THROUGH JUNGLE AND DESERT

TRAVELS IN EASTERN AFRICA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

AND MAPS

"When I travelled I saw many things; and I understand more than I can express"

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CHAPTER IV

We honoured Christmas Day by making it a day of rest; and although our surroundings were not such as are usually associated with this day, we at least were perfectly satisfied with them, and received what Providence had given us with a thankful spirit. The rushing river assisted our minds in reverting to home and our people; and both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I uttered the hope that they were as contented and joyful on this day as we.

Lieutenant von Höhnel spent a portion of the day in working upon his map; while I passed an hour or two in questioning Motio about the neighbouring countries and peoples. He said that, at one time, the upper reaches of the Tana and the banks of the Guaso Nyiro had both been inhabited by a people called Mumoniot. Those on the Tana had been destroyed by the raids of the Wakamba, and those on the Guaso Nyiro had been so harried by the inhabitants of the mountains on one hand, and the Masai on the other, that all but a small remnant had been destroyed; and not many years ago this remnant had joined the people on the mountains, and became amalgamated with them.

While strolling along the river in the afternoon, I came across a small native bridge spanning the stream, which at that point was not more than thirty feet wide,

as it forced its way between rocky banks. This bridge was made of withes and looked frail, but it was sufficiently strong, and afforded room for the passage of a lightly laden native.

We had exhausted our store of meat at dinner the night before, so that our Christmas feast consisted of soup, fish, and beans.

The next day we made an early start, and pursued our way along the bank of the river, which at this point ran nearly due east. From what Motio told us, we hoped to reach Lake Lorian in three days. As we advanced, the current of the Guaso Nyiro became swifter, and flowed so deeply below the surface of the surrounding country as to form a cañon more than 100 feet deep and about 300 feet wide. The soil on our side of the stream was composed of lava dust, strewn with innumerable blocks of the same material. The other bank, however, gleamed with mica, showing that the formation there was gneiss.

Toward noon, just as I began to think of halting for our mid-day meal, a dull, roaring sound reached my ears. After going a half-mile further, the noise increasing all the while, we reached a point where the plain fell to the level of the river. There we found explanation of the roaring sound. The Guaso Nyiro, meeting a wall of black lava in its course, flows over it, and has a drop of sixty feet. Even at the season of the year when we visited it, and when the autumn rains had been very slight, the falls presented an imposing appearance. The wall of lava, being higher in the middle than at the sides, divided the river into two streams. Below the falls these two streams again met, and forced their way between

two precipitous walls of black lava; foam was churned and thrown high into the air, and the leaping, tumbling, frothing stream had a really wild and savage aspect. This place we named Chanler Falls. We pitched our camp five miles below the falls, at which point the river again peacefully wended its way between rows of tall palms.

CHANLER FALLS

While the men were building a camp, I went in search of meat. We were sorely in need of it; and as Lieutenant von Höhnel had fallen and injured his knee so badly as to incapacitate him for hunting, all prospect of satisfying my hungry men centred in the presence of game and the accuracy of my single rifle. I found game plentiful, but the country was too open to get within range of it. I walked three miles, led along by

a herd of oryx beisa, which would in the most tantalizing manner remain standing until I could get within 500 yards from them, and then wheel in their tracks like a regiment of cavalry, and charge briskly on. However, they proved good guides, for they led me to a mass of thick bush, where they disappeared; but shortly after entering the bush, from a small rise, I saw at a distance of 300 yards, two rhinoceroses. The soil at this point was of a reddish colour, and from rolling in this the rhinoceroses had assumed its tint. As I descended from the rise, I lost sight of them, but proceeded cautiously in the direction in which I had seen them. At length I caught a glimpse of a reddish body in the bush, not more than forty yards in front of me. I took careful aim and fired at what I supposed to be a shoulder (I saw but a portion of the beast's body), and the animal fell. The smoke of my shot had scarcely cleared away, before crashing through the bush came another, and I had but time to fire a snap-shot, owing to the close quarters. The animal changed its gait and direction at once, coming down from a gallop into a trot; and I followed after it. In my eagerness I almost stumbled over the rhinoceros I had first shot. He was far from dead, having been hit not in the shoulder, but in the quarter. Upon seeing me, he staggered to his feet, and with a savage snort rushed at me. A lucky shot brought him to the ground, dead. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for my gun-bearer had allowed me to leave camp with but three cartridges in my magazine, all of which by this time I had fired; so that, had I failed to bring the animal down, I should have been placed in a most unpleasant predicament.

I returned to camp, tired out with my day's work, and sent Karscho with some porters back to bring in the meat. On the way they came across the second rhinoceros, which Karscho found limping slowly along on three legs, my snap-shot having broken one shoulder. I had given Karscho my .577, for use in case he fell in with dangerous game; and two shots from the rifle despatched this my second rhinoceros of the day. The meat of these two animals was sufficient for three days' food for my men.

After passing Chanler Falls all mountains seemed to be left in our rear, and the river flowed between dry and arid deserts.

While in camp, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I spent most of our time in conjecture as to the whereabouts and size of Lake Lorian. When Lieutenant von Höhnel was at Kismayu to purchase camels, he met a Somali, who said he had visited this lake. This man told him it was many days' journey in length, but that in parts it was so shallow that it was possible to drive cattle and camels across it. He also said that the Rendile had their home upon its shores. Motio added his assurance, that from what he had heard the lake must be very large; and that he had no doubt that the Rendile lived in its neighbourhood. He said that none of the people on the mountain ever had the courage to visit the Rendile, but that in former times, when they had raided the Mumoniot (who had inhabited the banks of the Guaso Nyiro), they had often fallen in with small bands of them. He said that they were a very warlike people, and that invariably upon meeting them conflict had ensued, in which the mountain people were generally

worsted. The Rendile, however, at least once a year, sent trading parties to the Jombeni range. These always consisted of aged men and women; for, had young men been sent, they would have met with a hostile reception from the mountain people. He also said that the articles taken for barter by the Rendile consisted of goats, sheep, and the partly tanned skins of these animals. Motio's wanderings along the Guaso Nyiro had taken him but little farther than the point we had by that time reached. He assured us, however, that after one long day's march to the eastward we should reach a high plateau, and said he had been told by his fellow-tribesmen that from the top of this plateau the vast expanse of Lake Lorian could be seen. With all this information at our disposal, the hopes of both Lieutenant von Höhnel and myself rose to a high pitch, and we felt that we were about to make a great geographical discovery.

As we advanced, the going seemed to become worse and worse. The surface of the soil was almost paved with sharp, jagged lava blocks, and our feet were fast becoming swollen and painful from continued marching over such material. The desert on our side of the river gleamed to such a degree that the eyes suffered in consequence; and the only redeeming feature to be found in the landscape was the narrow strip of verdure, from which sprang palm trees and acacias, stretching along and following the river.

The course of the Guaso Nyiro is ever-changing, and the character of the soil through which it flows presents a great variety. At times the stream forces its way between impeding rocks, while at others it winds

smoothly and broadly over a shallow bed. Game was fairly plentiful; yet, as we were pressing on in the hope of reaching the lake, we rarely stopped while on the march, but contented ourselves with supplying our men with what game we could procure after camp was reached.

For a few days the fish of the Guaso Nyiro proved a welcome addition to our diet, but at last we were forced to give them up. We had usually eaten them after dark, from a table illumined by the flame of a single candle; so that in judging of their quality we employed but taste. One morning, however, a large and fine-looking fish was put before us. Upon cutting it open, we found, to our disgust, that its flesh was filled with small worms. Needless to add, we discontinued eating fish from that time.

All along the Guaso Nyiro, not only were the mosquitoes troublesome, but we suffered great annoyance from flies. These were black in colour, shaped like the ordinary house fly, but with heads of a bright carmine colour. A bite from one of these insects was a disagreeable matter; for they inserted the proboscis not so much for the sake of securing food as to deposit and hatch their offspring. A few days after the bite was inflicted the flesh swelled considerably, and a little later the part bitten would open, and disclose a well-developed larva, with a black head, about the size of its progenitor.

Up to this time we had lost but few of our donkeys; and none of these, so far as we knew, had died on account of fly-bites. Our horses, however, appeared to be ailing, particularly Lieutenant von Höhnel's, which,

being unable to bear any burden, was driven listlessly along behind the caravan.

On the 29th we had reached a point where the country through which the Guaso Nyiro flowed was park-like in appearance; groves of tall dhum palms were seen extending 500 yards from the river bank, and here and there were groups of magnificent acacias. The going became delightfully smooth and easy. We seemed to have reached the end of the lava flow from the Jombeni range. In the branches of these trees innumerable birds had their nests. Some of these birds have sweet voices, the notes of one or two sounding purely liquid to the ear. In shaded places, flowers like our morning-glories peeped up from the soil, mostly of a pale purple with red centres. Small herds of zebra and antelope wandered about, or fed placidly beneath the trees. The soil appeared to be extraordinarily rich, and with irrigation this portion of the country should yield large crops of rice and millet. On this day I shot a beautiful lesser koodoo, the only one we saw upon this journey.

On the following day's march we came to a point where the river made a sharp bend to the north. It flowed eight miles in that direction, and then abruptly turned to the east upon reaching the foot of a high plateau. Motio told us that this plateau was called Marisi Alugwa Zombo; and from its top we expected to see Lake Lorian.

We cut across the plain to the eastern end of the plateau, and reached it about half an hour before sunset. Near camp I shot a fine female oryx beisa and two pallah. I also killed a fine female antelope, of what I considered a previously unknown species. We took a

photograph of its head and neck, which will convey an idea of its peculiar appearance.

Just before sunset Lieutenant von Höhnel and I crossed the river, and climbed the plateau. It rises to a height of nearly 500 feet above the plain, with sides as steep as the glacis of a fort, and covered with large blocks of lava. After a difficult climb, we reached the top, which we also found to be covered with these jagged blocks of larva, between which, at intervals, could be seen a stunted euphorbia, aloe, or cactus forcing its way. The top of the plateau is almost level, but there is a perceptible rise to the westward. The sun was just setting as we reached the top, so that we were not permitted to gaze for any time at the panorama spread out before us. However, we could trace the course of the Guaso Nyiro for twenty miles further, between the plateau and the desert, which stretched indefinitely to the westward. Fortunately, there was a full moon shining as we descended, so that we were able to reach camp without much difficulty. In this portion of Africa, as is well known, there is no twilight, and within half an hour after sunset the darkness of night has covered all.

During this night we had a curious adventure. About midnight Lieutenant von Höhnel woke me up with a vigorous shake. I leaped to my feet and found the whole camp in an uproar — the men all rushing to and fro and shouting: "*Tayari! Tayari!*" ("Make ready! Make ready!") in terrified tones. In the moonlight the trees cast weird shadows, and it was difficult to make out at once what was going on in camp. Suddenly a loud laugh was heard, and then the men imme-

diately burst into mirthful shouts. We learned that the Soudanese night-watch had been suddenly startled at what they took to be a large body of men crawling towards the camp for the purpose of making an attack. They shouted to the men, and at once every one sprang to his feet, loaded his rifle, and screamed with excitement and fright. When all hands were fully aroused, it was then seen that the attacking party of savages consisted of a horde of monstrous apes, which had probably been attracted by our fires, but, terrified almost as much as my men, made off at once upon hearing the uproar. Some of these creatures weigh more than sixty pounds.

We crossed the Guaso Nyiro the following morning, and marched four miles along the foot of the plateau. Upon reaching its end we made camp, and Lieutenant von Höhnel and I at once ascended it, this time climbing its northern face. We were rewarded by getting a view of the boundless desert, stretched on all sides to the horizon. Across this desert flowed the Guaso Nyiro, enshrouded in dhum palms and acacias.

In the northeast our eyes were greeted by the sight of what appeared to be an enormous sheet of water, distant about thirty miles. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I turned silently to one another, and with deep feeling clasped hands, delighted to think that the stories of the size of the lake had not been exaggerated. I at once set about guessing the number of days required to reach it, and Lieutenant von Höhnel, taking its bearings with his compass, decided and announced that it must be nearly sixty miles in length.

On both sides of the green strip which marked the

course of the Guaso Nyiro stretched the desert, dazzling white, and level as the sea. At the point on which we stood the face of the plateau made a sharp turn westward, and in that direction continued as far as the eye could see.

After three days' march over the desert in a direction parallel to the river we came to a spot where on all sides roamed herds of zebra, oryx beisa, ostrich, and grantii, and standing here and there was the huge black body of a rhinoceros. One marvelled how these animals could sustain life on such a desert; for with the exception of a few low, parched bushes there was scarcely any vegetation. Here and there a few straggling blades of grass forced their way through the soil; but at no place was there apparent a growth sufficient, in one's opinion, for the sustenance of such vast herds of game.

On one occasion while in this part of the country I had a narrow escape from a rhinoceros. It was toward evening, and we intended to soon make camp; when, at a point about 400 yards in advance of the column, I saw a small herd of zebra and two giraffes. I halted the caravan, and unaccompanied set out to stalk the game. While so engaged I noticed to my right, at a distance of about 200 yards, a solitary rhinoceros placidly feeding. We had sufficient rhinoceros meat, so I did not disturb him. The wind was blowing from where I stood toward him, in short and irregular puffs. I had approached to within 200 yards of my quarry and was about to take aim, when a shrill whistle from my men reached my ears. I turned around, and just in time, for the rhinoceros upon scenting me at once made

for me. The soft soil had deadened the sound of his approach, and as I was at the time thoroughly engrossed in the stalk, I had not heard him. The whistle from my men, warning me of my danger, gave me just a moment in which to leap to one side and avoid the rush of the animal.

As a rule the rhinoceros snorts when it charges; but this one had not made a sound. Needless to say, I failed to get a shot at either the zebras or giraffes. However, while the men were pitching camp, they were charged by another rhinoceros, which paid the death

DEAD RHINOCEROS

penalty for its temerity. We did not cut this animal up at once, and during the night it was visited by a hyena. One may form a conception of the thickness and toughness of the hide of a rhinoceros from the fact that, although the jaws of the hyena are very powerful, the beast had to satisfy itself with the ends of the ears and the tip of the tail, being unable to make any impression upon the other parts of the body.

Near this portion of the river we saw several large zeribas. In these were unmistakable signs that they once held camels, sheep, donkeys, and goats. Judging

from appearances at that time, they had been unoccupied for more than a year.

On the third day after leaving the plateau we entered a thick forest of acacias. This forest was literally alive with rhinoceroses, which charged the caravan at almost every turn. We also saw many giraffes at this point. There one of our porters died of dysentery, and was buried by his companions. They made a shallow grave with their axes and machettes, and wrapping him in about four yards of sheeting, left him as silent evidence of our visit to this part of the world.

After another day's journey we emerged from the forest, and entered upon a treeless plain covered with coarse grass, which grew to a height of eight feet. The river at this point was much narrower — not more than forty feet wide — and flowed between steep banks. At intervals along its shores were little sandy strips, on each of which we would find a monstrous crocodile lying. Upon our approach, these saurians would noiselessly slip off and disappear in the water. Along both banks of the river elephant trails were to be found, but for which it would have been impossible to traverse the jungle. These trails did not afford the very best paths for travel, having been worn in the rainy season, and in consequence filled with deep holes made by the ponderous feet of these animals.

At noon we reached a small, solitary group of poplars. My men climbed some of these trees and reported that across the river in the jungle, at a distance of 1000 yards, there was a herd of twenty-two elephants. The grass was so tall we knew it would be impossible to get them, so we contented ourselves with gazing at

them. At that time they were not feeding, but appeared to be enjoying a sun-bath. As the wind was then blowing from them toward us, we hoped they would come to the river to drink, thereby giving us an opportunity for a shot. In this we were disappointed. All that day and the next succeeding we plodded over this elephant trail, always but a short distance from the river bank.

Shortly after we left camp a hippopotamus, disturbed by our approach, suddenly emerged from the tall grass and plunged into the river, crossing our path not more than four feet in front of where I stood. Although my men wished me to shoot him, I refrained from so doing, and amused myself in watching his furious antics in the water, which at this point was so shallow that he could not conceal his body beneath the surface. Like the ostrich, he endeavoured to conceal his head, but the shouts of the porters so terrified him that he raised it again, and splashed along by the side of the caravan, every now and then opening his cavernous mouth and then bringing his jaws together with a vicious snap. At length he reached a deeper portion of the river, into which he plunged and disappeared.

Many times during the morning we heard the snort of rhinoceroses in the tall grass on our left, and at length, toward noon, we heard a violent snort not more than forty feet distant. In a moment we heard the dull thud of his feet, but the grass was so high and thick that we could catch no glimpse of the animal, yet all the time knew he was coming in our direction. Soon he reached the trail at a point about twenty feet behind where I stood. I had my rifle ready, but could not

shoot, as my boy, Sururu, was between me and the onrushing animal. In an instant he caught Sururu, and with horror I saw the boy's body flying through the air, and had just sufficient time to throw myself to one side into the bush, ere the animal thundered past me and disappeared in the long grass.

When I reached Sururu I found him lying on his side, groaning. At the time of this adventure Sururu was wearing an old canvas coat of mine, much too large for him. In a lower pocket of this coat he kept my compass and a heavy silver watch. The horn of the rhinoceros, after passing between his legs from the rear, broke the compass to bits, dented the thick case of the watch, and glancing off, inflicted a dangerous-looking wound in the groin. Had it not been for the thick canvas coat, the compass, and the watch, I think the blow would have been attended with fatal results. After a few minutes Sururu recovered sufficiently from the shock to be placed upon my horse, when we started on our way with any but pleasant thoughts and feelings.

As before stated, the grass was so thick that it was impossible to see a rhinoceros until the animal was actually upon one, so that avoiding the rush of one of these animals in this thicket was more a matter of good luck than good judgment.

Fifteen minutes after the accident to Sururu we reached a small open space in the tall grass. At this point there was lying across our path the trunk of a small, dead tree. Here my attention was arrested by a disagreeable sight only ten feet away, but on the other side of the fallen tree. There stood a rhinoceros facing me. It was impossible for us to turn back,

and, as the fallen tree hid the animal's shoulder, I could see no vital spot exposed at which to aim. I gazed at it — fascinated. Its small eyes appeared to look into my very heart, and I could distinctly hear the grinding of its teeth as it fed. The wind was blowing in my direction.

For some moments we stood facing one another. Almost unconsciously I raised my rifle to my shoulder and ranged my eye along the sights. Still no movement on the part of the animal. After remaining in this position for, say, thirty seconds, the animal appeared to become restless and swung its horned snout to one side, thereby giving me an opportunity for a good shot at its neck. In an instant my rifle was discharged; then through the smoke rushed the rhinoceros. Instinctively I leaped to one side, and, as it passed me, I gave it a second shot, almost without taking any aim. It fell — dead. Beyond doubt this was the same rhinoceros which had tossed Sururu, for upon the tip of its forward horn blood was plainly to be seen. I partly account for its utter unconsciousness of our approach from the fact that in the bright sunlight a rhinoceros is quite blind; but how to explain why it had not heard us forcing our way through the tall grass I am unable to say. It could not smell us, for the wind blew in our direction, so that I am forced to the conclusion that the rhinoceros depends more upon its sense of smell than upon either its sight or hearing.

By this time the faces of my men wore solemn and frightened expressions, and many of them muttered that I must be bewitched to follow such a path, and through such a dangerous country. But had not Lieutenant

von Höhnel and I seen from the top of Marisi Alugwa Zombo plateau the wide expanse of the waters of Lake Lorian? That was sufficient, and no thought of turning back could enter our minds until we had reached this lake. We then thought we must be near it, and we expected that an early hour would find us encamped upon its shores.

That night we were forced to cut a small opening in the tall grass so that our men could sleep. Knowing that it was unlikely that we should fall in with more trees, upon leaving our last camp we took with us a few dry twigs. These sufficed to make a fire upon which to roast a little meat. After sunset the air became dank, and noisome vapours rose from the sluggish stream. We welcomed the coming of the following day with joy, and in order to hearten my men I assured them that a few hours' more marching would certainly find us in the open country. This proved to be the case; the grass was lower, and occasionally a stunted acacia could be seen above it.

On this day the members of my caravan presented a most doleful appearance. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I were both stricken with fever; Sururu groaned from the back of my horse; one porter, borne in a hammock by two of his comrades, was dying of dysentery, and one of the Soudanese staggered along with the aid of a stick, his eyes wildly staring, and his lips muttering senseless phrases: he was unconscious from fever. Onward we silently and doggedly pressed. About noon we passed close to a herd of seven elephants, but looked at them with absolute indifference. Our minds were bent upon the single purpose of getting out of this dreadful coun-

try, and resting from our labours upon the shores of the lake. The soil was becoming moist under foot, and the grass wore a greener appearance. Where can the lake be? was our thought.

At one o'clock, seeing a tall sycamore tree across the river (at this point not ten yards wide), we stopped the caravan, crossed the stream, and climbed as high as possible up the tree. From this vantage point we took one long look, and then with half-suppressed curses descended to the ground. There is no *Lake* Lorian! It is but a vast swamp, overgrown with papyrus and water-grass. The narrowness and shallowness of the river at this point (it was but a foot deep) proved to us that it could not continue beyond the swamp — at least, in the dry season. Here, then, was the end of high hopes and incessant effort — no lake, no Rendile. The vast sheet of water we had seen from the top of the plateau had been a mirage. We felt that we had been tricked and duped by Nature at every turn. Our feelings of dejection were shared by every member of the caravan. They, too, had lived in glad hopes of reaching the lake. Time and again I had promised them that upon reaching it they should have their fill of camels' milk and goats' flesh. The burden of their muttered and incessant refrain was: "Wapi?" ("Where?") "Wapi bahari? Wapi ngamia? Wapi mbuzi? Wapi maziwa? Hapana kitu hapa! Gehennam tu!" ("Where is the lake? Where are the camels? Where are the goats? Where is the milk? There is not a thing here! It is simply hell!")

Our sympathies were with them, but it was unwise to allow them to remain long in this state; so they were at

once set to work getting grass to strew upon the damp ground, while some were sent off in parties to collect what few dried sticks they could find. This work was soon accomplished. Each group of porters had a tiny fire, over which they were able to warm slightly their strips of meat. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I retired to bed, ill with fever. Our spirits were still further depressed by the night's experience; mosquitoes in myriads swarmed about us. Even the thick skins of the negroes were not proof against the attacks of the tiny denizens of the swamp. No one was able to sleep. Curses and impotent yells echoed throughout the camp. Lieutenant von Höhnel and I each had mosquito curtains; which, however, proved of no service as barriers from the pests. Throughout the long night we turned over in our minds but one project — how to get out as quickly as possible from this abode of pestilence and death.

From the tree we had seen that the swamp stretched for several miles to the eastward. On both sides of the small stream the grass rose to a great height, and we knew that we had to march close to the river, in order to be able to procure water; so that there was nothing now to do but to return over the route by which we had reached the place. Our food supply was well-nigh exhausted, but we calculated that by making vigorous marches we should be able to reach the Jombeni Mountains before it gave out.

On the following day, ere the break of dawn, all was in readiness for our departure, and at sunrise the wearied caravan started on its march. It is highly probable that during the rainy season Lorian Swamp may have the

appearance of a lake; and it is possible that after continued and heavy rains there is an outflow in an easterly direction. The altitude of the bed of the swamp is about 500 feet above sea-level; but for all intents and purposes Lorian Swamp can be called the end and limit of the Guaso Nyiro River.

Nine days of severe marching brought us once more to the Christmas camping-place. Shortly after we left the environment of Lorian Swamp, the Soudanese who was ill with fever, and the porter who had been suffering from dysentery, died and were buried by the banks of the muddy stream.

It was with feelings of the greatest relief that we found ourselves once more in open country. Those six days spent in that tall grass were, indeed, terrible. The river, dark, muddy, and listlessly flowing between clay banks, was filled with large crocodiles; and occasionally from its waters there would rise some hideously shaped water-bird. These lent a gloomy air to what we were permitted by the tall grass to see. The charging rhinoceroses and fierce hippopotamuses added an element of danger. All this, with the atmosphere heavily laden with malaria, increased our feelings of bitter disappointment at our failure to discover either a great lake or the Rendile.

Upon reaching the open desert Lieutenant von Höhnel and I recovered our spirits once more; and, despite the fact that for more than a month our diet had consisted of beans, corn, and what game we had been able to shoot (not the best food for a convalescent), we were able to march eight or nine hours each day without excessive fatigue.

On this march game seemed to be in greater plenty than it had been for the two preceding weeks. We killed many zebras, of a variety called grevii. The Guaso Nyiro seemed to be the dividing line between the country abounding with that species of animal and that roamed by the chapmani and burcheli. We found the two latter species very plentiful in the neighbourhood of the Jombeni range, but as soon as we had crossed the Guaso Nyiro, only the grevii were met. The latter make capital food; their flesh is tender, and they seem to carry much more fat than the other species. This, when boiled down and allowed to cool, does not congeal, and so makes excellent cooking material. The flesh of the chapmani and burcheli, however, is tough and tasteless, and possesses very much of what I imagine to be the flavour of horse-flesh.

One day, while passing the foot of the Marisi Alugwa Zombo plateau, I came across a herd of twelve buffalo. They appeared to be much smaller than the buffaloes I had shot on my former journey in Masai Land. I think I am right in stating they were not the Bos Kaffir, as those found in Southern Africa and Masai Land are called, but the Bos Orientalis, which roam the upper regions of the Nile.

I had a curious adventure with these buffaloes. Upon reaching them I had but four cartridges in my Winchester; and, the cover being good, and the wind blowing in the right direction, I was able to knock down four, ere they broke into a run. Seeing the bodies lying upon the ground, I sent my gun-bearer back to hurry forward the men, in order that they might cut up the meat with as little delay as possible. He had scarcely left me,

when at a distance of eighty yards from him. The bullet entered the chest of the rhinoceros and raked the entire length of his body, passing out through his quarter. As soon as it received the shot, the rhinoceros fell dead. Many ostriches were seen, but they were so wary, and kept at such great distances from us, that we had not the good fortune to shoot one.

Along the banks of the river we found several small zeribas which had been inhabited by the Wanderobbo.

SCENE NEAR LORIAN

These people I shall hereinafter speak of at greater length. Let it suffice here to say that they are a tribe living entirely upon game and wild honey. Wherever we found signs of a camp which had been inhabited by these people, we also discovered in its vicinity many small, carefully erected blinds, in which it was evidently the custom of these people to lie in wait for game.

Late on the evening of January 18, we reached our Christmas camping-place on the Guaso Nyiro. The then most pressing question was, how to make our store

of food last until we could reach the Jombeni range. The long marches of the last nine days had told severely upon the strength of my men, and they one and all presented a wofully emaciated appearance. Moreover, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, not more from the excessive marching than from the coarseness of our fare, seemed in great need of rest and better diet, but to stop where we were was out of the question. In camp we had food for two days. Motio, our guide, told us that owing to the drought it would be impossible for us to take the route via the Ngombe and Kora craters to the mountains, but he assured us that there was a tribe inhabiting the western portion of the range. These people, he said, were called Wamsara. They were possessed of food in plenty, and as they were rarely visited by traders, he felt sure they would give us a good reception, and gladly exchange their products for what trading-goods we had with us. We rested at our Christmas camping-place one day, and on Friday, January 20, set out for the Jombeni Mountains and food.

The whole of the western side of this range, with the exception of the portion inhabited by the Wamsara, is bare of trees and wears a most forbidding aspect. From the eastern slopes many small streams flow either into the Mackenzie or Tana. From the western slopes, however, no streams flow into the Guaso Nyiro, but the water shed by these mountains silts through the soil, and rises to the surface again in the form of springs (for the most part strongly impregnated with sulphate of magnesium) only in the immediate neighbourhood of the Guaso Nyiro.

Motio told us that from this point it would take

four days' marching to reach the Wamsara. We were delighted to find that in the neighbourhood of these springs game was fairly plentiful, as this enabled us to save our small store of grain-food for emergencies. On the evening of the 22d we camped at the foot of a high gneiss hill, called by Motio Chabba. At the foot of this hill we found a spring of cool and delicious water flowing, and near by sported large herds of zebra, oryx beisa, and grantii. They stood within 100 yards of of our camp, looking with curiosity at us, who prevented them from getting to their accustomed watering-place.

The cry of a zebra much resembles the short, sharp bark of a dog; and when excited, these animals invariably give vent to this cry ere making off at top speed. We always felt uncomfortable at having to shoot a zebra, but when hungry men are to be fed, too nice feelings have to be sacrificed. Zebras are so numerous upon both banks of the Guaso Nyiro, that I feel sure, should a party go there well equipped for the purpose, it might in a few months succeed in capturing a large number of these animals. They seem to be entirely proof against the ill effects of fly-bite; and the plague, which had lately ravaged the country from Lake Rudolph on the north to Kilimanjiro on the south, although it had exterminated vast herds of buffalo, and had even destroyed a large number of antelope, had apparently left the zebra untouched.

The greatest difficulty in connection with beasts of burden in this portion of East Africa is, that they are much too susceptible to the ill effects of the climate and flies. Should zebras be substituted in the stead of the animals at present used, these difficulties would

not be encountered, and travel in this country would thereby be much facilitated. I have heard it stated, that in South Africa zebras have been tamed sufficiently to be harnessed to a coach. If such is the case, I see no reasons why, with proper methods and patience, they could not be broken to become excellent pack animals. I hope the British government, which appears to have at length decided to open up East Africa, will, ere it is too late, and sportsmen have exterminated the zebra, give this matter the attention which it deserves; for I feel convinced that intelligent efforts made with this end in view will be amply repaid. In my opinion, the sum of $5000 would be sufficient for such an experiment. The zebras could be captured, either by building stockades near their drinking-places, into which they could be driven and secured; or, perhaps still better, by horsemen provided with lassos. The zebras in this part of the world are so tame, that I think there would be little difficulty experienced in their capture.

Near Mount Chabba, I saw for the first time what I might correctly term a herd of rhinoceroses. I counted six feeding close together. Usually these animals are met with singly, or at most in pairs; and when two are found together, they are usually a mother and offspring.

At this camp I examined the rifles carried by my men, and found them in a very unsatisfactory condition. I served out a bit of rag and some melted zebra fat to each man, and informed the men that in three hours I would inspect the rifles, and I expected then to find them thoroughly cleaned. The result gives a fair idea of one

phase of the character of the Zanzibari — carelessness. My Soudanese and Somali set to work, and soon had their weapons in very good condition. But at least half of the porters ate the melted fat given them, and threw away the rags, yet were much surprised and pained upon learning my displeasure.

On leaving Chabba the next day, we ascended a small ridge, from which we got a beautiful view of the contour of the northern side of Mount Kenya. Viewed from the north, this mountain presents the appearance of a vast pyramid, whose sides slope gradually to the plain. On the eastern slope, near the apex, the regularity of outline is interrupted by a rounded, knob-like projection. The snow-capped peak gleams white against the blue sky. Extending to a distance of twenty miles from the base on the northern side, there runs a range of hills which form a narrow ridge. This ridge gradually slopes away until it ends in the plain near the Guaso Nyiro. From its supposed resemblance to a queue, in which fashion the Masai warriors wear their hair, these people have called the range Donyo Loldeikan (Queue Mountains).

Motio assured us that between Mount Chabba and the country of the Wamsara we should find a river, which, having its source in the Jombeni range, flowed into the Guaso Nyiro. He told us we should reach this river early in the afternoon; so we carried no water on this march.

In the neighbourhood of Chabba the formation of the soil was gneiss, but a few miles beyond, our way was once more over lava-strewn plains. We marched steadily from seven o'clock in the morning until after sunset, but found no water. I then pitched camp, and

sent men out in search of water. They returned about nine in the evening, with the news that they had found a small hole containing liquid mud in sufficient quantity to suffice for the needs of our caravan. Mohamadi, the headman of the porters, did not reach camp until nine o'clock. The illness of one of the porters on the march had delayed him. This porter seemed to have lost the use of his limbs; he was wofully thin, and, owing to the fact that he had suffered from dysentery, had been unable to subsist upon a meat diet. The meagre rations we were compelled to allow him seemed insufficient for the recovery of his strength.

The following day, within one hour's march from our camp, we found a pool filled with excellent water. Had we known the night before of the existence of this pool, we should have been saved a deal of trouble and worry. We then had three men suffering from dysentery, and Sururu, although his wound was healing nicely, was unable to walk. Two of the sick men rode donkeys, but Sururu and the porter suffering from exhaustion were carried in hammocks. This number of sick greatly retarded our progress, and we made but five miles on that day. At every point of our route Mount Kenya could be seen. The beauty and grandeur of this mountain seemed to grow upon us. From our view-point, the greatest apparent width of the mountain extended from the northwest to the southeast. Its irregular, snow-capped peak seemed to be many miles away. Its sides declined to the northwest in a well-defined ridge, until the mountain at length blended and was lost in the Donyo Loldeikan. In a north-easterly direction from the summit, and about half-way

down the side of the mountain, there was a series of extinct craters and cone-shaped hills, which extended to the plain below.

The northern side of Mount Kenya is very barren-looking, until an altitude of 9000 or 10,000 feet is reached, at which height one may see a narrow belt of forest crossing the northwestern slope, gradually widening until it reaches the southwestern side, which appears to be covered with a dense, forest-like growth.

January 29, at 10 A.M., we arrived at the river promised by Motio the preceding day. At the point where we reached the stream it was a mere brook; but Motio said that another stream, coming from Mount Kenya, flowed into it, and that jointly they made a good addition to the Guaso Nyiro. Rhinoceroses were plentiful here, and we saw further signs of elephant. At noon we reached a dense growth of acacias and other bushes, where we rested for a moment by the side of a deep ditch formed by the rains. Here, with the aid of our glasses, we could see on the slopes of the Jombeni range, about five miles distant, the huts of the Wamsara. The soil is a bright red.

A few hours after we crossed the ditch and resumed the march, the occasional cries of men were heard. At length we emerged from the bush, and entered a beautiful forest glade about thirty acres in extent. In the centre of this glade bubbled a clear mountain spring fringed with reeds, near which an unsuspecting and naked savage was pasturing some cattle. I was riding on my white pony in front of my men, and when I appeared on the edge of the glade, the terrified negro left his cattle and fled. He had

never in his life seen even a horse or a white man separately, and when the two appeared simultaneously, the sight proved too much for his nerves.

In an incredibly short time a large band of fully armed warriors arrived, and endeavoured to persuade me to fall in with their ideas of a suitable camping-place. I waved them off, and pitched my tent under a tall palm tree. Through Motio we told them we wanted food, and were friends. They seemed incredulous, but after much talk we succeeded in purchasing a few potatoes, which Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had cooked, and later ate with avidity. These were the first fresh vegetables we had partaken of since leaving Hameye.

Immediately after my arrival the able-bodied men were set to work, and in less than half an hour the camp was fortified by a strong thorn zeriba. As this work proceeded, the natives eyed us with suspicion; and once or twice several elderly men actually ventured to seize some of the thorn bushes, and break down a portion of the zeriba already made. They sullenly withdrew, upon being told by Motio that the white man objected to their interference. We were one and all rejoiced at having reached people, and the prospect of food in plenty. The countenances of my men soon lost the appearance of fatigue and anxiety they had worn during the previous month, and even the sick and ailing raised their heads, and showed signs of interest in what was going on about them.

It is characteristic of the sick African to give up all hope of recovery; and this, together with the hardships they were forced to undergo while on the march, and the

meagreness of their diet, made it a really difficult matter to restore one of them to health after being taken ill.

On this day we served out the last of our supply of beans and corn. By the use of our rifles, we had been enabled to make the thirty days' supply of food which we had taken with us when leaving Hameye last exactly fifty days. Had we gone unprepared, to take advantage of the presence of game, we should long before have been forced to turn back. For the preceding ten days both Lieutenant von Höhnel and I had suffered all the tortures of indigestion resulting from our coarse diet. With eagerness we questioned Motio as to the products of the country of Wamsara. He said the natives grew two kinds of millet, Indian corn, tobacco, squash, pumpkins, and three varieties of beans. The thought of this variety watered our mouths; and we went to sleep soothed with the thought that on the morrow market would open, and we should revel in the luxury of fresh vegetables.

CHAPTER IX

On August 23, Lieutenant von Höhnel and I, with twenty-five men and six donkeys, went to the top of the Loroghi range, called by the natives Subugo (forest). The Leikipia plateau stretches in a southwesterly direction as far as the eye can see, and is covered with high, waving grass, dotted at intervals with bushes. This place seemed to afford perfect pasturage for cattle, sheep, and goats, and I have no doubt that, at some day, owing to the healthy climate consequent upon its high altitude, it will be used for that purpose by Europeans. Even in the heat of the day the air on the Leikipia plateau is cool, while at night the thermometer falls to forty-three Fahrenheit.

Upon reaching the Leikipia plateau we camped, and the following morning set out for Subugo. In the early hours the forest seemed all but inviting. As we neared it, we saw many indications of the presence of elephants and rhinoceroses; hence we felt confident of laying in a good supply of meat.

At 11 A.M. we reached a place where the forest became interesting in appearance, the trees being for the most part what are termed in this country Morio. This is a tree which very much resembles a holly bush, and from its sap the natives procure

some of their poison. Among other trees growing here, there was an excellent variety of cedar, growing very straight, with trunks sufficiently thick to have planks sawn therefrom.

About noon we heard a rhinoceros charging upwind at us, but it did not reach the caravan. The cover was so thick that we did not see the animal until it was quite upon us. Although this rhinoceros did no damage, the fact that it charged so near us caused Lieutenant von Höhnel to seize his rifle and carry it himself, contrary to his usual custom of entrusting the weapon to his gun-bearer. Five minutes later we came upon fresh elephant tracks; the ground was strewn with small branches, from which the bark had been stripped, and in the soil were many marks of ponderous feet. This discovery added caution to our movements, and we pressed on as rapidly and noiselessly as possible. A few moments passed, when suddenly I heard upon my left the snort of another rhinoceros. I looked sharply in the direction from which the sound came, and saw one of these animals coming through the bush. It was not coming directly at me, but appeared to turn off toward the rear of the caravan, so I did not fire, being loath to disturb the elephants which we knew to be near. Thinking the beast had passed harmlessly, I continued on my way. Soon my attention was arrested by loud shouts from the rear, and fierce barks from Felix and his two puppies. I stopped a moment and looked back, but could see nothing, owing to the thick bush. In an instant, however, I heard the snorts of the rhinoceros coming in my direction. Presently there emerged

from the bush my tent-boy, Sururu, and one of the Wanderobbo guides, their eyes starting out of their heads, while they were running as hard as they could, and endeavoured to dodge behind trees. In a second the rhinoceros dashed past me, but so quick was its rush by and disappearance in the bush that I had not time to shoot it. Irritated by the noise and trouble it caused, as well as its near proximity, I plunged into the bush after it. As I sighted it, standing about twenty feet away under a cedar tree, I heard my name called in loud and anxious tones by Karscho, my gun-bearer. He said: "Turn back, master; Lieutenant von Höhnel is killed." I at once turned back and followed Karscho, who led me to a spot under a tree about fifty yards away, where lay the apparently lifeless body of my friend and companion.

Upon hearing the rhinoceros approach, Lieutenant von Höhnel, who, had he not had his rifle in his hand, would have contented himself by dodging it, faced the rush. He saw it approaching him, and waited before firing until the brute presented a fair mark; but as the animal approached, the men with him became nervous and ran across his line of fire, which prevented him from shooting. Being unable to shoot, on account of the men, and the beast having arrived at close quarters, he attempted to step aside and hide behind a tree; but was unable to do so, for he found this point of vantage already taken by two or three of the men.

Even when he discovered that he was unable to obtain shelter, Lieutenant von Höhnel hesitated to fire, fearing that he would alarm the elephants of which we were in search. He had already had much experience

with rhinoceroses, and being accustomed to their mad rush, was perfectly cool when charged by one. To this coolness and temerity his accident was undoubtedly due. Even when the rhinoceros was upon him, he trusted to his agility, and hoped to leap to one side and avoid the rush of the animal; but he then noticed that the thick bush would prevent such action; so he quickly changed his mind, and decided to fire. In raising his gun to his shoulder, it caught in the branch of a tree, and at that moment the nose of the rhinoc-

IN TROUBLE WITH OUR DONKEYS

eros struck him in the stomach, and bore him to the earth. Having thrown him down, the beast trampled upon him, and struck him once with its nose and once with its horn.

Fortunately the horn was short, but it was long enough to make a ghastly wound in Lieutenant von Höhnel's thigh, and chip off a bit of the thigh-bone. While he was lying under the beast, the men who accompanied him seemed prostrated to such a degree that they were unable to shoot. One man, however, Herella, a Soudanese, who, upon the approach of the rhinoceros, had nimbly climbed a cedar tree, shouted

from the coigne of vantage where he was safely ensconced, "Dereb! Dereb!" (Shoot! Shoot!); but the man to whom he shouted was apparently unwilling to divert the attention of the rhinoceros to himself, and so neglected to take advantage of the opportunity.

Almost as soon as Lieutenant von Höhnel was knocked down, Felix and the two other fox terriers ferociously attacked the rhinoceros, and by their barks and the vigour of their attack finally succeeded in diverting the attention of the animal toward themselves; thereby, without doubt, saving Lieutenant von Höhnel's life. The rhinoceros, by that time thoroughly aroused, having left Lieutenant von Höhnel, charged the men behind the trees; and catching sight of poor Sururu, who had had a prior and painful experience with these animals, thundered in his direction, but he managed to elude it. Fortunately the beast did not succeed in doing further damage; but it is a matter of the deepest regret to me that it escaped with its life, and is now doubtless lying in wait for some other unfortunate traveller.

Upon reaching Lieutenant von Höhnel, I found him still conscious; in fact, he assured me that he was able to walk. In that he was mistaken. We carried him to a soft spot under a tree, stripped him of his clothing, and attended to his wounds as well as our slight means and skill would permit. I told my men to take their cloths and make a hammock. This, for a moment, they actually refused to do. Probably they were yet dazed by the recent occurrence, and thereby deprived of that mite of reason which in their calm moments they possess.

The reader can well imagine my feelings upon realizing the extent of the injuries sustained by Lieutenant von Höhnel. Not only were we hundreds of miles from the coast and a doctor, but most of our store of medicine was at Daitcho, and what we had with us was barely sufficient for a few days' treatment of his wound. My skill in surgery was very meagre; and although Lieutenant von Höhnel (despite the acute pain he was suffering) was able to direct in what manner I should bind and dress the wound, I was overcome with a sense of my impotence, and felt that it was the irony of fate that my friend's life should in great measure depend upon my unskilled treatment of his wound. Of course, nothing remained but to remove Lieutenant von Höhnel as quickly as possible back to Daitcho. I feared the wound would prove fatal, but he bore up so wonderfully, that it seemed well worth trying to get him to the coast.

That night we camped within a stone's throw of where we had camped the preceding night — but under what changed conditions! When we left this spot in the morning, our men had left their camp-fires burning (contrary to orders). Fanned by the breeze, these started a prairie fire, and for thousands of yards around the spot the earth was black and charred. Far across the desert a wall of flames could be seen dancing in the twilight. It was on this charred ground near the Sayer River that we pitched our camp that night. Everything was done to make Lieutenant von Höhnel as comfortable as possible; but with our rude equipment his sufferings were but little allayed by the care and attention we bestowed.

The next day we reached our camp at Sayer. There we were forced to wait several days, as Lieutenant von Höhnel suffered too much from his wound to be moved. During our stay at this place I sent Karscho and some Soudanese daily in search of game, and their skill with the rifle kept us supplied with fresh meat.

My feelings of grief at Lieutenant von Höhnel's accident were accentuated by the fact that I was perfectly aware that from that time the expedition would be unable to profit from his skilled assistance; also, by the further fact, that it would require months to transport him to the coast. Notwithstanding this immense drawback, I decided not to forego my plans of continuing the expedition; and with that purpose in view when we set out from Daitcho, I left six of my men behind in charge of a store of flour and trading-goods. These men received instructions to wait five months, unless otherwise ordered. By the end of that time I hoped to be able to profit by the presence of this food station in that wilderness. A few light showers of rain had fallen, and the Wanderobbo had assured us that in this high country the Guaso Nyiro was apt to rise at very short notice; so we decided to cross it at once, while it was shallow, lest we should be delayed by a rise in the river.

We left our camp on September 1, and reached Daitcho on September 18. Reviewing in my mind this march from Sayer to Daitcho, I can conjure up nothing but a nightmare of continuous horror and anxiety. The anxiety was occasioned by the sufferings of my friend; the horror was caused by the fact that during this entire march, from Sayer until we

reached Daitcho, all the rhinoceroses in East Africa seemed to have clustered about our pathway, and to have religiously devoted all their attentions and energies to charging us as frequently as possible.

On this journey we marched in the following order. In front, at a distance of 100 yards, I with Karscho my gun-bearer cleared the road of these beasts; then came two Soudanese, who were good shots; then the porters. Following these, and bringing up the rear, borne upon the shoulders of four men, lying in a litter, and surrounded by a body-guard of six of the best shots in the caravan, who had orders, in case a rhinoceros charged, never to desert their master, came Lieutenant von Höhnel.

The country over which our path near the Guaso Nyiro lay was close to the stream, and varied in character from small, grassy savannahs covered with tall acacia to vast stretches of thorny bush. For some reason the rhinoceroses had left the plains, and gathered near the banks of the river. From the time we left Sayer until we arrived at Daitcho, I saw more than 100 rhinoceroses. Though not more than twenty-five charged the caravan, the proximity of the others kept my nerves upon a continued stretch. Often, despite my care and watchfulness, I would pass by one of these brutes, which would reserve its charge until the appearance of Lieutenant von Höhnel and his litter. I would be made aware that something had happened by hearing a fusilade of shots, and looking back would see my men throwing down their loads and running in all directions.

One of these charges proved fatal. It was in the

early morning; the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and our path lay through a small opening in the bush, perhaps ten acres in extent. We were in need of meat, and seeing a giraffe in front I fired a shot at it from my Winchester. The report awoke two rhinoceroses taking a morning nap, not fifty feet to the left of the caravan, and in close proximity to the porters. In a moment loud cries of "Faro! Faro!" (Rhinoceros!) were heard; and looking back I saw my men scattering in all directions, but no rhinoceros. Soon from among the mass of my men I saw one of their number shot up into the air to the height of twenty feet, and presently there emerged from the crowd a rhinoceros with horn lowered to the earth. He first viciously charged a large wooden packing-case, which lay in his path; and having smashed that he tossed to one side a tusk of ivory weighing eighty-six pounds. These, however, were but diversions, his latent intent being to overtake two of my fattest porters, who were running, yelling, perspiring, and puffing in front of the infuriated beast. Owing to the massing of my men I was unable to shoot until these two fleeing negroes had passed within a few feet of me, and the rhinoceros was almost upon them. I gave him a shot from my Winchester; it seemed to have no effect but to cause him to make a perceptible gain upon my men. His horn appeared to be within a few inches of them, when a second and more fortunate shot from my rifle broke his fore leg, and brought him to the ground. He fell just three paces from where I stood. Not knowing where I had struck him, and seeing him fall, I thought he was dead; but when I

approached him, he rose on his hind legs, and supported himself with his head, madly snorting all the while. Seeing he could not move, I left him, and ran back to see what had happened in the rear of the caravan. The men in charge of Lieutenant von Höhnel's litter reported that the other rhinoceros had passed within a few feet of them, being diverted from them by one of the porters the rhinoceros had elected to pursue, but luckily did not overtake.

The poor fellow who had been tossed into the air received a hideous wound in the buttocks, and as he lit upon his head when he fell to the earth, the hard soil had broken away his entire scalp. He lived but twenty-six hours after this mishap.

A propos of this man's death, I will relate an incident which shows the weak degree of affection the Zanzibari exhibit even toward near relatives. The wounded man, a Manyema (a cannibal tribe on the Congo), was a slave of Tippoo Tib, and had joined my force at Zanzibar with two of his brothers, also slaves. I naturally concluded that his brothers would take more interest in his welfare than would other porters; so I instructed them to make a hammock, and carry him between them, slung from a pole. After a few hours of this work, they said it was far better to let their brother die than fatigue them with carrying him. They added that it was absolutely God's order that he should die, and they were greatly annoyed by the trouble their brother caused them on the march.

On another occasion, while passing through a very thick bush, a rhinoceros appeared from behind a

large ant-hill, within ten feet of where I stood, and charged directly at me. At the time, I did not have my rifle in my hands, and so I satisfied myself by jumping to one side, and allowing the animal to pass on. He charged straight at the portion of the caravan just behind me. In a moment I had seized my rifle, and sent shot after shot into his receding form. As he neared the porters, they, having heard my shots and being on their guard, received him with a volley from their carbines. This, however, did not turn him; he charged on and on, until finally slain by Lieutenant von Höhnel's body-guard, within ten feet of his litter.

By this time, owing to the frequency and results of these rhinoceros charges, the men were completely demoralized. At the crack of a twig or the cry of a bird they would throw down their loads, and clamber with agility into a bush. On several occasions the porters detailed to bear Lieutenant von Höhnel, allowed his litter to fall to the ground in their eagerness to escape. At night, our camp was filled with murmurs; the men said a "shaitan" (devil) was evidently following the caravan, and would not be appeased, until every one of us had been killed. I could hear them say to one another that the presence of a dying man like Lieutenant von Höhnel in a caravan would certainly incur disaster; it was much better to stop until he died; and then, perhaps, all trouble would cease.

One night we were encamped near the river, and all of us, with the exception of the two Soudanese on guard, were sound asleep. Suddenly from the

opposite bank of the river (at that point wide and shallow) the fierce snort of a rhinoceros was heard, and soon my camp was a scene of the wildest confusion: men, crying to their far-off mothers for help, stumbled over one another in their frantic efforts to get behind or up trees. Although I had my rifle in hand, I was unable to shoot, through fear of winging some of my scampering porters. The rhinoceros did not charge through and at once leave the camp; not he; stamping on one of the camp-fires seemed to amuse him. Having satisfied his curiosity, or whatever else prompted him to pay us this nocturnal visit, he moved on with a snort, and disappeared in the bush.

Not only did the country seem to abound with rhinoceroses, but lions also claimed the place as their habitat. The latter, however, gave us no trouble, much to my disappointment, as I had longed to get a fair shot at one.

On one occasion I saw three very large and beautifully maned lions stalk into a growth of bush about 200 yards from where I stood, but I was unwilling to stop the caravan in order to pursue them. On another occasion we were encamped upon a perfectly bare spot (fifty or sixty acres in extent), and the ground, covered with sulphate of magnesium, gleamed white in the starlight. I was sitting up in a chair one night while at this camp, watching Lieutenant von Höhnel, who at the time seemed very low and suffering a great deal, when I heard one of the Soudanese night-watch fluently blaspheming in Arabic. I shouted to him, and inquired the cause of his strange oaths;

and he replied, "Assad" (Lion). I leaped to my feet and ran toward him, just in time to see a lion cantering off into the darkness. The Soudanese said that for an hour or so he had heard the deep breathing of one of these beasts, but for some time was unable to find the whereabouts of the animal, till at length in the darkness he distinguished the flaring eyes of the lion turned towards him, at a distance of fifty or sixty feet. Not knowing I was awake, nor wishing to disturb the camp, he contented himself with hurling stones and curses at the animal; and these, together with the sound of my voice and feet, as I ran toward the watch, were sufficient to frighten the lion away.

One of the few amusing occurrences which happened to relieve the dreary monotony of the continued nervous strain to which I was during this time subjected, was the following. Early one morning I came upon a fine water-buck standing fifty or sixty yards from the river, and not many more from me. We sighted one another simultaneously, and the animal broke for the neighbouring bush — not, however, before he had received a shot in the hip from my rifle. At once Felix and the two puppies bounded after him in full cry. The bush was so thick that I could not see them, but I could hear their shrill barks, and the cracking of the bush, as the water-buck dashed through it. Presently he came straight at me, his horns lying along his back, and the three dogs at his heels. The sight was so interesting, that I stayed my hand. On he dashed, and plunged into the river, where the dogs followed him. The Guaso Nyiro at that point was

narrow, and in consequence the current was very strong. The antelope crossed to the other bank, and then stood at bay, endeavouring to strike the dogs with his fore feet and horns. He cut two of them slightly, but this in no degree abated their ardour; so, fearing the dogs might get injured, I at length despatched him with a shot in the brain.

It was only in the early morning or late afternoon that the dogs proved of any service in hunting. While the sun was blazing hot, all their energies seemed expended in keeping up with the caravan; and even if a rhinoceros was killed within a few yards of them, they took no interest in the event. But when the air was cool, they were most useful in chasing game of any sort. On one occasion just after sunrise they caught sight of a rhinoceros standing at a distance of 200 yards from our path, and were after him at full speed, barking vigorously, and snapping at his legs. The beast knew not what to do, in order to escape his little tormentors, and so kept turning round and round. At length Felix managed to seize one of his ears, to which he clung tenaciously. The rhinoceros then began a series of rapid revolutions for the purpose of shaking off the dog, but Felix held on like grim death; although at times by the swift motions of the rhinoceros his body was swung at right angles from perpendicular. As the attention of the beast was monopolized by the dogs, I was able to approach as close as I wished, and I despatched him with a shot in the heart. The only animal which filled my dogs with timidity was the lion. If we crossed the track of one of these beasts, the little dogs would

run to me, drooping their tails, and evincing every indication of terror.

Once we had a little adventure with a group of dog-faced baboons. We first heard them barking, and finally came in sight of them, running along for all the world like school children on a holiday. The young ones were playing together, carefully watched by their elders, who preserved the most staid demeanour. Upon catching sight of them, the dogs rushed at the band in a furious manner. The young ones fled, but two or three old gentlemen with bushy whiskers and benignant eyes seated themselves upon their hams, and gazed unruffled at the enemy. The dogs dashed on, but their barks became less determined, and their steps more cautious as they neared, and realized the dignity of the animals they were to attack. These made no sign, but calmly awaited their charge. Having reached a point within fifteen feet of them, the courage of the dogs seemed to ooze rapidly from them. Frightened perhaps by the steady and philosophic stare with which the apes regarded them, they turned tail, and with crestfallen manner retreated to the caravan.

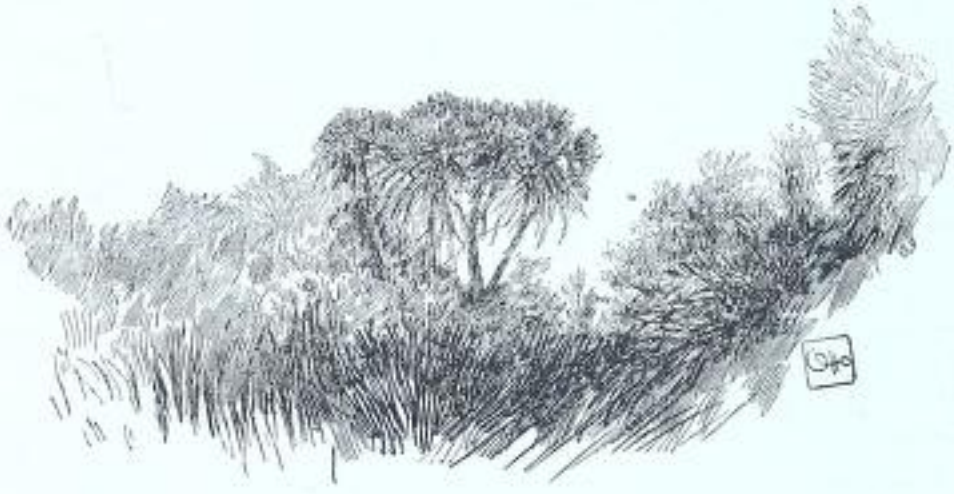
While marching along the Guaso Nyiro River, and at a point near the ford, we fell in with a party of 100 Wanderobbo, who were encamped on the opposite bank. Among them we were pleased to find our old friend, Mayolo. He was fat, healthy, delighted to see us, and a father. His wife had presented him with a bouncing boy, and the presents we had given him permitted him to assume a position of great importance in his village. He said that after he had left Lieu-

tenant von Höhnel at Seran, having no food or water, he wandered five whole days, until at length he fell in with his people. While on his journey, he had found water in holes; but food he had none, with the exception of a few berries which he picked from bushes on the desert.

At this point we rested one day, and there I watched a party of Wanderobbo hunters preparing to set out in search of meat. They had with them two donkeys, one of which they had painted with white stripes, in order to have it resemble a zebra. To the head of the other donkey they had affixed a pair of oryx horns, as a decoy for oryx beisa, in case they fell in with any. Before starting, all the hunters took a dip in the river, and then smeared their wet bodies with mud and sand, in order to give themselves as much as possible the colour of the earth. They must be excellent hunters. I learned from my experiences that the game in that part of the country was very shy, owing to the continued hunting of the Wanderobbo; yet, notwithstanding this shyness of game, they were able to get close enough to an antelope to kill it with one of their small arrows.

We had but one other event before reaching Daitcho of sufficient interest to relate. After marching a long distance, we had camped near one of the small affluents of the Mackenzie River. As darkness had set in before we reached camp, we were unable to build a zeriba of any sort, and for the first half-hour or so all the men were busied gathering wood for fires. Just as the fires were made, and Lieutenant von Höhnel's tent was pitched, two lions began to roar

near the camp; so near that we could easily hear the deep breath they would take after each roar. There was a little moonlight, but not sufficient to disclose their whereabouts. My men were very anxious to procure water from the stream, but seemed loath to set out in quest of it. We waited at least half an hour, but although the lions did not seem to approach any nearer, they continued their magnificent roarings. I think they had just finished



AT THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE MACKENZIE

a hearty meal, and so did not care whether they warned us of their proximity or not. At length, seeing that they were unlikely to leave us that night, I got the men together, and told them to take sticks and beat their water-bottles loudly, as they went to the stream. They demurred, and said they preferred to do without water that night. After a little persuasion they set out, at first in a hesitating manner, all of them beating their water-bottles vigorously, and giving vent to half-hearted yells; but as they advanced, the chorus swelled sufficiently to drown the

roars of the lions. They succeeded in getting their water and returning to camp without mishap. On their return, the cook shouted to them: "Watu wapum bavu! Ugopa nini? [Foolish men! What are you afraid of?] Have you not already had sufficient proof of the white man's medicine? These lions may roar as long as they will, but their feet are tied by the magic of master." As the men had succeeded in getting their water without ill result, they freely assented to the cook's remarks, and shouts of "Mganga!" (Medicine-man!) rang through the camp.

The following day was the 18th of September, and at four in the afternoon we succeeded in reaching Daitcho. It was with a feeling of relief that I caught sight of the Stars and Stripes waving over our camp. Many times during the journey from Sayer I had despaired of the ability of Lieutenant von Höhnel to bear up until we reached Daitcho. During the entire journey his sufferings were very acute, and they had not been lessened in any degree by the rough manner in which we were forced to transport him, nor by the poor quality of food he had been forced to eat. Now, however, that we had reached Daitcho, where we had medicines in plenty, and where he could be nursed with greater care, I hoped for his recovery; and, indeed, I indulged for a few days the pleasing thought that he would recover sufficiently to continue with me on the journey. But this was not to be. Although for the first few days after reaching Daitcho he seemed to quickly recover his strength, a relapse set in, and it was made