

Роточки, 1899.

Sport in Somaliland

the zariba. He declared that two lions had worked around the zariba; but after he had a shot at one, the other did not again approach. All the following day he tracked the second lion, which was very likely the mate of the one killed. Thanks to the open country, he overtook him on the trail. Five times did the mounted Somalis head back the lion in bushes, but each time he escaped into such dense cover as to afford no chance for a shot. In addition to this, a disorderly horde of Ogaden joined the retinue of my companion, and with the appearance of assistance completely spoiled the chase, each time halting at the spot where the lion lay hidden, and either frightening him off by needless outcries or hindering a proper aim.

January 23rd.

Having left Gembesi four days ago with a detachment of the caravan and a supply of provisions and water, we removed to the depth of the jungle, which forms the favourite resort of rhinos and elephants.

Pitching camp right in the haunts of wild game much facilitates hunting, as no time is lost in long marches to and from the camp. We are surrounded by a boundless expanse of virgin forest, hitherto untrodden by the foot of a European sportsman. At a short distance from the tent numerous tracks of rhinoceroses cross one another in the red sand, while the presence of elephants is indicated by the broken trunks and branches of milk-trees.

Our camp, small in comparison with the ordinary train, is disposed in a little opening surrounded by a ring of dark jungle. Cattle never come here, the natives avoiding difficult places, and there is not a settlement for ten miles around; the pachyderms alone lord it here, being, in fact, the undisputed masters of the situation.

The first day passed without any special event. Upon following the fresh tracks of rhino in the evening, I came up with one which rushed into such dense cover that I lost sight of it.

Next morning I set out again at dawn for a whole day in the jungle. Finding the fresh trail of a rhinoceros directly after sunrise, I followed it continuously, with the exception of a short siesta, till three o'clock in the afternoon. Osman, who was in front, then came to me, and pointing to the sun, which was declining westward, asked if it was not time to return. I answered that we would search half an hour longer, and then go back to camp. Scarcely had I ceased speaking, when I saw an immense rhino in front of me just disappearing into the tall grass and bushes. Before I could seize the rifle from Osman's hands, cock it, and pull the trigger, half of the beast had vanished in the thicket behind the trees. I fired twice; the rhino rushed on with great strides, another appeared behind him, and I saw them no more. Apparently the bullets struck the trunks of the trees which hid the creatures from me, as I found no drops of blood. Somewhat dejected

in spirits, I returned to camp, where my companions had also come back empty-handed, having seen no game whatever.

There are a certain number of rhinoceroses here, but considering the large area over which these animals move, they are not really numerous. To track them on ground which is often as hard as a rock, and frequently stony, much time, toil, and, above all, patience are necessary. Frequently old and new tracks cross one another, approach, and then diverge: the jungle is very dense, and permeated by tunnels, along which walking is wearisome: so that the work of the tracker is extremely difficult.

My shikari, Osman, excels in this kind of hunting, never becoming excited, and never running off in the wrong direction. Frequently he stops and stands a quarter of an hour in one spot, examining the tracks, the most minute details of the ground, the direction of the wind, and looking carefully at the whole place before he proceeds further.

In these parts of Somaliland, in thick forest, this is indeed the most difficult kind of hunting with which I am acquainted, and it is perhaps also the most wearying, since the best time to track rhinos is during the midday heat, when they rest in the shade, and permit themselves to be most easily approached. Throughout the night and a portion of the morning they wander about in quest of the scant food which the jungle at this season affords. And not till about ten o'clock do they lie down to sleep in the shade of some tall bush or milk-tree, where they remain till evening. The natives assert that these animals can exist for weeks, or even months, without water, by feeding on the fleshy leaves of a huge cactus which grows abundantly in the jungle and contains much moisture.

While tracking, one must be ready to fire at any moment, as the animal may be overtaken after a few steps' pursuit, or not till after a whole day's tramping; this depends to some extent on luck, or, rather, on the place where the trail is taken up.

The day before yesterday fortune at length rewarded our perseverance; I had started on a fresh trail at dawn, and came up with the quarry after two hours' pursuit. Osman first heard a hoarse grunting in the thicket before us, and I had only just time to prepare, and look carefully through the brushwood, when I saw a rhino standing forty paces away, with its head raised as if sniffing danger. I aimed quickly at its ear and fired. Immediately a second rhino, which I had not previously noticed, rushed away, while the one at which I fired fell with a crash where it stood, lying, with a bullet-hole behind its ear, like some antediluvian monster. It is indeed difficult to imagine anything less in accord with æsthetic form, or bulkier and less shapely than a rhinoceros; and this character makes it seem the relic of a past epoch of creation, and thus gives it the distinction of a peculiar and splendid sporting trophy.

The rhinoceros of Somaliland (*Rhinoceros bicornis somaliensis*) has two frontal horns, and is exactly like his Central African relative, but differs notably from the great rhinoceros of India, which has but a single horn. It is a peculiarity of the horn of

a rhino that it grows not from the bone but from the skin, whence arose the legend that its owner is able to move it at pleasure. The first rhinoceros shot in Somaliland was killed by Major Swayne in 1892, when it was recognised as a variety distinct from the Central African form.

My companions, unfortunately, had no luck during the day, having followed fresh tracks for hours without being able to overtake the animal of which they were in pursuit.

The fourth and last day of our stay in this haunt of pachyderms afforded us a living trophy such as I had never hoped to possess. I had gone out early as usual, and taken up the fresh trail of a large rhino, not far from the carcase of the one killed yesterday. The beast, as if by design, always chose rocky ground, and trotted along in endless zigzags through the densest thickets. Midday passed, when we took only a very short rest, and refreshed ourselves by a draught of water, after which Osman resumed the trail. About three o'clock we came to a place, in the shade of a mimosa, where there were evident signs that a young rhinoceros had but very recently made its appearance in the world. This indicated that the mother could not be far away; and we soon heard the characteristic snorts which accompany the breathing of these animals. A few steps before us stood a tree with its branches bending towards the earth, and long grass and bushes around, and here the rhino had halted. Osman rather divined than saw the beast, and tried to persuade me in a whisper to fire; but as I could not see the rhino, I would not risk a shot. Meanwhile, something under the tree moved. I saw a grey shadow in the dark thicket, and yielding to the eager persuasion of Osman, who was growing immensely excited, I fired without knowing at what part of the body of the creature I aimed. After the shot came a terrible crashing, and the rhino rushed past me in the bush. I fired a second time; silence followed, broken only by the squealing of the little one left at the tree by its mother. The poor little thing squealed indeed piteously, pushed close up to my feet and nosed my hand, not being yet capable of distinguishing objects. When we advanced a couple of steps it began to follow, pushing with its ill-formed head the man in advance, as if mistaking him for its mother. In spite of the long return march to the camp, the baby rhino kept up continuously and reached the tents with us. The sight of a sportsman returning from the jungle with a living rhinoceros following behind may be reckoned as unique among sporting pictures. The little rhino at once became a favourite of our men; and I charged Ferek to take special care of it.

Grudzinski reported an exciting encounter to-day with a rhino. They found it standing in a thicket, and the moment the shikari in advance saw the beast it charged directly at them. They had barely time to step aside, and when Grudzinski was ready to fire, the rhinoceros had vanished into the brushwood. Although an unwounded rhinoceros rarely does so, a wounded one will often charge. Standing motionless in the bush, it listens till it discovers from which direction steps are approaching, and

then rushes straight forwards. Unable to turn easily, a rhino changes its direction with difficulty, and one can therefore step aside with comparative ease, unless prevented by the thickness of the jungle, or by failure of presence of mind. Presence of mind and coolness are indeed often most essential in encounters with rhinos. Even an accurate shot does not always save the situation in such cases, for a very lucky bullet is needed to stop a rhino on the spot. These animals invariably charge with lowered head, and horns thrust forward, so as to cover the front of the skull and the whole anterior part of the body. In general the beast is not by itself so dangerous as are the conditions in which it is met with. It is, for instance, generally found in thorny thickets, in which frequently one cannot move a step, while the loss of coolness in the moment of attack may cause the sportsman to fall straight beneath the feet of the animal, instead of stepping quietly aside.

On returning to camp we found news, brought by men from Gembesi, where the main part of our caravan was left, that during the night a number of lions had been heard at the pool, and also that the elephants had changed their drinking-place, and had quenched their thirst last night at the pool close to our camping-ground. Alikhar at once hurried off to Gembesi to learn more about the elephants, and to arrange the building of a zariba for a night watch.

January 24th.

We left our temporary camp this morning with the intention of returning to Gembesi, when, advancing in front of the caravan, we were startled by the loud roar of two lions evidently at the place where the rhinoceros killed yesterday was lying. Vultures were perched on the neighbouring trees, suddenly disturbed at the feast, and not daring to approach it again, thus affording the best proof that a lion was making a meal on the flesh of the rhino. In Somaliland it is said that lions observe vultures and follow their flight, since, being devoid of the power of scent themselves, they cannot discover carcases unless by chance. Be this as it may, it is really wonderful how promptly vultures and eagles collect round all game killed in the jungle. A while before it would have seemed there was not one on the horizon, a few minutes later and they are present in crowds. A few circle round very high in the air, then more of them gather, gradually they come down, and finally light round the slain animal on the earth or on trees, waiting till the spectator withdraws.

With rifles cocked we approached the carcase cautiously; but finding no



lions, we could only suppose that they had heard our footsteps, and retired in the jungle. I decided to make a zariba at once near the rhino, remain all day cool in the jungle, and, taking advantage of the luck which had befallen me, the night watching. Sending on my companions with the caravan to Gembezi, I remained alone in the dark forest with my two shikaris, occupied in making the zariba; after which, disposing myself comfortably in the shade of a milk tree, I enjoyed a pleasant rest, after five days of weary tramping among the rhinoceroses. Before evening a meal was brought from the camp, and I found that two zaribas had been built at a short distance from the pool at Gembezi for night use by my companions.

About sunset I established myself in the zariba erected near the putrid body of the rhinoceros, which now gave out a stench that even a cat-wad stuffed in the nose could not neutralise.

In this unpleasant situation I spent two nights, but, putting aside the disadvantages of watching near a putrid carcase, I must confess that in those two nights, though I did not kill a lion, nor even see one, the experience furnished many interesting experiences. It is, however, difficult, if not impossible, to give an adequate account or sketch of such experiences, and the thousands of minute and curious details which in their totality constitute the drama of an African night—a night illuminated by the silvery light of the moon, and passed in the neighbourhood of the biggest game on which virgin nature around, amid the depth of the loneliest wilderness man must see all this himself, must feel and pass through it, in order to realise its effect on the emotions. Barely has the sun set when millions of flies buzzing over the carcase disappear somewhere in the thicket, and the shades of night embrace the expanse of earth and sky. Soon hyænas appear and begin their battle round the prey; now one springs on the body, now he snatches off a piece of flesh, and carries it off to the thicket. Having scraped the carcase clean, he returns; more and more of the brutes congregate, and push against the wall of the zariba till a shiver goes through the watcher, while the hideous cries, now like a wailing groan, now like a sneering laugh, echo through the night stillness and strengthen the feeling of involuntary terror which can with difficulty be shaken off. The revels of the carrion-eating hyæna last till his more terrible rival, the leopard, appears. First heard from a distance, one can soon perceive him push cautiously through the thicket; some deep, broken roars, and he is on the carcase with a bound, and at once sets to work to devour it. The hyænas forthwith withdraw a few paces, looking greedily with their green eyes on the luscious food, but dare not approach nearer. Meanwhile the leopard shows signs of alarm; he stops devouring

MY FIRST LEOPARD.

looks round with suspicion into the dark depths of the jungle, anon seems to hasten with his meal, as if striving to satisfy his hunger in the shortest space of time. Suddenly, from afar is heard a deep sigh, followed by a prolonged roar, indicating the arrival of the king of the desert. At times a heavy body is heard breaking the branches, accompanied by a groaning and snorting, as some monster advances in the bush; and we know a rhinoceros is on the move, seeking its food in the jungle.

And so hours pass amid nerve-straining emotion, sleep deserts the watcher, the ear strives to listen to the strange voices of nature, and the eye endeavours to pierce the dark curtain of the mysterious jungle. Imperceptibly the stars begin to pale, the rosy light announces the birth of another day, and it is time to leave the zariba. But there remains in the mind of the hunter the memory of that marvellous tropical night passed amid the weird African wilderness.

The first night a leopard appeared about ten o'clock, but from afar were heard sounds of a lion, which was pacing round the zariba continually. I did not fire, lest I might frighten the larger animal; but when midnight had passed, and there was still no sign of the lion, while the leopard came back to the carrion repeatedly, I shot him dead. Hastening back with this handsome trophy to the camp, which was three hours distant, I found Zamoyiski excited by the unusual sight he had witnessed during the night at his station. A herd of eight elephants came to drink, and at forty yards from my companion went to the pool, where they passed some time, giving the sportsman a chance to observe their movements and curious evolutions in the water. He did not fire, both on account of being uncertain of his aim, and owing to the shikaris imploring him not to do so; Somalis, who are dreadfully frightened of elephants, believing that at night these animals always charge in the direction of the shot, when they might crush down the zariba.

The elephants were doubtless the same we had followed the week before, and had merely changed their watering-place, and had not moved out of the district. As it is too late to track them to-day, we defer this to the visit they are certain to make shortly.

Watching the next night by the rhinoceros, I experienced much the same sensations as on the first occasion, with this difference, among others, that the stench from the carcase was so terrible that I was barely able to sit out the time. To increase the attraction the ass was likewise tethered at the loophole; but she pulled, tugged, scratched, and kicked so vigorously that the zariba was in danger of collapsing. This, however, made no impression on the hyænas, which came to the feast early, as usual. Later on came a leopard, which did not attack the terrified ass, but merely showed his teeth from time to time, and was eventually shot. I did not indeed wait for the lion which I heard pacing round the zariba about midnight, but either from satiety or from fear did not deign to come near. During the night a rhino, with a noise like a steam engine, rushed

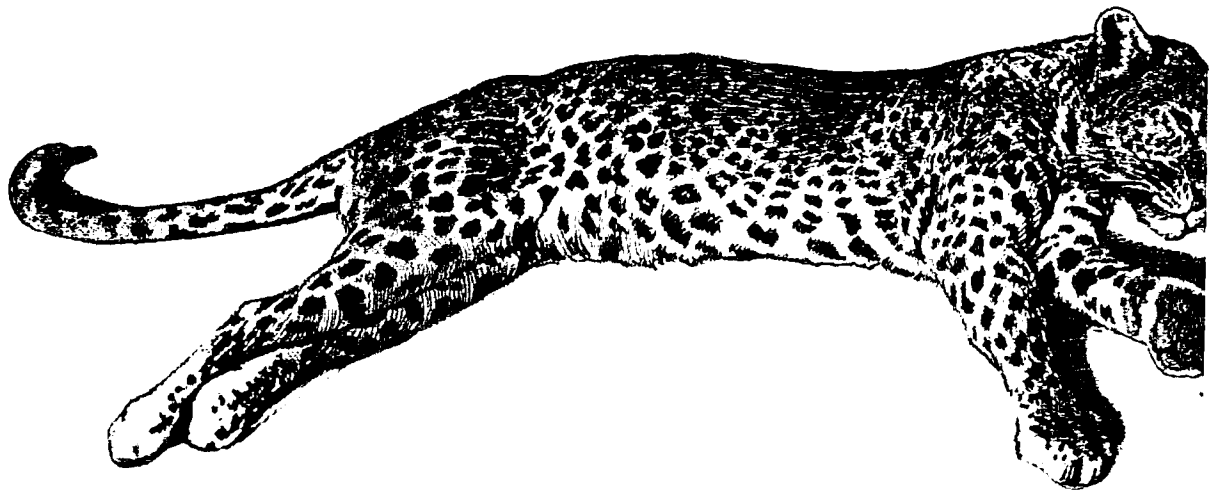
part the zariba, being clearly visible against the dark background of the thicket in the pale moonlight. I changed the leaden bullet for a steel one, and was just aiming when the ass struck the barrel with her tail and spoiled the shot. Returning to Gembesi with the skin of the second leopard which was unusually fine and beautifully marked, I found interesting news awaiting me.

Grulziuski had missed during the night a leopard, while Zamoyiski saw from his zariba a lion approach the ass, whom he charged twice, but meeting with a determined resistance on the part of the valiant creature, withdrew from the bait, suspecting, it may be, a trap. Zamoyiski, though he saw the lion clearly, did not fire, following the rule of waiting till the lion should kill and begin to eat the tethered ass.

Although such cowardice in the monarch of beasts may seem surprising, I think it decidedly a proof of caution on his part, that he rather pretended than attempted attack, and finding people in the zariba gave up his intention and quickly withdrew.

At the pool near our camp there has been much movement and noise since morning, a party of the Ogadens, somewhere from the interior of the Haud, having arrived with hundreds of camels and cattle and pitched their camp near the water. The uproar, dust, and the vicinity of the crowds of cattle recall the days spent at Darror. Before evening still more natives assembled. We tried to preserve our pool from the camels, but the pressure was too great, and the Ogadens advanced to the water with their cattle so determinedly that Alikhar, unwilling to bring matters to a crisis, was forced to yield up the watering-place. Owing to the new influx, the stock of water decreases so rapidly in the course of two days that there will soon be none left, when we shall be forced to leave Gembesi.

From the western frontier, scores of miles distant, vague news has come of fighting between the Abyssinians and Italians, and that the white men have suffered defeat after



ZAMOYNSKI'S LEOPARD.

advisable, as it extends the limits of each hunting resort, and enables the members of a party without loss of time to hunt simultaneously in a number of places, while it also increases for each the chance of obtaining trophies. Moreover, one does not get in the way of the other, so that every advantage in a given region is made use of.

Zamoyski, as I have stated, remained in Hodayu, where fresh lion tracks seen daily encourage him to further attempts. Alikhar does his best, building zaribas in various places, and even turning out a number of donkeys and camels into the jungle to aid in attracting the game. The only trouble is water, the supply of which is rapidly diminishing in the holes which have been dug, and there is the continual fear that through lack of water we shall be forced to leave the neighbourhood.

Meanwhile Grudzinski and myself are arranging to set out each in a direction by himself, and the day passed in repacking our things and preparing supplies with six days' provisions for each.

February 6th.

Grudzinski started yesterday evening, while I moved off at dawn to-day, after taking farewell of Zamoyski, who had just returned from his zariba. I started on the road to Summanyeh, taking only five camels, one of which carried water, while a second is laden with a tent, and the rest with my own provisions and a supply of food for the men.

The road, or rather the narrow track, winds in a southerly direction in the midst of a low jungle, unattractive and monotonous, in which only flocks of guinea-fowl enliven the unvarying landscape. About an hour from Hodayu we crossed the fresh trail of a rhino, and wishing to give the chance of a shot to Zamoyski, who up to the present has not met a rhino, I sent a messenger to him with an intimation to take up the trail. Before midday we were at the goal of our march, on the bank of a dry pool, in which holes dug with the hands contained the remnant of some dark brown fetid water, which was to satisfy our needs for some days to come. The place is called Summanyeh.

My tent is pitched near the margin of a pool in the shade of an acacia, and, as our camp is not large, while the situation is desolate and silent, a feeling of abject loneliness seizes, but does not alarm me, the charm of infinite nature enchanting me with new scenes and experiences.

Having sent men out to scout in the jungle, I have not left the camp to-day while awaiting their return.

On the following day, going out at dawn, I returned just before sunset, after having wandered eleven hours through the jungle, following uselessly the tracks of a rhinoceros. I came only on a drove of wart-hogs, from which I killed two, namely an old sow and a yearling. I again had trouble with the tusks, which I had not only to cut out myself,

but also to carry all day, as no Somali would touch them on any account. Of other game, I saw a fine beisa and a multitude of the small dik-dik antelopes. My shikaris also saw a greater kudu in the thicket, but the wary animal vanished before I had a chance of seeing it. Returning to camp, I found tidings of the fresh tracks of two lions, evidently made last night, near the pool. A zariba was accordingly built 100 yards from the tent, in which I sat up at night, with an ass tied for bait near the loophole, but saw nothing. Again I followed rhinoceros all day, but saw no special game. In spite of disappointments, toil, and weariness, I confess to enjoying these wanderings through the jungle; the continual expectation of meeting big game the next moment sustaining one, while a thousand new details regarding the fauna and flora add a rare charm to these lonely tramps in the wilderness. At the camp I found a messenger from Hodayu with a letter from Zamoyiski containing the good news that he had succeeded in bagging the rhinoceros of which I had informed him yesterday. The same night he also killed a leopard at the live bait.

Hunting is called *achota* (keenness) in Russian, and there is in that language a proverb declaring that "hunting is more painful than captivity." According to us, that word is a condition absolutely essential in hunting, for if there is a lack of true and genuine keenness hunting may become really worse than confinement. I repeat this sentiment every morning to myself, when leaving the zariba tired, stiff, and aching, after the hard bed on the bare earth, or the seat of an uncomfortable chair, and vexed that my campaign against the lions has not hitherto succeeded. This night annoyed me especially; I heard a lion from midnight to dawn, who walked grunting, sniffing, and moaning round the zariba, till I thought every moment that he would spring on the hapless ass. So closely did he approach the camp that the night-watch saw him, and the camels bolted, but he never once deigned to draw near the bait. Towards morning he disappeared into the brushwood.

Such a night, when the lion is close at hand and expected every moment, is specially wearisome, sleep being out of the question, while one scarcely dares to breathe lest one should frighten the beast. Still, in spite of all efforts to remain motionless, it is not in one's power to continue all night like a statue; and one moves in spite of oneself, sighs more deeply, or utters a cough that in the stillness of night is sufficient to scare away the nocturnal visitor.

When I returned from the zariba I sent scouts to follow some fresh tracks, and after a while a Somali came in with the news that he had seen, at half an hour's distance, a rhino quietly feeding. We took up the fresh trail immediately, and in half an hour overtook the beast, which had in the meanwhile travelled some distance. Osman first saw it, and pointed it out to me lying in the grass; it was turned to us directly, so that in the tall growth only the top of the head and the horn were visible. The creature was sleeping soundly, and suspecting no danger. Seeing only the head, and that at ten



ZAMOYSKI'S RHINOCEROS.

paces' distance, I confess that I hesitated a moment whether to shoot in that position, or try to approach from the other side. The thicket behind me stopped the road for retreat, hence it was likely that, if I did not disable the rhinoceros immediately, I might the next moment find myself under his horn and feet. But hesitation did not last long; I aimed at his head and fired, there was a crash in the brushwood, and the beast sprang up and rushed towards me. Mechanically I raised the second hammer, and aiming behind the shoulder, hit the shapeless mass rushing towards me. Immediately it tumbled over close to my feet, struck in the spine by a lucky bullet, which broke the backbone and stopped the charge. When a man's life depends on a single bullet, as in cases like this, we realise the value of the best weapons properly loaded, and how needful it is to have a proper outfit in this respect. No "303" express, or Mannlicher, even though loaded with dynamite, would be no substitute in the case described above for a heavy rifle with a large steel-tipped bullet, and eight drams of powder. It was absolutely indispensable to bring the beast down on the spot, and this the heavy charge effected. The rhino was a male of medium dimensions, his horn not being large. On examining

the wounds, it appeared that the first bullet fired straight at the sleeping beast had merely glanced along the skull superficially, without injuring the bone; the animal was therefore perfectly sound, and only somewhat stunned before it rushed from the place where it had been lying. Thanks to this check, I had time to raise the second hammer and fire again before it was too late.

In this place, where I had sought vainly for two whole days to find a fresh trail, I now stumbled, after killing one rhino, on the track of another. Leaving one of my men with the dead animal, I pushed after the second one with Osman. After three hours' pottering about in the dark jungle, we came upon the object of our search quietly slumbering under an acacia, whose branches drooped to the ground so as to form a complete parasol. This time the rhinoceros heard us first, and, springing up, looked out, and, as if undecided in what direction to flee, began to emerge rather slowly from its hiding-place. I fired quickly both barrels at thirty yards. After the shot the beast turned round, hesitated, swept the surroundings with its eyes, but not seeing us in the concealment of the thicket, rushed, panting heavily, to open ground. I had the opportunity to load and fire three times more at its side before it dropped dead with four balls in its body, two of which were mortal; these latter having struck from opposite sides in the chest, one behind and the other low down in the shoulder. Notwithstanding the force of its impetus, a rifle bullet does not pass completely through the immense body of a rhinoceros, but remains usually under the skin on the side opposite that which it enters. The slain animal was a male of colossal proportions, with a horn 18 inches in length; and the men said that they had not seen such an enormous rhinoceros for a very long while.

Looking at the prostrate brute, with his monstrous head and uncouth form, it was difficult to believe that thousands of years ago similar giants inhabited Europe from France to the Ural mountains, as is shown by many bones, and even entire skeletons, found in modern times here and there in the Siberian rivers and in the northern parts of Europe. This antediluvian woolly rhinoceros (*R. antiquitatis*) was a common animal in the provinces of ancient Poland, and the complete skulls of this pachyderm found in Galicia and preserved in the Dzieduszycki Museum in Lemberg are proofs beyond question that in bygone days this animal inhabited our woods and forests.* It was more nearly allied to the South African Burchell's rhinoceros (*R. simus*) than to the present species.

As I have noted above, English naturalists have recognised the rhinoceros of Somaliland as being a different variety from the typical common rhinoceros found in Central and South Africa. Brehm, in his monumental work *Thierleben*, does not

* In the Dzieduszycki Museum in Lemberg there are two skulls of the woolly rhinoceros (*R. antiquitatis* or *tichorhinus*) perfectly preserved; one of these was found in the San, near the village of Walawa, the other, a gift of Count Agenor Goluchowski, Governor of Galicia, in a stream near Kalusz.

recognise the Somali rhinoceros as a distinct variety, perhaps because it was still unknown to him. He writes, among other things, that, like the elephant, the rhinoceros cannot do without water, and never lives at a great distance from ponds, swamps, or rivers.* I permit myself to oppose to this opinion a fact based on personal experience, namely, that the rhinoceros on the borders of the Haud inhabits districts absolutely waterless, and at such a distance from pools that it could not visit them. While following these animals for whole days I had opportunity of convincing myself that during certain seasons of the year they never leave jungles absolutely devoid of water, where they quench their thirst by eating the leaves of a species of the cactus kind containing a certain amount of moisture.

More than once I have asked natives about the mode of life of the rhino, and found confirmation of my opinion that the pachyderms of Somaliland are distinguished (as for that matter is the whole fauna of the country) by an inexplicable and wonderful persistence in doing without water. This disproves the opinion which has become established in natural history, that these pachyderms cannot live without water.

The ancients knew the rhinoceros, but considered it as a kind of fabulous beast, of which no one, from Pliny to Marco Polo, knew how to give an accurate account. Even at the present day this animal, with reference to its breeding habits and general mode of life, has not been exhaustively examined, and still forms for zoologists a subject of special interest and study. All the more am I anxious about my little rhino, which I should much like to take alive to Europe.

I returned early to the camp with the spoils of two rhinos, and was warmly greeted by joyous shouts from my Somali followers. At such a moment one quickly forgets the barren days which preceded, and the sufferings of sleepless nights passed in zaribas; a moment of success is enough to efface the impressions of many disappointments and long toils, and there remains in the heart of the sportsman only a feeling of sincere delight at the success which crowns his efforts. In this lies the whole charm of hunting; ages have passed, generations and customs have changed, but men hunt always, placing this sport at the head of all manly pastimes.

The Somalis speedily cut out immense portions of flesh from the dead rhino, and promise themselves a banquet in the evening, which is to last the whole night through. This meat, except that it is rather hard and tough, is not repulsive to the palate, and certainly is not worse than the camel-flesh which is so highly esteemed in this country. Barely is the sun set when the camp is all astir, as the Somalis are putting rhinoceros-steaks over blazing fires. All my men are merry and happy; their high spirits being always connected with the success of an expedition, and growing in ratio with a favourable result.

* See BREHM, *Thierleben*, vol. iii. p. 521.