

SPORT IN SOMALILAND

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A HUNTING TRIP
TO THAT REGION



BY

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AFRICAN COLLECTION

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PHOTODR. FARBE-FACSIMILE
V. A. LÖWY WIEN

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Podolski

a single bird, though I saw two fall wounded into the thicket. I managed, however, to kill a couple of ducks with flat, spoon-like bills (*Anas flavirostris*). And again I had to lament the absence of a taxidermist from our party.

January 18th.

Once more I spent a night watching in a zariba, *par acquit de conscience*; but the ass once more saved her skin. In the morning our men sent to scout in a southerly direction returned, and reported that at the most remote pool in the forest they had seen fresh tracks of elephants. Forthwith we strike our camp and transport it eight miles southwards, to a place called Gembesi. On arrival I went myself to examine the pool where elephant-tracks were reported. It is the last in the series of five, and serves as a drinking-place for elephants, since there are many of their tracks along the brink, and regular paths around it trodden out by the pachyderms. But there were no tracks made during the past night, which seems to confirm the opinion of the natives that elephants come to water on alternate nights only; so there is little hope for the morrow. We seem, indeed, to have come at last to an undoubted resort of the largest of game animals, abundant tracks of rhinoceroses being visible as well as those of elephants. No European has ever hunted here before, our men declaring that but few have even visited this part of Somaliland, and those have only passed through for the purpose of exploring or surveying.

Thanks to the fortunate circumstance that water has remained in the pools longer this year than usual, on account of the more abundant rains, we shall be able to stay some weeks in the district.

Once more we see in front of our tent one of those numerous pools, with the universal flock of ducks and curlews splashing in its waters, and forming a living larder, from which we can procure a dinner at any hour. The ducks killed yesterday proved excellent eating, and to-day I shot another couple, although I could find no traces of the parti-coloured geese.

Immense flocks of beautiful blue guinea-hens (*Acryllium vulturinum*), as well as many dik-dik antelopes, inhabit the neighbouring jungle; but we are afraid to fire too often for fear of frightening away the pachyderms, which are always on the alert for every sound. The smaller game in these regions are so unacquainted with men, and so unaccustomed to the noise of firing, that they exhibit no fear, and allow themselves to be easily approached. Ducks, for example, after a short rise and circling a couple of times round the pool, settle down again quietly, while pigeons and doves, of which there are great numbers, as well as curlews and guinea-hens, allow gunners to approach within a couple of yards, and even walk among people.

Some Ogadens, who have just come from the interior of the jungle for water, declare

that near a settlement, two hours distant, a "man-eating" lion has become the local terror, and that several persons have already fallen victims to the blood-thirsty monster. As among tigers in India, so among lions, there appears at times a so-called "man-eater," and woe to that neighbourhood which a "man-eater" chooses as his haunt! When a lion is seized by the passion for human flesh he has no desire for any other, and will frequently, in broad day, snatch a victim from a crowd, and bear him off to the jungle. Such a lion is extremely difficult to hunt, the natives, armed only with spears, being powerless to kill him. He is attracted neither by a live bait nor by a carcase. He has no fear of men, and is likewise excessively alert and cautious, choosing his lair in the densest thickets, where access is difficult, if not impossible.

For fuller information about this man-eating lion we offer liberal rewards to the natives. Grudzinski has not yet returned, but news comes that a shot was heard last night from his zariba. We send him out a bottle of Apollinaris and a roast duck, on the supposition that he intends to remain and try his fortune again in the zariba for another night.

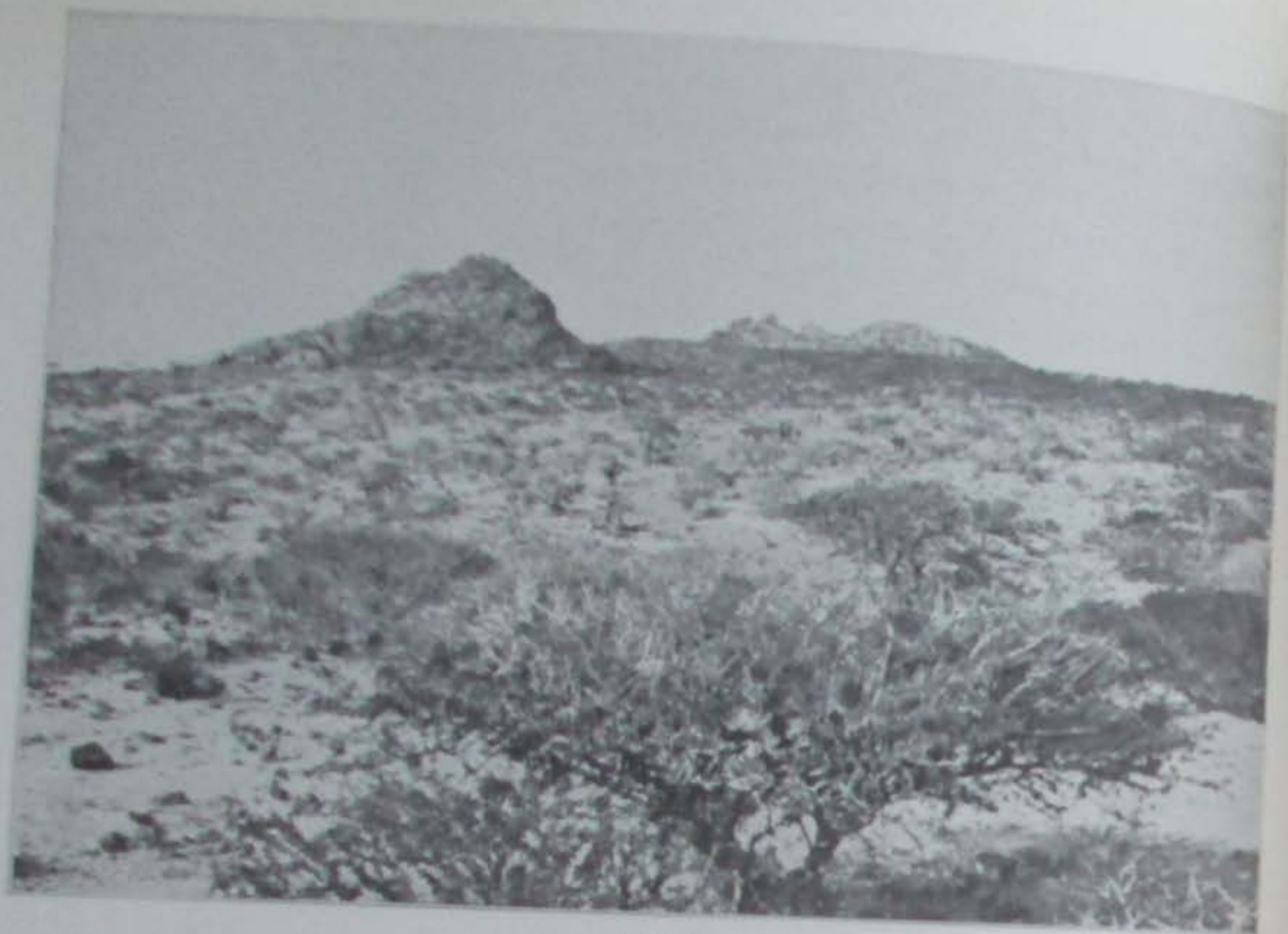
In the evening, while strolling through the jungle near the camp, I shot a dik-dik antelope and four guinea-hens of a species (*Numida cristata*) different from the one met with at Aware.

January 19th.

A whole series of events crowded rapidly upon one another. After we had retired to rest we were informed before midnight that, early in the evening, a large herd of elephants had come to the watering-place we visited yesterday, and, after slaking their thirst, had retired again to the jungle. By sunrise we were both at the pool, where, impressed deep in the mud, were fresh tracks of the gigantic pachyderms. We advanced in single file—Zamoyski immediately after the guide, behind him his men, then myself, and lastly Alikhar, who accompanies us on all important occasions.

Suddenly Zamoyski seized the big-bore rifle from the hand of the shikari, and the monstrous form of a rhinoceros appeared in the bushes. My companion fired twice, but in his haste missed at a distance of only about sixty yards. For the first time in my life I have seen a rhino in his native haunts!

After this encounter, which was exciting enough, we once more took up the elephant tracks. The animals were evidently a considerable distance ahead, and the herd had separated in various directions. The country was rocky in places, and the dense thickets made tracking laborious. The jungle grew denser and denser, mimosas and thorn-bushes, and milk-trees with limbs crossed in fantastic fashion, rendering passage difficult. Fallen trunks and broken branches of trees marked the course of the elephants, which formed the only path by which it was possible to traverse that virgin forest.



HADOKO.

After five hours' marching we suddenly came to the elephants. The Somalis in advance heard the noise they made some scores of paces in front; it was a sound like wheezing, caused by their drawing in air through their trunks. Unfortunately the wind was unfavourable, and to that very important factor in elephant-hunting I must attribute our inability to approach within range of the herd, which must have winded us and promptly made off. There were but two big bulls. One I saw clearly enough when he raised his gigantic ears like sails, and went off at a trot; the other moved off entirely concealed among the thicket. Zamoyski, too, caught sight of the first one, but seeing only his rump and the back of his head would not risk a shot. Somewhat dejected by the unfortunate result of our first meeting with elephants in Africa, we returned tired to camp after thirteen hours' march, interrupted only by a brief siesta and a frugal lunch of a few biscuits and a bottle of Apollinaris.

There was no one to blame, though, perhaps, our guides were a little too hasty and excited in approaching the elephants, not sufficiently considering the wind. I recall similar moments in Ceylon, and consider that the Cingalese know how to stalk an elephant with greater tact and skill, being evidently more trained in that kind of hunting.

We found Grudzinski with the freshly-stretched skin of a lioness he shot last night at



MY FIRST RHINOCEROS.

the zariba. He declared that two lions had walked 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 Ogadens 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.

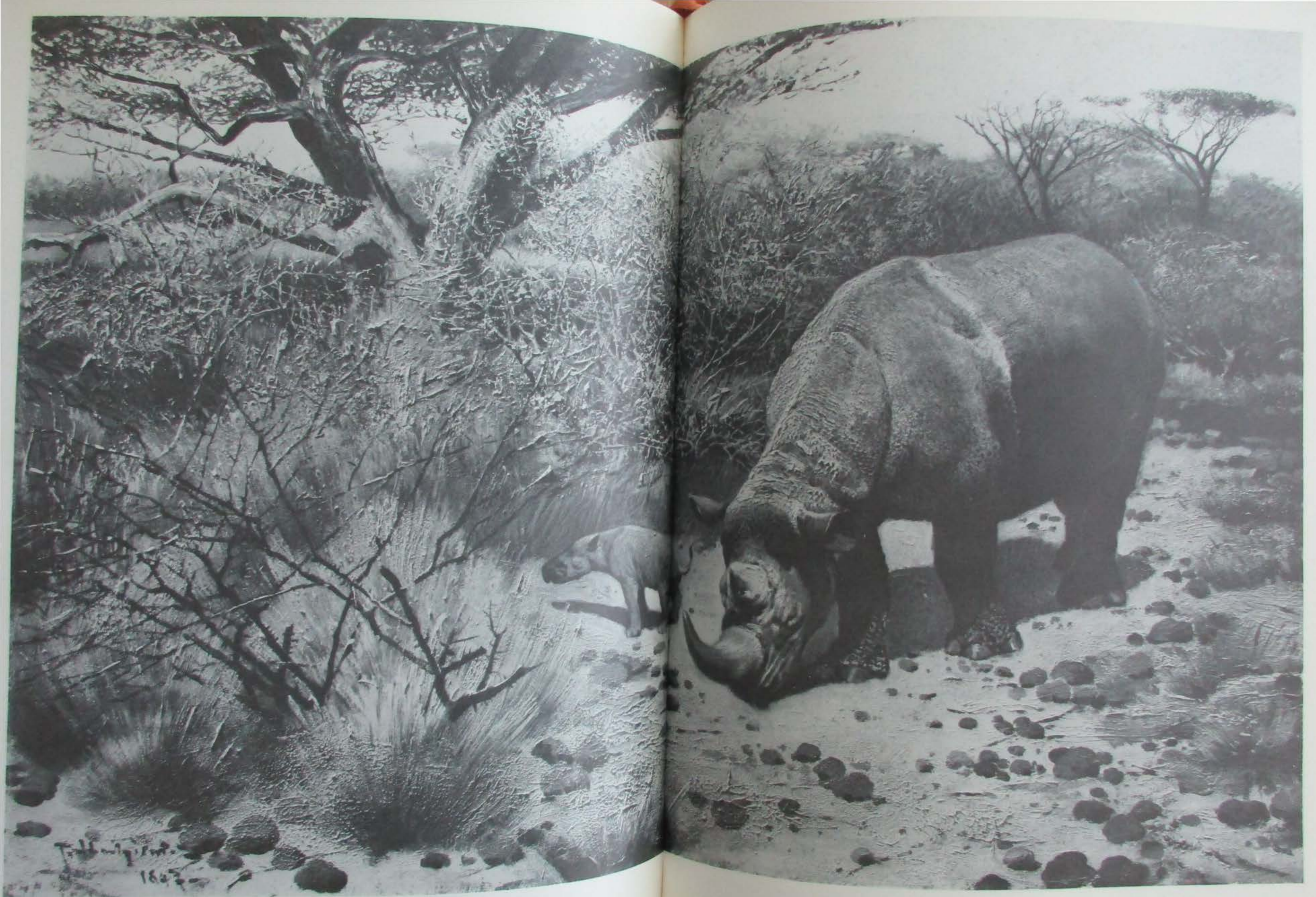
My shikari, Osman, excels in this kind of hunting, never becoming excited, and never running off in the wrong direction. Frequently he stops and stands a quarter of an hour in one spot, examining the tracks, the most minute details of the ground, the direction of the wind, and looking carefully at the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



THE RHINOCEROS AT HOME

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 carcasses 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 carcass cautiously; but finding no



lions, we could only suppose that they had heard our footsteps, and retired into the jungle. I decided to make a zariba at once near the rhino, remain all day concealed in the jungle, and, taking advantage of the luck which had befallen me, spend the night watching. Sending on my companions with the caravan to Gembesi, 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 after rhinoceroses. Before evening a meal was brought from the camp, and I learnt that two zaribas had been built at a short distance from the pool at Gembesi for night use by my companions.

About sunset I established myself in the zariba erected near the putrefying body of the rhinoceros, which now gave out a stench that even a carbolic 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 during those two nights, though I did not kill a lion, nor even see one, the zariba furnished many interesting experiences. It is, however, difficult, if not impossible, to give an adequate account or sketch of such experiences, and of 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 earth, with virgin nature around, amid the depth of the loneliest wilderness. A 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, tears off a piece of flesh, and carries it off to the thicket. Having scraped the bone 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 their 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; next 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 come 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 Zamoyski 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



A BABY RHINOCEROS.

past 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.

Grudzinski had missed during the night a leopard, while Zamoyski 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. Zamoyski, 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



ZAMOYSKI'S LEOPARD.

defeat. Though the Abyssinians are inveterate enemies of the Somali, the blacks express themselves with a certain amount of race-pride on the victory of their neighbours over a great European power. This news received in the heart of the jungle preceded by a month the Italian defeat at Adowa, of which we only learned on our return to Aden.

During his ramble to-day Grudzinski killed, at some distance from the camp, a wart-hog (*Phacocharus alianus*), the first specimen of its kind in our collection of trophies. We had some trouble in cutting out the tusks, for the Somalis would not touch the "unclean" beast for any consideration, so that we were compelled to undertake by ourselves this not over-pleasant operation.

The young rhinoceros is still in perfect condition, healthy and sportive, promenading free through the camp to the great amusement of our own men, and forming a great attraction for other natives, who crowd in numbers around the enclosure to stare at the strange little animal. After long bargaining I have obtained a cow as nurse for it, and we enjoy looking at our nurseling greedily drinking milk from a bottle.

Grudzinski, who had felt unwell for some days, is now suffering seriously from dysentery, doubtless caused by drinking the local water during his expedition to Hodayu.

January 27th.

Although the moon is almost full, and the wonderfully clear nights would seem specially favourable, during last night, when we were all three watching near live baits, not one of us so much as saw a wild animal. We merely heard panthers and lions. Indeed, we hear of lions everywhere, but it is by no means easy to get at them, as they will not be attracted by baits, and following their trail in the daytime is prevented by the stony ground being so densely overgrown with thickets that progress is impossible.

We had hoped to see elephants to-night at the drinking-place, but evidently the movement of people and cattle has frightened the cautious animals from the pool.

While we sat before the tents awaiting news from our scouts, an Ogaden ran up with tidings that at two hours' march from the camp a lion had killed a camel. Taking my men, I hurried to the scene of slaughter. Traces of the struggle were evident on the sand: first at the place where the lion had sprung on the camel, then where the latter had struggled and fled, and finally on the spot where he fell and perished. From that spot the murderer had dragged his victim to a dense mimosa thicket, and if I had not convinced myself by actual inspection, I should never have believed that a lion could drag a large, full-grown camel in his mouth over a long stretch of road. What marvellous strength there must be in the jaws of this animal!

A zariba was hastily built close to the carcase of the camel; and I entered the former about sunset, hoping at last to see a lion. But hope deceived me yet again, and the lion



OUR BIGGEST TUSKER

never came! I heard him, indeed, from an early hour, breathing heavily, growling, and at times giving vent to a prolonged roar, while he circled about near by in the jungle, but he never once approached the carcase. All the time it was quite light in the zariba, owing to the moon; and I suppose that the lion came near, but hearing some movement, or perhaps having seen the people in the zariba, he preferred hunger to loss of life.

About midnight I heard elephants crashing through the bush near by. At daylight I came out of the zariba, and sat down at some distance to recover in the pure morning air from the effects of inhaling the repulsive odour of carrion for some twelve hours. Presently two Somalis sent from the camp arrived to take my things from the zariba, and began to relate with great excitement how that a little while before they had met a herd of elephants departing from the watering-place, and leisurely feeding as they walked. Doubtless these were the same I had heard in the bushes during the night.

Immediately we set out on the trail, which was very fresh and distinct, Osman running ahead with my heavy rifle loaded with steel bullet and eight drams of powder, while I followed with the second shikari carrying an express.

As the elephants had only just passed, they could not be far ahead of us. In fact, Osman halted after a little while, listened, and, pointing forwards with his finger, whispered "Marodi!" ("Elephants"). I heard a crashing of branches, and that peculiar sound, well known to me in Ceylon, of drawing in air through the trunk, which elephants make when feeding. Before me the thicket was dense and dark, farther on was a group of trees, under which were halted the elephants. I dropped to the ground, and, taking the rifle from Osman, crept on under the branches to a place where the thicket became thinner. About fifteen paces off I saw an elephant plucking leaves from an acacia; as he did not see or scent me, he kept on eating quietly. Kneeling down, I aimed and fired. After the shot I heard the breaking of branches straight in front of me, and, when the smoke had cleared, saw a number of elephants I had not noticed previously escaping from a clump, with their trunks turned toward each other, and moving excitedly from side to side, as if not knowing what to do and whither to flee. The one at which I fired was among them, but which it was, and what was the result of my shot, I never discovered. Since I saw only the hind-quarters of the elephants, I could not take another shot; so, loading the empty barrel, I waited in a crouching attitude for what might follow. Suddenly the largest member of the herd turned round, and, trumpeting loudly, began to approach me. Springing aside a couple of yards, I aimed at a point behind his ear and fired, whereupon he fell where he stood. I then fired with the left barrel at another elephant, which staggered and fell. The others remained in the same spot, bellowing and trumpeting wildly. Evidently they had never been under fire before, and had never heard a rifle-shot, so that they became confused, and knew not what was happening, nor whence the fire came, my men and myself being in the thicket, and completely hidden by the foliage. I had just time to reload the rifle and fire twice more at two elephants, which began to move

away from me slowly. One of them was struck in the shoulder, and gave signs of being wounded, but did not fall, and continued following those in front. Of the two brought down by the first bullets, one rose and began to escape, uttering piercing screams. Although I followed for a good distance, I could not advance quickly in the thicket, and at last the elephant was so far ahead that I lost him from view, and retraced my steps.

On the original spot lay one huge elephant with a bullet-hole behind his ear; he carried large tusks, one of which was unfortunately broken. The two others which had been wounded we followed till midday, but I only confirmed an opinion formed in Ceylon, that an elephant if not brought down immediately is as good as lost. Blood dries very



DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.

quickly in the thick folds of the skin of these animals, which contracts after the shot, and stops the flow; the trails join those of others, and the wounded beast is seen no more.

Of the three elephants hit I obtained only one, but that an immense and powerful bull, the oldest of the herd, which, so far as I could see, also comprised four full-grown females, and two smaller animals.

When we approached the camp on our return journey my men began, while still at some distance, to chant the song of victory

which they are accustomed to sing when the largest game is bagged.

What was my astonishment and delight when under Grudzinski's tent I saw a trophy from another elephant!

This is what happened. As already mentioned, Grudzinski, feeling unwell, remained in camp yesterday, so as to spend the night quietly in bed in his tent; while Zamoycki and myself each went to his own zariba. Before midnight Grudzinski was aroused from slumber by the unexpected news that a herd of elephants were feeding within two hundred yards from the camp. As it was bright moonlight, things could be seen as clearly as in the daytime. Grudzinski hurriedly dressed, took his rifle, and in company with Alikhar and a whole crowd of men following behind, went towards the elephants, which were distinctly visible in the silvery moonlight. Aiming at the one standing nearest, directly in front, he fired. Barely was the report heard when all the Somalis, with Alikhar at their head, fled at their best pace, shouting that the elephant was charging. Grudzinski, seized under the arms by his shikaris, was also obliged to bolt, *nolens volens*, not knowing what had happened to the elephant at which he fired. Thus the party rushed into camp, Grudzinski immediately sitting down in the tent to recover from the excitement. A couple of minutes later he was informed that an elephant was visible standing in the place of the first one, and going out a second time he was shown a huge black object thirty yards distant. Aiming for the chest, he once more fired, upon which the same panic seized the Somalis, who again bolted to the camp. The most daring of the party soon, however, turned back to find that the elephant had fallen to Grudzinski's lucky bullet. Throughout the camp resounded triumphant shouts and songs of joy.

In thus killing a male elephant with fine tusks, at midnight, within two hundred yards of his tent, Grudzinski performed a feat the like of which I have never heard, or even read in all the sporting literature I have seen.

What happened to the first elephant at which my companion fired, and whether

he was the same as the dead one, which may have been disabled by the first bullet and killed by the second, will ever remain an unexplained mystery. In regard to this unusual incident it is right to add, what I have mentioned already, that the Somalis, not even excepting the valiant Alikhar, have an innate terror of elephants, which is intensified when they meet them at night. On such occasions they declare that an elephant will attack not only a hunter, but a zariba, and even a camp, or an entire village. I consider this terror in great part unfounded, for it is just at night when it is most easy for a hunter to turn aside before the short-sighted elephant. But I also believe that at night a herd of elephants might really charge in the direction in which they perceive danger; and hence I understand why Zamoyki's shikaris did not let him fire the night before last from the zariba, out of which he could not have escaped quickly, and which, with the people inside, an elephant might have crushed without difficulty.

Altogether to-day has afforded the trophies of two gigantic pachyderms, whose tusks have become the chief ornaments of the collection hitherto acquired.

In the afternoon we saw a petty Ogaden chief, who arrived with his retinue from the interior, and to whom Alikhar gives the high-sounding title of Sultan. He came to the camp accompanied by his brother, some relatives, and a few elders of the party. Received under our tent, he sat on a chair in our own circle, and a conversation was begun through Alikhar, who acted as interpreter. Our visitor commenced with assurances of friendship, readiness to serve us, and similar polite protestations. We spoke of events in Abyssinia; the chief meanwhile showing us three old-fashioned rifles carried by his suite, which he had taken from a band of Abyssinians who had visited his village during the past year, and whom he had slain and stripped with his own hand. All the time he conducted himself with the dignity pertaining to an important, though at the same time savage, personality. Finally he asked me to give him ammunition for his rifles, but this I refused, presenting him, however, with a blue cloth and ten silver rupees—not too rich a gift for a sultan, although he seemed well satisfied.

After this interview I started for a night's watch at the carcase of the camel, but, to my astonishment, on reaching the zariba, I found nothing left of the carcase save some of the intestines and bones. A fire still burning by the side of it betrayed the robbers. The Midgans had found the carcase, and what they did not eat on the spot they carried off as a future supply. Although it is difficult to believe that there are human beings capable of eating such filth, carrion-eating seems to be customary among the Midgans, who hunt for it in the jungles. It in no wise astonished my men; and when I spoke of it with horror, Alikhar answered with indifference, "It is well known that a Midgan is worse than a woman"—an opinion not flattering to Somali females, but showing emphatically how women are esteemed among this people.

For killing a Somali the slayer pays the tribe, or the relatives of the deceased, 100 camels and 4 horses, for a woman 50 camels, and for a Midgan only 25.

I was too far from camp to return that evening, and no beast came to the zariba in which I passed the night.

January 30th.

The last two days spent in Gembesi were devoid of incident. We followed rhinoceroses, the fresh tracks of which appeared in the neighbouring jungle, but without result. Zamoyski overtook a rhino twice, but the beast rushed away from him so quickly, and was in such a dense thicket, that shooting was impossible.

All three of us spend the nights regularly in zaribas, but whether moonlight nights are unsuitable for watching, or the beasts were exceptionally cautious, neither of us once saw a lion. Several, indeed, were heard in the jungle, but did not approach the baits. Leopards, enticed by the flesh of the two dead elephants, prowled about all night in the jungle, Zamoyski having seen two in one night, but not within shooting distance.

January 31st.

The lack of water in Gembesi forced us to retire northwards, two hours' distance, to another pond, called Mersin, in which the water had not altogether dried up. We returned for the night to the zaribas at Gembesi in the hope that the lions, finding that the camp had gone, might become less cautious.

There are at least three lions in the neighbouring jungle. We have declared war against them, and should not like to leave the district till we have finished with them decisively. They are so far victorious and we thoroughly beaten, paying tribute to the conquerors in the shape of a series of sleepless nights passed beneath the open sky in an atmosphere poisoned by putrid offal.

It is now all deserted here, the people having gone north for water. We must hurry up with the lions, as they will soon follow the natives.

Grudzinski is restored to health, but this morning had a disagreeable experience, a scorpion having stung his arm. The creature had doubtless crawled into his coat sleeve in the night; and while he was shooting at a guinea-hen our companion felt a sharp pain in his arm, the scorpion having become fixed between his coat and his shirt and stung him. Fortunately the flannel absorbed a part of the poison, and thus decreased the pain. Although the sting of a scorpion is not dangerous to life, yet it may frequently cause a paralysis of the part bitten, and it is very painful. We cauterised the wound with bluestone, and felt thankful that the matter ended with momentary pain and a slight swelling.

The little rhinoceros is still well, but hungry, the milk of a cow not being sufficient for its needs. We add condensed milk from our cans, but this also is too little, so the poor creature has grown thin and wretched. As soon as Ahmed Djama returns from Berbera with the rest of our Apollinaris, I think of sending him back with the cow and the rhinoceros, so as not to expose the little creature to long marches during our future expedition into the interior.

Besides the cow, as a nurse for the rhinoceros, I obtained in Gembesi, from natives passing that way, twelve sheep for the kitchen, paying 55 rupees for the cow, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ rupees each for the sheep. These are enormous prices, in view of the great number of cattle in the country, and the lack of demand for them. But money has small



AN ELEPHANT TUSK TROPHY.

value here, there being no possibility of exchanging it for other articles, since there are none in the interior. For this reason the natives are ignorant of its value, and even display a certain disregard for it. An Ogaden has hardly any wants. He goes rarely to Berbera, and all his property consists of live-stock, with which he parts unwillingly, as he cannot easily replace it. In the civilised world trade creates the standard of value, but here trade is feeble, and can scarcely be said to exist at all. The only goods exported from Ogaden are sheep-skins, ostrich-feathers, gum-arabic, and tortoise-shell. At certain intervals a caravan departs with a large amount of the above-mentioned articles to Berbera, where they are bartered on the spot for various goods needed by the natives, such as clothing, weapons, rice, dates, etc. Money is rarely used, the value of a given article being determined by the number of sheep or camels given for it, and the silver rupee being used only among the tribes living near the shore. The farther one goes to the interior the more the value of the rupee decreases, and beyond the Webbe Shabeyli it is entirely unknown, and money is not accepted at all. Relatively speaking, wages are ridiculously high, our Somali cook Dirri receiving 40 rupees per month, or a sum for which a "chef" could be hired in Europe. A camel-driver receives 15 rupees monthly, apart from the liberal presents which are given to the members of the caravan, without exception, on every more important occasion. For the shikaris, or assistant-hunters, I announced on the first day after leaving Berbera a fixed tariff of presents, which acts wonderfully on their self-esteem, and, by creating emulation, serves greatly to encourage activity and diligence. We give our shikaris £2 for each lion which we kill, the same for an elephant, and £1 for a rhino. It is not a question so much of money as of the emulation, which can but result in our advantage.

CHAPTER IV



T. 13 -

HEAD OF RHINOCEROS.

February 1st.

THE first day of the third month passed in Africa has enriched our collection with another fine trophy, Zamoyski having obtained a third elephant. I was myself on its track at Gembesi, when leaving the zariba in which I had passed as usual a fruitless night; and we followed it a good while, but my men, as though weary and not over willing, worked unskilfully until we lost the trail in the tall grass and bushes, Osman displaying but little energy in trying to recover it. Wearied by the sleepless night, I returned to camp, and found Ahmed Djama returned from Berbera with the Apollinaris, but without the European mail, for which we had hoped; the latter had been sent to Hargeisa, and the messenger actually passed Ahmed on the road.

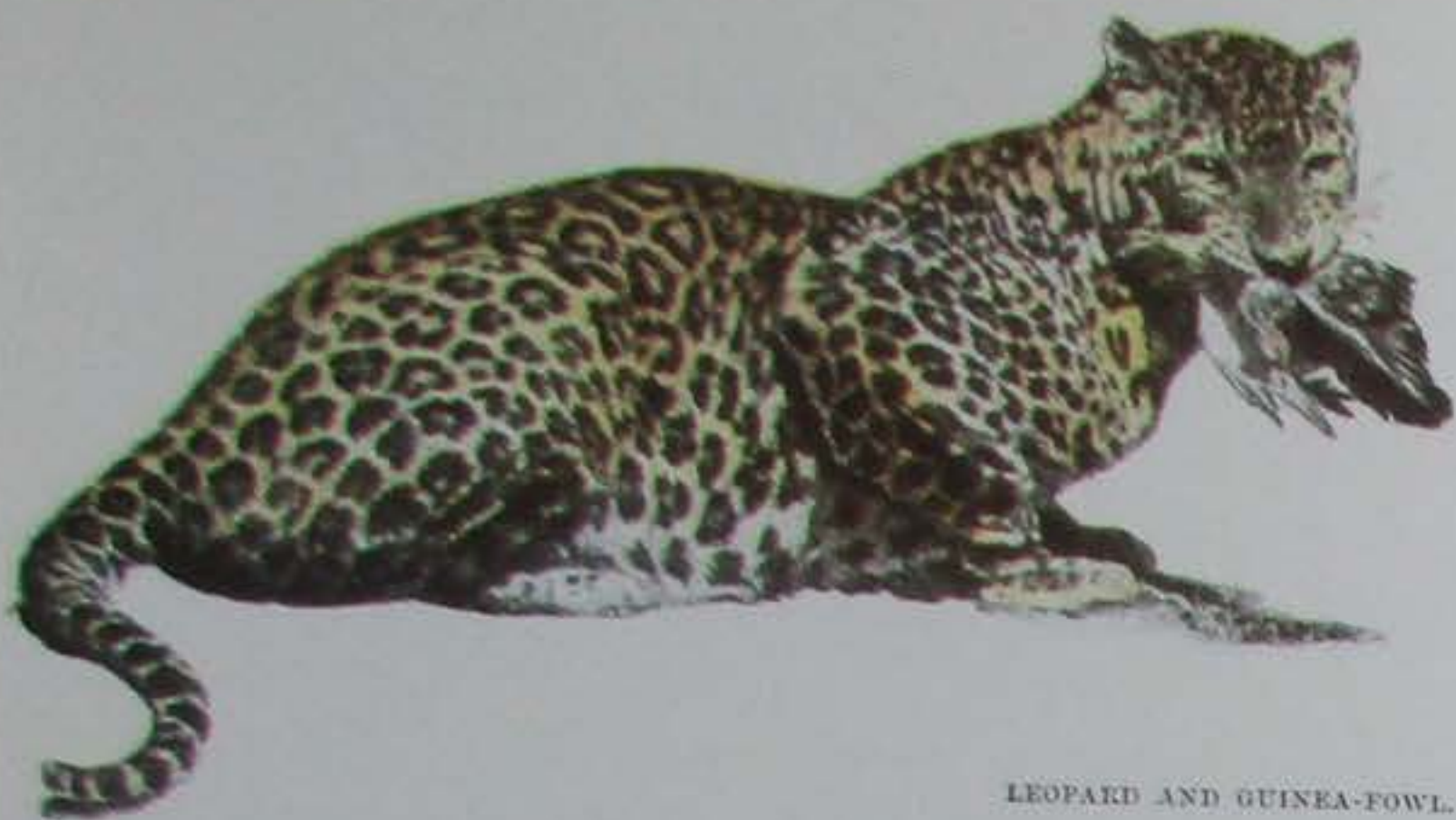
Zamoyski, encouraged by my account of the fresh elephant-trail, set out with his men. The sun was already low in the sky when the Somali song of victory reached the camp from afar, announcing that one more big animal had fallen to the bullets of my companion.

Elmi, Zamoyski's shikari, took up the trail of the elephant where Osman had left it, and following it through the grass and thickets till an open place was reached, came up with the beast in four hours. The elephant was standing under an acacia tree, swinging his trunk and fanning himself with his huge ears. Zamoyski, catching sight of him when forty paces distant, crept up nearer and planted a bullet behind the ear, to which the giant immediately fell. He proved a splendid male specimen, with handsome tusks, of which one was broken.

Out of a single herd we had therefore killed three elephants, two of which were large bulls. After the unsuccessful encounter of January 19th, I for one had but small expectations of such good luck.

Alas! it is more difficult with the lions of Farfanier. The whole day passed in discussing with Alikhar further plans, the result being a capitulation to the lions of this place. It is impossible to lose more time here, the water in the pools being dried up, and since news of other lions is brought in from Hodayu, we decide to advance in that direction. Seventeen nights spent without result in zaribas have decisively given the victory to the great felines!

February 3rd.



LEOPARD AND GUINEA-FOWL.

Hodayu is situated at a distance of three hours' march in a southeasterly direction from the last pool of Farfanier. Here, too, is a pool now dried to the very bottom, which gives the name to the place. After deep holes have been dug in the mud, water has appeared, and thanks to this we shall be able to stay here longer than we thought. Our camp is now

diminished by a number of camels sent with Ahmed Djama and the little rhinoceros to Berbera. Since some days back the weather has changed, black clouds hanging over the northern horizon, as heralds of the coming rainy season, while on two occasions rain has actually moistened the earth; a short and scant fall, it is true, but yet sufficient to cool and freshen the air. We cannot complain of the climate of Somaliland; its healthy character I attribute to the fact that we are generally on an elevated plain, thanks to which the air, always light and fresh, makes the daily heat endurable. Were it not for the terrible lack of water it would be an ideal country, but that one drawback is very annoying, and frequently makes itself felt very severely.

Pitching our camp on the shore of a dry pool, we constructed two zaribas some distance off for a night watch. Fresh tracks of lions and rhinos show that we are once more amid big game. Countless flocks of guinea-fowl skulk in the thickets, and we shoot a couple daily for the kitchen, to the great annoyance of Alikhar, who does not approve of our shooting birds, as he says that we shall frighten away the large game. I have observed two distinct kinds of guinea-fowl; one identical with the domestic bird, the other (*Acryllium vulturinum*) different, being of a blue colour, with long violet feathers on the breast, similarly coloured wing-quills, and a brown stripe on the head. Both kinds are common all through Somaliland, and keep mainly to open places on the banks of ponds or rivers; easily approached, they frequently offer a chance for a shot, and when frightened escape by running. Even when they take to flight they alight at no great distance, so that the gunner can easily approach them again. Sportsmen are always glad to come across these birds, as they are easily obtained and are excellent for the kitchen.

Unfortunately, no success attends our night watching; every night without exception being passed in a zariba, but without result. Their roaring proves that there are lions in the jungle, but they will not approach a bait. Yesterday I spent my twelfth night under the open sky in a zariba, to which I shall return to-night, and shall continue the

practice so long as I am in Somaliland when the opportunity occurs. The passion for sport is indomitable; and although it entails any amount of discomfort, toil, and effort, yet it continues always fresh and unconquered. Like all human weaknesses, we must not estimate it by the rules of logical judgment. It is to be explained rather by the irresistible desire for unusual and always new excitement. Instead of a trophy one but too often brings home ill-humour, weariness, or even sickness, and yet on the morrow one is ready to endure the same toil again, full of fresh strength and undying hope, and urged forward always by the same ever-burning desire for new experiences and exciting adventures.

While crawling into the zariba in the evening I almost stepped on a poisonous black snake, the bite of which brings death immediately, and also came near to putting my hand on it. My man fairly groaned from terror, and began to mutter prayers, calling on the name of Allah. I confess that the incident caused an unpleasant feeling, and all night I was unable to sleep in the zariba, continually looking on the ground and branches to see if the ill-omened reptile were near.

February 5th.

From its unlucky number, it might well have been supposed that the thirteenth night passed in zaribas would have been fruitless in result, if not indeed actually unfortunate!

Ahmed Djama started yesterday for Berbera with the young rhino, a cow, and numerous packages of horns, hides, and various trophies, with instructions to return and meet us in twelve days.

After a general counsel with Alikhar about future routes and projects, we resolved on dividing the caravan. Grudzinski and his men with one tent and a supply of provisions and water are to go towards the south-west to the region of Farfanier and Gembesi, while I march straight south to a place called Summanyeh; Zamoyski is remaining at Hodayu with the chief camp and Alikhar.

To divide a sporting caravan in this manner is often



GUINEA-FOWLS IN THE JUNGLE

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 Zamoyski 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 *ochota* (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



ZAMUTSKI'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



T. H. ...

A RHINOCEROS HEAD

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 Smalliland 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 *schubertianus*); perfectly preserved; one of these was found in the San, near the village of Walawa, the other, a gift of Count Agnes Golschowski, 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.



THE SMALLEST ANTELOPE

February 10th.

To-day I have to note a fruitless night passed as usual in the zariba, and the unpleasant announcement made by my men that the water in the holes is not increasing. We have practically exhausted the supply, and in the freshly-dug holes only as much has come in during the night as is absolutely needed for one day's supply for the camp. I had to send the pony away, since there was no water for him, and the camels have not drunk since we left Hodayu. The shikaris sent to examine the jungle have returned without finding fresh spoor, although they report that fresh leopard-tracks have been seen around the body of the rhinoceros killed yesterday.

In the absence of larger game, I strolled out with a shot-gun after dik-diks. The jungle is almost filled with these dwarfs of the antelope family, which are smaller than hares and of beautiful proportions—in fact, like roedeer in miniature. I killed four, which I consider of a different kind from those previously shot in the northern part of the country, being distinguished by a tuft of thick hair between their little horns, and a ridiculously prolonged muzzle, which extends below the lower lip, like that of a tapir. In the language of the natives this species is called *gussuli*. At every step they are met in the jungle, usually in pairs, but sometimes three, or at most four, together. Very shy, they utter a sound like a piercing whistle, which frequently frightens away larger game.

The *gussuli* inhabit the southern part of Ogaden; towards the north and in the Haud there are none of them, their place being taken by equally dwarfish species, termed in Somali *guju* and *golas* (*Madoqua philippsi* and *M. swaynei*), which, together with the *gussuli*, are also called in Somali speech *sakkaro*, or dik-dik. The *gussuli* was first described by English naturalists only a few years ago under the name of *Madoqua guentheri*.

The lack of water forces us to remove. Each of the men received a glass of the filthy liquid here called water, which is too bad for my own cooking or tea. From my daily allowance of two bottles of Apollinaris I had to give one to Ferek to-day. Two wretched-looking Ogadens have dragged themselves in since yesterday from far away on the Webbe Shabeyli, where they have been collecting gum-arabic; they are looking for water, and are going to Farfanier, about eight hours distant, just to satisfy their thirst. They have not drunk for forty-eight hours, and gulp



HEAD OF
DIK-DIK.

down greedily a cup of black liquid which my men gave them. A pleasant country for permanent residence, where it is necessary to travel forty-eight hours for a draught of water, and then consider oneself lucky to get what goes for such!

February 11th.

Count Coudenhove, after seventeen nights spent without result, killed four lions on the eighteenth, and fired at six. That was two years ago, and the description of that memorable night forms one of the most interesting among the sporting reminiscences of Somaliland by Count Hoyos. I hoped that the eighteenth night might also bring luck to me, but, alas! it only added to the number of my previous disappointments.

I chose the zariba near the carcass of the rhino, leaving Ferek with the ass near the pool. A leopard came early and commenced eating the flesh, but so hid himself behind the body of the rhino that I was unable to obtain a shot. When he had sated himself he vanished, without giving me a chance to fire. After midnight the sound of two shots from Ferek reached me. I was certain at once that he had fired at a lion. All night I was annoyed by a rhino feeding in the jungle; it kept breaking branches with a crash, chewing roots, and snorting, while at times it came so near that I thought it was rubbing against the zariba; but in the darkness of the night, and the dense brushwood, nothing could be made out.

At daylight I found Ferek happy over a dead leopard. In his excitement he fired both barrels together, and killed the beast at once. Somewhat later I started with Osman on the trail of the rhino I heard from the zariba last night, and we tracked it till midday, but it so turned in the bush, and the country was so rocky, that I gave up at last and hastened back. The camp was packed, and the men, who had not tasted a drop of water since yesterday, waiting impatiently for the return to Hodayu. We reached the chief camp before evening, and found Grudzinski, who had returned a day earlier from his week's expedition.

As I have already stated, it is advantageous for hunting purposes to separate; but how pleasant is it to meet again, and how delightfully the hours pass in mutual conversation, narrating the adventures experienced. And as there had been many of the latter, each of us had enough to tell.

Grudzinski had secured splendid trophies from two rhinos he had killed, besides two hyænas and a number of dik-diks. Besides the rhinos already mentioned, Zamoyiski had bagged two leopards, one over a living bait, and the other at the carcass of his rhino. With this last he had an exciting encounter. He found the leopard in the evening at the carcass of the rhino, near which he was to pass the night in watching. The sun had not set when, as he was approaching, he noticed