



THE AUTHOR—A SNAPSHOT IN EAST AFRICA IN 1910.

[Frontispiece]

SPORT IN ASIA AND AFRICA

BY

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CHAPTER V

MY FIRST EXPEDITION TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA

MY friend, Mr. W. B. M. Bird, had arranged to shoot in East Africa in the early part of the year 1906, and had asked Mr. A. Wood to accompany him on the expedition ; and, as I was proceeding to England on furlough in the autumn of 1905, Mr. Bird kindly invited me to join the party, and the invitation was very readily accepted. We left England shortly after Christmas 1905, and arrived at Mombassa in East Africa on the 13th January, 1906.

The case containing Bird's rifles and shot-gun had been sent by mistake to Beira ; and for some weeks Bird was obliged to shoot with borrowed rifles. All the other cases containing our outfit and stores arrived safely, and the mishap was therefore particularly annoying.

My battery consisted of a D.B. '450 cordite rifle and a Rigby-Mauser magazine rifle, which I purchased from John Rigby & Co. for the occasion ; and with the Rigby-Mauser I had a telescope-sight, but this got out of order after a few weeks' shooting.

Bird had employed Mr. Judd, an experienced elephant-hunter, to engage gun-bearers, servants, and porters, and make the necessary preliminary



MESSRS. BIRD, WOOD, AND THE AUTHOR.

arrangements for the expedition ; and, as Judd had frequently hunted in the Aberdare or Settima hills, and had established friendly relations with some of the Kikuyu hunters, Naivasha was made our headquarters.

Other arrangements had been made, but no riding animals had been purchased ; and, as it was the hottest time of the year, and no one of us was young, this was rather a serious matter. We trudged on foot, however, round the Naivasha Lake, and had a very pleasant and interesting trip.

A Berthon boat formed part of our equipment, and we spent several days shooting hippotamuses from this boat on the lake. The portion of the head which is exposed when a hippo rises to the surface to breathe is not large, but I was successful in hitting my hippo at the first attempt. In the afternoon it was found in the papyrus fringing the lake in a moribund condition, and was finished off by Bird. The sport did not particularly appeal to me, but it was exceedingly popular with our porters and with all the natives in the vicinity. The hippo and the eland appear to be the only animals in Africa which have any fat, and the three hippos we shot provided a series of banquets, which were much appreciated.

We had good shooting at antelope in the course of the trip, particularly on the Longonot plain. We halted there for some days and sent Judd to Nairobi to purchase some riding animals for us. The continuous marching on foot was fatiguing, and occupied time which might have been devoted more profitably to hunting.

While we were at Longonot Bird had a shot at a lion, which had taken possession of the carcase of a hartebeest, shot by Wood on the previous day, and had dragged it into some bushes. The lion galloped away on Bird's approach, and he fired at it unsuccessfully. He followed the track of the lion, with the assistance of his gun-bearer, for a considerable distance, and had a second chance; but he was shooting with a borrowed rifle, and either missed or only slightly wounded the animal. We all turned out in the afternoon and followed the track for a considerable distance; but we saw him no more.

From Nairobi Judd returned with a pony and a very good mule, and we purchased a Masai donkey at Naivasha. This made travelling much more pleasurable. An occasional ride, even for a short distance, saves you from leg-weariness, and also saves you from becoming uncomfortably thirsty. Up to a point, it is pleasant enough to "raise a thirst," as Mr. Kipling describes it, but when your mouth and throat are absolutely parched thirst detracts very much from the pleasure of a shooting expedition. The pony fell sick and died very soon after we bought him, but the mule and the donkey were very useful.

From Naivasha we marched to the Aberdare Mountains on the 5th of February, and, camping in a place at the foot of the mountains about 21 miles from Naivasha, we began a hunt for elephants.

Rhinoceroses were fairly numerous in the vicinity, though they did not appear to carry

good horns; and, while the Kikuyu hunters employed by Judd were trying to find elephants, we hunted rhinos and other game. We knew each other well, and Judd was an interesting and instructive companion, so that we had a very pleasant time; but three is not a good number for a shooting party. Two men can shoot comfortably without interfering with each other, but it is difficult for a third man to shoot without interfering with the sport of the others, or without being interfered with in his own stalking and shooting. The chances, also, which are to be got at elephants are few; and much of the time which we spent at the foot of the mountains was not very profitably employed. In the vicinity of our first two camps elephants were fairly numerous, and in the first week each of us had a chance of bagging an elephant. We then, however, marched and camped for ten days along the foot of the hills without getting any more chances at elephant, and the other shooting was not particularly good. The country was pleasant, and one of our camps was beautifully situated, with a fine view of Mount Kinangop in the distance; but the rains had commenced in the hill country, and our shooting was interfered with to some extent by heavy showers.

When the elephant-shooting was over at the end of February my friends had not much more time at their disposal, and Bird was anxious to see the Victoria Nyanza before leaving the country. They decided, therefore, to spend some days on the Athi River. I was anxious to travel to a greater distance from the railway-line than

we had done up to this time; and accordingly obtained a permit to enter Laikipia, which was then reserved country for the Masai.

Taking leave of my friends, I started on the 2nd of March for the Boma, or headquarters station in Laikipia, with Mr. Black, a hunter friend of Judd's, whom we fell in with when we were at one of our camps in the elephant country, and who kindly undertook to control the Kikuyu porters. As I proposed to march to a considerable distance from the railway, my friends very unselfishly gave me the mule and the donkey, so that both Black and myself might be able to ride. The gun-bearer, whom Judd had engaged for me, had not been a success, and was, moreover, entirely ignorant of English. In his place, therefore, I took, as gun-bearer, one of the tent-boys, who went by the name of Johnny, and who could talk a little English. I had also picked up and employed an Indian by the name of Imam ud Din, and had a Muhammadan body-servant; so that, so far as my personal wants were concerned, I was well provided for.

Black was a capital fellow; but, before we had proceeded far, he happened to meet an officer from the Boma, who informed him that if he entered Laikipia he would be arrested, as his name was not in the permit. In the circumstances Black was constrained to return, and, leaving the mule and the donkey with me, he walked back to Naivasha.

This misadventure interfered with the success of the expedition. Johnny, the tent-boy, and

Among the gazelles there is no chivalry of this kind. On two occasions I wounded Thomsonii gazelles, one of which appeared to have exceptionally fine horns, and, as I was following them up, they were attacked by rival bucks. Being unable in their wounded state to face the attack, they sought refuge in precipitate flight, and were savagely pursued by their assailants, until they disappeared from sight in the distance. In each case the attacking buck apparently intended to kill his antagonist.

I shot the two rhinoceroses which I was permitted to shoot by the conditions of my game licence. The first was shot in company with Judd, on the 24th of February, when we were in camp near the Aberdare Mountains. It was a cow with small horns, but the amount of lead that animal carried before it fell was amazing. The cow was accompanied by a young one nearly full-grown, which had a better horn than its mother, but was not such a large animal. We saw them on one evening through the glasses, at a great distance, cantering along, and evidently making for the wallow in which we eventually found them. By hard walking we managed to come up with them before dark, and approached within 50 yards of them. As the wind was favourable I fired at the cow and hit her exactly in the place at which I aimed, but it was not the right place. It is not difficult to kill a rhino, if you know where to place your bullet, but some experience and some knowledge of the animal's anatomy are necessary to show you where to shoot. On receiving the shot the cow stood

for a moment, and I planted a second bullet in her neck. She then swung round and galloped from left to right across our front. Judd, in the meantime, to prevent possible trouble, had put two solid bullets from a .577 cordite rifle into the young rhino, which sheered off. As the cow galloped across our front Judd and I put four bullets into her, two from a .577 and two from a .450 cordite rifle. One of my shots made her stagger, but she held gallantly on. I proceeded to follow her, but Judd strongly urged me to shoot, so I sat down and commenced shooting at her stern, and at the sixth shot she collapsed and sat down. While we were inspecting the cow the young rhino appeared and circled round for some time, looking for its mother. Apparently the two solid bullets from the .577 had not caused the animal any serious injury or inconvenience.

Two days after this I had an unsuccessful encounter with a rhino. I was hunting alone, and my gun-bearer saw a rhino standing in a thicket which was surrounded by comparatively open country. I tried to stalk him, but he winded us and bolted back through the thicket. I followed on the outside, and when the rhino emerged from the thicket at a gallop I sat down on the grass and put a solid bullet into his stern. Resenting this treatment, he stopped and turned to face his assailant ; and I thought I was in for a tussle. A bullet from the second barrel, however, made him change his mind, and he sought refuge in flight. There was no blood, and, as I had used solid bullets, and the distance was considerable, the rhino was probably not seriously injured.

Both my friends shot rhinos, after one or two unsuccessful attempts, and Mr. Bird shot two, but their rhinos had not particularly good horns. As is the case with other animals, rhino heads appear to vary much in accordance with the locality, and the heads in this part of the country were poor.

We all made the mistake of firing at rhinos with solid nickel-coated bullets. A soft-nosed bullet from a high velocity rifle will penetrate sufficiently far to reach the vital parts of a rhino's body, and a soft-nosed bullet causes a much more serious wound.

My second rhino was bagged in Laikipia. I was returning from the Pezi swamp to the Laikipia Boma ; and, in the evening, as we were rounding the corner of the swamp, I saw an eland bull and proceeded to stalk him. Johnny was with me, and I had my .450 cordite rifle, while he was carrying the Rigby-Mauser. Before we had gone far we saw directly in our path four large animals, which I at first thought were hippos, but which on further inspection appeared to be rhinos. I had both heard and read so much about the ferocity of these animals that I confess I was disposed to pass them by and to continue the pursuit of the eland. Johnny's blood, however, was up. His eyes blazed with excitement, and he began aiming with the Rigby-Mauser at the male of the pair nearer to us, which had the finest horn of the four. I could not allow myself to be bluffed, so I approached through the cover afforded by some thorn-trees and got within 50 yards of the big rhino, and

sat down behind one of the trees at the edge of the cover. The rhino was rooting in the ground like a pig, and was standing with his stern inclined towards me, and I decided to try a head shot. Aiming steadily therefore at his throat, between the jaws, I fired. In my ignorance, I thought I was likely to be attacked by one or more of the other rhinos, and resolved to reload the first barrel, immediately after firing, so as to have the two barrels ready for any emergency. The rhino fired at would, I thought, probably stand for a second or two after receiving the shot, and this would give me sufficient time to reload.

The shot, as I afterwards found, struck the point of the jaw near the throat ; and the bullet, although it was a solid nickel-coated one, went to pieces in the animal's head, and only fragments of it could be found. Some of the fragments, however, caused mortal injury.

On receiving the shot, the rhino dashed straight at the tree behind which I was sitting, and stood about 15 yards from me, tossing his head about and looking so formidable that I slammed the half-opened breech and tried to fire the second barrel. In my haste I pulled the wrong trigger, and the rhino dashed past the tree to my right, on which side Johnny was standing. He, in the meantime, had fired twice with the Rigby-Mauser ; and, as the rhino disappeared, he fired a third shot at its stern. Turning to me with a beaming countenance, he pointed to his heart and said, "I shoot here." As we subsequently found, his first two shots missed the rhino altogether,

though he was practically broadside on at 50 yards, and was head on at 15 yards, and the third shot at the animal's stern was the only one that took effect. Johnny was brave, like most Africans, but had had no experience, and was not at this time of much use as a gun-bearer.

The female rhino, which was with the male I fired at, bolted precipitately at the first shot. The other pair, which were feeding a little farther away from me, trotted back into the swamp, after the wounded rhino had disappeared, travelling together, shoulder to shoulder, like a pair of carriage-horses.

By this time it was too late in the evening to follow the rhino, but on the following morning we went out and tried to track him. There was no blood, and the Kikuyu were homesick and worked very half-heartedly, and I was compelled to abandon the pursuit. I hunted the country, however, on the following day, and by great good luck we found the animal dead. He had travelled a considerable distance from the place where he had been shot. This rhino had a good head, the anterior horn being $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $19\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference round the base.

My one day's elephant-hunting ended in a failure, but provided a good deal of excitement.

We drew lots for the first shot at an elephant, and the lot fell to me; and, when news of elephants was brought in, I went after them with Judd.

The elephants were in bamboo jungle at some distance from our camp, and we had a long walk

before we reached the place. The bamboos were hollow and were easily crushed by an elephant, and they accordingly afforded no protection. The wind was favourable, and we got into the midst of the herd ; and while we stood, listening to the crashing of the bamboos, a number of elephants in single file walked across our front. They were at least 100 yards from me, and were walking fairly fast, but Judd whispered : "The last one is a bull." I understood this to be a hint to fire, and I accordingly tried a heart shot. There was silence for a moment, and then an elephant trumpeted and the herd stamped. We followed, and the elephants, leaving the bamboos, entered thick forest, trees hung with creepers making very dense cover. My gun-bearer, the man I had before Johnny, who behaved well on this occasion, saw an elephant standing in the forest and beckoned me. I was on an elephant-path through the forest not far from the animal ; but, before I made him out, he saw me and charged. Presumably he was the elephant at which I had fired, but it is impossible to be sure of this. I could hear him coming, but could see nothing, so decided to reserve my fire until his head should appear through the screen of branches and creepers above the path. By this time he would have been within three or four yards of me ; but, even for an elephant, rapid travelling through such dense cover was impossible, and a shot in the forehead might have stopped or turned him. Fortunately for me, Judd, who was on my left, caught sight of the elephant, when, as he said,

CHAPTER VIII

BORNEO

AT the request of the Directors of the Chartered Company, I visited British North Borneo in the spring of 1911, after my retirement from the Indian Civil Service, to report upon the administration. From England I went to India, arriving there in November 1910; and from India, in February 1911, I went on to Borneo, landing at the port of Jesselton on the west coast on the 8th of March.

In India I took part in a big bear drive in the Poonch State, in the course of which, I think, I killed one bear outright and helped to kill another, and then went on to Dachigam in Kashmir to shoot hangul (barasingh). On the day I arrived at Dachigam I shot two large male black bears while still-hunting; but on the following morning I had an attack of malarial fever, which compelled me to give up shooting and return to Srinagar. After some days I was able to travel, and made my way to Lahore and then to the Central Provinces, but it was the most severe attack of this fever I have ever had, and I was on the sick list throughout the greater part of December. In January I shot a good sambur stag in the Tapti Valley, but this stag

and the two Dachigam bears were the only important additions which I made to my collection of Indian trophies during this season.

I spent a very interesting and strenuous two months in Borneo. His Excellency the Governor and the other officials employed in the country received me most kindly, and my tours and inquiries were facilitated in every possible manner. The rubber and tobacco planters also showed me much kindness and hospitality. I visited all the important places on the coast of British North Borneo ; marched to Rundum on the Dutch border in the interior of the country ; and in a second expedition marched from Tenom in the south through the interior to the slopes of the Kina Balu Mountain ; and then down to the coast at Tempassuk and along the coast to Kudat in the extreme north. We had no tents, but the natives rapidly construct shelter-huts with bamboos and leaves, which are clean and look very comfortable, and are also fairly watertight.

On the rare occasions when Kina Balu is not hidden by clouds in the evening, a sunset in the west of British North Borneo is something to be remembered. The mountain is over 13,000 feet high, and is crowned by fine jagged peaks ; and, when the sun goes down behind the wooded islands on the coast and Kina Balu is lit up in the background by the golden light, the scene is marvellously beautiful.

There is a good deal of animal life in North Borneo. There are elephants on the east coast and in the adjacent part of the country, which

are said to be descended from a pair of these animals which were presented by the East India Company to the Sultan of Sulu. Timbadau (wild cattle) resembling the *hsine* in Burma, but having dark glossy skins, are in some places fairly numerous, and Malay bears and honey-bears, sambur, mouse-deer, and a curious-looking wild pig resembling the babiroussa, are abundant. A small kind of rhinoceros and a small but beautifully marked leopard, known as the Borneo tiger, are also to be found. The leopard is, however, very rare, and the rhinoceros is hunted so eagerly by native hunters for the sake of the horn, which fetches a high price in China, that there is a danger of the animals being exterminated. Orang-outang, or mias, though rare, are also to be found in parts of North Borneo; and the theory that there are two species is still held. I saw one skull which must have formed part of a very formidable animal.

Alligators are numerous and attain an enormous size. They are frequently man-eaters, and are naturally much dreaded. I was, however, informed that when an alligator has made itself too great a nuisance, the natives organise a hunt; and, when the alligator has been hunted and driven until he is panic-stricken, an expert swimmer dives into the water, gets below the alligator, and stabs it in the soft part of the belly. The fixed fee for this exploit was said to be five dollars. I had no opportunity of witnessing the performance of this feat, but officers serving in the country informed me that the thing was done. The alligator or crocodile

is a cowardly brute ; and it seems possible that an animal, when thoroughly scared, may become temporarily incapable either of assuming the offensive or of defending itself successfully against attack.

On my journey through the interior of the country, the only matter in regard to which the natives approached us with representations was an order which had been recently issued by the Government prohibiting the use of bingkassan (spring-traps) for deer and pig. The order was evidently considered to be an unnecessary interference with the liberty of the subject ; and my fondness for shikar disposed me at first to listen favourably to the representations. When I inquired into the matter, however, I found that the order was really necessary, as the traps are exceedingly dangerous. A sharpened bamboo spear is held in position by a strong bamboo spring at the side of any path or track which an animal has been seen to use ; and contact with a string stretched across the path or track releases the spring and the spear is discharged. If the trap is set for a sambur, the spear passes through the thigh of a man who may happen to release the spring, and, if it is set for a pig, the spear passes through the leg lower down. The use of such traps on any path or track which is likely to be traversed by human beings other than the person who has set the trap is, therefore, very objectionable.

The blow-pipe, with small poisoned darts made from the rib of a palm-leaf, is still the weapon of the jungle-dwelling Muruts, or Sun-Dyaks.

on the plain here ; and, wishing to obtain a better head than I had yet got, I paid the prescribed fee which authorised me to shoot a third buck. I also paid the prescribed fee of £5 which secured for me the permission to shoot a second buffalo. Thinking that the oryx would keep until our return, I did not hunt them at this time, and when we returned from the Lorian swamp hardly any were left on the plain, the others having all migrated.

From this point on the route our journey became a difficult and adventurous one. For four marches down the Guaso Nyiro River there were a few scattered kraals, but no food or supplies of any kind could be obtained from the natives. The remaining eight marches to the Lorian swamp lay through uninhabited waste. We were warned that we might possibly meet raiding parties of Somalis from Jubaland, but in this country we did not see a single human being. Special arrangements for food had therefore to be made. One day's food for eighty-two porters was 123 lbs. of beans, and the bags of beans which we purchased from Indian traders at Meru and other places, and which were supposed to contain 60 lbs. in each bag, rarely contained more than 50 lbs., and very often less. A bag of beans was, however, usually one porter's load. By great good fortune we met Mr. Archer, C.I.E., who was then the District Officer at Marsabit ; and he allowed us to take all the bags of beans we could carry from the Government Stores at the river-crossing, on the understanding that the bags taken would be replaced by bags sent

from Meru. We also arranged to have a relief expedition of thirty porters, whom we employed temporarily for the purpose, despatched to meet us with bags of beans on our return journey up the river. By these arrangements we accomplished our journey without any appreciable shortage of food for the porters.

Mr. Archer told me two very interesting shikar stories, which I hope he will not object to my relating.

He had with him a wizened Wanderobo, who had served with Neumann, the great elephant-hunter. On one occasion, when Mr. Archer was hunting with an English friend, the Wanderobo saw a lion, and, as the lion was moving away, Mr. Archer put a bullet into him. Following him up, they found him lying in some bushes at the foot of a slope. He was apparently dead, and a Sudanese orderly went up to the carcase to drag it out of the bushes. Before doing so, he asked Mr. Archer if he would not take a photograph of the animal. Mr. Archer accordingly exchanged his rifle for a camera, and his friend also parted with his rifle. While Mr. Archer was adjusting the camera, the lion suddenly raised himself with a growl and charged. He seized his rifle and fired two shots, but failed to stop the lion, and then turned to run, with the lion in pursuit. The Wanderobo, as the lion bounded past him, sprang forward and drove his assegai clean through him, killing him on the spot. Mr. Archer showed me a photograph of the Wanderobo, standing erect with the assegai in his hand with which he had

killed the lion. The assegai was bent, but was not broken.

On another occasion Mr. Archer was charged by a tusker elephant, which he had wounded. He planted two bullets in the animal's chest from a .450 cordite rifle, but failed to turn him, and the situation was saved by a Sudanese orderly. When the elephant charged the orderly deliberately knelt down and took a steady shot at his forehead with his Martini rifle, and this shot turned him. Unfortunately I cannot remember whether the elephant was eventually bagged or not. The story was told in the course of a discussion as to the relative merits of the head shot or the heart shot for an elephant. Many sportsmen, who do not know the meaning of fear and intend to bag their elephant at any cost, appear to prefer the heart shot ; but, as was shown on this occasion, a well-placed head shot will turn a charging elephant when a body shot will not do so.

We crossed the Guaso Nyiro to the northern or left bank, and from the river-crossing we marched into the unknown in the heart of Equatorial Africa. Our porters, with their rations of beans to eat, and the prospect of some good gorges of meat, marched along, making light of their loads, and came into camp blowing horns, after marches of about 14 miles in length. A porter's load, as limited by regulation, is 60 lbs. ; but only the boxes of stores weighed as much as this, and these were carried by the best porters. The tents were rapidly pitched, and then the porters dispersed to bathe or to fish or to hunt

for honey. For them, as for us, it was a gigantic picnic.

We did not make any zariba or thorn fence at night, but pitched our tents in the shape of a half-moon, with a large bonfire in front. Our tents were in the centre, with the cook's tent and the trophies on the right. Then came the Somalis, who, as superior individuals, occupied the post of honour, and the tents of the porters were ranged in order round the rest of the semi-circle according to the tribe to which they belonged.

My warnings about the danger to be apprehended from the crocodiles in the river were unheeded, and the bathers and the fishermen were very reckless, but for some days all went well. With the most primitive tackle, the negroes used to catch large quantities of coarse fish, which they broiled on sticks over a fire; and a wild bees' nest was a great find. On one occasion Saasita handed me a piece of honeycomb full of grubs, out of the centre of which he had taken an enormous bite, with the remark: "Mazuri Sana" (It is awful good). He meant well; but it is hardly necessary to say that I did not take the second bite.

The contempt of the Somali for the negro porters was always a source of amusement to me. "Those damned fellows, they stink so," was a favourite remark of Abdu's. On the whole, however, he treated them kindly and fairly, though he apparently did not like Saasita, and I occasionally had to use some diplomacy to keep the peace.

Some of our porters, though they were good

and willing workers, were absolute savages, and cries of "Nyama, nyama" (animal) used to follow us when we went out to hunt in the evenings. Any meat, even that of a rhino, was better than none; but the buffalo and the zebra appeared to be in great favour. When there was no time to cook the meat it was eaten raw, and an oryx, which I shot on the march to Meru, was devoured in this way. On another occasion, on our return journey from the Lorian, Gimlette shot a Grévy's zebra, a large animal, which ought to have provided a meal for the whole camp. About ten men were sent out to bring in the meat; and, as the camp had been short of meat for some days, Gimlette said they started off leaping in the air like antelopes. After about two hours Abdu came to me and said, "Those damned fellows eat the whole of that zebra"; and only the thighs of the two hindlegs reached the camp.

Savages though they were, there was something about them which was attractive. It is frequently said that Africans have no gratitude, but I had a friendly leave-taking with all my men, and Saasita and the mule attendant, who was also a Wakamba, came down to the railway station at Nairobi to see me off, several days after they had been paid their wages and discharged.

When I first visited Africa I was advised by a friend, who had had considerable experience of the country, to carry my own rifle, and to have it in front of me always, ready to shoot at a moment's notice. The advice was perfectly sound, but it did not suit me. When much

interested in my surroundings, I am not as careful with my feet as I ought to be, and the rifle might have been damaged by a fall. The big rifle also, upon which I most relied, was so heavy that to carry it for the eight or nine hours of each day that I was marching or hunting would have been a serious strain. The weather, especially when we were at or near the Lorian, was hot, as we were on the Equator and could not have been very much above sea-level ; and, although the sun in East Africa is not as powerful as the sun in India, it is quite trying enough, and induces a very intense thirst. I therefore drilled Saasita to walk one pace in front of me, among trees, or in high grass, with the '450 rifle on his shoulder held muzzle forward, and gave the '350, with the telescope sighted to 200 yards, to Tagarru. I have always been able to shoot very much better from a standing position with a double-barrelled than with a single-barrelled rifle ; and I accordingly used the '450 for any quick shot that offered at close range, and used the '350 for long shots. The cartridges for the two rifles I carried in a belt round my own waist ; and, if we were expecting to meet dangerous game, I of course carried the big rifle myself.

This arrangement worked very satisfactorily. I may have missed one or two shots, but the advantage of having my arms fresh and untired when I did take the big rifle more than compensated for this ; and the rifle was in my hands in a second or two after we sighted big game. Saasita could not have run away without giving me an opportunity of seizing the rifle ; and,

to give him his due, he never attempted to do this. If I happened to glance over my shoulders on occasions when a rhino was snorting in front of us, I saw always a broad grin on Saasita's face, although he was standing with no weapon in his hand. He may have thought, reasonably enough, that, if the necessity should arise, he could get out of the way before I could; but my experience has been that the African is a brave man, and, if properly treated, can usually be relied on. Tagarru marched three or four paces in front of us. He kept a good look-out, and made very good use of my Zeiss glasses. When riding on the mule, however, owing to the higher elevation, I was often able to see game before it could be seen by the men on foot.

I do not for a moment suggest that these methods can be recommended for adoption by others; but they certainly suited me, and I obtained better results by the use of them than I could have obtained in any other way. With the telescope-sight, I could usually make certain of a shot up to a distance of 250 yards, and I lost very few wounded animals.

Some of the scenery on the lower part of the Guaso Nyiro River was very beautiful, but the country away from the river was arid and uninteresting. We hunted separately, one of us following the river to the camping-ground, and the other making a detour and striking the river somewhere near the spot where the camp was likely to be. In this way we did not interfere with each other; and any danger of a mishap, such as I met with on my first visit to Africa,

was avoided. In the desert country north of the river a sportsman losing his way would have been in a very serious plight.

Game was abundant along the river. Rhinoceroses were very numerous, and we met with elephants on two occasions on our way to the swamp. Lions also appeared to be fairly numerous. The Baisa Oryx became less abundant as we went eastward, and its place was taken by the Gerenuk gazelle. The Grévy, or mountain zebra, replaced the Burchell's zebra, which is so abundant in the country to the south. The giraffes near the river appeared to be of a different species from those we had met with farther to the south. The body was smaller, and the yellow colouring was less vivid, and the black patches were darker. We did not shoot a giraffe, though I might have done so on more than one occasion. The animal is interesting and beautiful, but no part of it is worth preserving as a trophy. On one occasion a giraffe stood on the other side of some bushes, about 50 yards from me, and looked at me for some time in mild surprise, I being probably the first man the creature had ever seen.

I do not remember seeing any hartebeest east of the place where we crossed the river. There were a few lesser kudu, and dikdik were very abundant. Impala and water-buck were also fairly numerous, and the impala carried splendid heads. On several occasions I met large numbers of ferocious-looking baboons, which I personally was disposed to treat with respect, but which fled in terror at the approach of any one of the

negroes. Venomous snakes, both cobras and puff-adders, were numerous, and the river was full of crocodiles.

On one occasion, near the Lorian swamp, I saw a very curious snake. There was nothing remarkable about the body, but it had a shiny-looking red head, from the shape of which it did not appear to be poisonous. I tried to kill it with my stick, but it eluded me with much agility in the grass and bushes. Suddenly, in its panic, it made a dash straight at Tagarru, who fled in terror amid roars of laughter from the negroes. The snake, by this manœuvre, made good its escape.

Rhinoceroses and dikdik abounded in the thorn-bush at a little distance from the river, and in this country, when beckoned by Tagarru, I did not know whether I was expected to shoot a rhino or an animal which is not much bigger than a large English hare. The most notable features of the shooting were the number of the rhinoceroses and the excellence of the impala. I shot four impala in the course of the expedition with horns of 27, $27\frac{1}{4}$, $27\frac{1}{2}$, and $31\frac{5}{8}$ inches, the record impala head that has been obtained in North-West Rhodesia up to the present time, according to Rowland Ward's book, having been $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Much nonsense is written about the deterioration of heads owing to shooting. I have even seen it suggested that the inferiority of the horns of the Burchell's rhinoceros, which have been shot upon the upper Nile, to those of animals shot by Gordon Cumming in South Africa is due to

this reason. I do not believe that there has been any deterioration of the heads of genuine wild animals. The length of an animal's horns depends very largely upon its habitat. The horns of the impala in the vicinity of the northern Guaso Nyiro evidently attain a development which is unknown in Central and South Africa. The horns of the sambur stag in the Vindhya and Satpura Mountains in India may attain to a length of 50 inches, and a head of 48 inches has, I understand, been obtained in recent years. Forsyth, in *The Highlands of Central India*, published in 1871, says that the largest sambur head he ever saw was one which he shot himself, which had horns 41 inches long and $8\frac{1}{2}$ thick in the thinnest part of the beam, and that 30 to 35 inches is the average length of the horns of mature stags. Forsyth was a keen sportsman, and, as Assistant Conservator of Forests under the Central Provinces' Administration, which was formed in 1861, he was probably the first man who shot with a rifle in many parts of the Provinces. His sambur head was no doubt a very fine one, but many finer heads have been shot since, and his estimate of the average length of the horns of mature stags appears to be too low. It is clear, therefore, that the horns of the sambur have not deteriorated in the past sixty years. The sambur is also found in Ceylon and Mysore, but 30 inches is, as I understand, considered there to be a fine head. In Assam and Burma also, the heads obtainable are far inferior to those of the Central Provinces.

We reached the Lorian in safety, but the

shooting there did not come up to our expectations. We saw no signs of elephants, and the other shooting was not particularly good, and it was difficult to hunt amongst the high reeds of the swamp. The mosquitoes also were in countless myriads ; and after 5 p.m. even the negroes broke off boughs to keep the insects from their faces. The camp-fires kept them away from the tents, but hunting in the evening was difficult and disagreeable. The place offered few attractions to induce us to remain, and it appeared to be decidedly malarious. In the circumstances we only halted at the swamp for one day, and then began our return journey up the river to Meru.

After reaching Meru we marched across the eastern slopes of Kenia to Embu. The scenery was in places very fine, but travelling was difficult. Streams, coursing down the side of the mountain, have furrowed out deep watercourses with precipitous sides, and the road crossed these at right angles. Riding across these watercourses was impossible, and most of this part of the journey had to be performed on foot. We saw no game, and did not fire a shot while we were on the road. From Embu we made our way down the Rupingazi tributary to the Tana River ; and, after crossing the Tana, we camped for some time in the vicinity of Juja farm, and within sight of Donya Sabuk hill ; and in this neighbourhood we had some good shooting. From there we marched to Nairobi.

The journey occupied three and a half months, and we travelled during that time, according

to our estimate, about 900 miles, apart from the distances covered in shooting excursions to and from our camps. We had our best shooting on the Guaso Nyiro and Rupingazi rivers, and in the country near the Juja estate.

Whenever there was anything to shoot I was out on each day from daylight until 12 or 1 o'clock, and again in the afternoon from 3 p.m. until dark. It was hard work, and my weight was considerably reduced; but I do not think that I could have done what I did in the same latitude in any part of Asia. The heat in East Africa appears to be less exhausting than the heat in the south of Asia.

The mules returned with us safely and in good condition to Nairobi; and, having been found upon examination to be free from tsetse virus, they were repurchased by Newland and Tarlton at a good price. Some of the negroes said that they had seen tsetse-fly on the Guaso Nyiro; but they may have been mistaken about this. One of my mules was a docile beast, and was very comfortable to ride, and he escaped a sore back throughout the whole journey. I therefore rarely rode the other mule, though my favourite gave me several falls. When a pig or a Duiker antelope suddenly sprang up near him in the long grass, he executed a mysterious manœuvre, which almost invariably deposited me on the ground. I bore him no malice, however, as he carried me right well; and, as he was a small animal, the falls were not serious. The other mule was quiet enough, but had such a hard mouth that it was difficult to turn her readily. She was

incapacitated also for part of the time by a sore back.

Gimlette brought out a patent saddle which was warranted not to give an animal a sore back, but it gave a sore back to his mule and also to mine. My mule's back became very bad, and a surgical operation was necessary. After a desperate struggle, the mule was thrown by ten or twelve of the porters, and the resourceful Abdu lanced the swelling, and then ruthlessly crushed all the pus out of the animal's back by force. The operation was completely successful, but must have been exceedingly painful, as, when the mule got to her feet, she brayed loudly for some time. She got, however, a "bit of her own back," as the slang goes. Abdu was standing incautiously near, and the mule suddenly swung round and landed both her heels into the pit of his abdomen. Abdu "curled up on the floor," and both Gimlette and I were afraid that he must have sustained serious injury. Fortunately, however, he was only temporarily knocked out of time; and, when our anxiety on his account was relieved, the incident provided us with much merriment.

Much of the country lying between Meru and the Guaso Nyiro River was covered with small blocks of lava, which made walking difficult and uncomfortable, but the walking along the greater part of the route we followed was good. We were very little troubled also with the ticks, which make shooting on the Athi plains almost intolerable to anyone like myself, who has a horror of vermin. We both picked up ^{one} jigger

fleas. Abdu extracted mine skilfully, and the place healed at once. Gimlette had a very bad foot, which made him lame and caused him a great deal of trouble.

I saw large numbers of rhinoceroses in the course of this expedition. On our march to the Lorian swamp along the Guaso Nyiro, the prevailing wind came from the north-east, and while travelling up-wind, I have seen as many as six rhinos in the day, many of them at close quarters. Tagarru appeared to be absolutely without fear of a rhino. On one occasion he beckoned me, and I moved towards him with the big rifle in my hand, and found him standing about 20 yards from a rhino's head, the animal being apparently quite unconscious of his presence. The rhino had not a good horn, and I accordingly did not shoot. One of the porters, whom we had brought with us to carry any game we might bag, followed me, and, finding himself confronted with a rhino, sprinted at his best pace for the nearest tree. This made me laugh, and the rhino, roused from his meditations, retreated into some bushes which were near. There he stood, and began snorting so indignantly that Tagarru himself suggested that we had better move away. I took Tagarru rather sharply to task for his rash conduct on this occasion ; and he was more discreet in future.

On another occasion, as we were walking quietly along, there was a tremendous snorting in front of us, and three rhinos dashed out of some bushes, ran a little distance to our left front, and then turned and faced us, apparently full of curiosity.

The ground sloped from us to them, which gave me the advantage of position in the event of a charge, and the rhinos had poor horns, so I did not shoot. They stood and looked at us for some time, and my men threw stones and bits of stick at them, while I held the rifle ready in case any one of them might assume the offensive; and eventually they became tired of looking at us, and turned round and walked away. They showed no fear and no desire to attack, and, so far as I could judge, were merely curious.

In a place where rhinos were so numerous I thought that I might be able to obtain some exceptionally fine horns, and I accordingly passed rhino after rhino without shooting. By the conditions of my licence I was permitted to shoot two rhinos, and I only fired at one throughout the whole of the expedition.

I was returning on one evening with my two gun-bearers to our camp on the Guaso Nyiro, having seen nothing to shoot in the course of the afternoon, and we passed on our way a very thick leafy bush among the trees on the river-bank. The bush was moving in three different places, and we thought that some buffaloes must be browsing upon it. I had not at this time shot a buffalo, and was very anxious to do so, and, accordingly, took up my stand behind a small shrub, about breast high, which was about 25 yards from the cover, and waited in eager expectation. Presently through the leafy screen appeared the head of a water-buck. "Shoot," whispered Tagarru; "good horn." The buck had not as good horns as those which I had shot

on the occasion of my first visit to Africa, and I was expecting nobler game, and was very disappointed at the apparition. I did not shoot, therefore, and the head was almost immediately withdrawn. Then out of the bush ran a small rhino calf, about the size of a large pig ; and, while I was gazing in amazement, out walked the mother, and stood almost directly facing me, but slightly on my left front. The distance between us was less than 20 yards. She had good horns, the posterior horn being unusually long, and Tagarru excitedly whispered to me to shoot ; and I fired the right barrel of the .450 at the point of her fore-shoulder. At the shot she dashed past us, and Tagarru fired at her with the .350, hitting her in the lower jaw. The calf followed, squealing like a pig. The rhino ran for about 150 yards and then stood, and I fired the second barrel at her from a standing position, and knocked her over with a well-placed shot. The first shot was a deadly one, and would, I think, have killed her. The bullet fired by Tagarru lodged in the forepart of the lower jaw, and apparently caused the animal no serious injury, as it remained embedded in the bone. Both the bullets I fired at the rhino were soft-nosed.

A rhinoceros with young is not supposed to be shot, but we were at exceedingly close quarters ; and, as the calf was young, I did not know what the mother might be tempted to do. The calf, I am glad to say, survived. We were at the time on our way to the Lorian, and on our return journey some of our men saw the calf

not far from the place where I had shot the mother. It had grown considerably. The men ran after it, but it got away from them easily.

The anterior horn of the cow was 25 inches long, and the circumference round the base was 18 inches. The posterior horn was $18\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. I saw another cow rhino near the Lorian with an anterior horn of about the same length, but wanted to bag a good bull, and did not fire at her.

The cow rhino which I shot was, as above said, the only rhino at which I fired in the course of the expedition. It was, of course, only during the month that we were on the Guaso Nyiro that rhinos were exceptionally numerous ; and, on our return journey, when we were working down-wind, I did not see nearly so many as I did when we were on our way to the swamp.

I may have been exceptionally fortunate in the animals I met, but I certainly formed the opinion that the rhinoceros is a much less dangerous animal than is commonly supposed. The rhino has a keen sense of smell, and, when a smell which offends him reaches his nostrils, he makes a dash up-wind to escape it. It is this dash up-wind which is often called a charge. If you are in the way the rhino will no doubt attack you, as the animal is not wanting in courage ; but the rush, unless it is made from a very short distance, is easily avoided. A rhino dashing wildly into a string of porters will do much damage, as the porters, not unnaturally, throw their loads and bolt, and the rhino, finding himself in the midst of a number of men, may think that

he is cornered, and strike out in self-defence. The number of rhinos, however, which will determinedly attack and pursue a man is, I believe, very small; and an encounter can usually be declined or avoided without difficulty.

Since Mr. Selous published his *African Nature Notes and Reminiscences* in 1908, I believe that at least two gentlemen have been killed by rhinos in East Africa; but, as he says, dangerous and aggressive rhinos are exceptional, and the average rhino is a dull-sighted and inquisitive but not savage beast. Neumann, the great elephant-hunter, and Sir F. Jackson give a similar description of the animal.

A really vicious rhino is no doubt a most formidable antagonist, as he is not easily turned or stopped. The animal, considering its bulk, is surprisingly active; the horns protect its neck as it charges, and a bullet lodging in the massive bones of the head is not likely to be effective. I believe, however, that these really vicious animals are the rare exceptions.

Gimlette shot his two rhinos without difficulty, using soft-nosed bullets. The first rhino was placed *hors de combat* by a single well-placed shot, and the other was so crippled by the first shot that he was finished off without difficulty.

Gimlette had, however, one narrow escape from a wild rush or charge by a rhino. He was walking with his gun-bearer, Mabruki, in high grass, when a rhino rushed straight at them. Gimlette had nothing in his hand, but Mabruki, who had the rifle, fired it in the animal's face; and, by great good fortune, the bullet went up

the nostril into the brain, and the animal fell dead on the spot. This may have been a determined charge, and it was certainly a very unpleasant adventure, which was calculated to make Gimlette sceptical of the correctness of the views which have been above advanced. It is, however, possible that the animal was merely rushing madly up-wind. A surprise rush of this kind, if made from your immediate vicinity, is obviously more difficult to avoid than a rush made from some distance after the animal has been located.

On another occasion Gimlette and his gun-bearers had to throw themselves off a track into the bush to avoid the rush up-wind of two rhinos.

There will always be the risk of an accident with a rhino, and every possible precaution ought to be observed when you are in the proximity of one; but, as already said, I believe that a really vicious rhino is rarely met with.

I saw on one occasion, on our return journey from the Lorian, a rhino which might fairly have been described as white. It was a small animal and had small horns, and I did not shoot it; but by this time I had acquired some of Tagarru's contempt for a rhino, and stood close to this animal examining it—so close that Saasita thought I had not seen it, as it was in high grass, and came up, rather excitedly, to point it out. The animal was evidently an albino, and I am sorry now that I did not shoot it as a curiosity. I saw some very light-coloured water-buck at the Lorian; and there is a head in the Kensington Natural

History Museum of an albino water-buck, said to have been there obtained.

I took the head of the rhino I shot, and, as the skinning of the head and the drying of the skin was a troublesome business, we left some of our porters, with all the trophies, in a standing camp at the place where I shot the rhino, and picked them up on the return journey up the river.

We had no success with elephants, but might have done better with these animals if we had not been buoyed up with extravagant expectations as to the number of them we were likely to see at the Lorian swamp. On two occasions, on our way to the Lorian, we ran into elephants in the river. On the first occasion we came upon them unexpectedly when we were marching with the porters; and, before we had time to organise any plan of campaign, the elephants got our wind and stampeded. We followed the tracks for some distance, but the elephants were thoroughly scared, and were walking very fast. As Tagarru expressively said: "Him walking like buni [ostrich]." We therefore gave up the pursuit.

On this occasion we only heard the elephants, but upon one other occasion we both saw tuskers and Gimlette had a shot at one. I had made the detour on that day, and, as I returned to the river, I saw a male elephant standing under a tree in the open at some distance from the bank of the river. We approached and lay in the grass for some time, watching him from a distance of about 200 yards. He was a big animal, but

his tusks were not large, and of them one was broken, and it appeared doubtful whether the ivory would weigh the regulation 35 lbs. per tusk. I thought also that I would come across a better elephant at the Lorian, and refrained, therefore, from attacking him. After standing in our view for some time, he turned and strolled leisurely into the jungle by the river. This was the only elephant I saw in the course of the expedition.

Gimlette on the same morning fell in with elephants on the river, and had a shot at a tusker when he was crossing the river. He fired at the heart with his .470 cordite rifle, and the elephant dropped to the shot, but recovered rapidly, and, scrambling to his feet, disappeared in the jungle on the other side of the river. Gimlette and Mabruki followed and came up with him; and Gimlette put two more bullets into him. The elephant then charged, and Gimlette and Mabruki became separated and took cover behind trees. Gimlette had no more cartridges, and Mabruki, who had the reserve supply, was unwilling to leave the tree behind which he had taken shelter. The elephant availed himself of the lull in the battle to make good his escape.

If we had not gone to the Lorian, and had halted for some days at or near the place where we saw the elephants, and had hunted carefully the ground on both sides of the river, we might have shot elephants, though, if we had done this, we should not have had the satisfaction of reaching our objective, and seeing the swamp. At the Lorian, where we expected so much, we