

THROUGH MASAI LAND:

A JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION
AMONG THE SNOWCLAD VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS
AND STRANGE TRIBES

OF

EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY'S EXPEDITION TO MOUNT KENIA AND
LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA, 1883-1884.

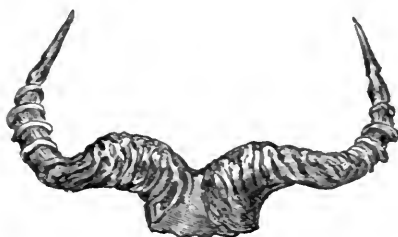
BY

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*Chi va piano va sano ;
Chi va sano va lontano.*

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.



New species of Hartbeest.

London :

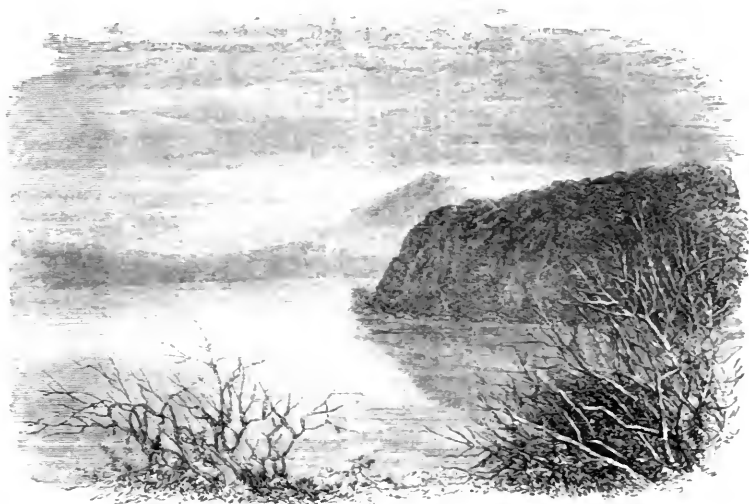
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1887.

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of our preparations. On the night of the 16th of July the men of both caravans marked their sense of its being their last day among the agreeable flesh-pots of Taveta, by holding an *ngomma* or dance round two flags. The clamour was simply infernal, and the whole scene suggested a witch-dance in the lower regions.

About 1 a.m. I was aroused by a fearful groaning from Martin, as though he were in the most terrible agonies or at his last gasp. On jumping up, I found him shaking as if he would knock the beds to pieces, and complaining of being at once freezing with cold and on fire. As he groaned, and



LAKE CHALA.

energetically invoked some patron saint of his childhood, I was very much alarmed, till it dawned upon me that it was only a case of ague. On my giving him a good "blowing up," and supplying him with some tea and quinine, he became better, and a little more calm. Never having had this ailment before, he had believed his end was come, and my laughter did him more good than any quantity of medicine. Next morning he was nearly all right.

On the following morning we, for the second time, left Taveta behind us, and, travelling north, we camped near the

base of the Chala crater, on the Lumi stream. The precautions which were required when we had left the forest on the former occasion were still more urgently called for this time, as the men were even more demoralized, and they had seen that it was, after all, possible to desert. All the headmen and half the askari were accordingly kept up all night, patrolling the camp. Thanks to our care, the day dawned without a man missing.

Leaving the Lumi, we passed the base of Chala, which I ascended, to be rewarded by a magnificent view across the lake towards Kilimanjaro, which stood out clear against the azure without a trace of haze or cloud. Our course lay almost due north, across a rich grassy reach, which here gently slopes from the base of Rombo to the Lumi. There was hardly a tree to be seen, except along the course of the stream, where a double row formed a leafy tunnel. Great herds of hartebeest were frequent, and here and there was to be seen a solitary rhinoceros. The most striking spectacle of all was the long, unbroken line of the caravan moving in single file over the rich yellow grass, striking a straight line for some small hillocks which mark the head-waters of the Lumi, or (as it is here called) the Rombo stream, from the district near which it rises.

When nearing this place, which was to be our camp, we came suddenly upon 200 natives of Rombo returning from the outer plains laden with neatly-made-up bales of grass, with which they feed their cattle, as there is little pasturage on the mountain, and they dare not let them be seen outside their huts. They were evidently in great terror at suddenly seeing us, and would have pitched their loads and fled, but for our reassuring words. Their sole dress was a band of skin two inches broad, tied tightly round their waists.

At noon, after a heavy march, we camped on the Lumi again, in a bend of the stream, pleasantly shaded by a grove of trees. As I had shot a couple of hartebeest on the way, we were soon refreshing ourselves with antelope steaks.

Kimawenzi, which is here due west, presented one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. It was enveloped in a weird, grey haze, which just permitted it to be seen. The sun, on setting behind the peak, lit up the haze with a rich glow of ruddy and yellow hues, while myriad pencils of light radiated from behind the peak with magic effect.

I had now to exercise the grace of patience in no small degree, the traders having resolved to halt here for a few

days to collect food for the passage of the Masai country, and also to await the arrival of two Mombasa traders who were reported to be on the way from Teita. In order to pass the time, I went out in the hope of "bagging" a rhinoceros, these animals being reported to be plentiful. A cool breeze, a clear atmosphere, and a glorious sunrise, filled me with such joyous feelings, and had such an exhilarating effect upon me, that I was ready to run or jump in the pure enjoyment of existence. Yet I am almost ashamed to say that I was hardly well out of camp before I smashed the skull of one of the most graceful of God's creatures, a beautiful species of antelope differing from any that I had seen. My regretful reflections were cut short by the excited, half-suppressed cry of Brahim, "Kifaru! Kifaru!" Turning quickly round, with rifle brought to the "ready," I looked in the direction indicated, and there, true enough, was the great monstrous shape of a rhinoceros moving leisurely along through the tall grass. With a glance around to take in the lie of the land and the direction of the wind, I was off with bent body and palpitating heart to intercept my victim. We were soon within fifty yards of the ungainly brute, which, as it slowly moved onward with head low down, was quite unaware of the enemy in front, or the danger it was running into. By this time, however, I began to have somewhat unpleasant sensations, and to wonder whether my game or myself was in the greater danger. I concluded that the odds were decidedly against me, and wanted accordingly to fire at once, so long as there was a chance of escape. My man Brahim, however, did not know my inward feelings, and as he had greater faith in my shooting powers than myself, he made me hold on a bit till it came nearer. Beginning to feel dreadfully shaky, though ashamed to be outdone in coolness by my servant, I waited with dread expectancy. My heart throbbed with wild pulsations, my fingers twitched, great drops of perspiration trickled down my face, and then, with a general want of "backbone," I counted each footstep. If a glaring eye can "fix" any animal, surely that dreadful creature might have been petrified by mine. Then ten yards were passed, and I began to read mischief in the monster's glance. For once I wholly lost faith in myself. The suspense was intolerable, and the rhino, seeming to enjoy the fun, lengthened the period out as much as possible. At last I could stand it no longer. Steadying my arm on my knee, I fired my "infant." The dull thud which followed told me that

I had not fired in vain. As I gathered my wits together, I saw that the lumbering creature was spinning round, evidently dazed. Immediately, however, it recovered itself, and went off at a grand, steady pace. On seeing my adversary's tail waving in the breeze, I became as brave as I had formerly been shaky, and, with nerves braced up by seeing the rhino running away, I gave it two other bullets from my express rifle. Yelling out to Brahim to follow, I went off pellmell in pursuit, with eyes steadily fixed on the game. The consequence was that I soon battered my nose and nearly broke my leg by falling into a hole. Recovering myself with an exclamation of disgust, I tore along again, to get sadly bruised a second and then a third time. The rhino soon showed signs of exhaustion, and at last I contrived to head it, and having in my excitement lost all caution, I went right for it, and gave it another ball. This, however, was too much for the monster, and it charged straight forward, I being right in front of it. This was more than I had bargained for, and I felt that the tables were turned with a vengeance. As that thought went through my brain like lightning, I gave a jump backward. The next moment I was sprawling in a horizontal position, and seeing unusual stars in the heavens, though it was broad daylight. It was a bush, and not the rhino, which had thus floored me, and I was now at that brute's mercy. I thought it was time to take farewell of life, and forgive all my enemies. The next moment there was a shaking of the ground, and a crashing of bushes. A dark body went lumbering past, and I rose from my prostrate position unhurt but breathless, delighted to see once more a tufted tail waving in the air, and to find that it disdained to hoist a fallen foe. It passed, however, only to die, and presently I was striking a heroic attitude with foot on the rhino, trying to adopt the expression proper to a man who is "accustomed to that sort of thing," and, indeed, at that moment, I was on very good terms with myself, as it was the first time I had shot one of these huge brutes. Leaving the man to cut up the meat, I sauntered back to camp as if I had done nothing worth speaking about, though in reality, I was all alert to hear the exaggerated accounts of my prowess spread throughout the camp.

After refreshing the inner man, and applying prosaically some pieces of sticking-plaster to my bruises, I set off in the evening to try my luck again. A short distance from camp I stalked two rhinos, the one lying down, the other standing.

The latter soon spied us, but not getting our wind, it contented itself with sniffing and running about a little, as is the manner of that animal when sight alone guides its movements. Getting within fifty yards, I fired at it with the right-hand barrel of my rifle, and, turning rapidly round, I gave the contents of the other barrel to its neighbour. The first one ran only a short distance, and then succumbed, the other went off as if unhurt, and it was getting too near night for me to follow it. I tried a shot at a third rhino, but missed it, the sight of the gun having been inadvertently elevated. On the way back, however, I shot a zebra. I had thus on that day shot an antelope, two rhinoceroses, and a zebra, and supplied the entire caravan with abundance of meat. I of course made a point of tasting all, and I did so with much satisfaction as far as the rhino soup. I had less pleasure, however, in the roast zebra, though it was better than the meat of its bulkier friend.

Great numbers of Wa-chagacame down to camp, though they were evidently all considerably frightened, and ready to take to their heels. The women wore small pieces of skin round the loins, ornamented by the smallest size of beads, sewn on in various patterns. A few beads and chains were suspended about the neck, while brass and iron wire, with some more beads, decorated the legs and arms. These people tan and dress goat-skin better than any other race I have met, turning it out as soft as chamois leather, the hair being left on here and there, and cut out in various designs.

The next two days I was occupied in making observations and superintending the buying of food from the natives; but at last getting restless, I started off on the third day in search for further hunting adventures. Martin, desiring to emulate my fame, and fired by my success, resolved to accompany me. Shortly after getting out of camp, late in the afternoon, we sighted a rhinoceros, and in making a *détour* round a hill to get near it, we discovered two others nearer at hand, lying asleep in the grass. I started off to stalk them, carrying my 8-bore gun, while Martin followed behind with my Express rifle. As we crept along through the tall grass, I noticed that Martin was lagging behind, and, judging from his face, troubled sadly with a sinking about the heart. Not caring, however, to carry off all the honours, and being considerably, and of course most unselfishly, desirous under the circumstances, of only sharing the dangerous glory, I impatiently beckoned to him to close up. Slowly, but surely,

we crept towards our recumbent prey, with rising excitement and half-suppressed breathing. Our senses being painfully alert, the very grass seemed to make a loud noise, as we pushed it aside. We reached within sixty yards, and then within fifty. Martin was still inclined to lag; and I being more and more anxious not to monopolize the amenities of the situation, persistently disregarded his noble inclination to hold his hand, and let me get a chance of further distinguishing myself. We got to about the forty yards' distance, and yet the rhinos slept peacefully on, while the sun cast longer and longer shadows in its progress towards the horizon. As I began to think that I had got close enough, there was a loud crack behind me, caused by Martin clumsily breaking a rotten branch. The next moment the animals were on their feet, all attention. "We are in for it now!" I thought, as I sank flat among the grass. Turning my head round, I saw Martin behind me, apparently ready to fly, and I glared and shook my fist at him to make him lie down. But too late! They had seen him, and with a loud snort like an engine blowing off the steam, they stood with defiant attitude trying to scent us, for this animal never seems to be able to make up its mind without the aid of its olfactory organs. The wind being in our favour, they did not succeed, but began making for us, running a few steps and then stopping. We were now in a proper pickle; for with their heads directed towards us, no vulnerable part was exposed, and to fire at them as they stood would only be to risk our lives. Feeling myself in a decided quandary, I began to indulge in certain very wise reflections about the foolishness of running unnecessarily into such positions, and I was prepared to make the most solemn vow never to incur the same again if brought out safe this time. I seemed to be nailed to the place, though I had sufficient presence of mind to get ready to take advantage of any opportunity. One of the monstrous brutes had now got within ten yards, and still betrayed a lively curiosity about me. Realizing that I must do or die, and being decidedly averse to coming into closer quarters, I resolved to fire and stand my chance. Just at that moment bang went a rifle behind me, and a bullet passed close to my ear. Almost simultaneously, without voluntary effort of mine, both barrels of my gun were emptied, and I was sprawling helplessly on my back. Let not the reader, however, imagine that it was my purposed victim that had thus laid me low. It was simply my own gun that had so ignominiously used

me. Recovering myself, preparatory to turning an expected somersault in mid-air, I sprang up, when bang went the rifle again. Looking towards the enemy, I had the mortification and yet satisfaction of seeing two unwieldy creatures careering away with uplifted tails, evidently unhurt. Then turning round, I dashed my hat on the ground, and danced about as I anathematized the culprit Martin, who stood white as a corpse, shaking in every nerve.

The affair had happened in this wise. On the rhino getting up I became so absorbed in the situation that I forgot all about Martin, who meanwhile would have fled, but that he was literally fixed by the eye of the monster, which, by-the-bye, was the first he had ever seen. The excitement got to be too much for him, and, unable to bear it any longer, he fired. As I was almost in a line with the game, and as he was a bad shot, the bullet passed close to my ear, causing me to wince, and draw up my shoulder. This again made me pull back my arm, with the result that both barrels of the gun went off simultaneously, promptly landing me on my back, and the bullets in the air.

Fortunately this was sufficient to frighten the creatures, and they fled; otherwise, as they had us entirely in their power, they might have had some good fun with us. Martin actually missed both times, though little more than ten yards off. After vociferously pouring the vials of my wrath on the devoted head of the culprit, I returned mightily crestfallen, as I was aware that the neighbouring heights were lined with on-lookers. Sending Martin back to camp, I went off with Brahim to try and acquire a new wreath of laurel. Fortunately, I succeeded, as night came on, in shooting two rhinos, which somewhat softened my temper. Martin concluded, after that adventure, that he was a better shot with the gun than the rifle, and contented himself thenceforth with shooting guinea-fowl and other two-legged things.

Next morning I sallied forth again in quest of further sport. After conducting the party to the game of the previous day, I left them and pushed on with Brahim and Bedué. Going south, and crossing the Rombo stream, we sighted a rhinoceros at some distance. We were in rather an unfavourable position for stalking it, as we were neither in nor out of the wind. It would have taken a long *détour* on the open plain to get into a more suitable position, so we determined to work straight up to it. When we were

that if it should turn quite round nothing could save us from being discovered.

At last I found myself within ten yards, and concluded that I had got near enough. Getting with some trepidation on to one knee, I waited till the great hulk swung round nearly, though not quite, at right angles to me. The next moment I fired with my 8-bore, causing it to grunt out as the ball went crashing into its body. Unfortunately the ball penetrated diagonally, causing it just to miss the heart. As the elephant went off at a quick trot, I gave it the contents of the second barrel, though, of course, at a disadvantage. Then I seized the Express, both barrels of which I fired. On the fourth shot we were fearfully taken aback by the elephant trumpeting out, hauling round, and coming down at full speed straight for us. Giving myself up as a lost man, I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to fall down behind a slight tussock of grass, and simultaneously with stern and penetrating tones to order my companions to do the same, for they were preparing to rush off at once, which would have brought them to a speedy death. Brahim pushed the 8-bore to me with cartridges in, but unlocked. Rectifying this dangerous mistake, I wriggled myself into a proper position to fire when the crisis came, and held the gun ready.

My sensations can be better imagined than described on seeing the monster coming along at a terrific rate, apparently bent on our destruction. We seemed to be choking with the excitement as we almost counted each footstep. I had to exercise all my powers of control to prevent myself from firing my gun prematurely through my convulsive clutching of the weapon. We were clearly in for a life-and-death fight, in which the odds were vastly against us. We knew that our balls would have no chance of dropping the elephant, even at close quarters, and, sadly wounded as it already was, we could hardly hope to turn it. As it approached, however, a ray of hope gleamed fitfully across my mind. It did not seem to see us, and appeared rather to be looking for the enemy than charging at a definite object—otherwise, it would probably have been screaming with trunk uplifted. But while this was true, there was, nevertheless, the awful fact that it was coming dead for our lair, and if we had not already been discovered, we must inevitably soon be so. We must still fight for life! The space between us was lessening with horrible rapidity. My eyes were almost

blinded by the profuse perspiration; yet I was conscious of becoming more collected as the danger became greater.

I was now tortured chiefly by the question, "Shall I fire, or shall I wait?" Nearer and nearer it came! More and more it loomed fate-like in my vision! Fifty yards—thirty yards—twenty—and still it held a straight line, pledged to our destruction! My men implored me to fire. My only reply was a kick to be quiet. My gun was at my shoulder, and my eye glanced along the barrel. The elephant had reached within ten yards. I *must* fire. But just as I was on the point of pressing the trigger, the elephant swerved a little to one side. Thank God! It had not seen us, and we were saved! As it passed close to us I was about to fire, when a hand clutched my leg, and a voice, terror-laden, prayed me to desist, an injunction I was by no means loth to attend to, as, even in the first moment of my relief, I began to feel rather limp and shaky. Our suspense had been terrible. Fortunately, also, it had been brief—for the whole period between my first shot and the passing of the elephant would hardly be two minutes.

The wounded elephant now disappeared in a *nullah*. Pulling ourselves together with a desperate effort of will, we worked away to get once more if possible to close quarters. I did not want to lose my prize, for of course I was confident, as people usually are on such occasions, that I had fatally wounded the elephant, and that it must speedily fall. Before we reached the *nullah* the hunted animal had left it, and there was nothing for us but to follow pell-mell, tripping over stones, falling into holes, and tearing our clothes among the thorns. But we recked not of these mishaps as, with gasping breath and eyes eagerly fixed on our game, we resolutely pressed on.

At first it led the way up the valley; then it struck up the face of the eastern hills. Seeing this we tried to cut off its course; but we only got to the top to find ourselves exhausted, and the elephant swinging on in front, though much slower than before, as if its strength was giving way. This sign encouraged us; only I began to have terribly scalded and sore feet from having put on a pair of very heavy new boots, and we had now been on the tramp for ten hours over the most harassing road conceivable. I had therefore to let Brahim and Bedué follow up, while I came on more at leisure. The elephant was now walking, but at a quick, steady pace, which kept them at a trot. There

was still no cover to run alongside of, or the game would have been speedily ours, and all that we could do was to follow up in the rear till trees were reached. We crossed one step, and then up another height, to find another valley and another range of hills. Still the brute held on, and I finally lost sight of both the hunted and the hunters.

Presently the sun set, and I was in the unenviable position of being ten miles from camp, without a weapon, in a country where lions were numerous. As darkness rapidly approached I was beginning to feel eerie and somewhat put out, when I heard a rifle-shot ringing from the distant brake. I concluded that the elephant had received its *quietus*. There seemed, however, to be no chance of my meeting my men, and I did not know what to do. I resolved at last to wait and see if they would not turn up. Soon, to my great joy and relief, I saw two figures appearing in the fast-deepening gloom. Their news was that they had fired at the elephant again at close quarters, but, owing to the darkness, had been compelled to give up the chase.

With no better guide than the stars, and with terribly sore feet, we commenced our return over hill and dale. We got knocked about sadly in the darkness. So rough was the ground, that but for the light of the moon, which now rose, we should have been compelled to get up a tree, and remain there till the morning. Herds of buffaloes could be seen moving in dark battalions across the valley, or could be heard thundering away through the bush on their scenting us. Solitary rhinoceroses loomed, demon-like, in the distance, and on several occasions the roaring of lions mingled with the indignant whistling bark of the zebra. After a weary struggle we stumbled back into camp, unspeakably thankful that we had got there safe. We had been on our feet without intermission for fifteen hours.

Next morning I resolved to move up to the farthest point of the previous day, in the hope of tracing the wounded elephant, and because Brahim had seen three more that night. On the way I shot a rhinoceros, and about mid-day reached a picturesque gorge, through which ran a stream of water rising in a series of warm springs. As I was somewhat done up with my former exertions, I resolved not to go out hunting, but sent Beducé and a party to take up the trail of the previous night, as I was confident it could not have gone far from where we left it. Shortly after they had gone, a man came running back in breathless haste,

throwing us into excitement by the news that some elephants were close at hand. This was indeed a summons to battle which I could not ignore. Speedily equipping myself, therefore, with the necessary instruments of destruction, I hurried out.

We had not gone far before three elephants were pointed out to us—a male, a female, and a young one. I could not but admire the stately animals as, with a dignified, self-satisfied air, they leisurely marched on—the female leading the way, and the young scion of the noble race following behind. Finding they were likely to get our wind, I moved lower down, but, unfortunately, the men who had first gone out remained behind, as I could not communicate with them. The consequence was that, just as the elephants were coming into good position and I was getting close to them, the men were scented. The female trumpeted, and at first bore straight down in our direction, as if she had scented us, and was about to punish us for our temerity. I sank on one knee behind a bush in breathless expectancy, but, before we were reached, the female again trumpeted and turned at right-angles, presenting a capital shot, though I could not take advantage of it. Before I could secure a more favourable position they ran into the dense bush, and to fire was out of the question.

We soon lost sight of the animals, but contrived to keep the trail. In half an hour we found ourselves getting once more to close quarters in the bush, and we had to proceed with every precaution. At last we made out from the sounds that they had got over their scare and were quietly feeding. Though they were within a few yards we could not see them; but finding them coming down upon us, we had to scuttle out of the way. Running round some bushes, I got a good sight of one of them three yards off. At the same moment I fired, and glided close into a bush to escape detection. At first, with outspread ears the elephant came straight for me. For my own safety I was about to give it the contents of the second barrel, when, apparently catching sight of my gallant men running away, it seemed to become affected with their fears, and, turning, made for cover. I now sprang up to pursue, expecting, from the sounds I heard, that it was crashing on ahead. Imagine, then, how thoroughly I was upset by almost running against it as I hurried out of the thick bush. The creature by a touch of its tail might have knocked me over before I recovered my



"HERE I WAS ON MY KNEE, BEHIND A SMALL SKELETON BUSH, POSITIVELY LOOKING UP AT AN ENORMOUS WILD ELEPHANT."

wits, and nimbly dodged out of sight. Having regained presence of mind, I was able to observe that the animal before me was positively sitting in a most dignified attitude on its rear. I did not stop to speculate on this unusual posture, but speedily put a ball in its spine. Dignified to the last, my elephant gradually sank down with fore-legs bent in, and I emerged with the triumphant air of a Nimrod, to form a fitting figure in the grand *tableau*. The first bullet had done the deed, and the elephant went only some ten yards from the spot where it was shot. The tusks, though not very large, were an extremely handsome pair, weighing together 35 lbs.

Next morning we extracted the ivories, and then, after I had shot a zebra, to keep the camp in meat, I set off on an exploratory trip. We at first went east, then south, along the base of the hills, seeing numerous traces of elephants. At last we reached a gorge leading up the hills, and we were greatly struck by the enormous pathway and the evidences of elephants in great numbers having formed it in going to and fro to the hills. Following it up, we traversed a narrow defile, then ascended through a dense bush forest notable for the enormous number of black pigeons feeding upon the fruit. On reaching the top we found the country stretching away in one great expanse of light green, slightly sinking, to rise again in another range of hills. A beautiful open road, like the cattle-tracks of Ngongo, led pleasantly through the tall, much-branched bush. While moving leisurely along this, we were suddenly arrested by the sound of elephants on our left. Running back on our tracks to get the wind in our favour, we entered the forest, and noiselessly threaded our way. I speedily sighted one of the elephants. Getting up to within ten yards, I fired, but doubtless the intervening branches spoiled my shot somewhat. The bullet, however, struck. Off the animal rushed, and I, forgetful and excited, hastened after it, looking neither to right nor left. I had not continued the chase many yards, before I found myself close upon the wounded animal, which was bleeding profusely. Again I fired, hitting it on the other side. In the very moment of my firing, I became aware of a crashing on my left in such startling proximity that it gave me a feeling as of cold water running down my back. As I quickly looked around, the head of an elephant was just emerging from the dense bush on to the small clear area in which I stood. I dropped instantly behind a very small bush, mentally concluding that

my life was not worth five minutes' purchase if the elephant was vindictively inclined. The position was, certainly, not without elements of the thrilling sort. Here I was, on my knee, behind a small skeleton bush, positively *looking up* at an enormous wild elephant, the head of which was almost over me ; one elephant was running away on my right, four or five were behind me, and several on my left. I was, in fact, in the midst of a herd of elephants—though I must hasten to explain to the reader that they were all running away from the spot, with the exception of the one in front of me. For a moment it looked around with a stolid air, as if inquiring what on earth all this row meant. I was unseen, being indeed too immediately under it. My gun was levelled, however, dead for a hollow over one of its eyes, and if it should move one more step forward, my bullet would find a home in the bony cavities of the brute's skull. As I crouched, like a stone statue, watching with dread expectancy, though with unwavering muscle, for the opportunity of action, the elephant turned sharp round, and the next moment a bullet sped to its heart. Bellowing out in its acute agony, it lumbered away, and, a few minutes after, I was rejoined by my runaways, who, at the most dangerous moment had left me in the lurch. Like blood-hounds we now took up the trail of the elephant first shot. We had no difficulty in tracing it, as the blood had literally spouted out on both sides, sprinkling the bushes with a crimson shower. At one spot where it had halted, and apparently reeled round in a dazed state, a considerable space had been saturated. But though blood had been shed at this rate, the animal was not fated to be "bagged." As we went on the blood-stains became less and less noticeable, and we had more and more difficulty in following it up, for, besides the denseness of the bush, the astonishing quantity of game spoor deterred us from going quickly, lest we should suddenly find ourselves at the mercy of the elephant. For an hour we pushed on with very much the same sensations as we had experienced in Lykipia when following a buffalo into the bush. We were, however, in great hopes that we would secure our prize, as the footprints showed signs of exhaustion, and it was evidently dragging its feet along. Our hopes, however, were presently dashed to the ground. Repeated gunshots from the distance alarmed us, for we knew that the men left behind would not hunt alone. Fearing some attack by natives, we hurriedly retraced our steps, only to be compelled to anathematize the

men on hearing that the occasion of their firing was simply their discovery of the other elephant dead, within fifty yards of the place where it had been shot.

As the sun was now falling in the western heavens, and the camp was distant, we were compelled to hurry back, after extracting the tusks, which were about the same size as those secured on the previous day. Next day we set off direct for the upper forest region, in which it was clear elephants were numerous. We had not gone far before we descried a rhinoceros and young. Working up to about forty yards, I fired with the Express and struck the shoulder, a little too high up, however. Before it could collect its senses together I gave it a second in its neck, and a third in its side. These shots paralyzed it at first, though it soon began to recover, and then catching sight of its baby, it made as if to attack it as the cause of its agonies. The poor little fellow presented a piteous and at the same time a comical spectacle of utter anxiety and perplexity. Apparently the mother realized the absurdity of the idea before summarily pitching it in mid-air, and precipitately ran off. Following it up, I was suddenly electrified by a sound like the trumpeting of an elephant, and leaving the rhino to my men, I started off in pursuit of this more noble game. The sound proved, however, to emanate from a buffalo.

Getting now to the upper region, we sighted a herd of elephants. I fired at one, but missed it, and, time being short, I was compelled to return to camp. On the way back I shot two zebras. In one of the cases, a bullet with a steel core passed clean through the heart of the zebra and struck the ground beyond, making us imagine that the game had escaped scatheless. The animal galloped only a few yards, and then dropped dead. The men had secured the rhinoceros of the morning; so we were in no lack of meat, however tough and unsavoury.

Next day we had no better luck, and though we saw some elephants, we did not get a shot. It was clear to us that these animals were in very great numbers in the forest, only the latter was so dense that no view could be got extending beyond six yards, and our only guide was the crashing of branches when the elephants were feeding. If not making some such noise, we might pass within four or five yards, and be quite unconscious of their presence. The fact that on five consecutive days we stumbled upon them, sufficiently indicates how numerous they were.