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HUNTING IN  
BRITISH EAST AFRICA

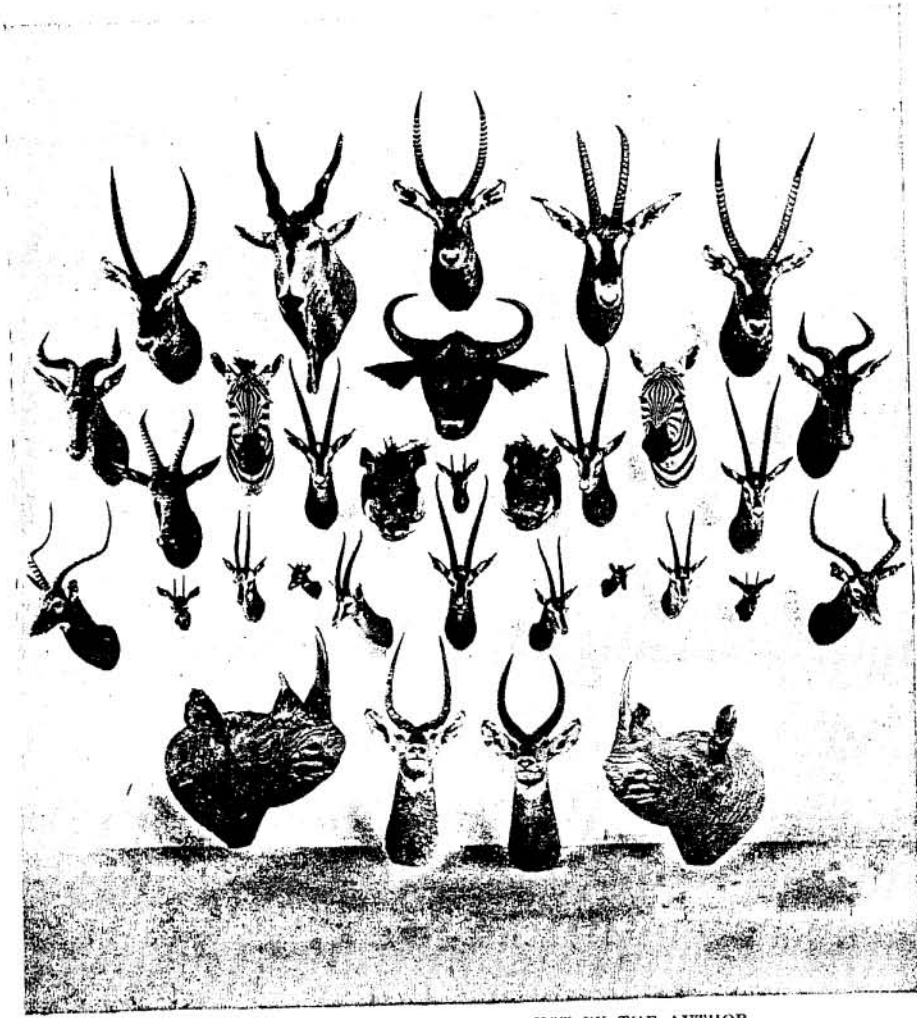
BY  
PERCY C. MADEIRA

WITH A FOREWORD BY  
FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS  
AND  
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



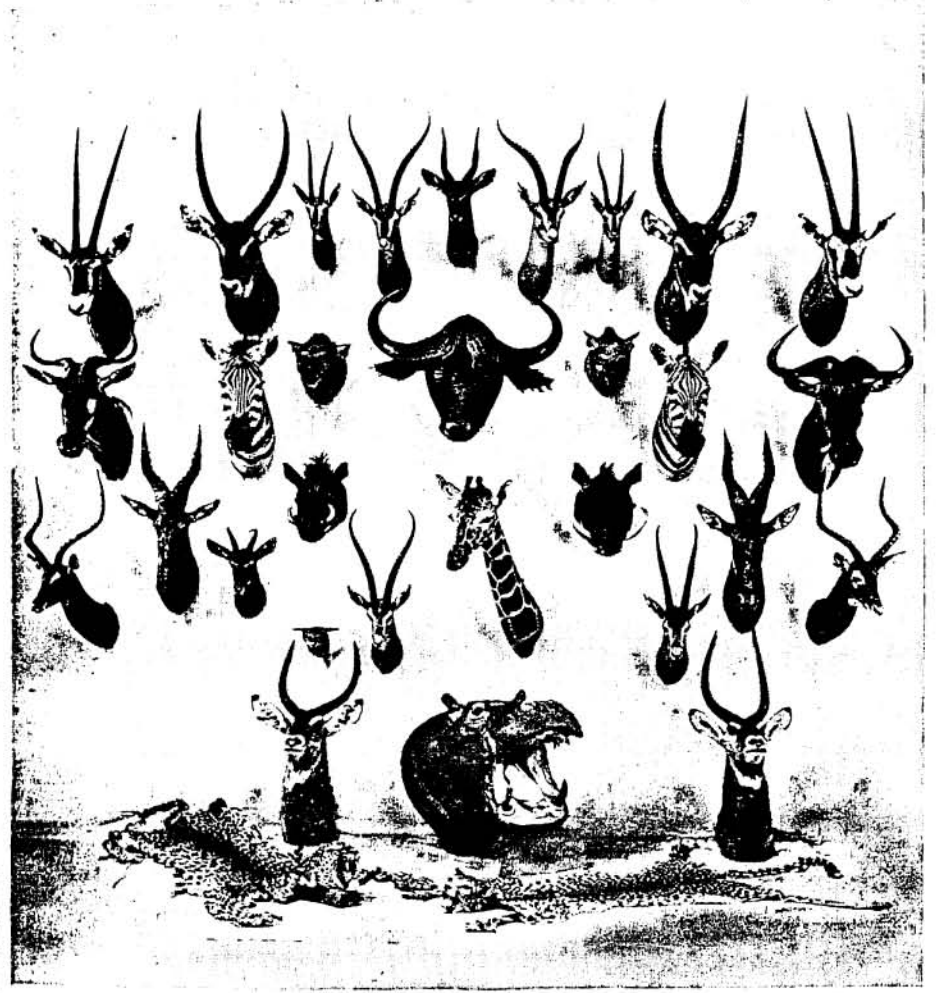
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MOUNTED HEADS OF SPECIMENS SHOT BY THE AUTHOR

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MOUNTED HEADS OF SPECIMENS SHOT BY THE AUTHOR

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## NATIVES ON THE ROUTE

height of the men. Some had bonnets made out of lion's skin, and some of baboon's. All had jangling pieces of metal around their legs, so that there were constant musical sounds as they ran and jumped and performed the evolutions of the dance. They marched around in perfect order, singing their war songs, which had little variety, and seemed to be a repetition in rhythm of certain words. Occasionally one of the men would dash out from the main body and leap high in the air, brandishing his spear and shouting, and apparently working himself up to a degree of excitement which, Mr. Horn told us, would ultimately reach a state of frenzy and mental intoxication almost equal to that occasioned by alcohol. The physical exertion seems to work upon their nervous system until their excitement is uncontrollable. Before a certain pitch of excitement is reached it is absolutely necessary to stop the war dance, or the results might be the same as if a whole band of drunken men ran amuck. It was an interesting sight, and one which I did not see duplicated.

After lunch we followed the safari, which we had sent on ahead to a buffalo camp about six miles from the fort. We left the mules at the station, with one syce to look after them, as we could not take them into the country which we were entering, owing to the tsetse flies, which abound in the valley of the Tana. The mules were later taken to Fort Hall by the syce, who met us with them when we reached there some three weeks later.

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

When we reached camp with our gun-bearers, we found that Ali Aden, our headman, had seen some buffalo and a rhino as he came to camp, and everything had been kept quiet so as not to alarm the game. Later we went hunting back of the camp, away from the swamp, but saw nothing save some hartebeest and water-buck. Williams watched the marsh until dark for buffalo, and saw five of them, three rhinos, and a leopard, but it was too dark to shoot. We looked forward to a successful hunt on the next day, and were delighted with the idea that we had at last found buffalo country.

Just after we finished dinner, and had settled down, talking quietly, we heard a heavy pounding of feet on the ground, a snort or two, and the screaming and shouting of the porters as a rhino dashed through the very centre of the camp, about twenty yards from where we were sitting. Much to our relief, he did not return, but continued on his way unmolested.

## CHAPTER VI

### BIG GAME SHOOTING AND ITS DANGERS

WE breakfasted by candlelight the next morning, and then crept silently toward the buffalo marsh, which we reached in less than a half-hour. Lying down among the bushes and long grass, we watched carefully for several hours, but saw nothing, and returned to camp at nine o'clock. During the afternoon I missed a water-buck and an impalla, with the usual bad luck which I had been experiencing for the past ten days.

Later in the day six porters arrived from Fort Hall, carrying mealies for porters' food. They received the usual compensation of eight annas, or sixteen cents, each for five days' work!

January 1st we again hunted the swamp for buffalo, but saw no game except two small rhinos. Williams, who had left the camp at daybreak, going south, returned about ten o'clock, having shot two eland and one water-buck. The law permits only one eland, but the two heads were obtained through an accident that is not unusual. After sighting an eland at some distance, he made a careful stalk, creeping on hands and knees, and shot the bull, which was standing, facing him, in the long grass. The bull fell, and Williams rushed forward to make sure that it was dead. He was hidden for an instant from the spot where the

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

animal had fallen, and upon reaching the top of the rise he saw his bull, as he thought, walking down the hill in front of him. Thinking it had recovered and was making off, he fired again, and the bull fell dead. Upon going up to skin him, he looked for the mark of his first bullet, but could not find it, and to his astonishment, upon retracing his steps and hunting through the grass, he found the first beast also. They were two fine heads, one twenty-five and one-half inches and the other twenty-five inches on the straight line. He left one of his gun-bearers to watch the heads, and returned to camp for help, as he had seen signs of game all through the country which he had traversed. On his way back he shot a fine ellipsiprymnus water-buck. He left his other gun-bearer to watch the latter, and hastened to us. His round trip up to ten o'clock must have covered at least fifteen miles, but he secured a fine bag.

As has been said, the eland were almost exterminated from East Africa some ten years ago by the rinderpest, but careful preservation by law has fostered their recovery. We found them in herds of considerable numbers all through our journey, after we crossed to the north of the Tana and in Laikipia. They go about in bands of from ten to twenty-five, and are enormous animals; in fact, the largest of all antelopes. A big bull eland will stand about six feet at the shoulder. They have a tawny colored skin, somewhat darker than a lion, with bluish white, perpendicular stripes about half-inch



ELAND  
(*Taurotragus oryx*)

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## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

gun-bearers we proceeded to beat up the neighborhood, and shortly afterward saw the lioness take to her heels through the long grass.

We placed Mrs. Madeira on top of a high ant-hill, so that she could see the proceedings, and after a long, hard chase the lioness took to the bushes, which were extremely dense and almost impenetrable. Williams took a flying shot at her just as she jumped in, and the bullet came very close to her. He then very recklessly proceeded into the bush after her, and while crawling around just inside, so as to look underneath the bushes, made use of a rhino-path. I was on the outside, waiting for the lioness to come out if she would, and heard him call to look out for a rhino which at that moment charged down the path, barely giving him time to throw himself into the bushes on one side to escape. The rhino came out some distance away from him, but near me, giving me a shot at it on the run, which, however, failed to do anything but hurry it along.

Our camp at this spot was very well situated on the edge of the Riping Waler River, which is here overhung with trees of a rarer beauty than most that we had seen so far. The stream was very beautiful all along the bank, with broad stretches of plains extending to the north, and rolling country on either side of it, with here and there groves of enormous trees.

In the morning, following up one of the ridges, I missed an impalla, and later saw a rhino, which I followed for a considerable distance, but finally lost in



IMPALLA



WATERBUCK SHOT ON RIPING WALER RIVER

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## BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

the trees and long grass. In the afternoon, we saw a number of waterbuck, hartebeest, and impalla, a leopard, a rhino, and a hippo, but did not bag any of them.

By this time I was discouraged with my shooting, for I had shot nothing since the 22d of December. Explanations for this may be many, but one of them, I am satisfied, partially answers the question. The intense light, coupled with heat vibration, renders judgment as to distance extremely uncertain in the middle of the day. There is always the strong radiation of heat from the earth's surface, just as from a railroad track in hot weather, which may extend up from the ground a couple of feet. An animal seen through this when you are lying down, as you generally are on the plains, becomes magnified and looks much nearer than it really is. When a breath of wind blows the heat-waves away, it stands out clear, appearing in its actual size, and much farther off. These alternate conditions are extremely trying, and probably most hunters never get wholly used to them, though they have less effect after a while than at first. I was in such a worried condition over my shooting at this time that the next morning Williams came out with me to see what the trouble was. His long experience in Africa, extending over five or six years, apparently rendered him immune from such troubles.

We finally saw a waterbuck, and, getting into a good position, I succeeded in bagging him at about one hundred and fifty yards with my own rifle, which some-

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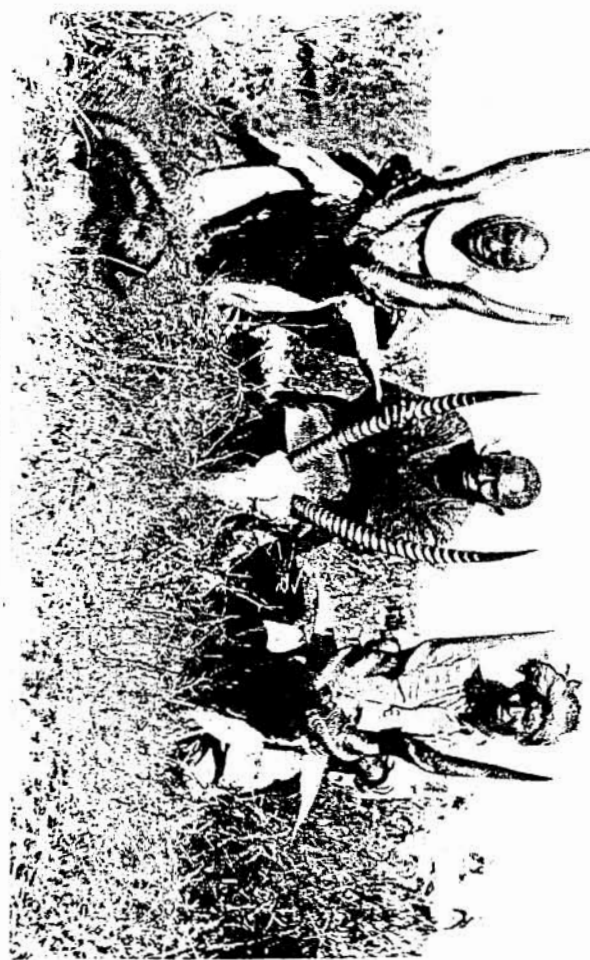
what restored my confidence. On our way back to camp we encountered another. Williams made a splendid shot of two hundred and fifty yards and dropped it stone dead.

In the afternoon I started for a buffalo swamp, a few miles off, but on the way encountered a herd of twenty-nine impalla, one with a beautiful head. They were on the open plain, rendering stalking most difficult, and I crawled around on all fours for an hour or two, before I got a long shot, which missed. Shortly after I saw a great many waterbuck, which I could not get near, so in despair tried a shot at three hundred paces, and with good luck landed a big one; in fact, the best *ellipsiprymnus* that I got on the trip, measuring twenty-seven and three-quarter inches.

My confidence was now returning, so on the way to camp I tried a Coke's hartebeest with a very fine set of horns and succeeded in dropping him at the first shot. By this time, after such a good day, I felt more encouraged, and had no return of bad marksmanship during the balance of the trip.

Williams also had a good day, bagging a rhino about three miles from camp, an impalla and a wart-hog. He left some of the men to watch the rhino, and they stayed up all night to keep off the hyenas and birds, at the same time skinning the head. The next morning they brought the head and all the meat in, the first of this species that we had secured.

It is hardly necessary to describe the rhinoceros, so



A GOOD BAG: TWO ELANDS AND A WATERBUCK

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## BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

well known is it, and so typical of Africa in the mind of every one since childhood days. He is, however, a somewhat more imposing looking animal in his wild state than when behind the bars in a zoölogical garden. In his wild state he looks enormous, and, indeed, the average height at the shoulder is in the neighborhood of five feet, and I should judge that the average weight must be from a ton and three-quarters to two tons. They are about twelve feet long, from tip of nose to tip of tail, and tremendously heavy in their build. Their color varies, dependent upon the mud in their particular bathing pool, some being red and some grey. They have two horns, but instances have been known where five horns have been noticed, though this must be a freak. Their short legs and clumsy appearance would lead one to believe that they are very slow on their feet, and they are just the contrary. They can turn and twist in their own length like a cat, and for fifty to seventy-five yards their dash is as quick as a polo pony's, and they are as agile and speedy as the latter. As is well known, their eyesight is bad, and is the one thing that reduces their dangerous nature. They are the bullies of Africa, and are apparently always spoiling for a row. They are a great nuisance throughout the country, for when stalking some other animal which you are particularly keen to secure, the ubiquitous rhino is likely to pop up in front of you, making necessary a wide detour, or preparations for immediate defense. After I had secured my quota of



BLACK RHINOCEROS  
(*Rhinoceros (Diceros) bicornis*)

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

two, I hated the sight of them, for they are all over the country and appear at the most unexpected moments, usually only twenty-five or fifty yards away from you.

A question which is asked by almost everybody is, "Which is considered the most dangerous animal in Africa?" This is a disputed point, opinion being divided between the elephant, the lion and the buffalo. Still, the rhino is far from being out of consideration, and to some, it is extremely terrifying. In discussing this subject with hunters of great experience I found them far from unanimous. My own opinion is valueless for I never saw wild elephants, and failed to get closer than to follow their freshly made tracks.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the greatest naturalist hunter of all ages, holds the opinion, that, taking a long average, the lion is the most dangerous of African game; that if a large number of elephants and buffaloes were shot by one man, probably a larger proportion of the elephants shot would charge than of the buffaloes. Considering that a charging buffalo is a very much more difficult animal to stop or turn than is a charging elephant, the buffalo is probably on the whole the more dangerous animal of the two.

It would seem that the most dangerous animal is, first of all, that one from which the person in question has had the narrowest escape, be it elephant, lion, or buffalo. Each is dangerous, the degree of danger being dependent upon the character of the country in which the animal is located at the moment. A lion in

## BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

long grass, an elephant in the jungle, or a buffalo in bush and swamps, is each in its own sphere more dangerous than either of the others would be were they in country that was not adapted to their activity and ferocity.

Most men are of the opinion that a lion is the most dangerous, but many who have lived in Africa for years, tell me that they consider the buffalo the most vindictive and ferocious, and some who have shot all three, consider the elephant as ranking first.

Their deductions are based upon several conditions. A wounded lion is undoubtedly a terrible antagonist, but he is more easily killed than a buffalo or an elephant, partly because of his thin skin. I should judge that a bullet will range through a lion and do more damage than it would in the case of either of the other two animals. A lion or a buffalo can be escaped from by climbing a tree, but an elephant cannot, for he is able to break down almost any tree that a man can climb. I am told that a lion will sometimes leave his victim before he has killed him, but a buffalo will not. The latter will track his victim, stalk him, and stand for hours at a time motionless, waiting for the hunter to follow him. Should the latter do so, the animal leaves his trail, turns off to one side and faces his back track, so that the unwary hunter who keeps the trail may be in turn stalked from the side or rear without a moment's warning. After the buffalo gets his man, he horns him again and again, finally stamping him into a shapeless pulp.

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

I should judge that a buffalo is more difficult to kill than a lion, for the smaller the target the more chance there is of a bullet finding a fatal spot or else missing entirely.

The elephant, when wounded, must also be the incarnation of fury, his tremendous strength and intelligence possibly enabling him to do more damage than either of the others. The lion apparently has wonderful eyesight, the buffalo has good eyes and an uncommonly good nose, and the elephant is sensitive to smell, but apparently has not quite such good sight. All three of them, when wounded, are dangerous to a degree.

The rhino is more feared by the natives than the lion, for their weapons are harmless against him, and his terrific rush has a speed that is well nigh incredible. His sight, however, is so bad that he is more easily dodged than the others, and yet one has only to read Mr. William Astor Chanler's story of his difficulties on the Guaso Nyiro, and of Lieutenant Von Haenel's almost fatal encounter with a rhinoceros, to realize that the huge beast is no mean antagonist.

There are many experiences that one hears of in Africa about rhinos that are replete with fatalities, and the brute, himself, is such an uncanny and awe inspiring animal, that he is not to be slighted in the list of the dangerous animals.

In considering fatalities to hunters, I presume more men are killed by lions, either directly from the attack or by subsequent blood-poisoning, than by either elephants or buffalo, which is partly because more men



WILLIAMS AND HIS FIRST WATERBUCK

## CHAPTER VII

### A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

THE quantity of meat required to feed a safari the size of ours is almost incredible, and not a scrap of any animal that was shot on our trip was ever wasted. The very bones were brought into camp, and picked clean, and the marrow from the larger ones was extracted. In reading of African trips I had been surprised at the amount of game that had to be shot, but I found out by personal experience how much the natives crave this kind of food, and on hard marches absolutely need it to keep up their strength.

The climate is so hot that meat will not keep, and for one's own table it is necessary to supply fresh meat at least every other day. Some of the smaller animals do not provide much more than a meal, or, at the most, a day's supply. Steinbuck, duiker, and oribi, for instance, have but little meat upon them.

Most of the larger animals have coarse flesh that to anybody but a native is almost impossible. The quantity of meat that a native porter can consume has, I believe, been noted by a famous explorer as nearly fifteen pounds per day. This, of course, is more than necessary, but it would be nothing for them to eat from five to seven pounds, and then they would not consider that they were overfed.



WATERBUCK  
(*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*)

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## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

in Laikipia, and, possibly on account of the cold, they have here a much thicker and coarser coat. Wherever we came across them in our previous journey we found them near more or less cover of bushes and not out on the open plains.

A half-mile beyond the point where I shot the steinbuck we heard shouts of "Faru!" from the porters, and, rapidly coming up to the front, we saw a rhino standing under a tree. It had apparently been disturbed by the porters, and was looking around, trying to get our wind. We sent Mrs. Madeira a little distance back, as there was no protection except a few very small bushy trees that stood about six or eight feet high. After she had gone about one hundred and fifty yards, to a tree of good size which she could climb if it were necessary, we advanced toward the beast. Suddenly a second rhino rose up from the grass, also looking for us, and this was immediately followed by a third. All had their tails straight up in the air in the ridiculous way they carry them, and their heads were twisting around in every direction, trying to locate us. When we got within about forty yards, I picked out the biggest, and fired, giving him both barrels. The two others immediately ran off, but the one I shot at stumbled, and then Williams fired, and we alternately pumped into him eight solid shots before he fell, about fifty to a hundred yards from where we first saw him. He was not very large, the front horn measuring only seventeen inches, but very heavy. It was some time after he fell



MRS. MADEIRA AND RHINO

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## A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

before the last signs of life ceased, nervous contraction of the muscles continuing until a rather amusing situation arose. As we were about to photograph him, Mrs. Madeira was induced to climb up and sit on his back, and while in that position, and with the camera levelled, the last convulsive heave occurred, and Mrs. Madeira nearly fell off with fright before she could jump down. We put another bullet into his brain to keep him permanently quiet. The sensation of sitting on the top of one of those beasts, with a shudder going through him, could not have been entirely pleasant.

While we were superintending skinning his head the main body of the safari went on. In a short time one of the porters came running back, and announced that the head of the safari had seen ten lions just where we wanted to camp, which was at the next water, about a mile farther on. This caused the greatest excitement, for while we were very eager to get lions, we were hardly anxious to tackle ten at once. We rushed forward, however, as fast as we could, and found the safari waiting on the brow of the hill, which fell away in a gentle slope to a river about thirty feet wide, on the opposite side of which a bend in the stream made a beautiful level meadow. Several of our porters declared that it was here they had seen these lions. Everything had been hushed immediately upon noticing them, and the caravan was lying flat on the ground, watching the spot where the menagerie had been sighted.

The method of getting at them was difficult, owing

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

to the apparent meadow being an island. Williams and I approached the river and looked for a place to cross. We could not tell whether or not there were crocodiles in the river, and in fact, at that time we did not know whether the meadow was an island or connected with the mainland. After walking around through the bush, Williams recklessly jumped in and crossed the stream, carrying his rifle and cartridges above his head, and followed by his gun-bearer, Ali Shirwa. I beat up the other side of the stream through the bushes, around to the point where it was supposed that the neck of land connected it. After thoroughly covering the entire ground on both sides, we could find no trace of the lions, either by their tracks or otherwise, and were forced to the conclusion that the men had probably seen a troop of baboons, which at a distance appear to the native eye not unlike lions. It was all rather exciting, for both sides of the river were covered with thick bush, which, however, contained nothing but waterbuck and some very wild impalla. The whole day was an interesting and exciting one from all standpoints.

The succeeding day I started out at daylight, and in about fifteen minutes secured a waterbuck, though not a very large one. I saw nothing else except some impalla and Coke's hartebeest. I returned to camp early, and while I was taking some photographs of the camp barber and the natives a rhino hove in sight, coming down the path we had followed the day before and directly toward where we were. Seeing the tents, which



MY FIRST RHINO

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## A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

were out in the open on the treeless side of the hill, he pranced around and went through the usual manoeuvres of trying to scent us, showing his anger by sticking up his tail. After stamping around a little while he made off. The natives were much impressed with Mrs. Madeira's interest in the animal, which was not more than a couple of hundred yards away, but declined her urgent invitation to go out and "catch" him, which, when interpreted to them, made them laugh immoderately.

During the day the men went back to cut up the rhino we had shot the preceding day. They found that some Kikuyu had been there before them and had fled at their approach, leaving a spear, some knives, and a honey bucket, which my men promptly confiscated and brought back to camp.

Williams leaving camp at the same time secured a waterbuck soon after he started and later on met a lone buffalo, which he pursued all morning and finally got a shot at, hitting but not stopping him. Some time after he caught up with the beast again and put in five more bullets. He tracked him until almost dark, but was unable to find him, and had to abandon the search in order to reach camp before nightfall.

It was growing extremely hot, for we were getting down lower as we approached the Tana River and left the high hills of Embo, and the shade temperature in the tent in the middle of the day was ninety-five degrees, at night going down to about seventy.



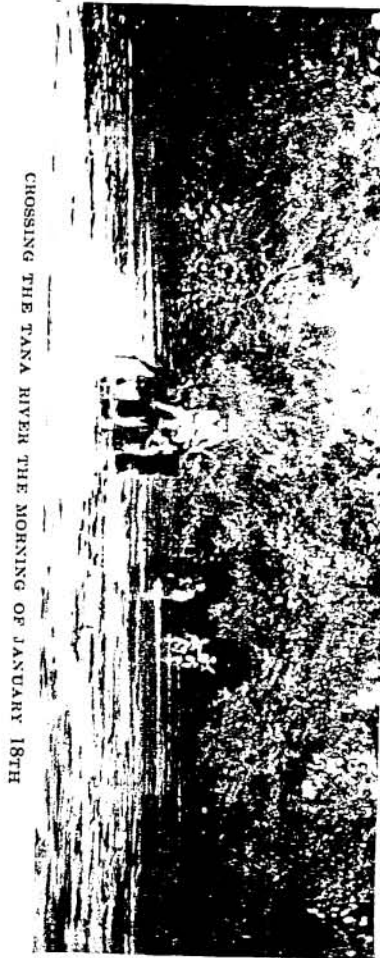
## CHAPTER XI

### MRS. MADEIRA LOST AND IN DANGER

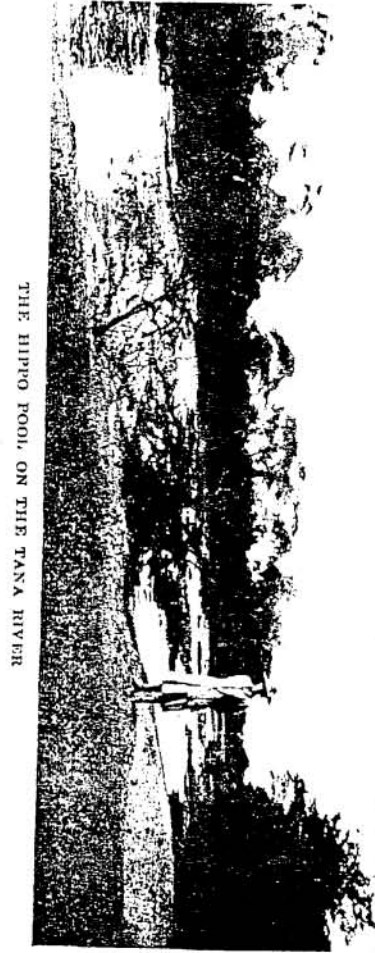
ON our previous day's march, after leaving the buffalo camp, we found the country all burnt over and black as a result of the fire which our neighbors had started, and the damage extended for about ten miles. During the day I saw twenty-three rhinos, eleven of them in sight at one time, which was the greatest number I encountered in any one day during our trip. Most of those I saw had relatively small horns, and seemed less belligerent than those we subsequently encountered in Laikipia.

Taking a track higher up on the hill, Williams flushed a black-maned lion accompanied by a lioness, shortly after leaving camp. They broke away when he was about three hundred yards off and disappeared in the bush, giving him a difficult running shot, which he missed. The only other game I saw during the day's march was waterbuck, which were numerous.

At six o'clock on the morning of January 18th we crossed the Tana, being carried over on the porters' backs, or, rather, sitting high on top of their shoulders, a most uncomfortable and precarious position. Much amusement was created when my turn came, owing to my size, but we got safely over and started well ahead of the safari. Accompanied by our four gun-bearers, we



CROSSING THE TANA RIVER THE MORNING OF JANUARY 18TH



THE HIPPO POOL, ON THE TANA RIVER

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## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

At three o'clock in the morning Captain Luckman, from Fort Hall, came for final news, before sending out the thousand men on the succeeding day, and was delighted to hear that all were safe in camp again, except a few porters who still were out on their search.

I had sent a runner to Mr. Lane the instant Mrs. Madeira arrived, notifying him that the lost party had returned, but, unfortunately, he had crossed Captain Luckman on the road. Later I received this very kind letter from Mr. Lane:

FORT HALL, 21-1-'08.

DEAR MR. MADEIRA,

Please accept my heartiest congratulations on the safe return of Mrs. Madeira.

Your letter on Sunday night gave me the greatest anxiety. I knew that the party could not have come to any harm through the natives, and the only conclusion I could come to was that they had been drowned in trying to cross the Maharagua on their way here.

I wrote you a long letter on Sunday night, and meant to send it to you by runner on Monday morning, but your letter arrived, and so I did not send it.

I was sorry I could not see you when you came here, and am glad that I will now have the opportunity of making your acquaintance.

I hope Mrs. Madeira is none the worse for her trying experience.

Yours sincerely,

C. R. W. LANE.

The entire camp now slept as if it had been drugged, as for a night and two days everybody had been on their feet, and some of us had not eaten during the entire time.

The story of their adventure begins with the time

## MRS. MADEIRA LOST AND IN DANGER

when I went off to hunt the giraffe the preceding day. They continued walking parallel to the trail through the country, which I have alluded to as being such a promising looking one for hunting purposes, and on the way they encountered bushbuck, eland, rhino, a big troop of baboons (of which they shot one), and various other animals. They also saw the tracks of all kinds of game. As they advanced, they got into a tall grass country, which gradually grew more and more hilly.

About half past one they stopped for lunch, and as they thought they had but an hour's march to camp, and the intense heat had made them all thirsty, they drank all the water that had been in the one bottle, and gave the balance of their lunch to the gun-bearers.

They rested until about half past two and then started for the camp. After walking for two or three hours they began to be worried. They could not strike the main trail, and they were getting terribly thirsty. The innumerable paths made by natives and by game all through the country make it very difficult to distinguish one trail from another. That, however, soon became a matter of minor importance. They could not go on much longer without drinking, and their search for the trail developed into a search for water.

About six o'clock they discovered a patch of green, indicating water, but upon approaching they found a pool which was too foul to drink, as a rhino cow with her calf had been bathing in it, and was on guard near by. They therefore abandoned any idea of obtaining

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a drink here, and made a *détour* to avoid the rhino. After proceeding some little way, they heard a noise behind them. They turned quickly and saw that the rhino had stalked them, and was then in the middle of the charge, not more than twenty or thirty yards away.

Williams told Mrs. Madeira to step behind him, and gave the beast both barrels of his .450. It was a difficult shot, but fortunately he succeeded in dropping the rhino stone dead, although the momentum caused by the speed of the charge carried the monster in its slide to within ten feet of where Mrs. Madeira stood.

After pacing the distance, which was as given above, they proceeded on their search for water, for even rhinos had paled into insignificance in comparison with the necessity of finding this. Night was commencing to fall, and the country they were in was covered with high grass, with here and there thick bush, in which rhino, buffalo, and lions would probably be found. They marched on and on through the night, which would seem incredible were it not for the fact that there was a full moon in a clear sky. The deep shadows gave the country a sinister look, but water was of such urgent importance that they had to go on while they could.

Long before this their tongues had swollen and their lips had commenced to crack, and at 11.30 P.M. they could go no further, so stopped and made a fire under a tree.

This night march through a wild country infested with the most dangerous animals known must have been

## MRS. MADEIRA LOST AND IN DANGER

a thrilling and nerve-racking experience. Every time there was a rustle in the grass or a sudden snort from a bush, imagination suggested that a lion, a leopard, or a snake was lurking in the deep shadows. One never would think of harmless antelope on such occasions.

The gathering of firewood in Africa is not an unmixed joy either, as axes are not carried, and one has to wander around and pick up dead branches or dead trees that are lying on the ground, or break off such sections of growing trees as may be available, and this often takes one far from the bivouac.

After the lost party had gathered the necessary amount of wood, lighted their fire, and sat down to rest, they were promptly charged by a large herd of buffalo. Upon hearing the beasts coming, they immediately took refuge in trees, and during the night they were sent into this painful situation four times by these same brutes, which were evidently attracted by the firelight. Climbing thorn-trees is an uncomfortable proceeding even in daylight, but at night it becomes a positive torture, for the thorns vary in size from a small fish-hook to great spikes about five inches long, and it seems as if no part of the tree is not protected by these weapons.

After the buffalo's last charge the place was deemed entirely too warm for comfort, so the fire was moved some distance away. Finally, at half past one, Mrs. Madeira lay down alongside the fire and immediately fell asleep in spite of the thirst. She had walked that

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

buck, except in color, theirs being of a reddish brown instead of gray, with the white color around the eye a little less distinct. But perhaps the principal difference is shown on the rump, which instead of bearing a white ellipse, like the common or ellypsiprimnus waterbuck, is entirely white. The habitat of the defassa is different from the other waterbuck, and we never again met the ellypsiprimnus.

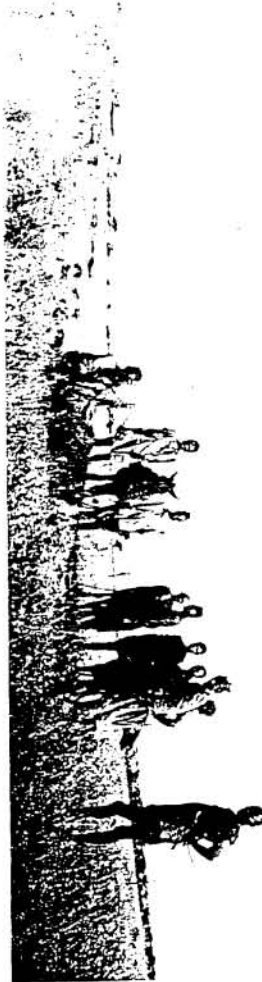
Lion tracks were plentiful, but with the exception of impalla and some Tommies, I saw no game. Williams secured a wart-hog and a zebra, but again failed to get his oryx, which seemed to hoodoo him, just as the wart-hog had so far defied my efforts.

The temperature during the preceding night went down to about  $40^{\circ}$  in the tent, and the elevation was about 6950 feet. During the day the temperature in the shade was delightful, but it was, of course, hot in the sun.

The following day we moved on to the Engobit River, where our camp was among hills and in very broken country. The journey took about three and a quarter hours, and on the way we saw some impalla and great numbers of Tommies, of which we bagged quite a good head. Williams was ill on this march, from the effects of the sun, and suffered a great deal with his head. Our Masai guides told us that there was no game in the region, but we mistrusted their information, although we did not see many signs of the oryx, which was principally what Williams wanted. We both wanted lions more than anything else, of course.



DEFASSA WATERBUCK



JACKSON HARTWELL SHOT ON SUGARI RIVER

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## FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

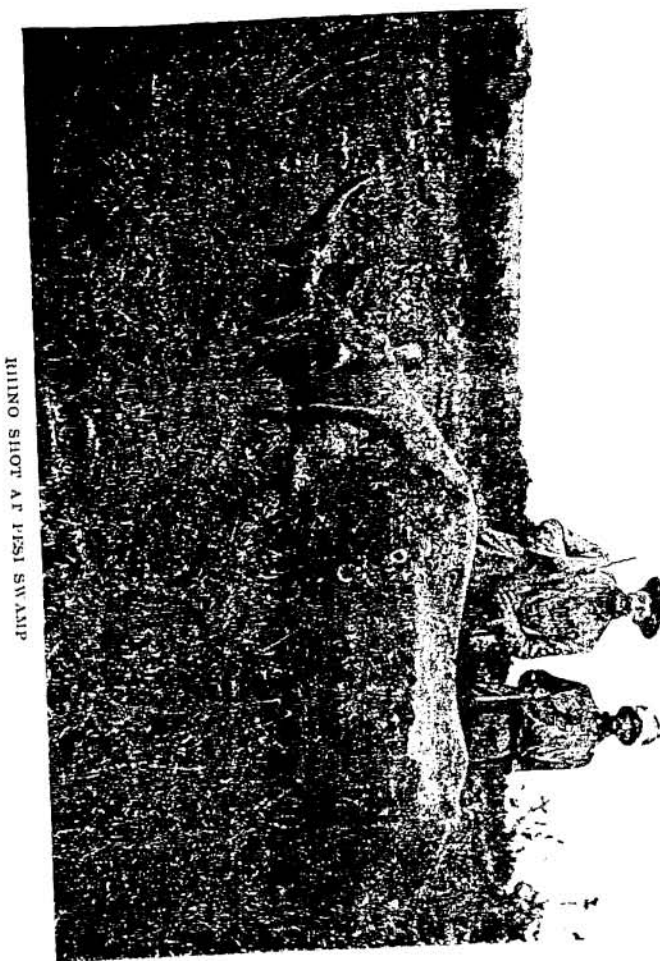
We were now en route to the Pesi Swamp, with the ultimate direction towards Rumeruti. We struck the swamp near the main road between Nyeri and Rumeruti, camping, after a march of four and three-quarter hours. On the road we met Messrs. Montgomery and Barnes, of the Treasury Department, on their way east from Baringo, where they had been collecting the hut-tax receipts. They reported that the country in that direction and through Laikipia was dried up, and so contained no game.

During the day I shot an impalla, and Williams two Grant's and one Tommie. We pitched our camp some distance back from the edge of the swamp. While diligently searching for lions in the afternoon a rhino suddenly rose up out of the grass about twenty-five yards in front. My approach had evidently disturbed him, for he was looking for me, with his head twisting in every direction. I quickly decided that his was a better head than the one I had, and promptly gave him both barrels, aiming at a point between the eye and the ear. Evidently I missed this spot, which would have reached his brain, for he did not fall, although he seemed dazed, and I had time to slip two more cartridges into my rifle and empty these into his shoulder, before he broke away on a lumbering trot and I after him. I had to run as fast as I could to overtake him at all, but every time I did I fired, and after a mile and a half's run he finally dropped. He had made no effort to charge, although when first disturbed, he was apparently looking for the cause of the row.

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The front horn was twenty inches long and quite heavy. He measured ten feet from his nose to the root of his tail, which was twenty-two inches in length, and stood five feet three or four inches in height at the shoulder, as near as I could measure, and as he lay on the ground the thickness of his body measured four feet. The color was a light, slate gray and he looked quite clean, but his belly was covered with enormous ticks. Many of the rhinos which we saw looked reddish, no doubt owing to the mud and the color of the water in which they had been accustomed to bathe. I had been intending to wait to get a larger set of horns, but these were reasonably satisfactory, so I decided to take him, and was afterward glad that I did so, for he was the last one I had a shot at on my trip, rhinos becoming quite scarce from this point. He had nine shot-holes in his head and twelve in his body. The last four or five were perhaps unnecessary, as he would have died from any of the first ones, but I kept shooting at him until he was perfectly quiet, not desiring to have the experience which Mr. Eastbrook had.

He, it seems, was out shooting somewhere near Lake Baringo, when he came upon several rhinos. He shot one at a short distance and dropped it in its tracks. Thinking that it was dead, he proceeded with his morning's hunt, and, after a considerable time, returned to the rhino, with which he had left one of his boys to skin the head. He found the animal on his feet and apparently uninjured. The gun-bearer was so fright-



RHINO SHOT AT PESI SWAMP

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#### FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

ened that he decamped, evidently attracting the beast's attention by his flight. Mr. Eastbrook fired and the rhino fell heavily, and soon lay quiet. He then approached, and while he was looking the huge beast over it suddenly got up on its feet. The first shot failed to stop it, and in an instant the brute was heading at a full charge straight at Mr. Eastbrook, who endeavored to get out of the way by dodging quickly, but slipped and fell. The rhino immediately knelt on him and then tossed him over his head, the horn puncturing his leg. Eastbrook went so high in the air that he saw the rhino under him as he went hurtling through space. He was thrown a second time, and a third, and possibly more.

He must have fainted after the first toss, and when he recovered his consciousness he found that he had a dreadful wound in the leg, was bruised all over the body, and his right arm and four ribs were broken. He also had a compound fracture of the wrist, the bones sticking out through the flesh, and generally, he was a crippled wreck. He lay a long time in the sun before help came, during which, in intervals of consciousness, he wondered whether it would be the vultures or the hyenas which would finish him off. After some two or three hours his gun-bearer and porters found him, bleeding from his various wounds. They made a tourniquet for his leg, then rigged up a litter and started for camp, a five hours' march.

The nearest doctor was some seventy-five or a hun-

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

dred miles away, but he at once sent a runner for him, and during the night was carried to the fort at Baringo, a twelve hours' journey, during which he must have suffered untold agony. It was forty hours after he was hurt before he reached European assistance, when his wounds were washed and dressed for the first time. It was eight days after he was hurt before the doctor finally appeared, and by then gangrene had set in, and the arm had to be amputated. It was many a long day before he recovered from the dreadful mauling he had received.

Mr. Eastebrook's marvelous recovery was paralleled by the case of Mr. Richard Berridge, who shot a buffalo in German East Africa, and, thinking it was dead, followed it into the long grass. Following the custom of his kind, the wounded beast had turned on his back tracks and waited for the hunter to get opposite him. He charged the hunter from the rear like a whirlwind and caught the man, bringing him to the ground, severely lacerating him with his horns and then tossing him over his head. Berridge landed in a heap well to the rear, and the buffalo turned instantly, caught the prostrate man in the ribs with his horns, and again flung him high into the air. By this time the poor fellow was insensible, for the point of the horn had broken two or three of his ribs and perforated one of the lungs. Not content with this, the buffalo, wounded nearly to death as he was, knelt on Berridge's chest and thirsty from his own wounds and bleeding,

HUNTO AND GUN BEARERS



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#### FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

proceeded to lick Berridge's face, probably for the salt resulting from perspiration. Every place where the animal's rough tongue (which is like a rasp) touched the skin, the cuticle was lifted as if taken off by a file. The kneeling on the chest did still more serious damage by forcing the lung out of the hole in the side. Mercifully, all things came to an end, and the buffalo dropped over dead alongside his victim.

In a short time Berridge was found by his men and carried out from the swampy ground where he was lying to a nearby tree. Undoubtedly the soft ground on which he had fallen prevented the breaking of every bone in his body, from the great weight of the buffalo kneeling on him. Berridge's companion was immediately notified by a runner, and brought to the camp as rapidly as possible to where the wounded man lay. They had been hunting for some time and their supply of medical stores was extremely limited, there being no antiseptic left in their medicine chest but listerine. With this the wounds were washed and such dressing given to the wounds as amateur skill made possible. A runner was immediately sent for a doctor, several days' journey away, but it was ten days before he finally reached Berridge, who well recognized what danger he was in. His wonderful constitution conquered the blood poisoning, and some weeks later he was transported to the coast in a litter and sent home.

There are a great many tragedies occasioned by rhinos, and some few comedies. What came near being

## HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

a tragedy equal to the foregoing was the experience of Mr. Bayard Dominick, of New York, who, on his very first day in camp, started out to hunt and saw a rhino approaching him. He was instantly seen by the beast, which started full-tilt for him. Having been thoroughly posted as to the etiquette and the customary proceedings on such occasions, Mr. Dominick awaited the on-coming rhino and shot him through the chest with his .450. The rhino, however, did not play the game according to rules, but kept coming on, so Dominick fired again. By this time the rhino was almost on top of the hunter, who had been advised that the proper thing to do was to turn at right angles to the rhino's charge, dodging like a toreador does. The rhino, however, again ignored all rules, and turned just as quickly. Again and again the beast chased Dominick, at times so close that the hunter could see the horns over his shoulder as he dodged, twisted and turned in the hope of throwing the rhino off. This continued for several minutes, and Dominick was almost exhausted when, fortunately, a gun-bearer came up and distracted the attention of the rhino by shooting. Between them they dropped the beast, and Dominick's life was saved.

There are many such instances to be recorded in regard to their charges. An amusing one occurred in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Saunderson, who accompanied us on the *Burgomeister*, and then took a preliminary hunt with Colonel Patterson, of man-eating lion fame. Mr. and Mrs. Saunderson were mounted on mules, and

## FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

were travelling along quietly when a pugnacious rhino hove in sight, and made a bee-line charge for the safari, directly at the point where the Saundersons were. Mr. Saunderson's mule threw him, and Mrs. Saunderson's bolted and unseated her. Both were sitting on the ground facing the on-coming rhino, with death staring them in the face, when Mrs. Saunderson, with no weapon except an umbrella, suddenly opened the latter in the face of the rhino, deflecting his charge so that he passed between her and her husband and left them unscathed from the encounter. The picture of the rhino being turned from his charge by a green and white umbrella, his two intended victims sitting on the ground in front of him, is probably more amusing at a distance than it was at the moment.

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either of us on the trip, the front horn measuring twenty-seven inches, with a good second one, both having tremendously big circumference. Good lion luck did not seem to be with us.

Washington's Birthday saw us on the move down the Sugari River, through country which we could not believe had been much hunted, as game was plentiful and not very wild. The river ran through a deep gorge, the bottom of which spread out at intervals into wide meadows and was sometimes heavily covered with bush and trees. Fine timber on a rising hillside bordered it on the other side. Almost any kind of game might have been found nearby. We saw one magnificent herd of impalla, about sixty-three in number, with several fine bucks. This herd, however, was very wild, and it was impossible to get near them. We saw them all day long at different points, for they seemed to keep ahead of us, but no matter how carefully or cautiously we stalked them, they would not permit us to get closer than three or four hundred yards.

The river was very much dried up and water was scarce, so we were much concerned about where we should camp, for we feared perhaps there was no water ahead of us. We therefore scouted well in advance of the safari, accompanied only by our gun-bearers and Masai guides.

In coming around a bend in the woods which here fringed the river, Mrs. Madeira thought she saw something moving through the grass far

## A LIONESS IS KILLED

ahead, and Williams, who happened at that time to be riding at the head of the safari, dismounted and went forward to investigate. He soon discovered it to be only a jackal, which, however, led him to within sight of a lioness that was sauntering along undisturbed and in no hurry. Occasionally she would sit down, like a cat, to clean her paws or scratch, affording a beautiful opportunity for a stalk, especially as the country was favorable. He began to creep up on her most carefully, while we retired behind the trees out of sight.

The Masai guides became so worked up at the thought of lions, which they were sure Williams was stalking from our excitement and silence, that they became uncontrollable, and broke away in spite of my threats that I would shoot them if they did not keep quiet, and the entreaties of my gun-bearers, who aided me in every way to restrain them. Finally, brandishing their spears and running like mad, they broke from the cover. The flash of the spears in the sunlight evidently caught the eye of the lioness, for just as Williams was getting ready to shoot she dashed away and disappeared in the underbrush, much to our disgust. We proceeded to read the riot act to the Masai guides. We threatened to give them a beating or to shoot them outright, if they ever did such a thing again, and we hoped that the earnestness with which we made these threats would be sufficient to deter them in the future from any such misconduct.