain. Night fell rapidly, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we continued to distinguish the outline of the path among the thorn scrub. Suddenly the native ahead of me stopped, pointed into the gloom, and with the one word "Look," turned and vanished, to give place to a rhino that dashed close across my front and stood snorting indignation a few yards away. The morning's experience had imbued me with so much respect for the race that I tried to creep round and make a detour through the bush, but was baffled, and turned back. Once more the animal's dark bulk broke across the path before he was swallowed up by the night.

Next day the bull was brought into camp by forty-four men, each with a load of between 50lb. and 60lb. in meat, bones, hide and horns. The skin was laboriously thinned down, and spread out to dry in three pieces on rough platforms, under which charcoal fires were kept smouldering at night. The specimen has been set up whole by Messrs. Rowland Ward for the Quex Museum. The female skull (No. 222 in the exhibition) is that of a beast which was shot near the Ouneri Swamp, named by a subsequent sportsman "Rhino Camp." From rising ground I had spotted four rhinos in the bush some distance away, and was working towards them, when another moved obliquely in our direction out of dense thorn, halted and threw up its head. The horn seemed a fine one, so I fired behind the left shoulder, and sent a second bullet after the beast as it broke away. A few minutes we came upon it lying dead—a cow, with a horn of 28½in. The longest Northern white rhinoceros horn I have personally measured was 35½in. from a female (No. 221 in the exhibition), shot near Kero by a Congo askari, but I was told of another, killed at Lado shortly before I arrived, that spanned over the metre, and Ward records one with a length of 41in. In height I found a full-grown animal ranged from 5ft. to 5ft. 6in., while South African specimens are reported to have exceeded 6ft. The white rhino does not seem to charge on scent like the black, but it is, nevertheless, well to avoid the windward side of a wounded animal, for if not stopped he will hunt the hunter with as deadly a purpose as the black variety.

## THE HEAVIEST ELEPHANT TUSKS SHOT BY A WHITE MAN

LIKE many records, this one fell to the rifle almost in spite of myself, as the result of little effort and less skill. The caravan was traversing a fine country of rolling grass plain at an elevation of 5,400ft., on the head waters of the Ituri between Mahagi and Irumu. On the morning of June 5th, 1905, while camp was moving towards Zuga, I ranged round in search of game and secured a fine bushbuck, since named by Matschie. When I rejoined the path at 10.45 a party of natives met me to say that elephants were close at hand,