



THE AUTHOR AND HIS ESCORT.
From a Photograph taken at the noon bivouac, Ambal River, Habr Toljalah country, March 1891.
The exposure of the plate was carried out by a Somali.

KCS.C.4275.10

SEVENTEEN TRIPS
THROUGH
SOMALILAND

AND
A VISIT TO ABYSSINIA

WITH SUPPLEMENTARY PREFACE ON THE
'MAD MULLAH' RISINGS

BY
MAJOR H. G. C. SWAYNE, R.E.
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

THIRD EDITION

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS



LONDON
ROWLAND WARD, LIMITED
'THE JUNGLE,' 166 PICCADILLY

1903

All rights reserved.

Harin horsemen arrived and asked to be allowed to repeat the show, we found ourselves obliged to decline the honour, and continued our survey westward towards the Abyssinian border.

Our men, on the night of the Rer Ali *dibáltig*, went to the karias and danced till nearly daylight, the women clapping their hands and jumping up and down, keeping up a monotonous refrain. Next day half our men were ill, having gorged themselves upon the mutton and camel-meat generously provided by the Rer Ali.

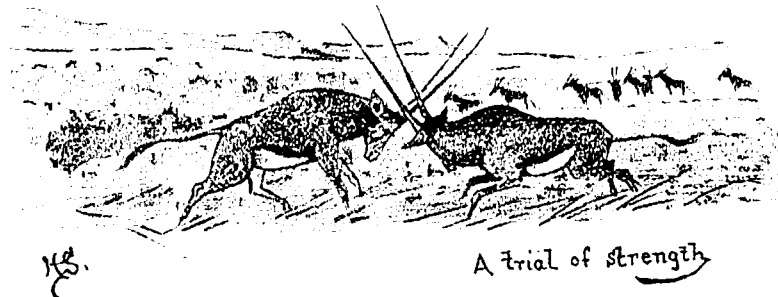
We passed the deserted village of Dagahbúr and reached a rounded grassy hill called Tùli, and it was while encamped here that we shot the first Somáli rhinoceros, an animal which for many years we had expected to come upon, but which up till then had never been seen or shot by a European. We found plenty of game at Tùli, and as I rode up to the rounded hill to choose a site for my camp, a troop of ostriches went racing away into the sea of bush and grass to the north-west.

To the west of Gumbur Tùli lay a valley covered with dense dark mimósa forest, called Dih Wiyileh, or Rhinoceros Valley. Between Dagahbúr and Waror, an interval of fifty miles, the country was waterless at this season, and hearing that Waror was occupied by Abyssinian soldiers, I deemed it advisable to arrive there with a supply of water on the camels; so finding the *háns* rather low, I had to wait at Tùli a couple of days while we sent back to Dagahbúr for more water.

The time had come when I hoped to make the acquaintance of the long-sought rhinoceroses; and I left camp in the early morning with my two gunbearers Géli and Hassan, and another man called Au Ismail, who led our one camel and acted as guide. Taking a line to the south-west across the Dih Wiyileh from Tùli Hill, we presently came on fresh rhinoceros-signs. These we took up till nearly mid-day, the two beasts we were following having made a mazo of tracks there while feeding in the morning. At last Géli pointed to our game—two rhinoceroses standing, apparently asleep, under a shady thorn bush. I advanced to forty yards, and opened fire with the four-bore, putting a four-ounce bullet into the shoulder of each with a right and left, making them tear away at a gallop through the jungle. I followed at best pace, putting in two more cartridges as I ran, and so finishing one of the rhinos. Passing this one, I found the other standing in thick bush broadside on, listening and looking for its fellow. Feeling for cartridges, I

put my hand into empty pockets, the rest having fallen out in my haste, so I ran back to the camel to snatch more out of a haversack. Au Ismail saw me running back away from the rhinoceros, and jumped to the conclusion that I was running away! So he began to bolt with the camel. I ran harder and harder, shouting to him to stop, and at last I got hold of him and explained what I wanted. Then, re-armed, I returned to the rhinoceros, which had been standing meanwhile in the same place, apparently unable to make out what I was about, and too sick to charge. Another shot finished it. Unfortunately they were both cows, but I was very pleased at the result of my first rhino hunt.

I returned with the two heads to camp, and sent half a dozen



A trial of strength

men to cut off the shields, of which we obtained thirty-five from the two skins. These men arrived in camp next morning, and said that while they had been cutting up the rhinos by the light of torches, several more had come round them, and a lion had roared to the westward.

On our second day at Tùli we were unsuccessful with the rhinos, and when the water came from Dagahbúr we marched to Gumbur Wedel, a small hill four miles to the north-west across the Rhinoceros Valley. Here we found beisa, ostriches, and Scëmmerring's and Waller's gazelles very plentiful, and rhino tracks numerous.

At 5 A.M. on 6th August we left Wedel, and for three miles struggled through thick grass and jungle, and then struck a good path running north-west. After going a mile along this I saw fresh rhino tracks where a pair had crossed the path during the night, and so going on with the caravan, I left my

brother to take up the pursuit. At our evening camp he arrived with the heads of both, a very fine bull and a cow, and we skinned them by firelight.

On the morning of the 7th August the caravan marched sixteen miles to a karia of the Rer Gedi, Abbasgúl, sub-tribe, at a place called Haddáma. Early in the day, while walking along the path, I came on the fresh tracks of a large bull rhino, so, placing the caravan and traversing work in charge of my brother, I left the path on these tracks followed by Géli and Hassan. The rhinoceros had taken a straight line for a ridge of low hills to the south, which are a continuation of the Harar highlands, and after following for several miles through thick jungle and over burnt clearings, the sun getting hotter and hotter, we at last put him up about noon, making him rush off through the forest without our even getting a sight of him. I took up the tracking patiently for an hour more, and then we heard the trampling and snorting and smashing of thorn-trees again. Following at a run, we saw him standing broadside-on, listening, in the centre of several acres of very transparent but dense and thorny wait-a-bit cover. We at once lay down. Not hearing our footsteps any more, the rhino trotted forward, head held high, for fifty yards, and then stood and listened again. He looked decidedly vicious. We crawled up to a small over-green shrub, and I sat up behind it, and taking a steady rest upon my knees, fired for his ear at a range of seventy yards with my ten-bore rifle. The bull dropped in his tracks, an inert mass. Going up, we found that the ten-bore bullet had hit him exactly where I aimed, entering under the left ear and stopping under the skin of the right temple.

It was twenty-five miles from camp, and as the camel was fully occupied in carrying the massive head and a few shields, I had to tramp the whole way. This, added to the hot tracking work of five hours before we got the rhino, and the fast run after putting him up, made a long day's work, and I was right glad at sunset to meet some men whom my brother had considerately sent back with water and dates to bring us on to my half of the caravan, which he had halted for me at Haddáma. He had gone on to Warer, for we never allowed shooting to delay the rate of progress, and I came up with him there next morning; as usual we re-formed the double camp, with our Cabul tents side by side. The camp was pitched near the wells in a beautiful glade, covered with green grass, kept

We now saw the intention of the Abyssinian leader, and, as it would never do for our Somális to suppose that we could be detained against our will, we decided to take the next step; and going up to Dágo, who was still sitting on the carpet inside the little hut, I threatened to complain to Rás Makunan, the Governor of Harar, if this attempt at our arrest should be persisted in.

Dágo said that we ourselves might go where we liked, but that our Somális, camels, and property must remain inside the enclosure. We refused this separation, and told the officials simply that we were going out. Some of the soldiers became excited, and began shouting, but were silenced.

Again I walked over to Dágo, and he said the caravan could not go without the order of the Rás; that it would take till tomorrow at noon for a horseman to go to Harar and get this order, and our party must be detained in custody till then.

I stayed talking to him for a moment, while my brother quietly told off an advance and rear guard, passing the word round for each of our followers to mark his man, and to put a bullet into him should an attack be made upon us. I then finally told Dágo that we were going, and walked to the entrance, where my hunter Géli silently put into my hands the double four-bore elephant rifle, loaded in each barrel with fourteen drams of powder and fifty SSC slugs. This rifle, so loaded, scatters a good deal, and would have been quite equal to the occasion.

We had not mistaken our friend Dágo. The forces were exactly equal, not counting the Gildessa crowd, some of whom would have been for, and some against us, and seeing we were capable of carrying our point, and being afraid of the responsibility he would incur by using force, he called me back and consented to our leaving, with our men, our camels, and our baggage, provided I would write a letter to Rás Makunan, to state why we had come to Gildessa. With my brother and half a dozen men, all having their rifles ready, I entered Dágo's hut, and we sat down on the carpets in a circle, and he pushed me a reed pen, ink, and paper.

I wrote a short note to the Rás in English, stating that we had come to examine caravan routes for the Aden authorities, and meant no harm. That we had also had some shooting, and wished to go to Zeila; and I begged him to accept, as an accompaniment to my letter, a pair of rhinoceros horns, those of one of the two cows I had shot in the Dih Wiyileh.

was more important, in hunting grounds hitherto untouched by Europeans.

We should have started early on the 26th, but had great difficulty in getting guides to the Rer Ali tribe, because the Bertiri at Jig-Jiga were afraid that if they assisted us they would be made to regret it by the Abyssinians. But on my showing Makunan's passport to the *Shúm* in charge of the stockade, he promised the people that they would receive no harm on my account, and I marched with two Bertiri guides at 9 A.M.

We threaded our way through grass plains and jungle to Kuredelli in the Jerer Valley, which runs south-east towards the Webbe Shabeleh; and on reaching this place in the evening, I was delighted to find a pool of water in the rocky bed of the river, the edges of which were literally covered with tracks of large game. Among other animals a lion and a rhinoceros had come to drink on the preceding night.

The river-bed was very rocky, and sunk some fifteen feet below the level of the surrounding plain, which was covered with dense mimosa jungle. Half a mile up the channel, to the west of the pool, was my camp, pitched under shady trees in a glade of good but rather dry grass. There had been, as usual, a drought during the *Jidal* season, but the drought this year had been particularly severe because the previous *Dair* or light winter rains had failed, so that Kuredelli was one of the few pools of surface water left in the whole of this elevated country, and there was not a drop to be got for many miles round. The water was covered with duckweed, and was of a bright emerald green colour throughout, and had almost the consistency of pea-soup; but, curiously enough, it was perfectly sweet and good, and we drank it for a week without harm.

The pool was not more than fifteen yards long by five wide, its longer axis pointing up and down the river-bed; and on the northern side it was overhung by a steep scarp of rock some five feet high, where the limestone had been undermined by the swirl of the river when in flood. Above the rocky scarp were thick thorn-trees, whose branches overhung the river bed, and under these branches, on the edge of the scarp and overlooking the pool, I constructed a small bower, bearing a rugged resemblance to a box in a European theatre. Nothing could spring on us from behind because of the interlaced branches of the trees which made our roof, while the floor was a smooth slab

of limestone, and in front and at the top of the small precipice were piled thorn branches breast-high, so that I could fire over them. The front of the box was otherwise quite open, and the field of view embraced two right angles.

We made this retreat in an hour, and I took up a position, as night fell, in the bower with my two hunters Géli and Hassan. We carried my three rifles and spare ammunition, and four more men brought my bedding, blankets for my hunters, a lamp, matches, and my water bottle full of coffee. We did not forget a waterproof sheet each, to be used in case of rain.

My four carriers had also brought a donkey, which they tied up to a block on a slab of limestone shelving down into the pool on the farther side, for we hoped thereby to attract lions; the carriers then went off to camp, and left us squatting silently in our shelter.

I describe our arrangements thus in detail because I have in this way sat out for game on scores of nights, and one description will serve for all. There is one thing I never omit, when about to spend a night in one of these jungle shelters, or when marching by night, and that is to decorate the centre rib of each of my game rifles with a long strip of white foolscap paper, to assist the aim; for, however good the moonlight may be, it is impossible to see the tiny ivory fore-sight at night.

I sat over this pool on five successive nights. On the first three hyænas came, but no lion or rhinoceros. The hyænas invariably came silently down to drink till they saw the living bait, and then at once took fright and galloped away; on the succeeding four nights I therefore dispensed with the bait. For two hours, after the moon rose, several wild ducks kept us interested by playing about in the water and quacking, quite unaware of our presence. I then went to sleep. We saw nothing on the next evening, and I slept all night in the shelter, waking up covered with dew at daylight, and returning, rather stiff with the exposure, to camp.

On the third night I was roused by Géli, whose eyes I could see full of excitement in the semi-darkness; and still crouching below my screen of branches, I could hear the wallowing of some heavy animal in the soft mud at the water's edge. We were all on the alert as I gently felt for the four-bore which Hassan shoved into my hands. On cautiously poking my head above the screen, I saw the great form of a rhinoceros standing motionless as a carved sphinx in the moonlight,

casting a deep black shadow upon the white rock. I stood erect, and raising my arms placed the butt of the four bore to my shoulder. The action was seen, for the beast trotted forward a few steps, and then galloped across the slabs of rock for a path which ascended the bank on my side of the river, and led behind my shelter. I fired at his shoulder hurriedly, and, sad to say, heard no answering "tell," showing that the bullet had not struck; and before I could look under the smoke I heard the rhinoceros, with a succession of snorts, gallop up the bank and trot behind my shelter; then all sound



The Pool at Kōvedelli.

ceased but the animal's breathing, which we could hear distinctly, close to and above us, only separated from us by the stout interlaced branches of the back of our "box." We stood with rifles at the "charge," ready to fire and throw ourselves down into the river-bed should his ugly head and horns protrude into our bower. He did not keep us in suspense long, but after listening for more than a minute, trotted off, the sound of his footsteps getting fainter on the still night air, and eventually dying away.

On the 29th I returned to camp at sunrise, and swallowing a cup of hot coffee, which my cook, having heard the shot and divined its purport, had prepared, I took up the tracks with two camelmén, letting Géli and Hassan sleep in camp. We followed

them till noon, the sun being fearfully hot; but either through the unskiffulness of my trackers, or through the absence of blood on the track causing me to lose heart in the fearful heat, we had to leave the trail at a stony ravine; and in the afternoon returned to camp, tired out.

Swallowing some food, I took a short sleep; and towards sunset went out again with Géli and Hassan into the bush to the west. Suddenly Géli pointed, and saying "*Libah!*" (Lions) started to run across an open plain of bare red earth; and there, three hundred yards away, were a lioness and young lion reclining by the stem of a tall, shady thorn tree, looking at us. I had been searching for rhinoceros, and was burdened with my double four-bore rifle, so when Géli started running he at once got ahead of me, and Hassan, carried away by excitement, followed suit. The brutes, seeing three men running across the plain towards them, stood up, stretched themselves, and giving a toss of the tail and a savage growl, cantered away across the sun-baked earth in full view, and plunged into the low mimosa jungle beyond. I ran up to Géli much put out, and snatching my 577 Express from his hand, and giving him the heavy rifle to retard his pace, plunged into the bush and grass after the lions, but the grass was so thick and dry that I soon overran the almost invisible tracks, and though we made several tries back on to the red soil, we eventually lost them, and I returned to camp disgusted with the afternoon's entertainment.

On the next night we all awoke at the same time, while the moon was still low, having been roused by the disturbance of the pool; and we made so much noise in throwing off our blankets and getting ready, that a rhinoceros, which had come down to the pool, heard us and made off. I fired the four bore, and my bullet caught it in the shoulder, sending it galloping up the bank, snorting as before. The beast waited, listening close behind my hiding-place for nearly ten minutes; then all sounds ceased, and I thought it must be dead. It had, however, slipped quietly away; so there was nothing to be done, and we went to sleep. When we woke again the moon was well up, it being about two o'clock in the morning. Géli had awakened me, having seen something pass among the bushes on our bank of the river, between my hiding-place and the camp.

The moon was throwing a fine light on the limestone slabs which composed the floor of the river-bed, and as we gazed in the direction in which Géli pointed, rubbing our eyes, we saw

against the white background three large animals walk out from the bushes into the open near the pool; one glance told us that they were full-grown lionesses.

They walked quietly across till they reached the place where the rhinoceros had been standing when first hit; and then stood together snuffing at the blood, which we found next day in quantities on the rocks. I could count their twelve short and stout legs showing in silhouette against the white floor of the river-bed, as they stood motionless, heads bent over the fresh blood, appearing to consult together. I reserved my fire, as I knew they had come to drink, and would give me a better chance, nearer to my shelter, later on. The lionesses then walked slowly across the river-bed in single file, up a path which ascended the opposite bank, and then disappeared. But they had not really gone, for from time to time during the next half hour I could see their round heads raised in silhouette against the sky-line, above the black outline of the bank; they too were watching the pool for game!

I must have dozed off to sleep again, for the moon had swung over a good deal towards the western horizon, when I noticed Géli squatting in a listening attitude, and heard a steady lapping as of an animal drinking. Géli whispered, "Now, be ready, Sahib!" and slowly raising my head above my screen, pushing the muzzle of my Express forward at the same time, I saw over the barrels the body of a lioness extended, hind-quarters flattened against the rock, shoulders high and head down towards me, lapping the water on the farther side of the pool. I did not wait long, but glancing between her upraised shoulders and lowering the muzzle till the white paper on the rib between the barrels had disappeared, I pulled the trigger. My bower was full of smoke, and I ducked under the screen as the report of the rifle was instantly followed by a roar and a splash, and jumping to our feet we just saw the lioness, after having sprung into the centre of the pool to get at us, in the act of raising her dripping body out of the water. No doubt the cold douche had damped her enthusiasm, and she had turned back. Before I could take a sight down the barrels she rushed off across the river-bed, pulling up in the sombre belt of bush on the farther side to roll about and growl. There was nothing more to be done, and though my Somalis hinted that she might be hunted by moonlight, I, mindful of our Gebili leopard, preferred to wait till morning

before following a wounded lioness into those dark evergreen bushes.

I woke up again at sunrise, and without going to camp or tasting food, at once took up the tracks of the lioness. Her line of retreat was sprinkled with blood. We drew the bushes under the opposite bank very carefully, and then began to ascend the bank by the path, the wind being with us, blowing towards the south. Before we had reached the top we heard several loud roars a few hundred yards beyond, and as we appeared on the higher level the roars were redoubled, issuing from low, gray, leafless mimosa bush. We followed, keeping to the tracks, and at last saw, eighty yards away, the head of the lioness, held vertically, regarding us intently from the partial concealment of a tuft of grass on the farther side of a glade. She seemed to be on the eve of charging, the black point of her tail twitching nervously behind her head, which bore a nasty expression. I fired, but missed the small mark. There were now eight of us, some of my men who had come to take away the blankets and other things from the bower having joined us. We stood in an irregular line, fully expecting a charge, and I fired another standing shot at the wicked-looking head, my bullet going harmlessly through the grass. Looking under the smoke quickly, I saw her still in the same place, but she was in a greater rage than ever, and kept up a steady low growling. This was my first experience of one of these animals after having been so badly mauled by one, and the situation was becoming highly exciting. I now sat down, and resting both elbows on my knees, took a careful shot. Her head dropped, showing I had killed her, and we walked up to where she lay.

My first bullet, fired at her while drinking at the water, had struck her in the left forearm and shattered it, accounting for her not having charged; and my last had touched her left cheek, and then entering perpendicularly, had expanded and carried away half the brain-pan. She was a fine lioness, the skin being in splendid condition. I told Géli and Hassan to stay and skin her, as I had to follow up the rhinoceros wounded in the early part of the night. But they begged to be allowed to go with me, so I left two camelmen to do the skinning of the lioness.

Going to camp and hastily swallowing some coffee, we returned to the scene of last night's adventure, and found the tracks of the rhinoceros plentifully sprinkled with blood. One

of the legs appeared to be injured at the shoulder, as the trail where the foot had been dragged along the ground was plainly visible.

At nine o'clock we entered dense mimósa bushes, of a peculiarly thorny kind, called *billeil*, and under one of these saw the rhinoceros, a large cow. She saw us first, however, and charged, getting a pair of four-bore bullets in the chest at rather long range as she came on. Hassan handed me my eight-bore, and I carefully aimed at her shoulder as she picked herself up and came on again; but there was nothing in the rifle, and I had to bolt to the right, leaving her to select a victim from among my men, who, more active than I, were dancing about the bush yelling out directions to me to fire! When I had got in a couple of cartridges I fired at her right and left; and the second shot, striking obliquely through her shoulders from the front, brought her to the ground, and she died, still retaining the kneeling position after life had left her. Going up, I found that last night's ball from the four-bore had injured her shoulder. She had gone several miles, had taken three four-bore and two eight-bore bullets, and had died game, having chosen the worst kind of bush she could pick out for the final scene. I photographed her as she lay kneeling, leafless thorny mimósas spreading their branches all round her, in the strong, defensive position she had chosen as her last retreat, the sun casting a shadow in every wrinkle of her thick hide.

Returning to camp, I laid the rhino and lioness heads side by side and photographed them, making a curious and unique picture to remind me of a good morning's sport before breakfast.

While arranging the bower at mid-day for our last and fifth vigil, a large spotted hyæna came to drink; and not wishing to disturb lions by firing a rifle, I ran after him, followed by my Somális. We had no weapons but unloaded Sniders, and my knife and pistol. Running hard to cut him off, I was ahead of the men as he gained the slope of the river-bank, and fired both barrels of my pistol, missing him with one barrel but knocking him over with the second. He picked himself up and disappeared over the top of the bank, taking the path the wounded lioness had followed in the morning; we, however, gained on him, as he was crippled by my bullet, and he hid under a low mimósa. The men came up in front, and one of them shoved the butt of a Snider into his face, under the low-spreading branches. He seized hold of this and chewed at it vigorously, while I was able

to get round unobserved in his rear, and creeping behind the stems of the bush, to drive my knife mercifully into his ribs.

At about three o'clock on the afternoon of this day, 20th March, my camp being still at Kuredelli, a large force, consisting of two or three hundred men, mostly naked, and all armed with shield and spear, or bow and quiver, issued from the bush north of camp and came running past, going due south. As they passed the camp they scarcely answered our hurried questions, but my men gathered that they were Abbasgúl Somális belonging to some karias a few miles to the north, and that their cattle had just been raided by the Habr Awal and driven south through the bush of the Haud. My men laughed at them for going naked, but they said they had no time to bother about their tobés; they had come light for running, and only wanted their cattle back. Party after party passed us, and men singly and in couples, all in the same state of nakedness and excitement.

I sat up, as on the four previous nights, in my favourite bower, and at about 1 A.M. these people returned with a large mob of cattle which they had recovered and were bringing home. They were talking excitedly as they approached the pool. We heard one man ask, "Where were you wounded?" and another answer, "Oh, in the leg, but it isn't bad."

The cattle were driven past with clouds of dust and a clamour of excited voices, and then they all disappeared in the distance, and I heard my sentry challenge them as they drew up at my camp half a mile away, and after another half-hour of chatter they gradually settled down to rest. I had never met this clan of the Abbasgúl before. The men flocked to camp next day from their karias in great numbers, and seeing the trophies of the lioness and rhinoceros lying on the grass outside my tent door, they said, "The Abyssinians can't do that; their guns are small, and are only good for killing women and children and old men with: you English are our friends, and all the Ogádén tribes look to you, our masters, for protection against Abyssinia."

On 31st March we made two marches to Girbi, seventeen miles eastward along the Jerer Valley, and the next day we made a short march in a heavy storm of rain, the burst of the south west monsoon; and the red clay became so sticky that we were obliged to halt in the thick bush. When things were a little dry again, I went out towards sunset into the level thorn-forest to look for beisa. We had gone about a mile from camp when we saw a large bull rhinoceros trotting along under

the trees a quarter of a mile away, having evidently winded us. We ran at an angle to cut him off, but he changed his pace to a heavy gallop, crashing through the thick parts of the jungle as if they had been clumps of grass. We followed in his wake, but failed to get within shot, for a rhinoceros should not be fired at from a greater distance than about eighty yards; and so we settled steadily down to his tracks, hoping to catch him up before nightfall. He retreated into thick bush, and as he was going with the wind he twice winded us, and made off when we were close up, but the jungle being thick we could not see him. At last, night coming on, we left him and returned to camp after dark, tired and disappointed.

Next day, the 2nd April, we marched again. As we advanced down the Jerer Valley by rapid stages we passed suddenly from country dried up by continued drought into a world of green grass and jungle, with an overcast sky, the effect of the south-west monsoon over the lower Jerer Valley some ten days before. Nothing can be more pleasant in Somaliland than this sudden change: the camels march better owing to fresh fodder; the air is rendered cool, allowing one to travel during any hour of the day; and the thorn trees give out a strong perfume.

At 5.30 P.M. on 3rd April we camped in the bush, without water, at Manjo-adeyu. Before camping I fired at a buck Waller's gazelle, wounding it badly, but it did not drop at once, and we had to follow it up. I was rather fagged, having done a long march on foot owing to my camel being lame; and sending on ahead my Midgán hunter, Hassan, I followed the tracks with Géli at a leisurely pace. We at last came to the buck, lying dead, and Hassan standing over it. He reported that he had just seen the buck pulled down before his eyes by a panther, which had caught sight of him after springing, and cantered away through the forest.

Sending the three camels and mule out of sight into some thick bush to the south, and ordering a camelman to overtake the caravan and have the camp pitched, I sat with Géli and Hassan by the stem of a tree on a bare patch of ground some fifteen yards from the body of the buck, the sun shining horizontally from behind our backs.

We waited for half an hour, then Géli pointed to the north-east, and the panther came gliding silently through the underbrush, straight for the body of the buck. While he was yet one hundred and fifty yards off I saw his beautifully spotted

skin and head, and marking his course chose a bush eighty yards away, aligning the sight so as to be ready to fire when he should come out into the open beyond on our side. I held the ivory foresight over this spot, and as he passed the bush and his head and shoulders appeared, I pulled, a satisfactory thud answering the ring of the rifle; and in the stillness following the shot I saw a tail violently agitated above the grass. Slipping in a fresh cartridge, I walked up and found the panther dead, shot through the neck.

I laid his body by the side of that of the *walleri*, and photographed the pair, cutting down some thorn trees, whose branches threw long shadows over the picture; then calling for the camels and loading up the bodies, we followed the tracks of the caravan, and found camp pitched two miles from the scene of this incident.

We made two marches to Haljíd, where, hearing by night the croaking of thousands of frogs, we discovered a considerable body of water, in the form of a pool half a mile long, occupying the river channel in the centre of the Jerer Valley. There were plenty of rhino, beisa, and lesser koodoo tracks here. I remained halted all day on 5th April, shooting three beisa out of a herd; and on the evening of the 6th we marched to Tüli. We lost our way while hunting at some distance from the caravan, and only found the new camp at midnight after signal shots had been fired. I remained in this neighbourhood for four days to hunt, as rhinoceroses were numerous, coming to drink at night at the pools in the centre of the valley, and going away great distances in every direction to hide in the thick mimósa forests by day. The best way to find them is to visit the pools in the early morning, and follow any tracks of the night before. In this way, after four or five hours' tracking, one is likely to come upon them feeding, or, if after eleven o'clock, lying under a shady bush asleep.

On 7th April my men found a dozen young ostriches in the thick jungle near Tüli Hill. They were pretty little birds with soft yellow and black down for plumage, and beady black eyes, and stood a foot high, on sturdy yellow legs. I did all I could to get the parent cock bird: first, by following behind a camel, and then by sitting till mid-day in ambush near the nest; but all attempts were unavailing. We had these young birds for ten days or more in our camp, carrying them, when marching, in hutches made of empty beer-boxes, on camel back; and they became very tame, but eventually, one by one, all died.

On the 8th April I rose before dawn with Géli, Hassan, my camelman Abokr, my sais Daura, and a guide. We took one camel with us, and holding due west we entered the thick mimósa forest called Gol Wiyileh, or the "Valley of Rhinoceroses." After going four miles, when we had gained the centre of the valley, in dense bush, we came to fresh tracks of three of these animals, which had passed late in the night, making for the south-west from the pools of the Jerer Valley. They led us through many miles of thick bush, but the tracking was easy owing to there being three together; and at one o'clock in the afternoon, after having left camp for seven hours, we came on them standing in the dense shade of a thick clump of umbrella mimósas. There was a full-grown bull, accompanied by a large cow and a bull calf, the big bull having a fine front horn.

I at once sank to a sitting position, holding my eight-bore, while Hassan laid down the heavy four-bore on the grass beside me to be used in case of a charge. The big bull was eighty yards away; I fired for his ear, and he dropped dead, remaining in a sitting posture and looking as if carved in stone. I fired the other barrel at one of the others, which turned out to be the large calf, and the game made off. We decided not to follow at once, but to give them time to get over their fright, as they had never actually seen us. So I took a careful photograph of the big bull, and after taking off the head and some shields, I sent Daura back to Tūli on Kás Makunan's mule, telling him to bring the camp to a deserted zeriba we had noticed while tracking, not far from where the bull lay.

Leaving Abokr, the guide, and a camel by the body, I took my two hunters, Géli and Hassan, and followed the track of the remaining rhinoceroses, which was plentifully sprinkled with blood. I came upon them in thick cover, standing forty yards away, heads towards us; and at once sitting down with the rifle I was carrying, which happened to be the heavy four-bore, I fired at the nearest head through a maze of interlaced branches.

The four-bore pushed me over on my back, and the rhinos charged us at once with a volley of puffing sounds, crashing through the jungle at full gallop. As I rose to my feet the young bull passed me, and took after the two men; the big cow followed, passing at a distance of only ten yards, and I threw the rifle to my shoulder and knocked her over, making her turn a somersault with her four legs fighting the air! Giving a hurried look at her, and seeing her lying still, I rushed on after

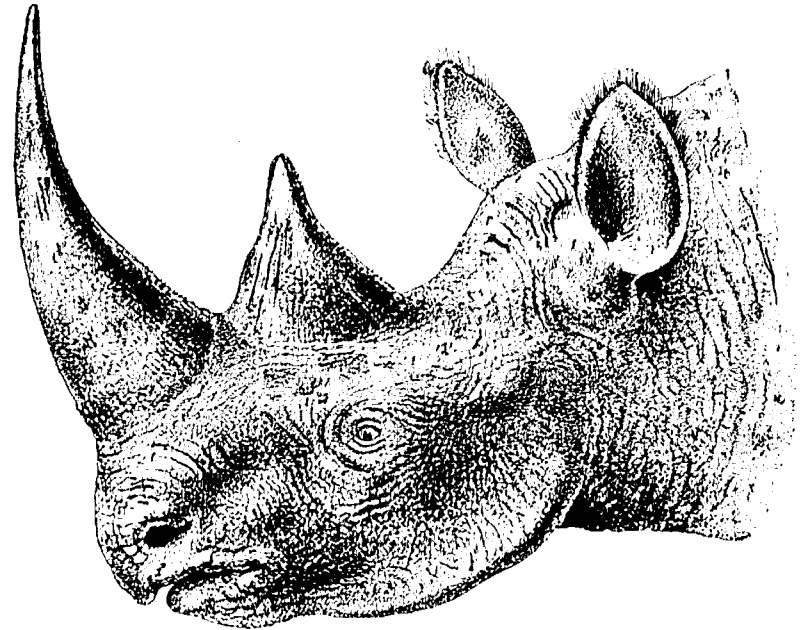
gazelles, and a rhinoceros. I had a long hunt after the last, as the men were pitching camp, but going hard for two or three miles over very broken thorny country he fairly beat us, and we gave him up and returned to camp, knocked up by the hot sun.

We made an evening march to a river-bed, choked with dense evergreen jungle and some high trees hung with rope-like creepers, and our guide, going into the thickest of this to look for water, started a cow rhinoceros and calf. He came running back to us shouting, "*Wiyil! Wiyil!*" (Rhinoceros), while the mother and her young one galloped out on the farther side of the jungle with a crash, and took away over the low stony hills. By the time I could get possession of my big rifle and run after them, they were seen quite a thousand yards away disappearing round the shoulder of a rocky, thorn-covered hill, and running up to this spot a few minutes later I was unable to sight them again, and the ground being unsuitable for tracking we lost them.

We made three more marches to Durhi; and I came upon the tracks of a herd of zebras an hour before pitching camp there on the 17th. Here we found several karias of the Malingúr Ogádén. The first people we saw were a group standing round an open grave; and on inquiring we found they were burying the body of a young woman who had been torn out of a hut from among several of her sleeping friends on the night before by a man-eating lion.

These people had never seen one of my countrymen before, but on hearing I was *Ingrés* (English) they ran at me, calling out that I must shoot the lion and drive away the Amhára. I was led some miles into the bush to the west, where I found a party of the Malingúr following the lion, armed with their spears; but the tracks led on to very stony and thorny hills, and my guides being either unable or unwilling to keep them, we gave it up and I returned to camp, which had been pitched between two large karias. We had a severe thunderstorm at night; a lion walked round my tent during the storm, as we saw next morning by his tracks in the mud only five yards away from the head of my bed. On the following day I went out and shot two Grévy's zebras, the meat of which my men finished. We also saw tracks of another lion. Next day I shot another zebra, the flesh of which I gave to the Malingúr. I tied up a camel at night, intending to sit out for a lion, but

among the bushes we found the jaw-bones, with the grinders still embedded in them. The Somális said this was all that was left, because the Esa Músa cattle and the koodoo had eaten all the soft parts of the bones.



SOMALI RHINOCEIROS (*Rhinoceros bicornis*).

THE BLACK RHINOCEROS (*Rhinoceros bicornis*)

Native name. *Wiyil*

For years the black rhinoceros has been known to exist in the interior of Somáland; and going farther in every year, I have been expecting to come to its ground. The first Somáli rhinoceroses were shot by my brother and myself in our Abyssinian border-trip in August 1892, and since then but few have been bagged by Europeans. They come far north of the range of the zebras, sometimes wandering as far towards the coast as the grass-plains of Toyo, a hundred miles south of

Berbera, where they hide in the patches of *dorr* grass. They are common in the southern parts of the Haud; but I never found any signs of them during many expeditions in the Habr Awal, Esa, and Gadabursi countries. They are most common in the valleys of the Tug Jerer and Tug Fafan, and thence southward as far as the Webbe; and they are also plentiful beyond the Webbe in Gállaland. Rhinoceroses are said to exist to the south-east of Berbera, but in our trip to the Dolbahanta country we never saw traces of them.

We found them to be the most stupid game animals we encountered, and easily approached if the wind was right. They were not very prone to charge, and in their blind, head-long rush seemed to see nothing, so that by stepping to one side and standing perfectly still a man would probably be safe. The transparent and thorny nature of the *billeil* bush, which is always their last sanctuary, renders a man rather helpless, and if seen and charged, and unable to find elbow-room owing to the walls of impenetrable thorns, he would probably be killed. Rhinoceros-shooting is very exciting, but it is chiefly the nature of the jungle which makes it so. I have never seen more than three of these brutes together. The ground they usually prefer is a network of stony, broken hills, covered with *galól* or *billeil* jungle, and having some river-bed not too many miles distant, where they can go at night to drink and bathe. They travel considerable distances to the river, and wander all night up and down the channel looking for a convenient pool, and making a maze of tracks in the soft sand. The Abbasgúl, Malingúr, and Rer Amáden tribes eat their flesh when hungry; and I found it good, and once lived for a week on little else.

We could usually cut from fifteen to thirty fighting shields from each rhinoceros, three-quarters of an inch thick and from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, worth about a dollar apiece at the coast. Everywhere in Central Ogádén the caravan-tracks are furrowed in grooves a yard or more long and six inches deep, which look like the work of a plough. This is done by the rhinoceros as he walks along. A good pair of bull's horns measure nineteen inches for the front and five inches for the back one.