



La Voy.

A DROVER'S CAMP IN A QUEENSLAND RIVER-BEND.

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they have finished their simple meal of mutton and damper and tinned jam. This is a "pack-horse camp," since there is no sign of the wagonette so often used in transporting the drover's necessary paraphernalia. The hacks and pack-horses and spare mounts have been turned loose to feed; but one or two will certainly be hobbled and belled that they may easily and quickly

be caught when required. There is no pleasanter job in life than droving in a good season, when the grass is almost girth-deep on the flats and water is plentiful. Then to lie in drowsy abandon in some such camp as this and listen to the "tink-tink-tink" of the horse-bells and contemplate a long journey safely negotiated is the very acme of human delight.

CAMERA EXPERIENCES WITH RHINOCEROS BICORNIS.—I

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IT is common knowledge among sportsmen and keen observers of animal life in East Africa that it is at all times a most speculative matter to foretell the probable course of action the black rhinoceros will pursue on the approach of man at close quarters. He will, under such conditions, undoubtedly prove to be the most erratic of all the representatives of the larger game animals, whether he is met with on the turf-covered plains of the uplands of the Kenya Colony, in bush or scrub country, or in the arid and waterless regions of the Northern Frontier District of the colony. It is certainly a matter of regret to know that he will in all likelihood be the first among the representatives of the great African mammalia to disappear from the face of the earth.

His rather erratic actions at the sight of mankind and his habitually fidgety demeanour under such circumstances are, presumably, chiefly due to his extremely deficient eyesight, which is, moreover, hampered by the presence of the pair of median horns, which, when the head is held in certain attitudes, cause a blurred image of the object he regards. The animal is, besides, awkwardly stupid; his sense of hearing, on the contrary, is acute, and this fact is particularly noticeable and pronounced when the beast is met with in bush country.

He is easily provoked at times when, suddenly disturbed during his siesta or when, very thirsty, he has travelled some distance to a source of water and is unexpectedly startled by the appearance of moving objects in close proximity, while he is intently engaged in quenching his thirst or indulging in a bath.

I have on several occasions heard reports from transport riders in the Northern Frontier District of cases in which their oxen were driven away from the water holes; and on two occasions

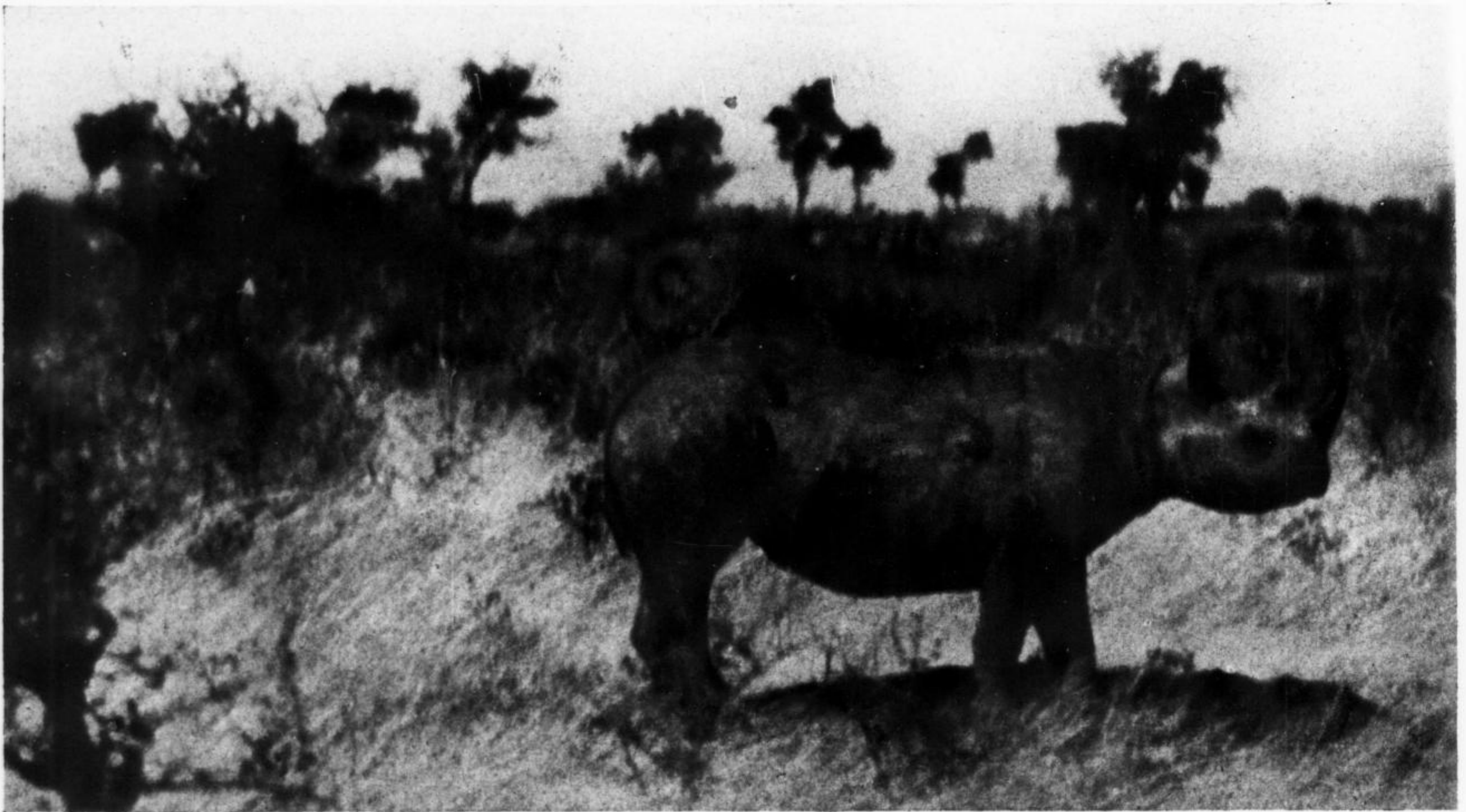
a Dutch transport rider of the K. A. R. had one of his team of oxen gored by a rhinoceros when the animals were being led to water in the evening at a locality called Lasamis, on the track from Archer's Post to Marsabit. I heard reports of similar incidents from the Boran and Somali cattle owners at Abbas Wen and the Lorian concerning the aggressive behaviour of elephants during the very severe droughts when even the water of the Northern Guaso Nyiro fails them.

In the arid regions of the Northern Frontier District I noticed that rhinoceros would travel long distances from their water supply to their feeding ground, which may sometimes be a matter of ten to fifteen miles distant. They often come to drink in broad daylight, and the notion that they only drink in the evenings or at night is incorrect, unless they are frequently disturbed in populated localities. The photograph reproduced here was made just after noon, and my porters had often reported rhino coming to drink at the river side (Northern Guaso Nyiro) between sunrise and sunset.

While we were travelling in the N. F. D. our Boran guide informed us of a locality where rhino frequently came to drink in the heat of the day at some salt-water springs.

The locality possessed one of those typical dry, sandy, river beds, fringed here and there with so-called dome palms. Small hot springs welled up from under the outcrops of foliated rock and furnished crystal clear, but distinctly saline water, which formed a chain of small pools in the rocky parts of the otherwise dry and sandy watercourse.

Arrived at the spot after a hot and thirsty march through the parched thorn-scrub country, we kept a look-out at some distance from the water, and after a few hours of impatience, spied a rhino making its way towards the pools. It trotted for



M. Maxwell. RHINOCEROS BIRDS FLUTTERING ABOUT THE BULKY FLANKS OF THEIR HOST. *Copyright.*

a while along the edge of the distant strip of thorn-scrub and finally made its way direct across the open approaches to the springs, changing its gait to a walk as it neared its destination. It appeared most unwary and showed not the slightest hesitation in its actions. It had evidently travelled some distance and seemed very thirsty for, the moment it reached the first pool, it walked right into the shallow water and lowered its head promptly, drinking steadily for not less than a couple of minutes at a time. It was, fortunately, not accompanied by tick-birds, or otherwise the approach would undoubtedly have been a tedious business and the exposures, in all probability, less satisfactory.

Having made whatever exposures I desired, I withdrew a certain distance without the creature having the slightest suspicion of my presence. It was so intent on quenching its thirst.

Substituting the long-focus lens of my camera for a 5in. Zeis-Tessar, which I intended to use for close and rapid work with set focus, I moved towards my "sitter." I was then

accompanied by my friend Barnes, who carried his rifle in case of emergency.

Creeping up towards the pool and making use of every possible cover in the way of tufts of grass or a small boulder here and there, we reached the bare space round the pool and found our friend rhino lying comfortably in the shallow water. We had barely straightened our backs and moved quietly out into the open at about 30yds. of the beast, when it raised its head with twitching ears and stood up, turning with alacrity in our direction, where we now stood exposed and in full view. In less than a second the animal appeared to be in a gallop towards us, and I meanwhile pressed the release, securing a picture of him in motion bearing down on the intruders, with his ears pricked, but the head not as yet lowered for the attack.

The tearing off of a tab of my film pack was a matter of a second, and, jumping aside with what agility I could muster, I pointed the camera in the direction of the galloping beast, pressing the release of the shutter almost simultaneously. I heard my friend discharge his first barrel. This second exposure



M. Maxwell DRINKING FROM A POOL IN THE ARID REGIONS OF THE NORTHERN FRONTIER DISTRICT OF KENYA COLONY. *Copyright.*



M. Maxwell.

BEARING DOWN ON THE UNWELCOME INTRUDERS.

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IN FULL GALLOP: HEAD LOWERED FOR THE ATTACK.



THE IMPACT OF THE BULLET MADE THE ANIMAL SWERVE.



M. Maxwell.

THE SECOND BALL MADE IT SPIN ROUND AND COLLAPSE ON ITS FORELEGS.

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THE CHARGING RHINOCEROS: A CAMERA RECORD TAKEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

has, fortunately, succeeded, and depicts the infuriated animal in full stride, with lowered head, rushing blindly at his would-be victim, who had managed to escape in the nick of time.

Wrenching another tab off my film pack I pressed the release for a third exposure and was barely in time to depict the creature a moment after it had received the bullet. From Barnes's account later, I discovered that, at the impact of the bullet, the animal slackened its gallop to almost a canter and swerved in his direction. The animal is depicted with lowered head, and was almost upon my companion when I made the exposure and he fired his second barrel. The effect of this second shot was curious, as the animal spun round and sank on his forelegs, as is shown in the fourth photograph.

The incident suggests that the black rhinoceros attacks from sight and rarely from scent, and I have had ample occasion to confirm this belief in the course of my experiences with this species of rhinoceros.

Like almost all animals, the rhinoceros prefers to take itself off on winding a human being, and particularly so when it scents a white man, unless, of course, it is persistently prevented from satisfying its natural wants, such as food and water, or its access to a water pool prevented by the constant presence of cattle and herdsmen in drought-stricken areas. It is well known that a cow-rhino with calf is at all times likely to be vicious, as she shows a great affection for her young offspring, and frequently

thorny scrub is typical of the "Nyika" of the Northern Frontier regions of the Kenya Colony.

In Muybridge's admirable work on "Animals in Motion," he mentions that "It is very desirable that some African traveller should succeed in obtaining photographs of the rhinoceros under full speed, as, like the hippopotamus, it will perhaps in a few more years be exterminated. A single lateral exposure will, under favourable conditions, be quite sufficient to determine the character of the movement."

The illustrations which are here given of the attacking rhinoceros give, by comparison with Muybridge's series of photographs of the galloping horse, the nature of the actions of this old-world beast—he was certainly travelling at full speed. No. 12 of his Series 50 gives the identical phase in the stride, with, apparently, identical foot impacts. The short, stumpy forelegs of the rhinoceros remain, during the animal's gallop, almost straight at the knees, and not as they are often fantastically represented in pictures.

I have often had the opportunity of observing the rhino's gallop, and found its actions similar to those of a horse with regard to the foot-falls. That is what Muybridge terms the "transverse gallop." It should be made quite clear, however, that the observations of the writer are all concerned with the black, or prehensile-lipped, rhinoceros of East Africa (*rhinoceros bicornis*) and have not extended to the so-called square-lipped,



M. Maxwell.

WITH LOWERED HEAD THE RHINOCEROS RUSHED AT THE MAN WITH THE GUN.

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to such an extent that even the hapless male parent is not permitted to come too close to her small young without incurring the anger of the cow.

Stalking and photographing the rhinoceros as it occurs in the grass-covered, shadeless, undulating plains of the uplands of the Kenya Colony may hardly be called a difficult matter, as the animal is so very easy of approach under the conditions. It is, however, different in bush or scrub country, when the creature is at all times much more alert and wary in its movements. Generally, the sudden twitter of a few alarmed rhinoceros birds is heard in close proximity, and one may then expect the instant snort of their host, emerging suddenly from among the brushwood or scrub with elevated head, ears pricked and horns stuck aggressively in the air above the massive head to investigate what all the commotion is about.

A more embarrassing encounter, in the absence of tick-birds, is, perhaps, the unexpected crashing in the bush, followed by the instant appearance in close proximity of a rhino blundering past one in full gallop to the accompaniment of snorts.

A specimen, of which I obtained a picture in movement in the direction of the camera, offering an excellent frontal view, with its partly lowered head, had apparently been standing for quite a while, motionless, beside a scrub, and remained alert, listening intently, until it was discomfited and flurried by our close proximity, when it considered an immediate attack as the best means of warding off a possible danger. The surroundings give one, to some extent, an idea of the arid, lava-rock-strewn locality in which they may occur, with here and there a "kopje" bare and desolate. The dry brushwood and parched,

or white, rhinoceros of the Lado (*rhinoceros simus*). The latter is, however, from all accounts, a much larger and less active beast than the black species of East Africa.

Considering the vast bulk of even the black rhinoceros, it is astounding how active the beast may show itself in case of need, and, driven to its utmost speed, it can gallop at the rate of over twenty miles an hour once it is in full stride. It takes him little time to get into full stride, and it is then astonishing how spontaneously the animal can swerve at the impact of a bullet against its body.

It is curious to note from the photographs how thin the animal's legs appear in a lateral view of the limbs and compared to the large bulk of the body. The length of the thigh to the animal's hock has no doubt much to do with its capacity for rapid motion without the appearance of unwieldiness and excessive bulk.

The long front horn of the rhinoceros, which consists of a mass of closely packed fibres growing from the skin and resting with its slightly hollow base on a shallow prominence of the massive skull, is a formidable arm of offence. The head of the beast, which is supported by the powerful muscular neck, upon the vast bulk of the animal's body can, when needed, at times be lowered for the attack until the animal's nose nearly touches the ground, and the astonishing speed of the animal, considering its bulk and weight, adds immensely to the momentum with which the horn can be driven into the body of its antagonist. The following account illustrates to a certain extent the power with which this formidable means of aggression can be wielded when the rhinoceros is so minded.

In the country between the Amala and Mogor Rivers we were, one day, following the track of what appeared to be a very large rhino. The Ndorobo tracker led us finally into a strip of dense bush, which extended over a few hundred acres along the tortuous course of a partly dry rivulet bed, now a chain of pools that served as drinking places for the numerous herds of antelope inhabiting the adjacent undulating grass plains.

Cautious stalking brought us up close to our quarry, from its general attitude and the nervously twitching ears, appearing to stand on the alert. There can be no doubt that the hearing of these beasts, once they stand on the alert in thick cover, is most acute. Obtaining a momentary glimpse of the large base of the front horn, I was satisfied that this was the owner of the large foot-prints we had followed, and secured the beast with a shot behind the shoulder, which I much regretted afterwards, seeing that it was an old cow-rhino. The mistake in sex in the particular case may have been excusable, for the female African rhinoceros has almost invariably a much thinner horn than the male, though it may occasionally be longer than that of the male, while the base is generally proportionately smaller in circumference; this was not the case in this particular instance. She was, moreover, accompanied by a calf, no doubt, when I fired,

standing close by and effectively concealed among the tangle of vines and creeper-like stems of the dense bush. A second or two afterwards the young one showed itself beside the body of its parent. I had moved a few steps towards my quarry when I was suddenly startled by a terrific crashing through his bush, and the male rhinoceros, which must have been browsing some distance apart from his mate and standing motionless and alert after the report of the rifle, appeared on the scene at a frantic gallop, giving me barely time to retreat a few paces and watch further developments. Standing quite still for a second or so beside the carcass of his mate, he lowered his massive head and prodded at the dead cow with a resounding thud. This was repeated several times with increasing vigour, until frenzy overcame the desperate beast and, retreating a pace or two, he charged the carcass wildly, rolling the heavy body over, and stepping over it by dint of the tremendous momentum of his rush. In the meanwhile, the orphaned calf, realising the frenzy of its male parent, had made itself scarce. This incident will give one an idea of the strength the rhinoceros can display when thoroughly roused and irritated to frenzy. The weight of the carcass of the cow must have been well over a ton, and it is worth recording that the skin was dented, but not pierced, in spite of the terrific blows to which it had been subjected.

M. MAXWELL.

MIGHTY VOICES

THE voice of running water is one of the most wonderful sounds in the world. It has as many varieties of tone and power as the greatest orchestra; I would almost claim for it as many shades of expression. We may not know the score or guess the Conductor's purpose—after all, the waters are only some of the mighty voices of the whole creation—but the music is plain to hear. In the waterfalls, whether it chuckles in a gay *pizzicato* in some brook or chants the Magnificat of the little rivers or thunders in some gigantic torrent, the music is clear to the ear. There are many waterfalls, many singing louder or more softly, according to the season, some which sing only after rainy months or when the snows melt towards summer, and just in all the world a few which justify Byron's description:

The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss.

Niagara Falls, by some trick of popular appreciation, are the instance which comes readily to mind with most people, and

there is a popular impression that they, to add to their wonder, are, as well, the highest in the world. As a matter of fact, the Gersoppa Falls in the Western Ghats of South India are, speaking roughly, three times their height, and surpass also the famous Sutherland Falls in New Zealand, the great falls of Kaietur in British Guiana and the famous Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River. They are on the Sharavati River in the North Kanava district of Bombay, and occur at a point about twenty miles from the river's mouth, where it plunges into a narrow gorge on its way to the Indian Ocean.

The cliff over which the Gersoppa or Jog Falls leap is 830ft. high. When there is only a moderate amount of water in the river it is broken into four distinct falls, and the largest, called the Rajah, has an unbroken drop of over 500ft. before it touches a rock. Straight from an overhanging ledge it leaps into the chasm in what may be called a gigantic spout, so far from the precipice behind it that the sun shines in between and the shadow of the water may be seen on the rock at some distance to the side of the fall. The pool beneath it is 132ft. deep.



R. H. Martin. "IT HATH A THOUSAND TONGUES OF MIRTH, OF GRANDEUR, OR DELIGHT."

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