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FROM
HAUSALAND TO EGYPT,
THROUGH THE SUDAN.

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CHAPTER XI.

TWO DAYS' HUNTING.

A Curious Giraffe—Buffaloes—A Black Demon—Promenading Rhinos—
Lion Calling—Giraffes—Buck—Stalking Water-buck—Wart Hog.

"To quiet, steady-going people in England there is an idea of cruelty inseparable from the pursuit of large game. People talk of 'unoffending elephants,' 'poor buffaloes,' 'pretty deer,' and a variety of nonsense about things which they cannot possibly understand."

"There is no time when a man knows himself so thoroughly as when he depends upon himself, and this forms his excitement."

—SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

THE most successful day of shooting I had in the Shari Valley was May 20th, 1909. My interpreter, Osman, who had come

with a number of my men and the horses along the eastern bank of the Shari from Manjaffa to Fort Archambault, had shot on the day previous to his arrival, a three-horned giraffe, two of the horns of which had a short branch to them making it a kind of five-horned giraffe. This seemed to me so extraordinary that I decided to return from Fort Archambault, and see whether I could not secure a good specimen of this seemingly



HORNS OF SHARI-CHAD GIRAFFE.

I took 12 men with me, my tent, shooting irons and a quantity of salt, packed all these things into

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others went back to the buffalo to cut him up. I accompanied the latter, being followed by my interpreter, Osman, whom I had given my second rifle to carry. Later I intended to follow the badly wounded father of the herd. I had aimed at the neck, but was afraid that my bullet had struck a little too far back, and the blood marks showed that it was a lung shot. He had evidently gone away with the herd for a little distance, until the other animals, frightened by the smell of blood, had left him and careered away towards the east.

I missed the place where the herd had left him and went on after the former, but as there was no more blood spoor, I turned back and began searching for the wounded animal. I had only turned back for about 10 yards, when yells, and then a shot, gave me the direction where I might look for the wounded bull. I did not make haste slowly, as I knew my buffalo would probably be up to mischief and might do damage amongst my men. Soon I came upon my faithfuls sitting in the branches of the trees and a snorting black demon pawing the ground underneath. He saw me and came, and I let him come; protected by a fair sized tree, I let him charge right in, and then gave him a bullet in the neck. His legs gave way underneath him, and with a bellow he sank to the ground, his glassy eyes staring furiously at me. He was a very old bull, quite black, large patches of his hind quarters and legs being entirely denuded of hair. His horns were curiously flat, and as they were of considerable size, I decided to take them with me across Africa, thinking that their curious shape might mean a new species.

Back I strolled to the tent which had been pitched in the meantime to have my afternoon cup of tea, but it was not ready, and instead of sitting down to wait for it, I took a boy with me and went off in the opposite direction, towards the west, in the hope of coming across some more game. A number of beautiful butterflies sporting in an open glade attracted my

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attention, and vainly I attempted to catch one or two for my collection. While I was still busily engaged in this pursuit my boy suddenly gave a low call and swarmed up a tree, pointing to two dark bodies some 30 yards away. A rhino pair, evidently out for their afternoon walk, seemed much disturbed at our invading their domain. Their mischievous little eyes looked in our direction. They gave several grunts, evidently concerting with each other whether it would be advisable to play with us. I had my rifle in my hand, but in the rifle there were only soft-nosed cartridges, not very safe missiles for the attack of those thick hides. I



CURIOUS FLAT HORNS OF A BUFFALO OF THE CHAD REGION.

jumped up to the tree on which my boy hung and hauled at his leg, explaining to him that I wanted a hard-nosed bullet. In a moment I had one, jammed it into the chamber of my rifle, and just when the two had decided to look at us more closely, I caught the first one with a front shot that penetrated his heart and killed him on the spot. Without a sound he subsided, sitting down on his haunches, his legs stretched out in front, and his head resting between his forelegs. Two more grunts his companion gave and then came towards me. With frantic haste I hauled again at the leg of my boy, telephoning up to him that I wanted at least two

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more cartridges. I got them, pushed them into my rifle, and just as the beast went at full tilt past the tree behind which I was hiding, I got him behind the shoulder. Round he spun and came for me again, and that time I put in a bullet close to the eye which evidently destroyed his thinking powers. His forepart trying to stop and his hind part coming on made him turn a complete somersault, and with a squeal he lay dead, the whole happening not more than 150 yards away from the tent. Within a couple of minutes my boys were all round me, and rejoiced in the feast ahead of them. It was 4 o'clock when I went back to the tent for my tea, having secured two buffaloes and two rhinos within less than an hour.

About that time rain commenced and a very heavy thunderstorm, with drenching downpour, which went on till about 6 o'clock, converted the flat land around us into a great swamp.

I had heard a good deal about the delicacy of cooked elephant's foot, and I thought I would have a try at cooked rhino. So I went over with two of my boys to cut off one of the legs of the rhinos. Peter and Audu were busily engaged with their hunting knives, and I was standing by; darkness had come, there was no moon, and as we were only a short distance from the tent, I had not thought it worth while to take a lamp with me.

Suddenly, within about 50 yards, the voice of the king of the forest announced his presence. A somewhat creepy feeling went down my back. If we had only been able to see—but hearing the growls close by, and expecting at any moment a charge without knowing exactly when or whence it come was, to say the least of it, uncomfortable. I told the boys to hurry up while I stood by with cocked rifle and my six-shooter loosened in my belt. The grunts of the lion went right round us, and as soon as the leg was off the three of us returned to the tent, and right warily we walked. We

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got back safely and spent a quiet night, being tired out after the day's work. The growls of two lions continued till morning, and before daybreak I went out with my rifle expecting to find them by the carcasses of the rhinos. Slowly I stalked up to these carcasses before the dawn of day, but they had not been touched. Perhaps they had not "*haut goût*" enough for the lions. Leaving therefore the rhinos, I continued in the same direction, and shortly after came upon a herd of nine giraffes. I shot one of them, quite a fair specimen, but not one of the nine was as good as I should have liked to have secured.

On my way back to the tent I shot a small bush-buck, and then had my loads packed to go back to Fort Archambault. Before we left our camp the inhabitants of three of the Sara-Kabba villages had appeared on the scene and begun to celebrate orgies among the hills of flesh.

In the afternoon of May 22nd I was back in Fort Archambault, exceedingly pleased with the success of my little trip.

Several more excursions from the same centre yielded a good deal of meat of various antelopes, wart-hog and other small animals.

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It was at Busso, where we had been waiting for a week to procure polers to take our boats further up the river, that we became somewhat short of food, and I therefore took a day to go down the river a little distance in order to secure meat. I had shot several crocodiles on the previous days, but my men refused to eat croc. Under a number of large shady trees we made fast to the east bank of the river, and, followed by a few of my native hunters, I went into the bush. Some open *fadamas* (meadows) were reported to be a favourite haunting ground for water-buck, cob, hartebeest, boar and other game. Within 100 yards from the landing-place I came upon a herd of some 20 water-buck. I stalked them

Appendix C.

Sphingidae

Platysphinx stigmatica Mal.

Notodontidae

Zana sp.

Saturiadae

Nudaurelia Rendalli Rotho.

„ *macrophthalma* Kirby.

Imbrasia obscura Butl.

Civina Similis. Dist.

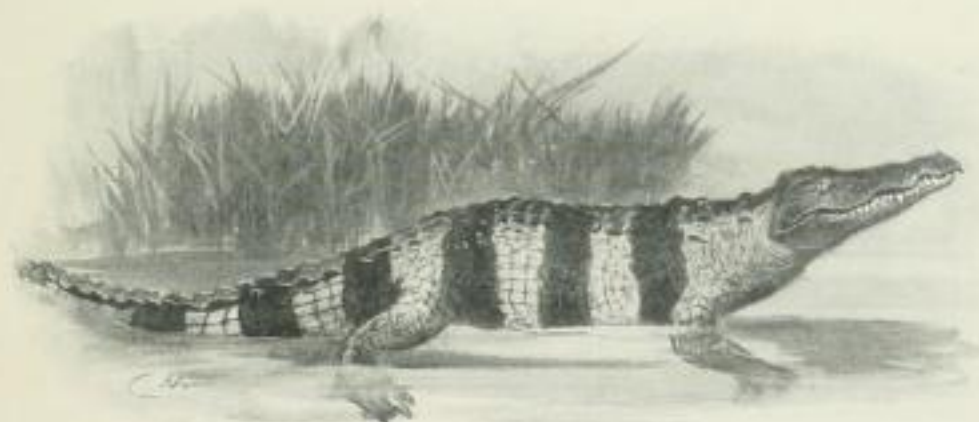
Buncae phaeax Jordan.

Carnegia pancratia Weym.

The buffalo of the Shari Valley appear to differ somewhat from the Congo variety or the East African. A pair of horns I brought home are curiously flat. They measure from tip to tip $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches; greatest spread outside, 32 inches; length of single horn on inside curve, 27 inches. The buffalo in youth is red, but becomes perfectly black as he gets older.

Among the giraffes, found in the Shari Valley there are some which show a rudimentary branch on each of the two back horns (vide specimen in the British Museum, horns 7 inches long). The giraffes, of course, belong to the three-horned variety.

There are three distinct kinds of crocodiles in the Shari River—the broad-nosed kaiman, the short-headed crocodile, and a curiously ringed species looking something like the following—



A SAURIEN OF THE SHARI—A ZEBRA CROCODILE.

A number of hippo tusks, elephant tusks, and rhino horns also brought home show nothing of special interest except that some of the hippo tusks are remarkably large. One of the elephants shot by the writer was noteworthy in that it possessed a double heart.